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VOL. CXLI.

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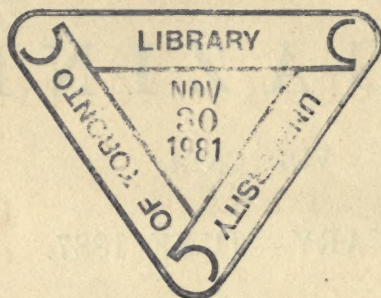
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCLV.

JANUARY 1887.

VOL. CXLI.

THE LAND OF DARKNESS.

[THE following narrative forms a necessary part of the Little Pilgrim's experiences in the spiritual world, though it is not her personal story, but is drawn from the Archives of which, in their bearing upon the universal history of mankind, she was informed.]

I FOUND myself standing on my feet, with the tingling sensation of having come down rapidly upon the ground from a height. There was a similar feeling in my head, as of the whirling and sickening sensation of passing downward through the air, like the description Dante gives of his descent upon Geryon. My mind, curiously enough, was sufficiently disengaged to think of that, or at least to allow swift passage for the recollection through my thoughts. All the aching of wonder, doubt, and fear which I had been conscious of a little while before was gone. There was no distinct interval between the one condition and the other, nor in my fall (as I supposed it must have been) had I any consciousness of change. There was the whirling of the air, resisting my passage, yet giving way under me in giddy circles, and then the

sharp shock of once more feeling under my feet something solid, which struck yet sustained. After a little while the giddiness above and the tingling below passed away, and I felt able to look about me and discern where I was. But not all at once: the things immediately about me impressed me first—then the general aspect of the new place.

First of all the light, which was lurid, as if a thunderstorm were coming on. I looked up involuntarily to see if it had begun to rain; but there was nothing of the kind, though what I saw above me was a lowering canopy of cloud, dark, threatening, with a faint reddish tint diffused upon the vaporous darkness. It was, however, quite sufficiently clear to see everything, and there was a good deal to see. I was in a street of what seemed a great and very populous

place. There were shops on either side, full apparently of all sorts of costly wares. There was a continual current of passengers up and down on both sides of the way, and in the middle of the street carriages of every description, humble and splendid. The noise was great and ceaseless, the traffic continual. Some of the shops were most brilliantly lighted, attracting one's eyes in the sombre light outside, which, however, had just enough of day in it to make these spots of illumination look sickly; most of the places thus distinguished were apparently bright with the electric or some other scientific light; and delicate machines of every description, brought to the greatest perfection, were in some windows, as were also many fine productions of art, but mingled with the gaudiest and coarsest in a way which struck me with astonishment. I was also much surprised by the fact that the traffic, which was never stilled for a moment, seemed to have no sort of regulation. Some carriages dashed along, upsetting the smaller vehicles in their way, without the least restraint or order, either, as it seemed, from their own good sense, or from the laws and customs of the place. When an accident happened, there was a great shouting, and sometimes a furious encounter—but nobody seemed to interfere. This was the first impression made upon me. The passengers on the pavement were equally regardless. I was myself pushed out of the way, first to one side, then to another, hustled when I paused for a moment, trodden upon and driven about. I retreated soon to the doorway of a shop, from whence with a little more safety I could see what was going on. The noise made my head ring. It seemed to me that I could not hear

myself think. If this were to go on for ever, I said to myself, I should soon go mad.

"Oh no," said some one behind me, "not at all; you will get used to it; you will be glad of it. One does not want to hear one's thoughts; most of them are not worth hearing."

I turned round and saw it was the master of the shop, who had come to the door on seeing me. He had the usual smile of a man who hoped to sell his wares; but to my horror and astonishment, by some process which I could not understand, I saw that he was saying to himself, "What a d——d fool! here's another of those cursed wretches, d—— him!" all with the same smile. I started back, and answered him as hotly, "What do you mean by calling me a d——d fool?—fool yourself, and all the rest of it. Is this the way you receive strangers here?"

"Yes," he said, with the same smile, "this is the way; and I only describe you as you are, as you will soon see. Will you walk in and look over my shop? Perhaps you will find something to suit you if you are just setting up, as I suppose."

I looked at him closely, but this time I could not see that he was saying anything beyond what was expressed by his lips, and I followed him into the shop, principally because it was quieter than the street, and without any intention of buying—for what should I buy in a strange place where I had no settled habitation, and which probably I was only passing through?

"I will look at your things," I said, in a way which I believe I had, of perhaps undue pretension. I had never been over-rich, or of very elevated station; but I was believed by my friends (or enemies)

to have an inclination to make myself out something more important than I was. "I will look at your things, and possibly I may find something that may suit me; but with all the *ateliers* of Paris and London to draw from, it is scarcely to be expected that in a place like this——"

Here I stopped to draw my breath, with a good deal of confusion; for I was unwilling to let him see that I did not know where I was.

"A place like this," said the shopkeeper, with a little laugh which seemed to me full of mockery, "will supply you better, you will find, than—any other place. At least you will find it the only place practicable," he added. "I perceive you are a stranger here."

"Well—I may allow myself to be so—more or less. I have not had time to form much acquaintance with—the place: what—do you call the place?—its formal name, I mean," I said, with a great desire to keep up the air of superior information. Except for the first moment I had not experienced that strange power of looking into the man below the surface which had frightened me. Now there occurred another gleam of insight, which gave me once more a sensation of alarm. I seemed to see a light of hatred and contempt below his smile, and I felt that he was not in the least taken in by the air which I assumed.

"The name of the place," he said, "is not a pretty one. I hear the gentlemen who come to my shop say that it is not to be named to ears polite; and I am sure your ears are very polite." He said this with the most offensive laugh, and I turned upon him and answered him, without mincing matters, with a plainness of speech which startled myself, but did not

seem to move him, for he only laughed again. "Are you not afraid," I said, "that I will leave your shop and never enter it more?"

"Oh, it helps to pass the time," he said; and without any further comment began to show me very elaborate and fine articles of furniture. I had always been attracted to this sort of thing, and had longed to buy such articles for my house when I had one, but never had it in my power. Now I had no house, nor any means of paying so far as I knew, but I felt quite at my ease about buying, and inquired into the prices with the greatest composure.

"They are just the sort of thing I want. I will take these, I think; but you must set them aside for me, for I do not at the present moment exactly know——"

"You mean you have got no rooms to put them in," said the master of the shop. "You must get a house directly, that's all. If you're only up to it, it is easy enough. Look about until you find something you like, and then—take possession."

"Take possession"—I was so much surprised that I stared at him with mingled indignation and surprise—"of what belongs to another man?" I said.

I was not conscious of anything ridiculous in my look. I was indignant, which is not a state of mind in which there is any absurdity; but the shopkeeper suddenly burst into a storm of laughter. He laughed till he seemed almost to fall into convulsions, with a harsh mirth which reminded me of the old image of the crackling of thorns, and had neither amusement nor warmth in it; and presently this was echoed all around, and looking up, I saw grinning faces full of derision, bent upon

me from every side, from the stairs which led to the upper part of the house and from the depths of the shop behind—faces with pens behind their ears, faces in workmen's caps, all distended from ear to ear, with a sneer and a mock and a rage of laughter which nearly sent me mad. I hurled I don't know what imprecations at them as I rushed out, stopping my ears in a paroxysm of fury and mortification. My mind was so distracted by this occurrence that I rushed without knowing it upon some one who was passing, and threw him down with the violence of my exit; upon which I was set on by a party of half-a-dozen ruffians, apparently his companions, who would, I thought, kill me, but who only flung me, wounded, bleeding, and feeling as if every bone in my body had been broken, down on the pavement—when they went away, laughing too.

I picked myself up from the edge of the causeway, aching and sore from head to foot, scarcely able to move, yet conscious that if I did not get myself out of the way one or other of the vehicles which were dashing along would run over me. It would be impossible to describe the miserable sensations, both of body and mind, with which I dragged myself across the crowded pavement, not without curses and even kicks from the passers-by; and, avoiding the shop from which I still heard those shrieks of devilish laughter, gathered myself up in the shelter of a little projection of a wall, where I was for the moment safe. The pain which I felt was as nothing to the sense of humiliation, the mortification, the rage with which I was possessed. There is nothing in existence more dreadful than rage which is

impotent, which cannot punish or avenge, which has to restrain itself and put up with insults showered upon it. I had never known before what that helpless, hideous exasperation was; and I was humiliated beyond description, brought down—I, whose inclination it was to make more of myself than was justifiable—to the aspect of a miserable ruffian beaten in a brawl, soiled, covered with mud and dust, my clothes torn, my face bruised and disfigured: all this within half an hour or thereabout of my arrival in a strange place where nobody knew me or could do me justice! I kept looking out feverishly for some one with an air of authority to whom I could appeal. Sooner or later somebody must go by, who, seeing me in such a plight, must inquire how it came about, must help me and vindicate me. I sat there for I cannot tell how long, expecting every moment that, were it but a policeman, somebody would notice and help me. But no one came. Crowds seemed to sweep by without a pause—all hurrying, restless: some with anxious faces, as if any delay would be mortal; some in noisy groups intercepting the passage of the others. Sometimes one would pause to point me out to his comrades, with a shout of derision at my miserable plight; or if by a change of posture I got outside the protection of my wall, would kick me back with a coarse injunction to keep out of the way. No one was sorry for me—not a look of compassion, not a word of inquiry was wasted upon me; no representative of authority appeared. I saw a dozen quarrels while I lay there, cries of the weak, and triumphant shouts of the strong; but that was all.

I was drawn after a while from the fierce and burning sense of my

own grievances by a querulous voice quite close to me. "This is my corner," it said. "I've sat here for years, and I have a right to it. And here you come, you big ruffian, because you know I haven't got the strength to push you away."

"Who are you?" I said, turning round horror-stricken; for close beside me was a miserable man, apparently in the last stage of disease. He was pale as death, yet eaten up with sores. His body was agitated by a nervous trembling. He seemed to shuffle along on hands and feet, as though the ordinary mode of locomotion was impossible to him, and yet was in possession of all his limbs. Pain was written in his face. I drew away to leave him room, with mingled pity and horror that this poor wretch should be the partner of the only shelter I could find within so short a time of my arrival. I who—— It was horrible, shameful, humiliating; and yet the suffering in his wretched face was so evident that I could not but feel a pang of pity too. "I have nowhere to go," I said. "I am—a stranger. I have been badly used, and nobody seems to care."

"No," he said; "nobody cares—don't you look for that. Why should they? Why, you look as if you were sorry for *me*! What a joke!" he murmured to himself—"what a joke! Sorry for some one else! What a fool the fellow must be!"

"You look," I said, "as if you were suffering horribly; and you say you have come here for years."

"Suffering! I should think I was," said the sick man; "but what is that to you? Yes; I've been here for years—oh, years!—that means nothing,—for longer

than can be counted. Suffering is not the word—it's torture—it's agony. But who cares? Take your leg out of my way."

I drew myself out of his way from a sort of habit, though against my will, and asked, from habit too, "Are you never any better than now?"

He looked at me more closely, and an air of astonishment came over his face. "What d'ye want here," he said, "pitying a man! That's something new here. No; I'm not always so bad, if you want to know. I get better, and then I go and do what makes me bad again, and that's how it will go on; and I choose it to be so, and you needn't bring any of your d——d pity here."

"I may ask, at least, why aren't you looked after? Why don't you get into some hospital?" I said.

"Hospital!" cried the sick man, and then he too burst out into that furious laugh, the most awful sound I ever had heard. Some of the passers-by stopped to hear what the joke was, and surrounded me with once more a circle of mockers. "Hospitals! perhaps you would like a whole Red Cross Society, with ambulances and all arranged?" cried one. "Or the *Misericordia*!" shouted another. I sprang up to my feet, crying, "Why not?" with an impulse of rage which gave me strength. Was I never to meet with anything but this fiendish laughter? "There's some authority, I suppose," I cried in my fury. "It is not the rabble that is the only master here, I hope." But nobody took the least trouble to hear what I had to say for myself. The last speaker struck me on the mouth, and called me an accursed fool for talking of what I did not understand; and finally they all swept on and passed away.

I had been, as I thought, severely injured when I dragged myself into that corner to save myself from the crowd; but I sprang up now as if nothing had happened to me. My wounds had disappeared, my bruises were gone. I was, as I had been when I dropped, giddy and amazed, upon the same pavement, how long—an hour?—before? It might have been an hour, it might have been a year, I cannot tell. The light was the same as ever, the thunderous atmosphere unchanged. Day, if it was day, had made no progress; night, if it was evening, had come no nearer: all was the same.

As I went on again presently, with a vexed and angry spirit, regarding on every side around me the endless surging of the crowd, and feeling a loneliness, a sense of total abandonment and solitude, which I cannot describe, there came up to me a man of remarkable appearance. That he was a person of importance, of great knowledge and information, could not be doubted. He was very pale, and of a worn but commanding aspect. The lines of his face were deeply drawn, his eyes were sunk under high arched brows, from which they looked out as from caves, full of a fiery impatient light. His thin lips were never quite without a smile; but it was not a smile in which any pleasure was. He walked slowly, not hurrying, like most of the passengers. He had a reflective look, as if pondering many things. He came up to me suddenly, without introduction or preliminary, and took me by the arm. "What object had you in talking of these antiquated institutions?" he said.

And I saw in his mind the gleam of the thought, which seemed to be the first with all, that I was a fool, and that it was the natural thing

to wish me harm,—just as in the earth above it was the natural thing, professed at least, to wish well—to say, Good morning, good day, by habit and without thought. In this strange country the stranger was received with a curse, and it woke an answer not unlike the hasty "Curse you, then, also!" which seemed to come without any will of mine through my mind. But this provoked only a smile from my new friend. He took no notice. He was disposed to examine me—to find some amusement perhaps—how could I tell?—in what I might say.

"What antiquated things?"

"Are you still so slow of understanding? What were they? hospitals: the pretences of a world that can still deceive itself. Did you expect to find them here?"

"I expected to find—how should I know?" I said, bewildered—"some shelter for a poor wretch where he could be cared for—not to be left there to die in the street. Expected! I never thought. I took it for granted——"

"To die in the street!" he cried, with a smile, and a shrug of his shoulders. "You'll learn better by-and-by. And if he did die in the street, what then? What is that to you?"

"To me!" I turned and looked at him amazed; but he had somehow shut his soul, so that I could see nothing but the deep eyes in their caves, and the smile upon the close-shut mouth. "No more to me than to any one. I only spoke for humanity's sake, as—a fellow-creature."

My new acquaintance gave way to a silent laugh within himself, which was not so offensive as the loud laugh of the crowd, but yet was more exasperating than words can say. "You think that matters? But it does not hurt you

that he should be in pain. It would do you no good if he were to get well. Why should you trouble yourself one way or the other? Let him die—if he can — That makes no difference to you or me.”

“I must be dull indeed,” I cried, —“slow of understanding, as you say. This is going back to the ideas of times beyond knowledge—before Christianity—” As soon as I had said this I felt somehow—I could not tell how—as if my voice jarred, as if something false and unnatural was in what I said. My companion gave my arm a twist as if with a shock of surprise, then laughed in his inward way again.

“We don’t think much of that here; nor of your modern pretences in general. The only thing that touches you and me is what hurts or helps ourselves. To be sure, it all comes to the same thing—for I suppose it annoys you to see that wretch writhing: it hurts your more delicate, highly cultivated consciousness.”

“It has nothing to do with my consciousness,” I cried, angrily; “it is a shame to let a fellow-creature suffer if we can prevent it.”

“Why shouldn’t he suffer?” said my companion. We passed as he spoke some other squalid wretched creatures shuffling among the crowd, whom he kicked with his foot, calling forth a yell of pain and curses. This he regarded with a supreme contemptuous calm which stupefied me. Nor did any of the passers-by show the slightest inclination to take the part of the sufferers. They laughed, or shouted out a gibe, or, what was still more wonderful, went on with a complete unaffected indifference, as if all this was natural. I tried to disengage my arm in horror and

dismay, but he held me fast, with a pressure that hurt me. “That’s the question,” he said. “What have we to do with it? Your fictitious consciousness makes it painful to you. To me, on the contrary, who take the view of nature, it is a pleasurable feeling. It enhances the amount of ease, whatever that may be, which I enjoy. I am in no pain. That brute who is”—and he flicked with a stick he carried the uncovered wound of a wretch upon the roadside—“makes me more satisfied with my condition. Ah! you think it is I who am the brute? You will change your mind by-and-by.”

“Never!” I cried, wrenching my arm from his with an effort, “if I should live a hundred years.”

“A hundred years—a drop in the bucket!” he said, with his silent laugh. “You will live for ever, and you will come to my view; and we shall meet in the course of ages, from time to time, to compare notes. I would say good-bye after the old fashion, but you are but newly arrived, and I will not treat you so badly as that.” With which he parted from me, waving his hand, with his everlasting horrible smile.

“Good-bye!” I said to myself, “good-bye—why should it be treating me badly to say good-bye—”

I was startled by a buffet on the mouth. “Take that!” cried some one, “to teach you how to wish the worst of tortures to people who have done you no harm.”

“What have I said? I meant no harm. I repeated only what is the commonest civility, the merest good manners.”

“You wished,” said the man who had struck me,—“I won’t repeat the words: to me, for it was I only that heard them, the awful company that hurts most—that sets every-

thing before us, both past and to come, and cuts like a sword and burns like fire. I'll say it to yourself, and see how it feels. God be with you! There! it is said, and we all must bear it, thanks, you fool and accursed, to you."

And then there came a pause over all the place—an awful stillness—hundreds of men and women standing clutching with desperate movements at their hearts as if to tear them out, moving their heads as if to dash them against the wall, wringing their hands, with a look upon all their convulsed faces which I can never forget. They all turned to me, cursing me, with those horrible eyes of anguish. And everything was still—the noise all stopped for a moment—the air all silent, with a silence that could be felt. And then suddenly out of the crowd there came a great piercing cry; and everything began again exactly as before.

While this pause occurred, and while I stood wondering, bewildered, understanding nothing, there came over me a darkness, a blackness, a sense of misery such as never in all my life, though I have known troubles enough, I had felt before. All that had happened to me throughout my existence seemed to rise pale and terrible in a hundred scenes before me, all momentary, intense, as if each was the present moment. And in each of these scenes I saw what I had never seen before. I saw where I had taken the wrong instead of the right step—in what wantonness, with what self-will it had been done; how God (I shuddered at the name) had spoken and called me, and even entreated, and I had withstood and refused. All the evil I had done came back, and spread itself out before my eyes; and I loathed it, yet knew that I had chosen it, and that

it would be with me for ever. I saw it all in the twinkling of an eye, in a moment, while I stood there, and all men with me, in the horror of awful thought. Then it ceased as it had come, instantaneously, and the noise and the laughter, and the quarrels and cries, and all the commotion of this new bewildering place, in a moment began again. I had seen no one while this strange paroxysm lasted. When it disappeared, I came to myself emerging as from a dream, and looked into the face of the man whose words, not careless like mine, had brought it upon us. Our eyes met, and his were surrounded by curves and lines of anguish which were terrible to see.

"Well," he said, with a short laugh, which was forced and harsh, "how do you like it? that is what happens when—— If it came often, who could endure it?" He was not like the rest. There was no sneer upon his face, no gibe at my simplicity. Even now, when all had recovered, he was still quivering with something that looked like a nobler pain. His face was very grave, the lines deeply drawn in it, and he seemed to be seeking no amusement or distraction, nor to take any part in the noise and tumult which was going on around.

"Do you know what that cry meant?" he said. "Did you hear that cry? It was some one who saw—even here once in a long time, they say, it can be seen——"

"What can be seen?"

He shook his head, looking at me with a meaning which I could not interpret. It was beyond the range of my thoughts. I came to know after, or I never could have made this record. But on that subject he said no more. He

turned the way I was going, though it mattered nothing what way I went, for all were the same to me. "You are one of the newcomers?" he said; "you have not been long here——"

"Tell me," I cried, "what you mean by *here*. Where are we? How can one tell who has fallen—he knows not whence or where? What is this place? I have never seen anything like it. It seems to me that I hate it already, though I know not what it is."

He shook his head once more. "You will hate it more and more," he said; "but of these dreadful streets you will never be free, unless——" And here he stopped again.

"Unless—what? If it is possible, I will be free of them, and that before long."

He smiled at me faintly, as we smile at children, but not with derision.

"How shall you do that? Between this miserable world and all others there is a great gulf fixed. It is full of all the bitterness and tears that come from all the universe. These drop from them, but stagnate here. We, you perceive, have no tears, not even at moments——" Then, "You will soon be accustomed to all this," he said. "You will fall into the way. Perhaps you will be able to amuse yourself, to make it passable. Many do. There are a number of fine things to be seen here. If you are curious, come with me and I will show you. Or work—there is even work. There is only one thing that is impossible—or if not impossible——" And here he paused again, and raised his eyes to the dark clouds and lurid sky overhead. "The man who gave that cry! if I could but find him—he must have seen——"

"What could he see?" I asked. But there rose in my mind something like contempt. A visionary! who could not speak plainly, who broke off into mysterious inferences, and appeared to know more than he would say. It seemed foolish to waste time when evidently there was still so much to see, in the company of such a man. And I began already to feel more at home. There was something in that moment of anguish which had wrought a strange familiarity in me with my surroundings. It was so great a relief to return out of the misery of that sharp and horrible self-realisation, to what had come to be, in comparison, easy and well known. I had no desire to go back and grope among the mysteries and anguish so suddenly revealed. I was glad to be free from them, to be left to myself, to get a little pleasure perhaps like the others. While these thoughts passed through my mind, I had gone on without any active impulse of my own, as everybody else did; and my latest companion had disappeared. He saw, no doubt, without any need for words, what my feelings were. And I proceeded on my way. I felt better as I got more accustomed to the place, or perhaps it was the sensation of relief after that moment of indescribable pain. As for the sights in the streets, I began to grow used to them. The wretched creatures who strolled or sat about with signs of sickness or wounds upon them disgusted me only, they no longer called forth my pity. I began to feel ashamed of my silly questions about the hospital. All the same, it would have been a good thing to have had some receptacle for them, into which they might have been driven out of the way. I felt an inclination to push them

aside as I saw other people do, but was a little ashamed of that impulse too; and so I went on. There seemed no quiet streets, so far as I could make out, in the place. Some were smaller, meaner, with a different kind of passengers, but the same hubbub and unresting movement everywhere. I saw no signs of melancholy or seriousness; active pain, violence, brutality, the continual shock of quarrels and blows: but no pensive faces about, no sorrowfulness, nor the kind of trouble which brings thought. Everybody was fully occupied, pushing on as if in a race, pausing for nothing.

The glitter of the lights, the shouts, and sounds of continual going, the endless whirl of passers-by, confused and tired me after a while. I went as far out as I could go to what seemed the outskirts of the place, where I could by glimpses perceive a low horizon all lurid and glowing, which seemed to sweep round and round. Against it in the distance stood up the outline, black against that red glow, of other towers and house-tops, so many and great that there was evidently another town between us and the sunset, if sunset it was. I have seen a western sky like it when there were storms about, and all the colours of the sky were heightened and darkened by angry influences. The distant town rose against it, cutting the firmament so that it might have been tongues of flame flickering between the dark solid outlines; and across the waste open country which lay between the two cities, there came a distant hum like the sound of the sea, which was in reality the roar of that other multitude. The country between showed no greenness or beauty; it lay dark under the dark overarching sky. Here and there

seemed a cluster of giant trees scathed as if by lightning, their bare boughs standing up as high as the distant towers, their trunks like black columns without foliage; openings here and there, with glimmering lights, looked like the mouths of mines: but of passengers there were scarcely any. A figure here and there flew along as if pursued, imperfectly seen, a shadow only a little darker than the space about. And in contrast with the sound of the city, here was no sound at all, except the low roar on either side, and a vague cry or two from the openings of the mine—a scene all drawn in darkness, in variations of gloom, deriving scarcely any light at all from the red and gloomy burning of that distant evening sky.

A faint curiosity to go forward, to see what the mines were, perhaps to get a share in what was brought up from them, crossed my mind. But I was afraid of the dark, of the wild uninhabited savage look of the landscape: though when I thought of it, there seemed no reason why a narrow stretch of country between two great towns should be alarming. But the impression was strong and above reason. I turned back to the street in which I had first alighted, and which seemed to end in a great square full of people. In the middle there was a stage erected, from which some one was delivering an oration or address of some sort. He stood beside a long table, upon which lay something which I could not clearly distinguish, except that it seemed alive and moved, or rather writhed with convulsive twitchings, as if trying to get free of the bonds which confined it. Round the stage in front were a number of seats occupied by listeners, many of whom were women, whose interest

seemed to be very great, some of them being furnished with note-books; while a great unsettled crowd coming and going, drifted round—many, arrested for a time as they passed, proceeding on their way when the interest flagged, as is usual to such open-air assemblies. I followed two of those who pushed their way to within a short distance of the stage, and who were strong, big men, more fitted to elbow the crowd aside than I, after my rough treatment in the first place, and the agitation I had passed through, could be. I was glad, besides, to take advantage of the explanation which one was giving to the other. "It's always fun to see this fellow demonstrate," he said, "and the subject to-day's a capital one. Let's get well forward, and see all that's going on."

"Which subject do you mean?" said the other; "the theme or the example?" And they both laughed, though I did not seize the point of the wit.

"Well, both," said the first speaker; "the theme is nerves: and as a lesson in construction and the calculation of possibilities, it's fine. He's very clever at that. He shows how they are all strung to give as much pain and do as much harm as can be; and yet how well it's all managed, don't you know, to look the reverse. As for the example, he's a capital one—all nerves together, lying, if you like, just on the surface, ready for the knife."

"If they're on the surface I can't see where the fun is," said the other.

"Metaphorically speaking: of course they are just where other people's nerves are; but he's what you call a highly organised nervous specimen. There will be plenty of fun. Hush! he is just going to begin."

"The arrangement of these threads of being," said the lecturer, evidently resuming after a pause, "so as to convey to the brain the most instantaneous messages of pain or pleasure, is wonderfully skilful and clever. I need not say to the audience before me, enlightened as it is by experiences of the most striking kind, that the messages are less of pleasure than of pain. They report to the brain the stroke of injury far more often than the thrill of pleasure: though sometimes that too, no doubt, or life could scarcely be maintained. The powers that be have found it necessary to mingle a little sweet of pleasurable sensation, else our miserable race would certainly have found some means of procuring annihilation. I do not for a moment pretend to say that the pleasure is sufficient to offer a just counterbalance to the other. None of my hearers will, I hope, accuse me of inconsistency. I am ready to allow that in a previous condition I asserted somewhat strongly that this was the case. But experience has enlightened us on that point. Our circumstances are now understood by us all, in a manner impossible while we were still in a condition of incompleteness. We are all convinced that there is no compensation. The pride of the position, of bearing everything rather than give in, or making a submission we do not feel, of preserving our own will and individuality to all eternity, is the only compensation. I am satisfied with it, for my part."

The orator made a pause, holding his head high, and there was a certain amount of applause. The two men before me cheered vociferously. "That is the right way to look at it," one of them said. My eyes were upon them, with no particular motive, and I could not

help starting, as I saw suddenly underneath their applause and laughter a snarl of cursing, which was the real expression of their thoughts. I felt disposed in the same way to curse the speaker, though I knew no reason why.

He went on a little further, explaining what he meant to do; and then turning round, approached the table. An assistant, who was waiting, uncovered it quickly. The audience stirred with quickened interest, and I with consternation made a step forward, crying out with horror. The object on the table, writhing, twitching, to get free, but bound down by every limb, was a living man. The lecturer went forward calmly, taking his instruments from their case with perfect composure and coolness. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said: and inserted the knife in the flesh, making a long clear cut in the bound arm. I shrieked out, unable to restrain myself. The sight of the deliberate wound, the blood, the cry of agony that came from the victim, the calmness of all the lookers-on, filled me with horror and rage indescribable. I felt myself clear the crowd away with a rush, and spring on the platform, I could not tell how. "You devil!" I cried, "let the man go. Where is the police?—where is a magistrate?—let the man go this moment! fiends in human shape! I'll have you brought to justice!" I heard myself shouting wildly, as I flung myself upon the wretched sufferer, interposing between him and the knife. It was something like this that I said. My horror and rage were delirious, and carried me beyond all attempt at control.

Through it all I heard a shout of laughter rising from everybody round. The lecturer laughed, the audience roared with that sound

of horrible mockery which had driven me out of myself in my first experience. All kinds of mocking cries sounded around me. "Let him a little blood to calm him down." "Let the fool have a taste of it himself, doctor." Last of all came a voice mingled with the cries of the sufferer whom I was trying to shield—"Take him instead; curse him! take him instead." I was bending over the man with my arms outstretched, protecting him, when he gave vent to this cry. And I heard immediately behind me a shout of assent, which seemed to come from the two strong young men with whom I had been standing, and the sound of a rush to seize me. I looked round, half mad with terror and rage; a second more and I should have been strapped on the table too. I made one wild bound into the midst of the crowd, and struggling among the arms stretched out to catch me, amid the roar of the laughter and cries—fled—fled wildly, I knew not whither, in panic and rage and horror, which no words could describe. Terror winged my feet. I flew, thinking as little of whom I met, or knocked down, or trod upon in my way, as the others did at whom I had wondered a little while ago.

No distinct impression of this headlong course remains in my mind, save the sensation of mad fear such as I had never felt before. I came to myself on the edge of the dark valley which surrounded the town. All my pursuers had dropped off before that time, and I have the recollection of flinging myself upon the ground on my face in the extremity of fatigue and exhaustion. I must have lain there undisturbed for some time. A few steps came and went, passing me; but no one took any notice, and the absence

of the noise and crowding gave me a momentary respite. But in my heat and fever I got no relief of coolness from the contact of the soil. I might have flung myself upon a bed of hot ashes, so much was it unlike the dewy cool earth which I expected, upon which one can always throw one's self with a sensation of repose. Presently the uneasiness of it made me struggle up again and look around me. I was safe: at least the cries of the pursuers had died away, the laughter which made my blood boil offended my ears no more. The noise of the city was behind me, softened into an indefinite roar by distance, and before me stretched out the dreary landscape in which there seemed no features of attraction. Now that I was nearer to it, I found it not so unpeopled as I thought. At no great distance from me was the mouth of one of the mines, from which came an indication of subterranean lights: and I perceived that the flying figures which I had taken for travellers between one city and another, were in reality wayfarers endeavouring to keep clear of what seemed a sort of pressgang at the openings. One of them, unable to stop himself in his flight, adopted the same expedient as myself, and threw himself on the ground close to me when he had got beyond the range of pursuit. It was curious that we should meet there, he flying from a danger which I was about to face, and ready to encounter that from which I had fled. I waited for a few minutes till he had recovered his breath, and then: "What are you running from?" I said; "is there any danger there?" The man looked up at me with the same continual question in his eyes—Who is this fool?

"Danger!" he said. "Are you

so new here, or such a cursed idiot, as not to know the danger of the mines? You are going across yourself, I suppose, and then you'll see."

"But tell me," I said; "my experience may be of use to you afterwards, if you will tell me yours now."

"Of use!" he cried staring; "who cares? Find out for yourself. If they get hold of you, you will soon understand."

I no longer took this for rudeness, but answered in his own way, cursing him too for a fool. "If I ask a warning I can give one; as for kindness," I said, "I was not looking for that."

At this he laughed, indeed we laughed together—there seemed something ridiculous in the thought: and presently he told me, for the mere relief of talking, that round each of these pit-mouths there was a band to entrap every passer-by who allowed himself to be caught, and send him down below to work in the mine. "Once there, there is no telling when you may get free," he said; "one time or other most people have a taste of it. You don't know what hard labour is if you have never been there. I had a spell once. There is neither air nor light, your blood boils in your veins from the fervent heat, you are never allowed to rest. You are put in every kind of contortion to get at it, your limbs twisted, and your muscles strained."

"For what?" I said.

"For gold!" he cried with a flash in his eyes—"gold! there it is inexhaustible; however hard you may work there is always more, and more!"

"And to whom does all that belong?" I said.

"To whoever is strong enough to get hold and keep possession

—sometimes one, sometimes another. The only thing you are sure of is that it will never be you."

Why not I as well as another? was the thought that went through my mind, and my new companion spied it with a shriek of derision.

"It is not for you nor your kind," he cried. "How do you think you could force other people to serve *you*? Can you terrify them or hurt them, or give them anything? You have not learnt yet who are the masters here."

This troubled me, for it was true. "I had begun to think," I said, "that there was no authority at all—for every man seems to do as he pleases: you ride over one, and knock another down; or you seize a living man and cut him to pieces"—I shuddered as I thought of it—"and there is nobody to interfere."

"Who should interfere?" he said. "Why shouldn't every man amuse himself as he can? But yet for all that we've got our masters," he cried, with a scowl, waving his clenched fist in the direction of the mines; "you'll find it out when you get there."

It was a long time after this before I ventured to move—for here it seemed to me that for the moment I was safe—outside the city, yet not within reach of the dangers of that intermediate space which grew clearer before me as my eyes became accustomed to the lurid threatening afternoon light. One after another the fugitives came flying past me,—people who had escaped from the armed bands whom I could now see on the watch near the pit's mouth. I could see, too, the tactics of these bands—how they retired, veiling the lights and the opening, when a greater number than usual of travellers appeared on the way, and then suddenly widening out, throwing out flanking lines, sur-

rounded and drew in the unwary. I could even hear the cries with which their victims disappeared over the opening which seemed to go down into the bowels of the earth. By-and-by there came flying towards me a wretch more dreadful in aspect than any I had seen. His scanty clothes seemed singed and burnt into rags; his hair, which hung about his face unkempt and uncared for, had the same singed aspect; his skin was brown and baked. I got up as he approached, and caught him and threw him to the ground, without heeding his struggles to get on. "Don't you see," he cried with a gasp, "they may get me again." He was one of those who had escaped out of the mines; but what was it to me whether they caught him again or not? I wanted to know how he had been caught, and what he had been set to do, and how he had escaped. Why should I hesitate to use my superior strength when no one else did? I kept watch over him that he should not get away.

"You have been in the mines?" I said.

"Let me go!" he cried; "do you need to ask?" and he cursed me as he struggled, with the most terrible imprecations. "They may get me yet. Let me go!"

"Not till you tell me," I cried. "Tell me and I'll protect you. If they come near I'll let you go. Who are they, man? I must know."

He struggled up from the ground, clearing his hot eyes from the ashes that were in them, and putting aside his singed hair. He gave me a glance of hatred and impotent resistance (for I was stronger than he), and then cast a wild terrified look back. The skirmishers did not seem to remark that anybody had escaped,

and he became gradually a little more composed. "Who are they!" he said hoarsely; "they're cursed wretches like you and me: and there are as many bands of them as there are mines on the road: and you'd better turn back and stay where you are. You are safe here."

"I will not turn back," I said.

"I know well enough: you can't. You've got to go the round like the rest," he said, with a laugh which was like a sound uttered by a wild animal rather than a human voice. The man was in my power, and I struck him, miserable as he was. It seemed a relief thus to get rid of some of the fury in my mind. "It's a lie," I said; "I go because I please. Why shouldn't I gather a band of my own if I please, and fight those brutes, not fly from them like you?"

He chuckled and laughed below his breath, struggling and cursing and crying out, as I struck him again, "*You* gather a band! What could you offer them?—where would you find them? Are you better than the rest of us? Are you not a man like the rest? Strike me you can, for I'm down. But make yourself a master and a chief—you!"

"Why not I?" I shouted again, wild with rage and the sense that I had no power over him, save to hurt him. That passion made my hands tremble: he slipped from me in a moment, bounded from the ground like a ball, and with a yell of derision escaped, and plunged into the streets and the clamour of the city from which I had just flown. I felt myself rage after him, shaking my fists with a consciousness of the ridiculous passion of impotence that was in me, but no power of restraining it; and there was not one of the fugitives who passed, however desperate he might be, who

did not make a mock at me as he darted by. The laughing-stock of all those miserable objects, the sport of fate, afraid to go forward, unable to go back, with a fire in my veins urging me on! But presently I grew a little calmer out of mere exhaustion, which was all the relief that was possible to me. And by-and-by, collecting all my faculties, and impelled by this impulse, which I seemed unable to resist, I got up and went cautiously on.

Fear can act in two ways: it paralyses and it renders cunning. At this moment I found it inspire me. I made my plans before I started, how to steal along under the cover of the blighted brushwood which broke the line of the valley here and there. I set out only after long thought, seizing the moment when the vaguely perceived band were scouring in the other direction intercepting the travellers. Thus, with many pauses, I got near to the pit's mouth in safety. But my curiosity was as great as, almost greater than, my terror. I had kept far from the road, dragging myself sometimes on hands and feet over broken ground, tearing my clothes and my flesh upon the thorns; and on that further side all seemed so silent and so dark in the shadow cast by some disused machinery, behind which the glare of the fire from below blazed upon the other side of the opening, that I could not crawl along in the darkness, and pass, which would have been the safe way; but with a breathless hot desire to see and know, dragged myself to the very edge to look down. Though I was in the shadow, my eyes were nearly put out by the glare on which I gazed. It was not fire; it was the lurid glow of the gold, glowing like flame, at which countless miners were working. They

were all about like flies, some on their knees, some bent double as they stooped over their work, some lying cramped upon shelves and ledges. The sight was wonderful, and terrible beyond description. The workmen seemed to consume away with the heat and the glow, even in the few minutes I gazed. Their eyes shrank into their heads, their faces blackened. I could see some trying to secrete morsels of the glowing metal, which burned whatever it touched, and some who were being searched by the superiors of the mines, and some who were punishing the offenders, fixing them up against the blazing wall of gold. The fear went out of my mind, so much absorbed was I in this sight. I gazed, seeing further and further every moment, into crevices and seams of the glowing metal, always with more and more slaves at work, and the entire pantomime of labour and theft, and search and punishment, going on and on—the baked faces dark against the golden glare, the hot eyes taking a yellow reflection, the monotonous clamour of pick and shovel, and cries and curses, and all the indistinguishable sound of a multitude of human creatures. And the floor below, and the low roof which overhung whole myriads within a few inches of their faces, and the irregular walls all breached and shelved, were every one the same, a pandemonium of gold,—gold everywhere. I had loved many foolish things in my life, but never this: which was perhaps why I gazed and kept my sight, though there rose out of it a blast of heat which scorched the brain.

While I stooped over, intent on the sight, some one who had come up by my side to gaze too was caught by the fumes (as I suppose); for suddenly I was aware of a dark object falling

prone into the glowing interior with a cry and crash which brought back my first wild panic. He fell in a heap, from which his arms shot forth wildly as he reached the bottom, and his cry was half anguish yet half desire. I saw him seized by half-a-dozen eager watchers, and pitched upon a ledge just under the roof, and tools thrust into his hands. I held on by an old shaft, trembling, unable to move. Perhaps I cried too in my horror—for one of the overseers who stood in the centre of the glare looked up. He had the air of ordering all that was going on, and stood unaffected by the blaze, commanding the other wretched officials, who obeyed him like dogs. He seemed to me, in my terror, like a figure of gold, the image, perhaps, of wealth or Pluto, or I know not what: for I suppose my brain began to grow confused, and my hold on the shaft to relax. I had strength enough, however, for I cared not for the gold, to fling myself back the other way upon the ground, where I rolled backward, downward, I knew not how, turning over and over, upon sharp ashes and metallic edges, which tore my hair and beard,—and for a moment I knew no more.

This fall saved me. I came to myself after a time, and heard the pressgang searching about. I had sense to lie still among the ashes thrown up out of the pit, while I heard their voices. Once I gave myself up for lost. The glitter of a lantern flashed in my eyes, a foot passed, crashing among the ashes so close to my cheek that the shoe grazed it. I found the mark after, burned upon my flesh: but I escaped notice by a miracle. And presently I was able to drag myself up and crawl away. But how I reached the end of the valley I cannot tell. I pushed my way along mechanically on the

dark side. I had no further desire to see what was going on in the openings of the mines. I went on, stumbling and stupid, scarcely capable even of fear, conscious only of wretchedness and weariness, till at last I felt myself drop across the road within the gateway of the other town—and lay there, with no thought of anything but the relief of being at rest.

When I came to myself, it seemed to me that there was a change in the atmosphere and the light. It was less lurid, paler, grey, more like twilight than the stormy afternoon of the other city. A certain dead serenity was in the sky—a black paleness, whiteness, everything faint in it. This town was walled, but the gates stood open, and I saw no defences of troops or other guardians. I found myself lying across the threshold, but pushed to one side, so that the carriages which went and came should not be stopped or I injured by their passage. It seemed to me that there was some thoughtfulness and kindness in this action, and my heart sprang up in a reaction of hope. I looked back as if upon a nightmare on the dreadful city which I had left, on its tumults and noise, the wild racket of the streets, the wounded wretches who sought refuge in the corners, the strife and misery that were abroad, and, climax of all, the horrible entertainment which had been going on in the square, the unhappy being strapped upon the table. How, I said to myself, could such things be? Was it a dream? was it a nightmare? was it something presented to me in a vision—a strong delusion to make me think that the old fables which had been told concerning the end of mortal life were true? When I looked back it appeared like an allegory,

so that I might have seen it in a dream; and still more like an allegory were the gold-mines in the valley, and the myriads who laboured there. Was it all true? or only a reflection from the old life, mingling with the strange novelties which would most likely elude understanding, on the entrance into this new? I sat within the shelter of the gateway, on my awakening, and thought over all this. My heart was quite calm—almost, in the revulsion from the terrors I had been through, happy. I persuaded myself that I was but now beginning; that there had been no reality in these latter experiences, only a curious succession of nightmares, such as might so well be supposed to follow a wonderful transformation like that which must take place between our mortal life and—the world to come. The world to come! I paused and thought of it all, until the heart began to beat loud in my breast. What was this, where I lay? Another world; a world which was not happiness, not bliss? Oh no—perhaps there was no world of bliss save in dreams. This, on the other hand, I said to myself, was not misery: for was not I seated here, with a certain tremulousness about me it was true, after all the experiences which, supposing them even to have been but dreams, I had come through,—a tremulousness very comprehensible, and not at all without hope?

I will not say that I believed even what I tried to think. Something in me lay like a dark shadow in the midst of all my theories; but yet I succeeded to a great degree in convincing myself that the hope in me was real, and that I was but now beginning—beginning with at least a possibility that all might be well. In this half conviction, and after all

the troubles that were over (even though they might only have been imaginary troubles), I felt a certain sweetness in resting there, within the gateway, with my back against it. I was unwilling to get up again, and bring myself in contact with reality. I felt that there was pleasure in being left alone. Carriages rolled past me occasionally, and now and then some people on foot; but they did not kick me out of the way or interfere with my repose.

Presently as I sat trying to persuade myself to rise and pursue my way, two men came up to me in a sort of uniform. I recognised with another distinct sensation of pleasure that here were people who had authority, representatives of some kind of government. They came up to me and bade me come with them in tones which were peremptory enough: but what of that?—better the most peremptory supervision than the lawlessness from which I had come. They raised me from the ground with a touch, for I could not resist them, and led me quickly along the street, into which that gateway gave access, which was a handsome street with tall houses on either side. Groups of people were moving about along the pavement, talking now and then with considerable animation; but when my companions were seen, there was an immediate moderation of tone, a sort of respect which looked like fear. There was no brawling nor tumult of any kind in the street. The only incident that occurred was this: when we had gone some way, I saw a lame man dragging himself along with difficulty on the other side of the street. My conductors had no sooner perceived him than they gave each other a look and darted across, conveying me with them,

by a sweep of magnetic influence I thought, that prevented me from staying behind. He made an attempt with his crutches to get out of the way, hurrying on—and I will allow that this attempt of his seemed to me very grotesque, so that I could scarcely help laughing: the other lookers-on in the street laughed too, though some put on an aspect of disgust. “Look, the tortoise!” some one said; “does he think he can go quicker than the orderlies?” My companions came up to the man while this commentary was going on, and seized him by each arm. “Where were you going? Where have you come from? How dare you make an exhibition of yourself?” they cried. They took the crutches from him as they spoke and threw them away, and dragged him on until we reached a great grated door which one of them opened with a key, while the other held the offender, for he seemed an offender, roughly up by one shoulder, causing him great pain. When the door was opened, I saw a number of people within, who seemed to crowd to the door as if seeking to get out. But this was not at all what was intended. My second companion dragged the lame man forward, and pushed him in with so much violence that I could see him fall forward on his face on the floor. Then the other locked the door, and we proceeded on our way. It was not till some time later that I understood why.

In the meantime I was hurried on, meeting a great many people who took no notice of me, to a central building in the middle of the town, where I was brought before an official attended by clerks, with great books spread out before him. Here I was questioned as to my name and my antecedents, and the time of my

arrival, then dismissed with a nod to one of my conductors. He led me back again down the street, took me into one of the tall great houses, opened the door of a room which was numbered, and left me there without a word. I cannot convey to any one the bewildered consternation with which I felt myself deposited here; and as the steps of my conductor died away in the long corridor, I sat down, and looking myself in the face as it were, tried to make out what it was that had happened to me. The room was small and bare. There was but one thing hung upon the undecorated walls, and that was a long list of printed regulations which I had not the courage for the moment to look at. The light was indifferent, though the room was high up, and the street from the window looked far away below. I cannot tell how long I sat there thinking, and yet it could scarcely be called thought. I asked myself over and over again, Where am I? is it a prison? am I shut in, to leave this enclosure no more? what am I to do? how is the time to pass? I shut my eyes for a moment and tried to realise all that had happened to me; but nothing save a whirl through my head of disconnected thoughts seemed possible, and some force was upon me to open my eyes again, to see the blank room, the dull light, the vacancy round me in which there was nothing to interest the mind, nothing to please the eye, a blank wherever I turned. Presently there came upon me a burning regret for everything I had left, for the noisy town with all its tumults and cruelties, for the dark valley with all its dangers. Everything seemed bearable, almost agreeable, in comparison with this. I seemed to have been brought

here to make acquaintance once more with myself, to learn over again what manner of man I was. Needless knowledge, acquaintance unnecessary, unhappy! for what was there in me to make me to myself a good companion? Never, I knew, could I separate myself from that eternal consciousness; but it was cruelty to force the contemplation upon me. All blank, blank, around me, a prison! And was this to last for ever?

I do not know how long I sat, rapt in this gloomy vision; but at last it occurred to me to rise and try the door, which to my astonishment was open. I went out with a throb of new hope. After all, it might not be necessary to come back; there might be other expedients: I might fall among friends. I turned down the long echoing stairs, on which I met various people, who took no notice of me, and in whom I felt no interest save a desire to avoid them, and at last reached the street. To be out of doors in the air was something, though there was no wind, but a motionless still atmosphere which nothing disturbed. The streets, indeed, were full of movement, but not of life—though this seems a paradox. The passers passed on their way in long regulated lines—those who went towards the gates keeping rigorously to one side of the pavement, those who came, to the other. They talked to each other here and there; but whenever two men in uniform, such as those who had been my conductors, appeared, silence ensued, and the wayfarers shrank even from the looks of these persons in authority. I walked all about the spacious town. Everywhere there were tall houses, everywhere streams of people coming and going, but no one spoke to me, or remarked me at all. I

was as lonely as if I had been in a wilderness. I was indeed in a wilderness of men, who were as though they did not see me, passing without even a look of human fellowship, each absorbed in his own concerns. I walked and walked till my limbs trembled under me, from one end to another of the great streets, up and down, and round and round. But no one said, How are you? Whence come you? What are you doing? At length in despair I turned again to the blank and miserable room, which had looked to me like a cell in a prison. I had wilfully made no note of its situation, trying to avoid rather than to find it, but my steps were drawn thither against my will. I found myself retracing my steps, mounting the long stairs, passing the same people, who streamed along with no recognition of me, as I desired nothing to do with them; and at last found myself within the same four blank walls as before.

Soon after I returned I became conscious of measured steps passing the door, and of an eye upon me. I can say no more than this. From what point it was that I was inspected I cannot tell; but that I was inspected, closely scrutinised by some one, and that not only externally, but by a cold observation that went through and through me, I knew and felt beyond any possibility of mistake. This recurred from time to time, horribly, at uncertain moments, so that I never felt myself secure from it. I knew when the watcher was coming by tremors and shiverings through all my being: and no sensation so unsupportable has it ever been mine to bear. How much that is to say, no one can tell who has not gone through those regions of darkness, and learned what is in all their abysses. I tried at first

to hide, to fling myself on the floor, to cover my face, to burrow in a dark corner. Useless attempts! The eyes that looked in upon me had powers beyond my powers. I felt sometimes conscious of the derisive smile with which my miserable subterfuges were regarded. They were all in vain.

And what was still more strange was that I had not energy to think of attempting any escape. My steps, though watched, were not restrained in any way, so far as I was aware. The gates of the city stood open on all sides, free to those who went as well as to those who came; but I did not think of flight. Of flight! Whence should I go from myself? Though that horrible inspection was from the eyes of some unseen being, it was in some mysterious way connected with my own thinking and reflections, so that the thought came ever more and more strongly upon me, that from myself I could never escape. And that reflection took all energy, all impulse from me. I might have gone away when I pleased, beyond reach of the authority which regulated everything,—how one should walk, where one should live,—but never from my own consciousness. On the other side of the town lay a great plain, traversed by roads on every side. There was no reason why I should not continue my journey there. But I did not. I had no wish nor any power in me to go away.

In one of my long, dreary, companionless walks, unshared by any human fellowship, I saw at last a face which I remembered; it was that of the cynical spectator who had spoken to me in the noisy street in the midst of my early experiences. He gave a glance round him to see that there were no officials in sight, then left

the file in which he was walking, and joined me. "Ah!" he said, "you are here already," with the same derisive smile with which he had before regarded me. I hated the man and his sneer, yet that he should speak to me was something, almost a pleasure.

"Yes," said I, "I am here." Then, after a pause, in which I did not know what to say—"It is quiet here," I said.

"Quiet enough. Do you like it better for that? To do whatever you please with no one to interfere; or to do nothing you please, but as you are forced to do it,—which do you think is best?"

I felt myself instinctively glance round, as he had done, to make sure that no one was in sight. Then I answered, faltering, "I have always held that law and order were necessary things; and the lawlessness of that—that place—I don't know its name—if there is such a place," I cried, "I thought it was a dream."

He laughed in his mocking way. "Perhaps it is all a dream—who knows?" he said.

"Sir," said I, "you have been longer here than I——"

"Oh," cried he, with a laugh that was dry and jarred upon the air almost like a shriek, "since before your forefathers were born!" It seemed to me that he spoke like one who, out of bitterness and despite, made every darkness blacker still. A kind of madman in his way; for what was this claim of age?—a piece of bravado, no doubt, like the rest.

"That is strange," I said, assenting, as when there is such a hallucination it is best to do. "You can tell me, then, whence all this authority comes, and why we are obliged to obey."

He looked at me as if he were thinking in his mind how to hurt

me most. Then, with that dry laugh, "We have trial of all things in this world," he said, "to see if perhaps we can find something we shall like—discipline here, freedom in the other place. When you have gone all the round like me, then, perhaps, you will be able to choose."

"Have you chosen?" I asked.

He only answered with a laugh. "Come," he said, "there is amusement to be had too, and that of the most elevated kind. We make researches here into the moral nature of man. Will you come? But you must take the risk," he added, with a smile which afterwards I understood.

We went on together after this till we reached the centre of the place, in which stood an immense building with a dome, which dominated the city, and into a great hall in the centre of that, where a crowd of people were assembled. The sound of human speech, which murmured all around, brought new life to my heart. And as I gazed at a curious apparatus erected on a platform, several people spoke to me.

"We have again," said one, "the old subject to-day."

"Is it something about the constitution of the place?" I asked, in the bewilderment of my mind.

My neighbours looked at me with alarm, glancing behind them to see what officials might be near.

"The constitution of the place is the result of the sense of the inhabitants that order must be preserved," said the one who had spoken to me first. "The lawless can find refuge in other places. Here we have chosen to have supervision, nuisances removed, and order kept. That is enough. The constitution is not under discussion."

"But man is," said a second

speaker. "Let us keep to that in which we can mend nothing. Sir, you may have to contribute your quota to our enlightenment. We are investigating the rise of thought. You are a stranger; you may be able to help us."

"I am no philosopher," I said, with a panic which I could not explain to myself.

"That does not matter. You are a fresh subject." The speaker made a slight movement with his hand, and I turned round to escape in wild, sudden fright, though I had no conception what could be done to me. But the crowd had pressed close round me, hemming me in on every side. I was so wildly alarmed that I struggled among them, pushing backwards with all my force, and clearing a space round me with my arms. But my efforts were vain. Two of the officers suddenly appeared out of the crowd, and seizing me by the arms, forced me forward. The throng dispersed before them on either side, and I was half dragged, half lifted up upon the platform, where stood the strange apparatus which I had contemplated with a dull wonder when I came into the hall. My wonder did not last long. I felt myself fixed in it, standing supported in that position by bands and springs, so that no effort of mine was necessary to hold myself up, and none possible to release myself. I was caught by every joint, sustained, supported, exposed to the gaze of what seemed a world of upturned faces: among which I saw, with a sneer upon it, keeping a little behind the crowd, the face of the man who had led me here. Above my head was a strong light, more brilliant than anything I had ever seen, and which blazed upon my brain till the hair seemed to singe and the skin shrink. I

hope I may never feel such a sensation again. The pitiless light went into me like a knife; but even my cries were stopped by the framework in which I was bound. I could breathe and suffer, but that was all.

Then some one got up on the platform above me and began to speak. He said, so far as I could comprehend in the anguish and torture in which I was held, that the origin of thought was the question he was investigating, but that in every previous subject the confusion of ideas had bewildered them, and the rapidity with which one followed another. "The present example has been found to exhibit great persistency of idea," he said. "We hope that by his means some clearer theory may be arrived at." Then he pulled over me a great movable lens as of a microscope, which concentrated the insupportable light. The wild, hopeless passion that raged within my soul had no outlet in the immovable apparatus that held me. I was let down among the crowd, and exhibited to them, every secret movement of my being, by some awful process which I have never fathomed. A burning fire was in my brain, flame seemed to run along all my nerves, speechless, horrible, incommunicable fury raged in my soul. But I was like a child—nay, like an image of wood or wax in the pitiless hands that held me. What was the cut of a surgeon's knife to this? And I had thought *that* cruel! And I was powerless, and could do nothing—to blast, to destroy, to burn with this same horrible flame the fiends that surrounded me, as I desired to do.

Suddenly, in the raging fever of my thoughts, there surged up the recollection of that word which had paralysed all around, and myself

with them. The thought that I must share the anguish, did not restrain me from my revenge. With a tremendous effort I got my voice, though the instrument pressed upon my lips. I know not what I articulated save "God," whether it was a curse or a blessing. I had been swung out into the middle of the hall, and hung amid the crowd, exposed to all their observations, when I succeeded in gaining utterance. My God! my God! Another moment and I had forgotten them and all my fury in the tortures that arose within myself. What, then, was the light that racked my brain? Once more my life from its beginning to its end rose up before me—each scene like a spectre, like the harpies of the old fables rending me with tooth and claw. Once more I saw what might have been, the noble things I might have done, the happiness I had lost, the turnings of the fated road which I might have taken,—everything that was once so possible, so possible, so easy! but now possible no more. My anguish was immeasurable; I turned and wrenched myself, in the strength of pain, out of the machinery that held me, and fell down, down among all the curses that were being hurled at me—among the horrible and miserable crowd. I had brought upon them the evil which I shared, and they fell upon me with a fury which was like that which had prompted myself a few minutes before. But they could do nothing to me so tremendous as the vengeance I had taken upon them. I was too miserable to feel the blows that rained upon me, but presently I suppose I lost consciousness altogether, being almost torn to pieces by the multitude.

While this lasted, it seemed to

me that I had a dream. I felt the blows raining down upon me, and my body struggling upon the ground; and yet it seemed to me that I was lying outside upon the ground, and above me the pale sky which never brightened at the touch of the sun. And I thought that dull, persistent cloud wavered and broke for an instant, and that I saw behind a glimpse of that blue which is heaven when we are on the earth—the blue sky—which is nowhere to be seen but in the mortal life; which is heaven enough, which is delight enough, for those who can look up to it, and feel themselves in the land of hope. It might be but a dream: in this strange world who could tell what was vision and what was true?

The next thing I remember was, that I found myself lying on the floor of a great room full of people, with every kind of disease and deformity, some pale with sickness, some with fresh wounds, the lame, and the maimed, and the miserable. They lay round me in every attitude of pain, many with sores, some bleeding, with broken limbs, but all struggling, some on hands and knees, dragging themselves up from the ground to stare at me. They roused in my mind a loathing and sense of disgust which it is impossible to express. I could scarcely tolerate the thought that I—I! should be forced to remain a moment in this lazar-house. The feeling with which I had regarded the miserable creature who shared the corner of the wall with me, and who had cursed me for being sorry for him, had altogether gone out of my mind. I called out, to whom I know not, adjuring some one to open the door and set me free; but my cry was answered only by a shout from my companions in trouble. "Who do you think will let you out?" "Who is

going to help you more than the rest." My whole body was racked with pain; I could not move from the floor, on which I lay. I had to put up with the stares of the curious, and the mockeries, and remarks on me of whoever chose to criticise. Among them was the lame man whom I had seen thrust in by the two officers who had taken me from the gate. He was the first to gibe. "But for him they would never have seen me," he said. "I should have been well by this time in the fresh air." "It is his turn now," said another. I turned my head as well as I could and spoke to them all.

"I am a stranger here," I cried. "They have made my brain burn with their experiments. Will nobody help me? It is no fault of mine, it is their fault. If I am to be left here uncared for, I shall die."

At this a sort of dreadful chuckle ran round the place. "If that is what you are afraid of, you will not die," somebody said, touching me on my head in a way which gave me intolerable pain, "Don't touch me," I cried. "Why shouldn't I?" said the other, and pushed me again upon the throbbing brain. So far as my sensations went, there were no coverings at all, neither skull nor skin upon the intolerable throbbing of my head, which had been exposed to the curiosity of the crowd, and every touch was agony; but my cry brought no guardian, nor any defence or soothing. I dragged myself into a corner after a time, from which some other wretch had been rolled out in the course of a quarrel; and as I found that silence was the only policy, I kept silent, with rage consuming my heart.

Presently I discovered by means of the new arrivals which kept coming in, hurled into the midst of us without thought or question,

that this was the common fate of all who were repulsive to the sight, or who had any weakness or imperfection which offended the eyes, of the population. They were tossed in among us, not to be healed, or for repose or safety, but to be out of sight, that they might not disgust or annoy those who were more fortunate, to whom no injury had happened; and because in their sickness and imperfection they were of no use in the studies of the place, and disturbed the good order of the streets. And there they lay one above another, a mass of bruised and broken creatures, most of them suffering from injuries which they had sustained in what would have been called in other regions the service of the State. They had served like myself as objects of experiments. They had fallen from heights where they had been placed, in illustration of some theory. They had been tortured or twisted to give satisfaction to some question. And then, that the consequences of these proceedings might offend no one's eyes, they were flung into this receptacle, to be released if chance or strength enabled them to push their way out when others were brought in, or when their importunate knocking wearied some watchman, and brought him angry and threatening to hear what was wanted. The sound of this knocking against the door, and of the cries that accompanied it, and the rush towards the opening when any one was brought in, caused a hideous continuous noise and scuffle which was agony to my brain. Every one pushed before the other; there was an endless rising and falling as in the changes of a feverish dream, each man as he got strength to struggle forward himself, thrusting back his neighbours, and those who were nearest to the door beat-

ing upon it without cease, like the beating of a drum without cadence or measure, sometimes a dozen passionate hands together, making a horrible din and riot. As I lay unable to join in that struggle, and moved by rage unspeakable towards all who could, I reflected strangely that I had never heard when outside this horrible continual appeal of the suffering. In the streets of the city, as I now reflected, quiet reigned. I had even made comparisons on my first entrance, in the moment of pleasant anticipation which came over me, of the happy stillness here, with the horror and tumult of that place of unrule which I had left.

When my thoughts reached this point I was answered by the voice of some one on a level with myself, lying helpless like me on the floor of the lazar-house. "They have taken their precautions," he said; "if they will not endure the sight of suffering, how should they hear the sound of it? Every cry is silenced there."

"I wish they could be silenced within too," I cried savagely; "I would make them dumb had I the power."

"The spirit of the place is in you," said the other voice.

"And not in you?" I said, raising my head, though every movement was agony; but this pretence of superiority was more than I could bear.

The other made no answer for a moment: then he said, faintly, "If it is so, it is but for greater misery."

And then his voice died away, and the hubbub of beating, and crying, and cursing, and groaning filled all the echoes. They cried, but no one listened to them. They thundered on the door, but in vain. They aggravated all their pangs

in that mad struggle to get free. After a while my companion, whoever he was, spoke again.

"They would rather," he said, "lie on the roadside to be kicked and trodden on, as we have seen; though to see that made you miserable."

"Made me miserable! You mock me," I said. "Why should a man be miserable save for suffering of his own?"

"You thought otherwise once," my neighbour said.

And then I remembered the wretch in the corner of the wall in the other town, who had cursed me for pitying him. I cursed myself now for that folly. Pity him! was he not better off than I? "I wish," I cried, "that I could crush them into nothing, and be rid of this infernal noise they make!"

"The spirit of the place has entered into you," said that voice.

I raised my arm to strike him; but my hand fell on the stone floor instead, and sent a jar of new pain all through my battered frame. And then I mastered my rage, and lay still, for I knew there was no way but this of recovering my strength,—the strength with which, when I got it back, I would annihilate that reproachful voice, and crush the life out of those groaning fools, whose cries and impotent struggles I could not endure. And we lay a long time without moving, with always that tumult raging in our ears. At last there came into my mind a longing to hear spoken words again. I said, "Are you still there?"

"I shall be here," he said, "till I am able to begin again."

"To begin! Is there here, then, either beginning or ending? Go on: speak to me: it makes me a little forget my pain."

"I have a fire in my heart," he

said; "I must begin and begin—till perhaps I find the way."

"What way?" I cried, feverish and eager; for though I despised him, yet it made me wonder to think that he should speak riddles which I could not understand.

He answered very faintly, "I do not know." The fool! then it was only folly, as from the first I knew it was. I felt then that I could treat him roughly, after the fashion of the place—which he said had got into me. "Poor wretch!" I said, "you have hopes, have you? Where have you come from? You might have learned better before now."

"I have come," he said, "from where we met before. I have come by the valley of gold. I have worked in the mines. I have served in the troops of those who are masters there. I have lived in this town of tyrants, and lain in this lazar-house before. Everything has happened to me, more and worse than you dream of."

"And still you go on? I would dash my head against the wall and die."

"When will you learn," he said, with a strange tone in his voice, which, though no one had been listening to us, made a sudden silence for a moment—it was so strange: it moved me like that glimmer of the blue sky in my dream, and roused all the sufferers round with an expectation—though I know not what. The cries stopped, the hands beat no longer. I think all the miserable crowd were still, and turned to where he lay. "When will you learn—that you have died, and can die no more?"

There was a shout of fury all round me. "Is that all you have to say?" the crowd burst forth: and I think they rushed upon him and killed him: for I heard no more: until the hubbub began again

more wild than ever, with furious hands beating, beating, against the locked door.

After a while I began to feel my strength come back. I raised my head. I sat up. I began to see the faces of those around me, and the groups into which they gathered; the noise was no longer so insupportable—my racked nerves were regaining health. It was with a mixture of pleasure and despair that I became conscious of this. I had been through many deaths; but I did not die, perhaps could not, as that man had said. I looked about for him, to see if he had contradicted his own theory. But he was not dead. He was lying close to me, covered with wounds; but he opened his eyes, and something like a smile came upon his lips. A smile—I had heard laughter, and seen ridicule and derision, but this I had not seen. I could not bear it. To seize him and shake the little remaining life out of him was my impulse. But neither did I obey that. Again he reminded me of my dream—was it a dream?—of the opening in the clouds. From that moment I tried to shelter him, and as I grew stronger and stronger, and pushed my way to the door, I dragged him along with me. How long the struggle was I cannot tell, or how often I was balked—or how many darted through before me when the door was opened. But I did not let him go; and at the last, for now I was as strong as before—stronger than most about me—I got out into the air and brought him with me. Into the air! it was an atmosphere so still and motionless that there was no feeling of life in it, as I have said; but the change seemed to me happiness for the moment. It was freedom. The noise of the struggle was over, the horrible

sights were left behind. My spirit sprang up as if I had been born into new life. It had the same effect, I suppose, upon my companion, though he was much weaker than I, for he rose to his feet at once with almost a leap of eagerness, and turned instantaneously towards the other side of the city.

"Not that way," I said; "come with me and rest."

"No rest—no rest—my rest is to go on;" and then he turned towards me and smiled and said "Thanks"—looking into my face. What a word to hear! I had not heard it since—— A rush of strange and sweet and dreadful thoughts came into my mind. I shrank and trembled, and let go his arm, which I had been holding. But when I left that hold I seemed to fall back into depths of blank pain and longing. I put out my hand again and caught him. "I will go," I said, "where you go."

A pair of the officials of the place passed as I spoke. They looked at me with a threatening glance, and half paused, but then passed on. It was I now who hurried my companion along. I recollected him now. He was a man who had met me in the streets of the other city when I was still ignorant, who had convulsed me with the utterance of that name which, in all this world where we were, is never named but for punishment,—the name which I had named once more in the great hall in the midst of my torture, so that all who heard me were transfixed with that suffering too. He had been haggard then, but he was more haggard now. His features were sharp with continual pain, his eyes were wild with weakness and trouble, though there was a meaning in them which went to my heart.

It seemed to me that in his touch there was a certain help, though he was weak and tottered, and every moment seemed full of suffering. Hope sprang up in my mind—the hope that where he was so eager to go there would be something better, a life more liveable than in this place. In every new place there is new hope. I was not worn out of that human impulse. I forgot the nightmare which had crushed me before—the horrible sense that from myself there was no escape—and holding fast to his arm, I hurried on with him, not heeding where. We went aside into less frequented streets, that we might escape observation. I seemed to myself the guide, though I was the follower. A great faith in this man sprang up in my breast. I was ready to go with him wherever he went, anywhere—anywhere must be better than this. Thus I pushed him on, holding by his arm, till we reached the very outmost limits of the city. Here he stood still for a moment, turning upon me, and took me by the hands.

"Friend," he said, "before you were born into the pleasant earth I had come here. I have gone all the weary round. Listen to one who knows: all is harder, harder, as you go on. You are stirred to go on by the restlessness in your heart, and each new place you come to the spirit of that place enters into you. You are better here than you will be further on. You were better where you were at first, or even in the mines than here. Come no further. Stay—unless——" but here his voice gave way. He looked at me with anxiety in his eyes, and said no more.

"Then why," I cried, "do you go on? Why do you not stay?"

He shook his head, and his eyes

grew more and more soft. "I am going," he said, and his voice shook again. "I am going—to try—the most awful and the most dangerous journey——" His voice died away altogether, and he only looked at me to say the rest.

"A journey? Where?"

I can tell no man what his eyes said. I understood, I cannot tell how; and with trembling all my limbs seemed to drop out of joint and my face grow moist with terror. I could not speak any more than he, but with my lips shaped, How? The awful thought made a tremor in the very air around. He shook his head slowly as he looked at me—his eyes, all circled with deep lines, looking out of caves of anguish and anxiety; and then I remembered how he had said, and I had scoffed at him, that the way he sought was one he did not know. I had dropped his hands in my fear; and yet to leave him seemed dragging the heart out of my breast, for none but he had spoken to me like a brother—had taken my hand and thanked me. I looked out across the plain, and the roads seemed tranquil and still. There was a coolness in the air. It looked like evening, as if somewhere in those far distances there might be a place where a weary soul might rest. Then I looked behind me, and thought what I had suffered, and remembered the lazar-house and the voices that cried and the hands that beat against the door; and also the horrible quiet of the room in which I lived, and the eyes which looked in at me and turned my gaze upon myself. Then I rushed after him, for he had turned to go on upon his way; and caught at his clothes, crying—"Behold me, behold me! I will go too!"

He reached me his hand and went on without a word; and I

with terror crept after him, treading in his step, following like his shadow. What it was to walk with another, and follow, and be at one, is more than I can tell; but likewise my heart failed me for fear, for dread of what we might encounter, and of hearing that name, or entering that presence, which was more terrible than all torture. I wondered how it could be that one should willingly face *that* which racked the soul, and how he had learned that it was possible, and where he had heard of the way. And as we went on I said no word—for he began to seem to me a being of another kind, a figure full of awe; and I followed as one might follow a ghost. Where would he go? Were we not fixed here for ever, where our lot had been cast? and there were still many other great cities where there might be much to see, and something to distract the mind, and where it might be more possible to live than it had proved in the other places. There might be no tyrants there, nor cruelty, nor horrible noises, nor dreadful silence. Towards the right hand, across the plain, there seemed to rise out of the grey distance a cluster of towers and roofs like another habitable place—and who could tell that something better might not be there? Surely everything could not turn to torture and misery. I dragged on behind him, with all these thoughts hurrying through my mind. He was going—I dare to say it now, though I did not dare then—to seek out a way to God; to try, if it was possible, to find the road that led back—that road which had been open once to all. But for me, I trembled at the thought of that road. I feared the name, which was as the plunging of a sword into my inmost parts. All

things could be borne but that. I dared not even think upon that name. To feel my hand in another man's hand was much, but to be led into that awful presence, by awful ways, which none knew—how could I bear it? My spirits failed me, and my strength. My hand became loose in his hand: he grasped me still, but my hold failed, and ever with slower and slower steps I followed, while he seemed to acquire strength with every winding of the way. At length he said to me, looking back upon me, "I cannot stop: but your heart fails you. Shall I loose my hand and let you go?"

"I am afraid; I am afraid!" I cried.

"And I too am afraid; but it is better to suffer more and to escape than to suffer less and to remain."

"Has it ever been known that one escaped? No one has ever escaped. This is our place," I said, "there is no other world."

"There are other worlds—there is a world where every way leads to One who loves us still."

I cried out with a great cry of misery and scorn. "There is no love!" I said.

He stood still for a moment and turned and looked at me. His eyes seemed to melt my soul. A great cloud passed over them, as in the pleasant earth a cloud will sweep across the moon; and then the light came out and looked at me again. For neither did he know. Where he was going all might end in despair and double and double pain. But if it were possible that at the end there should be found that for which he longed, upon which his heart was set! He said with a faltering voice—"Among all whom I have questioned and seen there was but one who found the way. But if

one has found it, so may I. If you will not come, yet let me go."

"They will tear you limb from limb—they will burn you in the endless fires," I said. But what is it to be torn limb from limb, or burned with fire? There came upon his face a smile, and in my heart even I laughed to scorn what I had said.

"If I were dragged every nerve apart, and every thought turned into a fiery dart—and that is so," he said; "yet will I go, if but, perhaps, I may see Love at the end."

"There is no love!" I cried again, with a sharp and bitter cry; and the echo seemed to come back and back from every side, No love! no love! till the man who was my friend faltered and stumbled like a drunken man; but afterwards he recovered strength and resumed his way.

And thus once more we went on. On the right hand was that city, growing ever clearer, with noble towers rising up to the sky, and battlements and lofty roofs, and behind a yellow clearness, as of a golden sunset. My heart drew me there; it sprang up in my breast and sang in my ears, Come, and Come. Myself invited me to this new place as to a home. The others were wretched, but this will be happy: delights and pleasures will be there. And before us the way grew dark with storms, and there grew visible among the mists a black line of mountains, perpendicular cliffs, and awful precipices, which seemed to bar the way. I turned from that line of gloomy heights, and gazed along the path to where the towers stood up against the sky. And presently my hand dropped by my side, that had been held in my companion's hand; and I saw him no more.

I went on to the city of the evening light. Ever and ever, as I

proceeded on my way, the sense of haste and restless impatience grew upon me, so that I felt myself incapable of remaining long in a place, and my desire grew stronger to hasten on and on; but when I entered the gates of the city this longing vanished from my mind. There seemed some great festival or public holiday going on there. The streets were full of pleasure-parties, and in every open place (of which there were many) were bands of dancers, and music playing; and the houses about were hung with tapestries and embroideries and garlands of flowers. A load seemed to be taken from my spirit when I saw all this—for a whole population does not rejoice in such a way without some cause. And to think that, after all, I had found a place in which I might live and forget the misery and pain which I had known, and all that was behind me, was delightful to my soul. It seemed to me that all the dancers were beautiful and young, their steps went gaily to the music, their faces were bright with smiles. Here and there was a master of the feast, who arranged the dances and guided the musicians, yet seemed to have a look and smile for new-comers too. One of these came forward to meet me, and received me with a welcome, and showed me a vacant place at a table, on which were beautiful fruits piled up in baskets, and all the provisions for a meal. "You were expected, you perceive," he said. A delightful sense of well-being came into my mind. I sat down in the sweetness of ease after fatigue, of refreshment after weariness, of pleasant sounds and sights after the arid way. I said to myself that my past experiences had been a mistake, that this was where I ought to have come from the

first, that life here would be happy, and that all intruding thoughts must soon vanish and die away.

After I had rested, I strolled about, and entered fully into the pleasures of the place. Wherever I went, through all the city, there was nothing but brightness and pleasure, music playing, and flags waving, and flowers and dancers and everything that was most gay. I asked several people whom I met what was the cause of the rejoicing; but either they were too much occupied with their own pleasures, or my question was lost in the hum of merriment, the sound of the instruments and of the dancers' feet. When I had seen as much as I desired of the pleasure out of doors, I was taken by some to see the interiors of houses, which were all decorated for this festival, whatever it was—lighted up with curious varieties of lighting, in tints of different colours. The doors and windows were all open, and whosoever would could come in from the dance or from the laden tables, and sit down where they pleased and rest, always with a pleasant view out upon the streets, so that they should lose nothing of the spectacle. And the dresses, both of women and men, were beautiful in form and colour, made in the finest fabrics, and affording delightful combinations to the eye. The pleasure which I took in all I saw and heard was enhanced by the surprise of it, and by the aspect of the places from which I had come, where there was no regard to beauty nor anything lovely or bright. Before my arrival here I had come in my thoughts to the conclusion that life had no brightness in these regions, and that whatever occupation or study there might be, pleasure had ended and was over, and everything that

had been sweet in the former life. I changed that opinion with a sense of relief, which was more warm even than the pleasure of the present moment; for having made one such mistake, how could I tell that there were not more discoveries awaiting me, that life might not prove more endurable, might not rise to something grander and more powerful? The old prejudices, the old foregone conclusion of earth that this was a world of punishment, had warped my vision and my thoughts. With so many added faculties of being, incapable of fatigue as we were, incapable of death, recovering from every wound or accident as I had myself done, and with no foolish restraint as to what we should or should not do, why might not we rise in this land to strength unexampled, to the highest powers? I rejoiced that I had dropped my companion's hand, that I had not followed him in his mad quest. Some time, I said to myself, I would make a pilgrimage to the foot of those gloomy mountains, and bring him back, all racked and tortured as he was, and show him the pleasant place which he had missed.

In the meantime the music and the dance went on. But it began to surprise me a little that there was no pause, that the festival continued without intermission. I went up to one of those who seemed the masters of ceremony, directing what was going on. He was an old man, with a flowing robe of brocade, and a chain and badge which denoted his office. He stood with a smile upon his lips, beating time with his hand to the music, watching the figure of the dance.

"I can get no one to tell me," I said, "what the occasion of all this rejoicing is."

"It is for your coming," he re-

plied, without hesitation, with a smile and a bow.

For the moment a wonderful elation came over me. "For my coming!" But then I paused and shook my head. "There are others coming besides me. See! they arrive every moment."

"It is for their coming too," he said, with another smile and a still deeper bow; "but you are the first as you are the chief."

This was what I could not understand; but it was pleasant to hear, and I made no further objection. "And how long will it go on?" I said.

"So long as it pleases you," said the old courtier.

How he smiled! His smile did not please me. He saw this, and distracted my attention. "Look at this dance," he said; "how beautiful are those round young limbs! Look how the dress conceals yet shows the form and beautiful movements! It was invented in your honour. All that is lovely is for you. Choose where you will, all is yours. We live only for this: all is for you." While he spoke, the dancers came nearer and nearer till they circled us round, and danced and made their pretty obeisances, and sang: "All is yours; all is for you:" then breaking their lines floated away in other circles and processions and endless groups, singing and laughing till it seemed to ring from every side, "Everything is yours; all is for you."

I accepted this flattery I know not why: for I soon became aware that I was no more than others, and that the same words were said to every new-comer. Yet my heart was elated, and I threw myself into all that was set before me. But there was always in my mind an expectation that presently the music and the dancing would cease,

and the tables be withdrawn, and a pause come. At one of the feasts I was placed by the side of a lady very fair and richly dressed, but with a look of great weariness in her eyes. She turned her beautiful face to me, not with any show of pleasure, and there was something like compassion in her look. She said, "You are very tired," as she made room for me by her side.

"Yes," I said, though with surprise, for I had not yet acknowledged that even to myself. "There is so much to enjoy. We have need of a little rest."

"Of rest," said she, shaking her head, "this is not the place for rest."

"Yet pleasure requires it," I said, "as much as——" I was about to say pain; but why should one speak of pain in a place given up to pleasure? She smiled faintly and shook her head again. All her movements were languid and faint; her eyelids drooped over her eyes. Yet, when I turned to her, she made an effort to smile. "I think you are also tired," I said.

At this she roused herself a little. "We must not say so: nor do I say so. Pleasure is very exacting. It demands more of you than anything else. One must be always ready——"

"For what?"

"To give enjoyment, and to receive it." There was an effort in her voice to rise to this sentiment, but it fell back into weariness again.

"I hope you receive as well as give," I said.

The lady turned her eyes to me with a look which I cannot forget, and life seemed once more to be roused within her. But not the life of pleasure: her eyes were full of loathing, and fatigue, and

disgust, and despair. "Are you so new to this place," she said, "and have not learned even yet what is the height of all misery and all weariness: what is worse than pain and trouble, more dreadful than the lawless streets and the burning mines, and the torture of the great hall and the misery of the lazar-house——"

"Oh, lady," I said, "have you been there?"

She answered me with her eyes alone; there was no need of more. "But pleasure is more terrible than all," she said; and I knew in my heart that what she said was true.

There is no record of time in that place. I could not count it by days or nights: but soon after this it happened to me that the dances and the music became no more than a dizzy maze of sound and sight, which made my brain whirl round and round; and I too loathed what was spread on the table, and the soft couches, and the garlands, and the fluttering flags and ornaments. To sit for ever at a feast, to see for ever the merry-makers turn round and round, to hear in your ears for ever the whirl of the music, the laughter, the cries of pleasure! There were some who went on and on, and never seemed to tire; but to me the endless round came at last to be a torture from which I could not escape. Finally, I could distinguish nothing—neither what I heard nor what I saw: and only a consciousness of something intolerable buzzed and echoed in my brain. I longed for the quiet of the place I had left; I longed for the noise in the streets, and the hubbub and tumult of my first experiences. Anything, anything rather than this! I said to myself; and still the dancers turned, the music sounded, the bystanders smiled, and everything went on and on. My eyes grew weary

with seeing, and my ears with hearing. To watch the new-comers rush in, all pleased and eager, to see the eyes of the others glaze with weariness, wrought upon my strained nerves. I could not think, I could not rest, I could not endure. Music for ever and ever—a whirl, a rush of music, always going on and on; and ever that maze of movement, till the eyes were feverish and the mouth parched; ever that mist of faces, now one gleaming out of the chaos, now another, some like the faces of angels, some miserable, weary, strained with smiling, with the monotony, and the endless, aimless, never-changing round. I heard myself calling to them to be still—to be still! to pause a moment. I felt myself stumble and turn round in the giddiness and horror of that movement without repose. And finally, I fell under the feet of the crowd, and felt the whirl go over and over me, and beat upon my brain, until I was pushed and thrust out of the way lest I should stop the measure. There I lay, sick, satiate, for I know not how long; loathing everything around me, ready to give all I had (but what had I to give?) for one moment of silence. But always the music went on, and the dancers danced, and the people feasted, and the songs and the voices echoed up to the skies.

How at last I stumbled forth I cannot tell. Desperation must have moved me, and that impatience which, after every hope and disappointment, comes back and back, the one sensation that never fails. I dragged myself at last by intervals, like a sick dog, outside the revels, still hearing them, which was torture to me, even when at last I got beyond the crowd. It was some-

thing to lie still upon the ground, though without power to move, and sick beyond all thought, loathing myself and all that I had been and seen. For I had not even the sense that I had been wronged to keep me up, but only a nausea and horror of movement, a giddiness and whirl of every sense. I lay like a log upon the ground.

When I recovered my faculties a little, it was to find myself once more in the great vacant plain which surrounded that accursed home of pleasure—a great and desolate waste upon which I could see no track, which my heart fainted to look at, which no longer roused any hope in me, as if it might lead to another beginning, or any place in which yet at the last it might be possible to live. As I lay in that horrible giddiness and faintness, I loathed life and this continuance which brought me through one misery after another, and forbade me to die. Oh that death would come—death which is silent and still, which makes no movement and hears no sound! that I might end and be no more! Oh that I could go back even to the stillness of that chamber which I had not been able to endure! Oh that I could return—return! to what? to other miseries and other pain, which looked less because they were past. But I knew now that return was impossible until I had circled all the dreadful round; and already I felt again the burning of that desire that pricked and drove me on—not back, for that was impossible. Little by little I had learned to understand, each step printed upon my brain as with red-hot irons: not back, but on, and on. To greater anguish, yes; but on: to fuller despair, to experiences more terrible: but on, and on, and on. I

arose again, for this was my fate. I could not pause even for all the teachings of despair.

The waste stretched far as eyes could see. It was wild and terrible, with neither vegetation nor sign of life. Here and there were heaps of ruin, which had been villages and cities; but nothing was in them save reptiles and crawling poisonous life, and traps for the unwary wanderer. How often I stumbled and fell among these ashes and dust-heaps of the past—through what dread moments I lay, with cold and slimy things leaving their trace upon my flesh—the horrors which seized me, so that I beat my head against a stone,—why should I tell? These were nought; they touched not the soul. They were but accidents of the way.

At length, when body and soul were low and worn out with misery and weariness, I came to another place, where all was so different from the last, that the sight gave me a momentary solace. It was full of furnaces and clanking machinery and endless work. The whole air round was aglow with the fury of the fires, and men went and came like demons in the flames, with red-hot melting metal, pouring it into moulds and beating it on anvils. In the huge workshops in the background there was a perpetual whirl of machinery—of wheels turning and turning, and pistons beating, and all the din of labour, which for a time renewed the anguish of my brain, yet also soothed it; for there was meaning in the beatings and the whirlings. And a hope rose within me that with all the forces that were here, some revolution might be possible—something that would change the features of this place and overturn the worlds. I went from workshop to workshop, and

examined all that was being done and understood—for I had known a little upon the earth, and my old knowledge came back, and to learn so much more filled me with new life. The master of all was one who never rested, nor seemed to feel weariness, nor pain, nor pleasure. He had everything in his hand. All who were there were his workmen, or his assistants, or his servants. No one shared with him in his councils. He was more than a prince among them—he was as a god. And the things he planned and made, and at which in armies and legions his workmen toiled and laboured, were like living things. They were made of steel and iron, but they moved like the brains and nerves of men. They went where he directed them, and did what he commanded, and moved at a touch. And though he talked little, when he saw how I followed all that he did, he was a little moved towards me, and spoke and explained to me the conceptions that were in his mind, one rising out of another, like the leaf out of the stem and the flower out of the bud. For nothing pleased him that he did, and necessity was upon him to go on and on.

"They are like living things," I said—"they do your bidding whatever you command them. They are like another and a stronger race of men."

"Men!" he said, "what are men? the most contemptible of all things that are made—creatures who will undo in a moment what it has taken millions of years, and all the skill and all the strength of generations to do. These are better than men. They cannot think or feel. They cannot stop but at my bidding, or begin unless I will. Had men been made so, we should be masters of the world."

"Had men been made so, you would never have been—for what could genius have done or thought?—you would have been a machine like all the rest."

"And better so!" he said, and turned away; for at that moment, watching keenly as he spoke the action of a delicate combination of movements, all made and balanced to a hair's-breadth, there had come to him suddenly the idea of something which made it a hundredfold more strong and terrible. For they were terrible these things that lived yet did not live, which were his slaves, and moved at his will. When he had done this, he looked at me, and a smile came upon his mouth: but his eyes smiled not, nor ever changed from the set look they wore. And the words he spoke were familiar words, not his, but out of the old life. "What a piece of work is a man!" he said; "how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?" His mind had followed another strain of thought, which to me was bewildering, so that I did not know how to reply. I answered like a child, upon his last word.

"We are dust no more," I cried, for pride was in my heart—pride of him and his wonderful strength, and his thoughts which created strength, and all the marvels he did—"those things which hindered are removed. Go on, go on—you want but another step. What is to prevent that you should not shake the universe, and overturn this doom, and break all our bonds? There is enough here to explode this grey fiction of a firmament, and to rend those precipices and to dissolve that waste—as at the time when the primeval seas dried up, and those infernal mountains rose."

He laughed, and the echoes caught the sound and gave it back as if they mocked it. "There is enough to rend us all into shreds," he said, "and shake, as you say, both heaven and earth, and these plains and those hills."

"Then why," I cried in my haste, with a dreadful hope piercing through my soul—"why do you create and perfect, but never employ? When we had armies on the earth we used them. You have more than armies. You have force beyond the thoughts of man: but all without use as yet."

"All," he cried, "for no use! All in vain!—in vain!"

"O master!" I said, "great, and more great, in time to come. Why?—why?"

He took me by the arm and drew me close.

"Have you strength," he said, "to bear it if I tell you why?"

I knew what he was about to say. I felt it in the quivering of my veins, and my heart that bounded as if it would escape from my breast. But I would not quail from what he did not shrink to utter. I could speak no word, but I looked him in the face and waited—for that which was more terrible than all.

He held me by the arm, as if he would hold me up when the shock of anguish came. "They are in vain," he said, "in vain—because God rules over all."

His arm was strong; but I fell at his feet like a dead man.

How miserable is that image, and how unfit to use! Death is still and cool and sweet. There is nothing in it that pierces like a sword, that burns like fire, that rends and tears like the turning wheels. O life, O pain, O terrible name of God, in which is all succour and all torment! What are pangs and tortures to that, which ever in-

creases in its awful power, and has no limit, nor any alleviation, but whenever it is spoken penetrates through and through the miserable soul? O God, whom once I called my Father! O Thou who gavest me being, against whom I have fought, whom I fight to the end, shall there never be anything but anguish in the sound of Thy great name?

When I returned to such command of myself as one can have who has been transfixed by that sword of fire, the master stood by me still. He had not fallen like me, but his face was drawn with anguish and sorrow like the face of my friend who had been with me in the lazar-house, who had disappeared on the dark mountains. And as I looked at him, terror seized hold upon me, and a desire to flee and save myself, that I might not be drawn after him by the longing that was in his eyes.

The Master gave me his hand to help me to rise, and it trembled, but not like mine.

"Sir," I cried, "have not we enough to bear? Is it for hatred, is it for vengeance, that you speak that name!"

"O friend," he said, "neither for hatred nor revenge. It is like a fire in my veins: if one could find Him again——!"

"You, who are as a god—who can make and destroy—you, who could shake His throne!"

He put up his hand. "I who am His creature, even here—and still His child, though I am so far, so far——" He caught my hand in his, and pointed with the other trembling. "Look! your eyes are more clear than mine, for they are not anxious like mine. Can you see anything upon the way?"

The waste lay wild before us, dark with a faintly rising cloud, for darkness and cloud and the gloom of death attended upon that name. I thought, in his great genius and splendour of intellect, he had gone mad, as sometimes may be. "There is nothing," I said, and scorn came into my soul; but even as I spoke I saw—I cannot tell what I saw—a moving spot of milky whiteness in that dark and miserable wilderness,—no bigger than a man's hand, no bigger than a flower. "There is something," I said unwillingly; "it has no shape nor form. It is a gossamer-web upon some bush, or a butterfly blown on the wind."

"There are neither butterflies nor gossamers here."

"Look for yourself then!" I cried, flinging his hand from me. I was angry with a rage which had no cause. I turned from him, though I loved him, with a desire to kill him in my heart; and hurriedly took the other way. The waste was wild: but rather that than to see the man who might have shaken earth and hell thus turning, turning to madness and the awful journey. For I knew what in his heart he thought, and I knew that it was so. It was something from that other sphere—can I tell you what? a child perhaps—oh, thought that wrings the heart! for do you know what manner of thing a child is? There are none in the land of darkness. I turned my back upon the place where that whiteness was. On, on, across the waste! On to the cities of the night! On, far away from maddening thought, from hope that is torment, and from the awful Name!

MR HAYWARD AND HIS LETTERS.¹

WHEN Mr Hayward died nearly three years ago, he had been for a long time a remarkable figure in the social life of London. What it was that made him notable did not at first sight appear. He had been bred to the Bar, and had attained to the dignity of Queen's Counsel, but he had for long abandoned the practice of his profession. He wrote reviews in an exceedingly good and popular style, but they were mostly on subjects of a light class, and they were purely and simply reviews, containing nothing which was not founded on the acts or thoughts of others. His conversation, likewise, afforded no evidence of originality; it was not in the least brilliant, and displayed chiefly a remarkable memory and power of quotation, great accuracy in dates and facts, strong opinions strongly expressed, and an impatience of contradiction, or even of dissent, amounting to intolerance, and not unfrequently leading to unpleasant collisions of temper. He was evidently not a rich man—he might even be called a poor one—inhabiting a small set of rooms on the second floor of a house in St James's Street, and sallying thence to dine at his club, the Athenæum. To the great majority of those who might chance to notice his small bent figure traversing Pall Mall with a rapid step, he was absolutely unknown by name. It might be supposed from all this that there was nothing greatly to distinguish him from a number of others who write essays and reviews anonymously in excellent English. But

to have supposed this would have been a mistake. Though unaided by fortune or fame, he exercised in many respects an influence due only to a commanding intellect in a commanding position. In London and in country-houses he moved in a very elevated stratum of society—in most gatherings of the most fashionable people he was pretty sure to be found. Great ladies talked of him as "Hayward." Eminent persons dining at his club gravitated to the table where, like Cato, he gave his little senate laws. Foreign statesmen, known throughout Europe, were his correspondents, and when they visited London, would seek interviews with him. But his influence appeared most distinctly in a political crisis, when great leaders would send for him, discuss the situation, and employ him in negotiating with statesmen of the class from which ministries are formed. This remarkable difference between the position which his apparent merits might naturally have gained for him and that which he actually enjoyed, formed a curious problem. It is to be accounted for not so much by his intellectual as by his moral characteristics. He was an exceedingly social man, and pushed his way with a hardihood which seemed to defy denial. His fondness for the company of persons of worldly consideration, backed by his strong self-confidence, procured for him a great number of important acquaintances, and these, it must be said, he never sought to propitiate by flattery; in all companies he was still Hayward,

¹ A Selection from the Correspondence of Abraham Hayward, Q.C., from 1834 to 1884, with an Account of his Early Life. Edited by Henry E. Carlisle. London: John Murray. 1886.

ready to meet all comers, and asserting himself and his opinions without compromise. Then he took an intense interest in public affairs and in other people's affairs. Though he never held any public office, he threw himself into the questions of the day with all the ardour of a professional politician, and always as an uncompromising partisan. With the same vehemence he would press into the quarrels, scandals, intrigues, and family histories of the world around him; and having an extraordinary memory, his value as a social chronicle, joined to his extensive literary information, rendered him acceptable in the *boudoirs*, and thus increased his general importance. Thus it came to pass that he had a large circulation; that those who met him everywhere took him to be somebody; and that public men found him most convenient to refer to on all matters of recent political history, and also on the opinions of their rivals and opponents, which, as soon as they were imparted to him, he never failed to proclaim most impartially: and as nothing afforded him so much delight as to be for the moment Mercury among the gods, he came to be known as a useful person in a difficulty, and, at moments when fear of change was perplexing ministries, might be met with hurrying from one great man to another, hanging on their arms in the public ways, asserting their policy, denouncing their opponents with a singular ardour of animosity, and telling everybody everything he knew about the matter, —for reticence was a virtue which he habitually cast to the winds.

These letters begin in 1834, when he was thirty-three years old, and had been ten years in London. He had been for some years editor of the 'Law Magazine,' and in that character paid

a visit to the jurists of Göttingen. Goethe was then alive, and Hayward heard so much about him from his admirers, that he set about a translation of 'Faust' in prose, which he published; and with his accustomed energy, before issuing a second edition, went again to Germany, where he consulted many eminent literary men and friends of the poet; and, thus fortified, the new edition rapidly attained to consideration both in Germany and England. This opened for him a door in London society, which he was not the man to remain outside of, and gave him the opportunity of using those means for pushing his way with which he was so notably equipped. Hobhouse, Macaulay, Scarlett, Whewell, Thirlwall, John Wilson, Babbage, Wordsworth, Southey, Sydney Smith, Lady Blessington, were some of his correspondents and acquaintances at this period. At this time he had chambers in the Temple (having apparently a certain amount of practice), and gave little dinners, which it was his ambition to render choice of their kind. The company was of the best, with such guests as Lockhart, Hook, James Smith, Lord Lyndhurst, Macaulay, Tom Moore, Louis Napoleon, and Mrs Norton. The viands were carefully selected, and the entertainments owed perhaps some of their undoubted vogue to the fact that the host had just republished a couple of articles in the 'Quarterly' on the art of dining, which made him appear much more of an epicure than he really was. Going the western circuit, visiting a good deal at the interesting country-houses of interesting people, making fresh acquaintances among notables, dinner-giving and dinner-frequenting, pushing, dictating, denouncing, writing letters and receiving

them, and preparing his careful articles for (at this time) the 'Edinburgh Review'—with an occasional trip to Paris,—such was the routine of his life, and so it continued to the end. We may here remark that these Letters show us nothing of the positive, combative, news-bearing, anecdote-recounting personage who wrote them—and it is no offence to say that the letters of such correspondents as Sydney Smith and Mrs Norton are far more entertaining than his own. It is really unfortunate that directly Hayward took pen in hand to write a letter, he dropped his remarkable personality. We say it is unfortunate, because in no other way could that remarkable personality have been more harmlessly displayed. To insist very strongly on a particular view of a matter in a letter would have been preferable to proclaiming it aggressively before a whole company. It would have been much more inoffensive to denounce some opponent to a third person, than personally to assail himself; the phraseology would have gained force by being more carefully chosen than what he was accustomed to utter, his criticisms on men and their works would have found expression more worthy of his keen critical faculty, his anecdotes would have been more sparingly introduced; and we should thus have had Hayward painted in permanent and favourable colours by himself, instead of the somewhat featureless inditer of a decorous and merely historical correspondence. On the other hand, it would have been a great gain had he transferred to his conversation somewhat of the style of his letters. He would thereby have largely increased the circle of his friends and diminished that of his enemies; he would have gained for himself a hearing by

better means than insistence; and he would have enjoyed an advantage which he did not often permit himself, in eliciting the free expression of the opinions of others, and in listening to, and profiting by them. Nevertheless we must guard the reader against the inference that, with all his aggressiveness, he had not friends, and very good friends. Many such adhered to him up to the very end of his life, testified strongly their regard for him, and continue still to lament his loss. The fact is, that he had some very sterling qualities. Though always a partisan, no partisan ever was more honest: biassed he might be by prejudice, but not by fear or by expectation of profit to himself. He was very thorough in his friendships. He was none of your lukewarm adherents who wait to be called on—he did not call that backing of his friends—but made their quarrel for the time his own. His outspokenness often took the form of serviceable candour, which made it all the more satisfactory for those to consult him who might know that his prepossessions were already on their side; for they felt that while they had in him a stanch advocate, yet, when he might differ from them, they would be sure to hear of it, and his objection would be worth attention. And though he was undoubtedly too pugnacious, yet the courage which led him to strike the most renowned shields with his sharp point was of itself a title to confidence and applause.

It would be difficult to say to what political party Mr Hayward might be most inclined by nature. It has been indeed a silly Radical taunt, that intolerance and arbitrary tendencies are Tory traits; but it has long been evident that nobody is so intolerant as a Radical. However this may be, Mr Hayward began life as a Tory at twenty-

five, when he was a member of the London Debating Society, and gained distinction in it by speeches which we are sure were clear and sharply put. As he never was in Parliament, his political views were of no great consequence till they underwent a change with the great schism of the Peelites. He had made a study of political economy, and, like most who ventured into that new country, became a free-trader. Therefore when the Peelites, in 1852, stood aloof from both the great parties, and when the endeavour was made to bring them into a Coalition Government along with the Whigs and the Radicals, Hayward threw himself into the scheme with such ardour, that he became, according to his own account, the principal agent, after the leading statesmen, in effecting the coalition. He set forth the views of the Peelites in the 'Morning Chronicle,' and fought their battles in all companies. Henceforth he threw in his lot with the Liberals, and the statesmen he sided with were the Duke of Newcastle, Sir G. Lewis, Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, Mr Cardwell, and Mr Gladstone—in fact, the Peelites. Later, he followed Mr Gladstone in the strides he made far in advance of the Liberal party; and if he were now alive, he might possibly be following him still.

No explanation is given in these letters of why Hayward never tried to enter Parliament. He would seem to have been the very man to ardently covet a seat. He had the strongest bent towards party politics. In the contentions of factions he would have been in his element; and he might thus have replaced by a new profession the one he had abandoned: for when made a Queen's Counsel in 1845, he got into a quarrel with the Benchers, and entered upon a conflict with these enemies in a fash-

ion so very earnest, that his prospects of practice as a Q.C. were accounted as nought in the fury of battle, and were left to take care of themselves; so that, when his strife with these antagonists had come to an end, his legal career had come to an end also.

This piece of negotiation of 1852 was his first essay in the business of cabinet-making. His part in it is not made clear; probably it consisted in fitting the mortises and applying the glue; but whatever it was, he appears to have performed it very much to his own satisfaction. It is curious that his correspondence should give us so little information on this and similar subjects. There is no doubt that, while he was engaged on the business, everybody whom he chanced to converse with was made aware of all that was happening at every stage of it. But in the less perishable record, he imparts to his correspondents only the briefest notices of that intrigue, his share in which gave him so much delight, and the accomplishment of which he looked back on with so much satisfaction. The chief record of it is the notice of a dinner which he gave to the leading Peelites, and which, he says, "has done great good by consolidating the Peel party, as there was a rumour that the leaders were divided." But his exertions must have gone beyond this conciliatory festival, for he tells a relation, "I have no doubt at all that if anything that suited me should turn up, they would offer it to me, as I have been of great use to them throughout." He was advised to apply for a commissionership under the Charitable Trusts Act, and used some efforts to get it. "I have most reluctantly become a place-hunter," he says; "but the plain matter of fact is, that I lost a considerable part of my small fortune

on my brother's death." He failed to get it—why, we do not learn. Some years later Lord Aberdeen offered him the secretaryship of the Poor Law Board, expected to become vacant; but the vacancy did not occur, and Hayward remained to the close of his life an unofficial and unrewarded servant of the party he adhered to, doing his best to secure victories which brought him nothing, and fighting because he rejoiced in the battle.

It is likely that one cause of Hayward's devotion to Mr Gladstone was the animosity which he cherished towards Mr Gladstone's rival. The provocations seem to have been mutual, and which began them we know not. So early as 1850 we find Hayward pronouncing "Disraeli very nearly, if not quite, forgotten. How soon one of these puffed-up reputations goes down! It is like a bladder after the pricking of a pin." This prophecy is not, perhaps, much to his credit as a soothsayer; but he did more than prophesy. He not only furnished materials for attacks on Disraeli, but made one himself in the 'Edinburgh,' by which, he says exultingly, "the Disraelites were frenzied with rage." On the other hand, Mr Disraeli spoke of the *raconteur* Hayward as "in his anecdoteage," and was supposed to have made a very uncomfortable allusion to him in a novel. On the whole, Hayward probably did his antagonist the more serious damage. When there was a prospect of Liberal victory at the election of 1880, he says, "I have been longing for the fall of the Disraeli Government as I did for the fall of the Second Empire"—and his longing impelled him to endeavour to secure the support of the 'Times' for the new Ministry. After an interview with Mr Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Lord Granville, "I went off,"

he says, "in the middle of the night to the 'Times' office, where I saw Chenery, the editor, an intimate friend of mine; and the first leading article in the 'Times' of to-day was the result." Whether anybody could now take pride in having helped to form that ruinous Administration is another question.

Meanwhile Hayward's contributions to periodical literature went on regularly. As we have seen, he had written a great deal for the 'Edinburgh,' but that connection came to an end, and apparently not a friendly end; for with reference to a pamphlet he had written, he says: "I feel convinced they will lie and misquote in the 'Edinburgh.'" But he now returned to the 'Quarterly,' resuming a connection which had begun in Lockhart's time, and thereafter regularly had an article in every number till a few months before his death. On each of these occasions the process of incubation went on in a very public fashion. The progress of the article was communicated freely to his numerous acquaintances till the final hatching had little left to reveal, and it afforded a fruitful theme for discussion, orally and by letter, as soon as it was before the public,—so that his essays, besides the writing of them, contributed a great deal both to the interest and the business of his life. They were very highly estimated by men of letters like Lord Lytton and Lord Houghton, and certainly deserved it. He spared no pains to be accurate. He would consult any number of people to verify a single fact, or to procure a result which would be recorded in a few words. He had known so many persons of authority in his long and busy life, that he could at once command the best sources of information on any con-

temporary topic. What he most enjoyed, therefore, because he felt most at home in it, was to review some new book of memoirs relating to the literary or social or political history of the time. His style was perfectly lucid, and of its kind—that is, of a kind excluding all play of imagination or exercise of invention—excellent; clear-cut, logical, forcible without heaviness, and thickly set with the allusions, quotations, and anecdotes, which his extensive reading and large acquaintance with men had stored his mind with, and which his accurate memory could always place ready to his hand. So assured did he feel of his own infallible accuracy, that if any circumstance were called in question which he had at any time recorded, he would cite the fact that he had done so as a kind of evidence from which there could be no appeal. But the most curious identification of himself with his writings was in the claim which he always asserted to consider any anecdote he had once related as his own property, which nobody thenceforward ought to meddle with. The present writer having heard from Richard Doyle a good story about Lord Nelson, repeated it to Hayward. But few stories could be told to him which he was not already acquainted with; and he had not only heard this one, but had narrated it, which caused him indignantly to ask, “What the devil does Doyle mean by spoiling *my* story?” On this occasion, however, Doyle’s version turned out to be right.

It was not, however, contemporary subjects alone which could engage his attention. He once, on the appearance of the ‘*Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis*,’ took up the question as to who was Junius, with the view of disproving Sir Philip’s claim. What was Junius to him, or he to Junius? Yet he

threw himself into the question with an ardour which might have seemed excessive in a contemporary—pommelled Sir Philip Francis to his heart’s content—seemed inclined to back Lord George Sackville’s pretensions; but finally decided that the once formidable letters were supplied by “the Grenvilles,” which, perhaps, does not help us much to a conclusion;—a failure, however, that matters the less, as few people now feel a lively interest in identifying the truculent phantom.

Among other subjects, he once wrote a dissertation on whist; and being in the habit of playing the game a good deal at the Athenæum, he used vigorously to propound its rules at the whist-table for the benefit of transgressors—so that, on very animated evenings, his rubber might be called a severe lecture on whist, with occasional illustrations from the cards; and if some fellow-player unhappily showed an impatient temper, the green cloth, “sacred to neatness and repose,” became an arena of resounding conflict. What might have happened if he had ever played whist with Charles Lamb’s friend, Mrs Battle, is terrible to contemplate.

The titles of some of his other articles will serve to indicate the tracks in which his pen habitually ran. “*Pearls and Mock Pearls of History*” gave his memory a wide range, so did “*Varieties of History and Art*,” “*Curiosities of German Archives*,” and “*Vicissitudes of Families*.” Ancient scandals were investigated with great gusto, as in the papers, “*Marie Antoinette*” and “*The Countess of Albany and Alfieri*.” Sometimes the subject bore a graver title, as “*Lanfrey’s Napoleon*,” “*The British Parliament, its History and Eloquence*,” and “*England and France—their National*

Qualities, Manners, Morals, and Society;" but these, too, were treated from their light sides, and the same gay stream of agreeable gossip about them bore on its tide great shoals of anecdotes. "Sir Henry Holland's Recollections," "Madame de Sévigné," "Madame du Deffand," suggest papers in which he would be quite in his element, passing with a light step through scenes made picturesque and interesting by the notable and historic figures which crowded them. But of the whole list, the two in which Hayward must have revelled most are "Holland House" and "Strawberry Hill"; combining researches into corners of the history of former generations with personal recollections of famous guests who had frequented those mansions along with him; the whole illustrated by a wealth of anecdote such as no one but himself had amassed, and much of which, until he recorded it, was drifting on the casual current of oral narrative towards oblivion. To tell a good story about famous people for the first time was probably as high a pleasure as he could know.

Towards the end of his life his strong memory perhaps began a little to fail him. In his "Madame de Sévigné," published in the volume of 1880, he quotes the well-known passage about Cleopatra thus—

"Age cannot weary her, nor custom tire
Her infinite variety,"—

instead of "wither" and "stale." This was pointed out to him as a supposed injury done to him by the printer; but he shook his head and said he feared he, not the printer, was the culprit.

Besides the seven volumes of his selected Essays, he appears only to have published two other works in volumes—the one his

translation of 'Faust,' his earliest publication; the other the biography of Goethe for "Blackwood's Foreign Classics"—written when he was already a very old man.

We have been induced to offer this sketch of Mr Hayward because, as we have already noted, he presented a very remarkable individuality, and one well worth preserving, which is nowhere made apparent in these Letters. They might have been written by a man fond of society, of almost any profession or almost any persuasion. When he wrote his letters he put off his shoes of swiftness and laid aside his sword of sharpness, but put on his cloak of darkness, and went masquerading in the, for him, fancy costume of a quite commonplace character. In all companies he was irrepressible and conspicuous. Nobody who knew him could imagine him as conceding, or conciliating, or deferring, or implying concurrence which he did not feel, or meeting dissent with silence, or ignoring arrogant pretension, or resorting to any of the amiable shifts which oil the machinery of social life. He was nothing if not a gladiator. And he led, under these somewhat adverse conditions, a very pleasant life. That there was plenty of matter to outweigh his defects is apparent from the fact that most of his friends went on habitually dining with him up to the last with high mutual satisfaction. He alludes, in the Letters, to the well-known table at the Athenæum, which he had got to consider his own, as "the Corner," where his most frequent companion was his old and intimate friend Mr Kinglake, whom he esteemed probably more than he esteemed anybody else. Here he enjoyed, on most evenings when he was not dining out—which he very often was—one of the greatest pleasures he

could desire, that of being a conspicuous member of a party of distinguished men. To the old friends who generally assembled round him, he added, at every opportunity, any eminent foreigner or stranger admitted as a temporary guest by the rules of the Club—and only such are admitted. To say the truth, he carried this appropriation of desirable guests to an extreme; and many a projected quiet converse between old friends, just met after long separation, has been upset by Hayward insisting on laying hands on the illustrious stranger. Here he would air his anecdotes, ventilate his projects, report the progress of his literary work in hand, and inveigh against his enemies, including in that comprehensive class everybody who differed from him. These scenes he continued to vary by visits to some of the most agreeable houses in England, and to most entertainments in London where many great people were gathered together. For this kind of life he made his income suffice; and it is quite probable that an accession of wealth would not have made him happier. He had quite enough to preserve, what he doubtless valued above most things, his independence.

He was of a small, slight figure, stooping a good deal—pale of complexion and high-featured, large of nose and mouth. His hair, white latterly, was smooth, and ended in rows of small curls—in-somuch that a lady to whom we pointed him out across Bond Street, noting this fleecy *chevelure*, observed that he was like a pet lamb—an animal which he did not in other respects resemble. He seemed to enjoy unflinching health up to his final illness, when, in his eighty-third year, at the approach

of winter, he found that he could no longer take his seat at the Club. He remained for many weeks in his rooms, still able to enjoy the company of the many fast friends who came to sit with him, his chief consolation being in the company of his tried associate Kinglake, who was unremitting in those visits which gave such comfort to the departing Hayward. For the last few days he took to his bed, having a nurse to take care of him. Towards the close he wandered a little, and at one time fancied the Government wanted to talk with him about difficulties in Egypt, and that he ought to go to them. The nurse, experienced in such matters, sought to soothe him—"No, no, Mr Hayward, 'tis all right about Egypt!" This audacity of hers, first in contradicting him, and then in presuming to know anything about Egypt, recalled his wandering faculties. Looking at the erring though well-meaning woman, he said, "You hold your tongue; you don't know anything at all about it!"—which characteristic utterance was one of his very last.

Of the book itself we have said little, for there is little to say. Many of the letters are written by notable persons; but the subject-matter is dull, and often trivial. An unusual amount of it consists of what people don't want to read, or of what they have read elsewhere. To take an instance—there are many letters about the Crimean war; but what new light do they throw on it? How can it interest anybody to be told what each of several correspondents thought of each of Mr Hayward's articles? or that the Duke of Newcastle was anxious to get into the Athenæum Club? Yet if all matter of this kind were taken out of the book, what would be left?

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

XIV.—THE ATTACK ON THE BRITISH LEGATION IN JAPAN IN 1861.

IN October 1860, Mr de Norman, First Secretary of Legation in Japan, who was temporarily attached to Lord Elgin's second special embassy to China, was barbarously tortured and murdered at Peking; and early in the following year I was sent out to succeed him. Sir Rutherford Alcock, who had been appointed Minister to Japan under the treaty which we made with that country in 1858, when I was acting-secretary to the special mission, had applied for two years' leave; and thus the prospect was opened to me of acting as *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo for that period. It was one which my former brief experience in that interesting and comparatively unknown country rendered extremely tempting; and early in June I reached Shanghai, on my way to Yokohama. I was extremely sorry to find that I had just missed Sir Rutherford, who had left Shanghai, only a fortnight before, for Nagasaki, from which town he intended to travel overland to Yedo—a most interesting journey of at least a month, through an entirely unknown country; an experience which, in view of my future residence in it, would have been valuable in many ways. There was nothing left for it but to go, on the first opportunity, by sea; and towards the end of the month I reached Yokohama, from which port I lost no time in pushing on to Yedo. Here I found the Legation established in a temple at the entrance to the city, in one of its principal suburbs, called Sinagawa. It was separated from the sea by a highroad, and on entering the

large gateway, an avenue, about three hundred yards long, led to a second gateway behind which stood the temple buildings. In the outside court were the servants' offices and stables, in which stood always, saddled and bridled, like those of the knights of Branksome Hall, the horses of our mounted Japanese body-guard, without whose escort no member of the Legation could at that time take a ride abroad. Besides these, there was a foot-guard, partly composed of soldiers of the Tycoon, or Temporal Emperor, as he was then called, and partly by retainers of the Daimios, or feudatory chiefs of the country—the whole amounting to 150 men. These guards were placed here by the Government for our protection, although some of us at the time thought that the precaution was altogether exaggerated and unnecessary, and that their constant presence was intended rather as a measure of surveillance over our movements. To what extent this latter motive operated it is impossible to conjecture, but the sequel showed that the apprehensions of the Government for our safety were by no means unfounded. I had been accompanied from England by Mr Reginald Russell, who had been appointed *attaché*, and it was with no little curiosity that we rode up the avenue to what was to be our future home.

Two or three members of the Legation were waiting to receive us, and showed us over the quaint construction which had been appropriated by the Japanese Government to the use of the first

foreign Minister who had ever resided in their capital. Part of the building was still used for ecclesiastical purposes, and haunted by priests; but our quarters were roomy and comfortable, the interior economy being susceptible of modification in the number, size, and arrangement of the rooms, by the simple expedient of moving the partition-walls, which consisted of paper-screens running in grooves. The ease with which these could be burst through, as it afterwards proved, afforded equal facilities of escape and attack. One felt rather as if one was living in a bandbox; and there was an air of flimsiness about the whole construction by no means calculated to inspire a sense of security in a capital of over two millions of people, a large proportion of whom we were given to understand were thirsting for our lives. Fortunately for our peace of mind, we did not realise this at the time, and were taken up rather by the quaintness and novelty of our new abode, and the picturesqueness of its surroundings. We congratulated ourselves upon the charming garden and grounds, comprising probably two or three acres, abundantly furnished with magnificent wide-spreading trees, and innumerable shrubs and plants which were new to us; while small ponds and tiny islands contributed a feature which is generally to be found in the landscape-gardening in which the Japanese are so proficient. Sir Rutherford Alcock was not expected to arrive for a week, and I occupied the time in establishing myself in my new quarters, and in exploring the neighbourhood on horseback.

On these occasions we were always accompanied by an escort of twenty or thirty horsemen, or *yacouns*, as they are called, mounted

on wiry ponies shod with straw shoes, and with a marked tendency to being vicious and unmanageable. These exploratory rides were a great source of delight and interest to me, for although I had been in the country before, my visit had only lasted a fortnight; and my time had been exclusively devoted to official work, and the examination of the city of Yedo itself, so that I had seen nothing whatever of the surrounding country. Now we scampered across it, to the great consternation of our escort, who found great difficulty in keeping up with us—so much so, that upon more than one occasion only two or three of the original number succeeded in reaching home with us. I had determined, moreover, upon making an entomological collection for the British Museum, and set the juvenile part of the population of the villages through which I passed to collecting insects, in the hope that on subsequent visits I might find something worth having. I was successful in almost my first ride in finding a common-looking but very rare beetle; and in this pursuit my English servant—who had spent his youth in the house of a naturalist and ornithologist, and was skilled in the use of the blow-pipe, and in the cleaning and stuffing of birds—took an eager interest.

After I had been at Yedo about a week, we received news of the approach of Sir Rutherford Alcock and his party, and rode out ten miles to meet them. We were delighted to see them arrive safe and sound after a land-journey of thirty-two days, as we had not been without anxiety on their behalf—for Japan at that period was a region in which sinister rumours were rife, and we never knew how much or how little to believe of them; but now the great ex-

periment of traversing the country for the first time by Europeans had been safely and successfully accomplished, and perhaps contributed to lull us into a security, the fallacy of which was destined so shortly to be proved to us.

On the night of the 5th of July a comet was visible, a circumstance to which some of us possibly owed our lives, for we sat up till an unusually late hour looking at it. As one of the party was gifted with a good voice and an extensive repertory of songs, and the evening was warm and still, we protracted our vigil in the open air until past midnight. At our mid-day halt on my ride from Yokohama to Yedo, I had acquired the affections of a stray dog, by feeding him with our luncheon-scrap; and this animal had permanently attached himself to me, and was lying across the threshold of the door of my room when I went to bed. I had scarcely blown out my candle and settled myself to a grateful repose, when this dog broke into a sudden and furious barking, and at the same moment I heard the sounds of a watchman's rattle. We had two of these functionaries, whose business it was to perambulate the garden alternately throughout the night, and to show that they were on the alert by springing from time to time a rattle made of bamboo which they carried. Roused by these noises, I listened attentively, and distinctly heard the sounds of what seemed a scuffle at the front door. My room was on the other side of the house, and opened on to the garden, from which quarter it was entirely unprotected. It was connected with the front of the house by a narrow passage, the walls of which, if I remember right, were of lath-and-plaster, or at all events of some firmer

material than the usual paper-screens. Thinking that the disturbance was probably caused by some quarrel among the servants, I jumped out of bed, intending to arm myself with my revolver, which was lying in its case on the table. Unfortunately my servant had that day been cleaning it, and after replacing it and locking the case, had put the key where I could not lay my hand upon it. A box which contained a sword and a coat of mail, which had been laughingly presented to me before leaving England by an anxious friend, had not been opened; so, although well supplied with means both of offence and defence, I was forced in the hurry of the moment to content myself with a hunting-crop, the handle of which was so heavily weighted, that I considered it a sufficiently formidable weapon with which to meet anybody belonging to our own household that I was likely to encounter. Meantime the dog continued to bark violently, and to exhibit unmistakable signs of alarm. Stepping past him, I proceeded along the passage leading to the front of the house, which was only dimly lighted by an oil-lamp that was standing in the dining-room; the first room on my left was that occupied by Russell, whom I hurriedly roused, and then hearing the noise increasing, rushed out towards it. I had scarcely taken two steps, when I dimly perceived the advancing figure of a Japanese, with uplifted arms and sword; and now commenced a struggle of which it is difficult to render an account. I remember feeling most unaccountably hampered in my efforts to bring the heavy butt-end of my hunting-whip to bear upon him, and to be aware that he was aiming blow after blow at me, and no less unaccountably

missing me, and feeling ready to cry with vexation at being without my revolver, and being aware that it was a life-and-death struggle, which would only end one way, when suddenly I was blinded by the flash of a shot, and my left arm, which I was instinctively holding up to shield my head, dropped disabled. I naturally thought I had been shot, but it turned out that this shot saved my life. Among those who had accompanied Sir Rutherford Alcock from Nagasaki was Mr Morrison, then consul at that port. His servant seems to have encountered one of our assailants, masked and in chain-armour, in his first rush into the building, about which he fortunately did not know his way, and the servant, escaping from him, succeeded in safely reaching his master's room, and in arousing him. Seizing his revolver, Morrison sallied forth, and, attracted by the noise of my struggle, approached from behind me, and placing his revolver over my shoulder, shot my antagonist at the very moment that he had inflicted a severe cut with his long two-handed sword on my left arm, a little above the wrist. A moment after, Morrison received a cut over the forehead and across the eyebrow from another Japanese, at whom he emptied the second barrel of his pistol. An instant lull succeeded these shots. It was too dark to see what their effect had been, but the narrow passage was no longer blocked by the forms of our assailants. My impression is that one was on the ground. We were both bleeding so profusely, and felt so disabled, that there was nothing left for us but to retreat, and this we instinctively did to the room which contained the light. This was placed in a part of the dining-room which had been

screened off so as to make an office for Sir Rutherford Alcock, with whose bedroom it communicated. The screen reached about three-fourths across the dining-room. In this office we found Sir Rutherford, who had just been roused, and were joined in the next minute or two by three other members of the Legation, Mr Russell, and my servant B., all hurriedly escaping from a noise and confusion which increased in intensity every moment. B., on the first alarm, had begun to load his double-barrelled gun, and had finished with the exception of putting on the caps—this was before the days of breech-loaders—when two Japanese jumped in at his window. Fortunately, spread out before it on a table were two open insect-cases, with the spoils of the week impaled on pins. On these the assailants jumped with their bare feet, and upsetting the table, came sprawling into the room, thus giving B., who had lost the caps in the start he received, time to spring through the paper wall of his room, like a harlequin, and reach us in safety. At this juncture the position of affairs was not reassuring. We numbered eight behind the screen, of whom two were *hors de combat*. Our available means of defence consisted of three revolvers and a double-barrelled gun. Of the European inmates of the Legation three were missing; one of these was Mr Wirgman, the artist of the 'Illustrated London News,' who had accompanied Sir Rutherford in his journey from Nagasaki; and of the two others, one lived in a cottage somewhat detached from the temple. Meantime Sir Rutherford, who fortunately possessed some surgical skill, was engaged in binding up my arm. The gash was to the bone, cutting through

three of the extensor tendons, so that to this day I am unable to hold erect three fingers of my left hand. I should undoubtedly have bled to death had it not been for the efficient measures thus kindly and promptly adopted to stop the hæmorrhage. As it was, I was becoming very faint from loss of blood, as I now discovered that I had also received another and very serious wound over the right collar-bone, and unpleasantly near the jugular vein, of which, in the excitement of the struggle, I had been totally unconscious. Also a very slight tip from the sword high up on the right arm, the mark of which, however, is still visible; and a blow which I did not discover till next day, which broke several of the metacarpal bones of the left hand. I never could imagine how or when I received this blow; but it was an evidence that we must have been at one moment of the struggle at very close quarters. Meantime the noise of cutting and slashing resounded through the house; and while it drew nearer every moment, we were at a loss to conceive who our assailants could be, and why the guard had not come to our rescue—unless, indeed, they were in the plot to murder us. At last we heard all the glass crash on the sideboard in the dining-room, and we knew that our moment had come. My companions had made up their minds to sell their lives dearly; and every man who was fortunate enough to possess one, was standing with his finger on the trigger of his revolver, while this time the caps were safely on B.'s double-barrelled gun. I suggested to one of the party—I forget which now—that they would have a chance for their lives by escaping into the garden and hiding among the bushes, which they could

easily have done; but the answer was that they could not take me with them, and they had determined not to desert me, but to stand or fall together—for which I felt at the time intensely grateful, and do still, though I had at that moment given up all hope of escape. I was overcome by a feeling of faintness which made me regard the prospect of immediate death with complete indifference, until B., while he was giving me some water to drink, murmured in my ear, "Do you think they will torture us, sir, before they kill us?" This horrible suggestion brought out a cold perspiration; and I trust I may never again experience the sensation of dread with which it inspired me, and which I was too weak to fight against. It did not last long, however, for almost at the same moment there was an immense increase of noise, and the clashing of swords, intermingled with sharp cries and ejaculations, resounded from the other side of the screen, and our curiosity and hope were excited in the highest degree, for we thought it indicated a possible rescue. In a few moments it subsided, and all was still; and Sir Rutherford, followed by Mr Lowder, went cautiously out on a reconnoitring expedition, to find the dining-room looking like a shambles, and to discover some Japanese retreating down the passage, at whom Mr Lowder fired a shot from his revolver. Shortly after they returned, Mr Macdonald, one of the gentlemen whose room was situated out of the line of attack, appeared disguised in a Japanese dress, accompanied by some of the guard, excited and blood-bespattered, and we knew that we were saved by them, though not a second too soon. Had our assailants not been at-

tacked in rear by the guard at the moment they were in the dining-room, they must inevitably in a few seconds more have discovered us behind the screen, and this account of that eventful night's proceedings would never have been written. We were now informed that some of our assailants had been killed, that the guard were searching for others in the grounds, and that reinforcements had been sent for. These appeared soon after; and I have never seen a more dramatic and picturesque sight than these men, all clad in chain-armour, with their steel headpieces, long two-handed swords, and Japanese lanterns, filing through the house, and out into the starlight. It was like a scene from the "Huguenots," and as I watched them from the arm-chair in which I was still lying, swathed and bandaged, was one of the most vivid impressions produced upon my mind on that night of lively sensations.

About this time Mr Wirgman, the artist of the 'Illustrated London News,' turned up, coated with a thick breastplate of mud. He had taken refuge under the house, which was raised about eighteen inches from the ground, and crawling in on his stomach, had remained in profound but somewhat dirty security under the flooring. With the true spirit of his calling, he immediately set about portraying the most striking features of the episode, for the benefit of the British public. Mr Gower, another gentleman who lived in a little cottage apart, also appeared safe and sound, having been throughout removed from the scene of the strife.

It was about three o'clock in the morning that I determined to struggle back to bed; and even then the soldiers were hunting

about the garden for concealed members of the gang that had attacked us, prodding the bushes with their swords, and searching into hidden recesses. As, supported by friendly arms, I tottered round the screen into the dining-room, a ghastly sight met my gaze. Under the sideboard, completely severed from the body, was a man's head. The body was lying in the middle of the room. I had in the first instance rushed out of my bedroom barefooted, and in my night-dress. I now found myself stepping about in blood,—for butchers' work had been done here,—and feeling something like an oyster under my bare foot, I perceived it was a human eye. One of the bodies was terribly disfigured; the whole of the front part of the head had been sliced off as though with an adze, leaving only the back of the brain visible. Early in the morning I was roused from a troubled doze by six or eight solemn-looking elderly Japanese, who announced that they were the Imperial physicians come to inquire after my health. I positively refused to allow them to remove the bandages and examine the wounds; so they contented themselves with looking very wise, examining my tongue, and placing their ears over my heart. As the day advanced, and I recovered somewhat from the excitement and the exhaustion, I was surprised at finding that I suffered so little pain, and felt so well, considering the amount of blood that I had lost. So I scrambled out to look at the scene of the conflict—for it was difficult under the circumstances to remain quietly in bed. I naturally first visited the spot where I had met my Japanese opponent, and discovered that the reason we had so much difficulty in getting at each other

was owing to a small beam, or rather rafter, which spanned the narrow passage, about seven feet from the ground. Its edge was as full of deep sword-cuts as a crimped herring, any one of which would have been sufficient to split open my skull, which he must have thought unusually hard. I evidently owed my life to the fact that I had remained stationary under this beam, which had acted as a permanent and most effective guard—the cuts I received being merely the tips from the sword as it glanced off. There was a plentiful bespattering of blood on the wall at the side, in which was also indented the shape of the handle of my hunting-whip. The blow must have been given with considerable force to make it; but I feel convinced that under such circumstances one is for the moment endowed with an altogether exceptional strength. I now pursued my investigations into some of the other rooms, which all bore marks of the ferocious nature of the attack. The assailants appear to have slashed about recklessly in the dark, in the hope of striking a victim. Some of the mattresses were prodded through and through; one bed-post was completely severed by a single sword-cut; and a Bible lying on a table was cut three-quarters through. We were now in a position to add up the list of killed and wounded, and estimate results generally, while we also had to calculate how they might affect our own future position and policy.

Although one of our assailants, a stalwart young fellow with a somewhat hang-dog countenance, was taken prisoner and afterwards executed, we had some difficulty in making out at the time of whom the gang was actually composed. That they were Lonins there was

no doubt. Lonins are an outlaw class, the retainers or clansmen of Daimios who, having committed some offence, have left the service of their prince, and, banding themselves together, form a society of desperadoes, who are employed often by their old chiefs, to whom they continue to owe a certain allegiance, for any daring enterprise, by which, if it fails, he is not compromised, while if they succeed in it, they have a chance of regaining their position. The question was, to which particular Daimio these Lonins belonged; and upon this point our guard was singularly reticent. Nor was any light thrown upon the matter by the following document, which was found on the body of one of the gang who was killed, and which ran as follows:—

“I, though I am a person of low standing, have not patience to stand by and see the sacred empire defiled by foreigners. This time I have determined in my heart to undertake to follow out my master’s will. Though, being altogether humble myself, I cannot make the might of the country to shine on foreign nations, yet with a little faith, and a little warrior’s power, I wish in my heart separately, though I am a person of low degree, to bestow upon my country one out of a great many benefits. If this thing from time to time may cause the foreigners to retire, and partly tranquillise the minds of the Mikado and the Government, I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life, I am determined to set out.” Here follow fourteen signatures.

This document, while it showed that the motive which suggested the attack was the hope that it might frighten us out of the country, also proved that the number

who had been engaged in it, on this occasion, was fourteen. Some years afterwards I met several Japanese in London, and had some opportunities of being of service to them. I happened one day to mention to one of them that I had been in the British Legation on the night of this attack. "You don't say so," he replied. "How glad I am that you escaped safely! for I, to whom you have shown so much kindness, planned the whole affair, and was in Sinagawa, just outside the gates, all that night, though, not being a Lonin myself, I did not take an active part in it." He then told me that the Lonins belonged to Prince Mito, upon whom, from his known hostility to foreigners, our suspicion had rested from the first; and as a reminiscence of the event, in addition to the one I already carried on my arm, he presented me with his photograph. We now heard that three of the Lonins, to avoid being captured alive, had committed suicide by ripping themselves up, an example which was followed by two more a day or two afterwards, making the total list of killed and wounded twenty-eight, which was composed as follows:—

DEFENDERS.

Killed.

- 1 Tycoon's guard.
- 1 Porter.
- 1 Groom.

Severely wounded.

- 1 Secretary of Legation.
- 1 Tycoon's guard.
- 1 Daimio's guard.
- 1 Porter.
- 2 Servants of the Legation.

Slightly wounded.

- 1 Consul.
- 7 Tycoon's guard.
- 2 Daimio's guard.
- 1 Priest of the temple.

ASSAILANTS.

Killed.

- 2 on the spot.
- 3 tracked next day, committed suicide.
- 2 tracked later, committed suicide.
- 1 captured, wounded, and executed.

Killed,	.	.	.	11
Wounded,	.	.	.	17
Total,				28

We heard afterwards that the six Lonins still unaccounted for were caught and executed at intervals later, but had no means of verifying the statement; but whether it was true or not, the whole forms a record of a tolerably bloody night's work. We were strongly recommended by the Government to place three of the heads of the Lonins over our gateway as a terror to evil-doers, but I cannot remember whether this advice was followed or not. We were now able to gather from our servants many incidents of the attack. It seems that our assailants first knocked at the outside gate, but being refused admittance, scaled the fence and killed the porter. In passing up the avenue in front of the stables, they came across a groom, whom they also killed. They then slew a dog, and severely wounded the cook, who seems to have heard a noise and gone out to see the cause of it. In like manner they captured a watchman, whom they tried to persuade to show them the way; but he managed to escape, receiving, as he did so, two severe cuts on the back: however, he ultimately succeeded in concealing himself in a lotus-pond. This man's back presented the most ghastly appearance, and I did not think he could have lived. The Japanese have a treatment of their own for sword-cuts, derived from much experience in them. Instead of bringing the edges of the skin as closely together

as possible, they plug the wound with chewed paper,—a method which, if it is efficacious, leaves the most hideous marks of the gash. The band now seems to have scattered, and to have broken into the temple in parties of three or four, coming across an unfortunate priest as they did so, who, however, was not very severely wounded; and then in the darkness they dashed into all the rooms, slashing recklessly about them, and plunging their swords through the mattresses in the hope of transfixing a sleeper. There can be little doubt that they would have succeeded in their purpose, had it not been for the lateness of the hour at which most of us had retired to rest.

Before daybreak Sir Rutherford Alcock had despatched an express messenger to Captain Craigie of H.M.S. Ringdove, then lying at Yokohama, twenty miles distant, describing the position of matters, and urgently requesting him to come at once to our assistance. Meantime the native guards had been increased to 500 men. At one o'clock in the afternoon we were cheered by the sight of twenty blue-jackets, led by their officers, tramping up the avenue, their faces beaming with the anticipation of a possible fight in store. Their arrival inspired a confidence which our previously defenceless condition probably exaggerated; for what could so few even well-armed men do against the hostile population by whom we were surrounded, had they chosen to renew the attack, which we considered highly probable? They were accompanied by Monsieur Duchesne de Bellecour, the French Minister, who, on learning of our adventure, instantly put himself on board the Ringdove, bringing with him a party of

French sailors, “pour partager les dangers,” as he chivalrously remarked. Our most welcome reinforcement instantly set to work improving our means of defence. The palisades all round were looked to and strengthened, and every conceivable measure of precaution taken, to prepare for another attack during the night, which seemed highly possible,—for we thought that the escaped Lonins might spend the day in recruiting their numbers, and assault us in much stronger force. We heard from various sources that the city was in the highest state of excitement, and we felt, therefore, that we had only as yet, perhaps, been actors in the first scene of a drama, the *dénouement* of which it was impossible to foresee. At the same time we quite felt that the decision at which our Minister had arrived was the right one, and that we must hold our position at all hazards, as it would never do to allow either the Japanese Government or people to suppose that we could be frightened by isolated acts of violence into abandoning rights which had been solemnly assured to us by treaty. With the exception of the American, there was no other foreign Legation in Yedo at the time, and it had so far escaped molestation. In anticipation of a lively night, an elaborate system of sentries was organised upon a somewhat composite basis. At both the gates, and at various points in the grounds, was a mixed guard of Japanese and English or French, while at every bedroom-door a Japanese and a blue-jacket kept watch together. I don't think anybody slept much that night; and whenever I did fall into a doze, it was only to wake with a start from a dream in which I was being attacked. The bamboo rat-

tle of the Japanese watchmen, associated as it was with my first alarm, produced a painful impression upon my weakened nervous system; and it was a relief to gaze at my two sentries stolidly facing each other from opposite sides of the doorway, both armed to the teeth according to the fashion of their respective civilisations, unable to interchange an intelligible word, but each, no doubt, entertaining some curious speculations in regard to the other.

All through that first night I fancied I heard the angry murmur of the dense population by which we were surrounded, who seemed to me as sleepless as ourselves; but this may only have been the effect of a fevered imagination. The night passed off without an alarm, but it was only the first of a series in which this unpleasant state of tension was in no degree relaxed. Nor did the days bring much relief. Sinister and unpleasant rumours were constantly reaching us through sources of information which, it is true, were not to be much relied upon, for they were Japanese, though in some cases more or less secret. It was not safe for a foreigner to show himself outside the gates, so that we felt more or less beleaguered, while official visits were paid and communications were being kept up between the Minister and the Japanese Government. Nobody thought of laying aside his revolver for a moment; and whether he was eating his meals or copying a despatch, it was always placed on the table beside him.

Under these circumstances I was only an encumbrance, for I was unable to use either arm, and my wounds needed more serious attention than it was possible to give them on shore. After the first two days, therefore, I was put on board the Ringdove, under the

care of the assistant-surgeon. Captain Craigie, who was living on shore, most kindly placed his cabin at my disposal; and here I entered upon a series of experiences which, in their way, were the most disagreeable which it has ever been my lot to encounter.

After the wound on my right shoulder was sewn up, my right arm was bandaged to my side, so as not to open the sutures; my left arm was also firmly bandaged, so that I was deprived of the use of both, and had to be fed by my servant. Then, from loss or poverty of blood, I became covered with boils, which of course were worse just under the bandages. In addition to this, ophthalmia broke out among the crew, and I got it in both eyes. The thermometer was standing at 95°. I was as red as a lobster from prickly heat, which produced an incessant irritation, and the cabin buzzed with mosquitoes like a beehive. A bandage over both eyes kept me in total darkness; and it was as difficult to lie on my back on account of the boils, as on either side because of my arms. The monotony of this existence was only relieved by having myself constantly scratched; by indicating the localities of mosquitoes I wished killed; by having nitrate of silver poured into both eyes, which felt very much as if they were being extracted with corkscrews; by having my wounds cleaned, plastered, and attended to; by being fed, and smoking. It is for such emergencies that a beneficent Providence has especially provided tobacco.

As every available man was on shore, there was nobody to talk to except the assistant-surgeon and the second master. It was just when I was suffering the most acutely from this accumulation of miseries that we had another serious

night-alarm. I was vainly trying to find the best position to doze in when I heard a great scrimmage on deck, and some sharp words of command given in an excited tone. Rousing B., who was sleeping near me, I told him to hurry on deck and see what was the matter. In a moment he came back in the highest state of excitement, with the pleasing intelligence that an armed Japanese junk was bearing down to board us, and that everybody was on deck with pikes and other weapons of defence. As all the combatant part of the crew had been landed for the defence of the Legation, leaving only the engineers, stokers, cook, steward, and one or two others on board—the Ringdove was only a gunboat—this information was not reassuring. It seemed that sooner or later I was destined to meet the fate of a rat in a trap. Listening anxiously, I heard the shouting increasing, evidently now proceeding chiefly from Japanese throats, and then felt a great bump. Apparently the climax had arrived, and I sent B. up again to assist in repelling the boarders. In two or three minutes the noise ceased, and he reappeared, accompanied this time by the doctor, who told me that the junk had sheered off. Whether the collision had been with hostile intent, and those on board had changed their minds on finding us prepared for them, and abandoned the idea of attempting to take us, or whether it was simply the result of clumsy navigation, remained a mystery, which the darkness of the night, and the suddenness of the whole episode, rendered it impossible to solve.

If my various tortures were severe while they lasted, the length of their duration was fortunately short. Owing to the fact that they were unaccompanied by any fever, and that I could eat well, I speed-

ily began to regain strength, and in less than a week was able to go on deck. Here I began to revel in a delightful feeling of security, which had become quite a novel sensation; the ophthalmia was cured, and I could indulge in the full enjoyment of the novel aquatic life by which I was surrounded,—in watching the quaint-shaped junks passing to and fro, and the no less quaint-looking fishermen plying their vocation after their peculiar and original methods, in their no less peculiar and original costume, which often consisted of absolutely nothing except a bandage over their noses, the reason for which I never discovered. Their chief occupation seemed to be to prod the muddy bottom of the bay with long tridents for eels. Then there was historic Fusi-yama, with its beautiful conical summit towering over all, and the city of Yedo, with its extensive suburbs straggling for miles all round the margin of the bay.

A few days later I was glad to find myself able to obey a summons from Sir Rutherford Alcock to come on shore in order to be present at a conference with some of the chief Ministers of State on the subject of the recent attack. It was a blazing hot day, and when I reached the shore, exactly opposite the gate of the Legation, I found the intervening street occupied by the procession of an important Daimio. On the occasion of the progress of one of these great feudal princes, they used to be followed by a small army of *samurai* or clansmen, numbering sometimes as many as a thousand, all two-sworded swashbucklers, all ready to fight on the smallest provocation to uphold the dignity of their chief, and exceedingly sensitive on the point of honour. The natives, on meeting a procession of this kind, were expected either to

move away from the road altogether, or humbly to prostrate themselves while it passed. Under no circumstances was anybody allowed to cross it. This was an insult which it was considered should be wiped out by the death of the rash man who should offer it. Since the great revolution which practically extinguished the Daimios, and which was one of the results of intercourse with foreign nations, I believe these dangerous processions have been abolished. At the time I had no idea of the extreme tenacity of the Japanese on this point of etiquette, or of the risk I should run if I attempted to cross the procession. I stood for some time watching the line, which seemed interminable, the men marching slowly in pairs. At last the heat of the mid-day sun became so overpowering that I feared I should faint. The gate of the Legation, only a dozen yards off, stood invitingly ajar, and, perceiving a wider gap in the line than usual, I made a dash through it. The *samurai* were so much taken by surprise, that before they could draw their swords I was past them, but not before I had time to perceive their murderous intent, and to slam the gate in the faces of two or three that rushed after me. After our conference with the Ministers was over, I was informed by Sir Rutherford that he had written to Sir James Hope, then admiral on the station, requesting his presence, and that nothing could be finally decided upon until after a consultation with him, but that he had determined to abandon his intention of going home on leave, and would remain at his post until he received instructions from home; that he had further decided on sending me back to England to furnish any information which might be required in addition to

the full narrative of events contained in his despatch, and also to be the bearer of a personal letter from the Tycoon to the Queen, apologising for the occurrence. The question of indemnity, and the nature of the satisfaction to be required, were matters also to be discussed; while the trip was one by which, under the circumstances, my health could not fail to derive benefit. During the month which now elapsed before the admiral arrived, the only event of importance which occurred was the news that two Ministers of State who had been to see the Tycoon were attacked by Lonins: they were, however, bravely defended by their retainers, and, after a severe struggle, the Lonins were completely defeated, many being made prisoners. I now began to perceive how necessary it was, as a measure of self-protection, for Daimios always to be attended by a large escort.

At last, about the middle of August, Admiral Hope arrived, accompanied by Sir Hercules Robinson, then Governor of Hong-Kong, and it was determined that we should lose no time in paying an official visit in grand state to the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs. This involved passing through the most crowded and disaffected quarters of the town, for a distance of about two miles. I scarcely knew whether I was sufficiently recovered to make this effort on horseback, but the alternative was to be cooped up in a *norimon*,—a sort of palanquin, which, however, had the disadvantage of being square, and not oblong, like the latter, and thus obliged me to maintain a squatting position during the whole time. As I considered that the chances were rather in favour of our being attacked than otherwise, I preferred riding, although I had to be led, as I was unable to hold

the reins. Still, with a sharp pair of spurs, I had always the chance that my steed, in a wild and headlong flight of his own, would carry me out of the *mêlée*.

The party consisted of the Minister, the Admiral, Sir Hercules Robinson, several naval officers, members of the Legation, and myself, escorted between two lines of marines and blue-jackets, who certainly looked as if they were prepared to give a good account of any Lonins who might be rash enough to attack us. The streets through which we passed were densely crowded with scowling multitudes, amongst whom the two-sworded gentry, whom we knew entertained towards us feelings of special animosity, were very numerous. Our progress was necessarily slow, so that it was an hour before we arrived at the building where the two Ministers for Foreign Affairs were waiting to receive us. We found them attended by many other officials, for it was the custom in Japan never to allow these audiences to assume a private character; and many of those who were present exercised the functions of *met-suke*—in other words, of Government spies or reporters.

After the first formal compliments had taken place, in accordance with preconcerted arrangement all the English officers and gentlemen who had accompanied us withdrew, leaving only the Minister, the Admiral, and myself, and the interpreters. This was a signal for all the Japanese, except the two Ministers, to retire—an unprecedented event, so far, in the annals of Japanese diplomacy; but it was to be accounted for by the fact that the Ministers had a confidential communication to make to us affecting another European Power, which could not

otherwise have been kept quiet: it was therefore in their own interest to break through their ordinary course of procedure.

After discussing this question, Sir Rutherford Alcock informed them that I was to be the bearer to England of the Imperial Mission to the Queen, and we talked over the possible chances of another attack, and the inconveniences which seemed to attend an official residence in the capital of Japan. The first Minister, Ando Tsusimano Kami, remarked, in the course of this conversation, that peril to life was an incident inseparable from high office in his country, and that everybody who filled it, whether foreign or Japanese, must, as a matter of course, run the risk of being murdered. I thought then that this was a mere complimentary way of reconciling us to what was intended to be sooner or later the invariable fate of foreign officials in Japan. But a very short time afterwards poor Ando Tsusimano Kami proved, in his own person, the unjustness of my suspicions; for he was attacked by a band of eight Lonins, dragged from his *norimon*, and so severely wounded that for some time his life was despaired of. So far as I was personally concerned, the most important result of this interview was the decision which was arrived at—that before going to England I should proceed in H.M.S. Ringdove to the island of Tsusima, situated in the straits of the Corea, accompanied by Admiral Hope in his flag-ship, to investigate the truth of the report which we had received of the Russians having made a permanent settlement in that island, contrary to treaty, and to take measures accordingly. A few days afterwards I sailed from Yedo on this most interesting mission.

JACK AND MINORY: A TALE OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

CHAPTER I.

MISS RAYMOND, wrapped up in her furs, tried to peer out of the first-class carriage she had to herself; but all was darkness and gloom without, and it was also intensely cold, and with a little shiver she resigned herself to the situation. Just such a Christmas Eve as one would enjoy in a well-lighted house, with warm fires blazing in every hearth, and the sound of cheerful voices surging up in whatever room you might enter. Rather a contrast flying through the air in such bitter weather, the silence unbroken except by the rush of the wheels; and these at last seemed to revolve more quietly, while the pace slackened perceptibly.

The young lady ensconced in the further end of the carriage drew her fur closer round her, as she did so tilting up her hat, and for the moment uncovering her face, showing fair golden hair swept back from a low white forehead, and eyes brown and full of *esprit*,—in truth, a very sweet, true woman's face, graced also with a mouth that, in its delicate curves, would have entranced any modern Greuze who might be in search of female loveliness. And the eyes too told, if a hasty glance at them could declare anything, of a sweet, frank, kindly nature, with just such a mere touch of coquetry that would never venture over the bare boundary of flirtation. It was the face of one to whom the little ones would fly for comfort and consolation; and, if it told its story truly, of one who, if she put her trust at all, would do so with all her heart. But what can you

discern in a momentary inspection of another's physiognomy? And only for a moment could any one, had he been so privileged, have had the opportunity of arriving at conclusions; for with a hasty gesture the girl drew her mantle almost up to her eyes, and audibly giving vent to her impatience, murmured to herself, "How slow we are going, and what a night it is! However, we must be near Draycombe now."

The train was an express, and for over half an hour had stopped nowhere. It was considerably past its time, but now the station was approached, and the pace was sensibly moderating. Miss Raymond started up, oblivious of the cold, and busied herself in getting her things together; and as there was a sudden stoppage, she let down the window.

It was snowing hard, and the storm had evidently been going on for some time, for on either side of the rails there was one great white expanse. Further up the line some conversation was going on, and leaning out of the window, she caught sight of the station not a hundred yards away. From what was said, she gathered that the line was hereabouts so blocked by a drift that there would be delay till the snow could be cleared; and thanking her good fortune that had brought her so close to the end of her journey, she re-fastened the window and patiently waited. After a short interval the train dragged slowly on to the station, where descending, she quickly collected her belongings, and asked the porter whether any carriage

was in waiting from the Hall—Mr Beaufort's.

"No, miss, nothing have come yet; perhaps it's been delayed by the snow."

"Has the snow been falling long?" she inquired, as she moved into the cheerless little waiting-room, where there was a miserable fire trying to keep alight.

"Well, miss, it's been goin' on for the last two hours, and it don't look as if it were a-goin' to stop."

"Can I get a fly here?"

"Indeed, miss, I fear you can't; but I'll see the station-master."

This official, who presently came up, was, however, not able to help her in any way. It appeared no conveyance of any kind plied to and from the station, nor was there anything but a farmer's cart in the village, and that lay a mile and a-half distant.

"No, miss. I think you had better stay here. Mr Beaufort's carriage is sure to come; it's just been delayed a bit."

He then made her an offer to come into his own quarters, and wait there till the carriage might appear; but Miss Raymond, thanking him much, said she would do very well in the waiting-room, and she retired thereto—and placing her smaller belongings on the table, closed the door, and drawing a chair up to the fire, sat there enjoying the blaze which a vigorous application of the poker had drawn forth.

"This is truly cheerful," she remarked. "I suppose I ought not to blame the Beauforts, but it's an unpleasant position; and if this trap of theirs does not turn up, what on earth I am to do I don't know."

Her reflections were here broken in upon by the opening of the door.

The new-comer, swathed up to his mouth in a heavy overcoat heavily topped with snow, started back when he found a lady in possession, and made a movement as if to retreat; but as Miss Raymond did not look very fierce or hard-hearted, and indeed was clearly a very pretty girl, and it seemed like a case of beauty in distress, he took his courage in both hands and advanced into the room.

"Pardon me for coming in so suddenly. I trust I am not intruding."

Now Miss Raymond was what every right-minded and properly educated girl is—self-possessed. Before her stood a good-looking, soldierly figure, the face ornamented solely by a heavy moustache—the coat, thrown back, setting forth the lines of a powerful form which, garbed in its then fashion, seemed even taller than it really was.

"No, I assure you not."

"I fear," he hesitatingly said, "that you have been disappointed in getting away?"

"Yes," she responded, "that is just my case. Perhaps you are going to the same house? Mrs Beaufort promised to send for me."

"No; it is not my good fortune to have to go there to-night. But I know the Beauforts very well. They are great friends of mine. I cannot understand why their carriage has not come."

"Probably the snow——"

"Yes, of course, that must be it! How stupid of me. I—my place is the Heronry—telegraphed this afternoon to send the dog-cart for me, and I suppose it's been delayed on the road."

"Won't you sit down?"—making room for him at the fire; "you must be very cold."

"Thanks, I will. I was half

frozen out there. A gun-case has gone astray, and I was poking about the station."

"I hope you found it."

"Thanks, no; I suppose it's gone on. But really, before this capital fire, I feel inclined to laugh at troubles."

"Yes—is it not nice?" she assented. "I wonder how long we shall be here?"

"I hope for age—hm! I mean," he confusedly corrected himself, "we shall soon get away."

"It's very good of you to say so," replied Miss Raymond, who, as he had spoken, had turned her face aside with an amused smile on it; "but suppose no relief comes!"

"Upon my word, in that case"—he stopped.

"Yes, in that case?" persisted his questioner.

"Well, Miss——"

"My name is Raymond."

"Thank you, Miss Raymond. Let me introduce myself—Jack Woolcombe. I perhaps ought to say Captain Woolcombe; but, you see," laughing apologetically, "all the fellows call me Jack."

"All the fellows?"

"I mean all the fellows in the regiment—the Rutland Hus-sars."

"Yes. But, Captain Woolcombe, to return to what you were saying, please tell me what I am to do,"—and here, unwittingly, she held out her pretty little hands, as if to give emphasis to the question; for, indeed, the poor child was not taking her enforced stay with anything like the equanimity of her companion. "Suppose this wretched storm goes on, and no carriage comes! I've tried to get a conveyance from the village, which they say is a mile and a half off."

"Really," said Woolcombe, quite distressed, "I feel for you awfully," and he did indeed look very sympa-

thetic. "I wish I could do anything."

"And if nothing can be done, and we are left here like two babes in the wood," she went on in a tone that tried to be light, and yet in her voice there were tears.

"Then, Miss Raymond, there's only one thing to do," he promptly answered.

"And that is——?"

"You encamp here. I'll rig up things all round the windows, and I'll bivouac outside."

"On such a night! I could not dream of it. No, really," as he persisted. "The station-master offered me an asylum, and if the worst comes to the worst, I'll go to him, and leave you in possession here."

Just then the door was opened, and the porter appearing, announced that he saw a trap coming up the road, but it was as yet a long way off.

The two fellow-passengers went outside. The snow had now ceased, and a dull moon was shining, showing one vast area of white as far as the eye could reach. Some distance up the road two lights were seen advancing slowly.

"I'm sorry to say, Miss Raymond," said Woolcombe, "that that is the wrong direction for the Beauforts' carriage, and I am afraid it is my cart;" and he was right, for presently the man driving came up to Captain Woolcombe, and, touching his hat, explained that he had had the greatest difficulty in forcing his way on at all, and had almost given up the idea of making further progress, when the snow stopped falling, and the moon coming out, gave him hope he might be able to push along.

And now, what was to become of the lady?

Miss Raymond, of course, could only resign herself to the situation,

and return to her asylum in the station, and there she was found by Woolcombe.

"I suppose," she said, rising and extending to him her hand, "we must now say good night. I hope you will speedily reach your home."

"Pray, do not think I take a great liberty," he rejoined; "but you just now said you would take any conveyance from the village. Why not take mine? I am quite sure something must have happened to the Beauforts' carriage. Mine, you see, is a light dog-cart, and so would travel easily."

"But I certainly am not going to take your cart and leave you here."

"You are awfully good," he warmly said, "and indeed I was going to propose to drive you to the Beauforts'. May I?"

"But this is immensely out of your way."

"Not a bit. See, Miss Raymond, it's past twelve now, and it's high time you were fast asleep. Now let me decide for you. Here, James!" calling to his servant, "put this lady's things with mine in the cart. The boxes can be sent to-morrow, Miss Raymond. Now let me help you up. Yes, in front please. We can defy the cold with all these rugs. Now, James, let her head go. Poor Bess! she must be as glad as we are to get home."

CHAPTER II.

Progress of course was slow, but it was sure, and at any rate progress it was, and that was something.

"I wish you would smoke, Captain Woolcombe. I am sure you would like to do so."

"May I really? Sure you don't mind?"

"I like it. Let me hold the reins."

"How curious it is," he said presently, "our thus meeting! It seems like a sort of fate."

"Doesn't it!" She laughed. "A very lucky fate for me. You are my guardian angel."

"I wish I—hm—I mean it's been very fortunate for me."

"Now you know I ought to take that as a most unkind speech."

"No—'pon my honour, you can't think that," he said, in a grieved tone.

"Oh yes, I can," she lightly made reply. "You were really glad that this misfortune overtook me."

"Never," he protested; "you must not imagine that, Miss Ray-

mond. But you know, I am certain what I did mean. Don't you?"

"Perhaps I do," she half shyly assented.

"Are you sure you are quite warm?" as he tucked the plaids closer round her.

"Quite sure, thanks. Is it far now?"

"Well, about a mile, or a little less. Curious," he went on, "our both travelling and being belated on Christmas Eve. It's like those stories in the Christmas books."

"The real truth is," said Miss Raymond, "I ought to have been at the Beauforts' yesterday, but, just when starting from home, I was detained."

"That is my case. I had half promised Cicely, that is my sister, to be with her on the Tuesday."

"Then she has been expecting you?"

"Oh, Cicely and I understand each other. My younger brother Trevor is to be at the Beauforts' soon, and so you'll know him. He is in the Rifle Brigade," continued

he, growing communicative, "and a dear good fellow, though I say it that shouldn't. I hope Cicely will soon know you."

"It will be a great pleasure to me," began Miss Raymond.

"Every one likes Cicely. But as to her expecting me, you see I was staying down in Surrey, and could not be sure of the day. I had made a half promise to try and be back by Christmas Eve. Holloa! it's begun to snow again."

And this was the case. It is true the flakes were few and far between as yet, but it was clearly expedient to lose no time on the road.

"I tell you what I'll do, Miss Raymond. When we get to the Beauforts', and we are already well up their avenue—you ought to see the lights of the house from here—I'll ask them to put me up for the night."

"Yes; I think you had better."

"I'll go no farther to-night. Well, here we are. Why, the house is shut up!"

They had now come close to a great structure, but no signs of life were to be seen anywhere.

"This is most strange!" said Woolcombe. "Not very polite, either, to ask you to their house and leave no one to welcome you when you come."

"But are you sure this is the house?"

"There's no doubt about that. James, ring the bell, will you."

The servant rang and rang, and at last, after what seemed an interminable delay, a faint noise was heard, and finally, after various chains and bolts had been withdrawn, the door was opened by an old man, who was in an extremely bad temper, and was very hard of hearing. He was quite unmoved by the information that the lady in the dog-cart had come to stay

with the Beauforts, and curtly informed the pair at the door that she couldn't stay with the Beauforts,—"'cos why? 'cos they wasn't there." They managed to drag out of him that three days ago there had been something very wrong with the drains, and the entire household had decamped to the Manor House, the Hall being now entirely in the hands of the builders, the speaker having been left in charge as caretaker.

"But is there no room where this young lady can stay for the night?" demanded Woolcombe.

"No," he shortly replied, there was no room. The whole house was upside down.

"And how far off is the Manor House?" inquired Miss Raymond.

"It's a good four mile at least."

"What is to be done?" asked the girl, in great perplexity. "Could not this old man get me something to take me there?"

"No, Miss Raymond. It's hopeless to expect anything of the sort. You must still place yourself under my guidance. We will see how soon we can get there."

"Oh, Captain Woolcombe! I am so distressed. I never meant to make myself such a burden, but what can I do?"

"Believe me, Miss Raymond, it will be a real pleasure to me, and indeed it is my positive duty to see you safely home. Pray, say no more. Now, James, turn the mare's head."

"I beg your pardon, sir. The four-mile road goes by Shelters Dip, and with this fall, and the wind there has been, the snow must have drifted fifteen feet there."

"And the longer road—I forget the distance?"

"It's eight miles, sir, and I doubt if that's much better."

"A nice look-out, certainly. Well, we can't encamp for the

night under the cart. Now, Miss Raymond, the only plan left us is to go on as quick as we can to the Heronry. It's barely five miles from this, and the track is fortunately over level country. We ought to do it in an hour and a half. My sister is there, and after you have had a good night's rest, I'll drive you to-morrow to the Beauforts'."

"You are really too kind. I suppose it is the best thing to do. I gratefully accept your offer, but I am so distressed at having put you to all this trouble."

"No, no," he pleaded, "don't say that. All this to me is really nothing. The real misery is, that you should have had such a time of it. Now, pray, wrap up well. I fancy it's going to begin snowing again, but luckily the lamps will hold out for some time yet; and so now for the road."

It was past one on Christmas morning, and as if to do honour to the day, the snow now recommenced in downright earnest, though fortunately there was no wind. Had the road been any but a most clear and well-defined one, there is no saying what might not have happened; but Woolcombe knew the way, and the mare felt she was going home, and so they plodded on in silence, the wheels noiselessly wading through the snow, which soon piled itself in layers over the cart and its inmates. The poor girl, tired and fatigued, had fallen fast asleep, and unconsciously her head, declining lower and lower, at length rested on Woolcombe's shoulder. He at once saw what it was, for his companion's condition made him doubly on the alert, and drawing the wrap right over her, he steadied the sleeping girl, who slumbered on, undisturbed by the movement of his left arm around her; and so they jogged along,

and after a weary time of it, at last approached the house. Miss Raymond did not awake until the servants, who had been sitting up, came with lights; and then having been carefully lifted down, she stood with dazed eyes in utter bewilderment before them. But the bright room and the blazing fire soon recalled her numbed senses to activity, and with a feeling of warmth and comfort she sank into a roomy settee. Refreshments were brought at once, and Woolcombe, taking the butler aside, told him to call one of the maids, and let Miss Woolcombe know of the new arrival.

"Miss Woolcombe went away this morning, sir, before your telegram came."

"Good heavens! was ever anything so unfortunate? Where did she go?"

"To the Manor House. She thought you weren't coming at all."

"All my own stupid delay! By the by, Lomax, this lady is a Miss Raymond. She was to have been met by Mrs Beaufort's carriage, which never turned up. What on earth is to be done?"

But Lomax had not an idea.

"You see," suggested his master, "there's no housekeeper."

"No, sir, there ain't," acquiesced Mr Lomax.

"Well, there's the cook!"—this rather vaguely, as if he was not quite sure such an official was on the premises.

"Yes, sir, there's the cook, and the upper 'ousemaid."

"Of course! let's have the upper housemaid. Jane, isn't it? She'll do. For some one there must be to show Miss Raymond to a room. Send for her and tell her to come into the drawing-room."

Now the difficulty was for him to break to this young lady, so strangely drifted into his protec-

tion, that the sister whose presence she had relied upon was not in evidence! There was no help for it. It was simply impossible for Miss Raymond to leave the house that night, and they must just make the best of the situation.

"I fear," said his guest, standing before the cheerful blaze of the fire, "that I am giving Miss Woolcombe a great deal of trouble. I do hope you won't let her be disturbed; but I never dreamt I could see her till to-morrow. Would you let one of the servants show me to my room?"

Under the circumstances, perhaps the best thing for Woolcombe would have been to accept the position in which they were so strangely placed, to allow his guest to retire, and inform her next morning, when she was thoroughly rested, that Cicely was not in the house, having suddenly left. But it seemed to the young squire that he was bound in simple honour, be the consequences what they might, to tell Miss Raymond exactly how he and she were situated.

"It is," he began, "really most provoking——"

"What can be provoking in this charming house?" she said, glancing round the pretty room, and trying, dead tired as she was, to brighten up. "Here am I just beginning to become myself, and you try to damp my spirits."

"Not for the world would I do so. But I fear I must seem to you something like an impostor." Here he hurriedly went on. "The fact is, my sister, believing I was not coming, has, I find, left this—or, as it really was, yesterday—morning, and is now at the Beauforts'."

Miss Raymond looked at him rather blankly. Then the vague suspicions on her mind vanishing as she glanced up at her host's

vexed and most troubled countenance, she cast all consideration for herself aside, and thought merely of the position as it affected him.

"Of course it is awkward," she gravely remarked, "but I see no help for it. You could not tell this when you brought me here."

"It is not indeed of myself I am thinking, Miss Raymond," he earnestly said, as he approached nearer to her. "I know how awkward all this is for you, and with no lady in the house to receive you; but on such a night—tired and fatigued as you are, too—you can't possibly go elsewhere."

"Why should I? No, Captain Woolcombe, I place myself in your hands. You have done your best for me. No blame attaches to you."

"Perhaps not," he slowly said, "but if there's no blame on *me*, there may be—however, we need not enter on possibilities. Let us say no more on the subject. I honour you for your pluck. And here is Jane. She is my sister's favourite, and you will be safe with her. Jane!" turning to the girl who had come in, "please take Miss Raymond to the room prepared for her, and stay with her. Be careful as to this. She is tired to death, and must not be left to herself."

"But, indeed," began his guest.

"No," he rejoined, almost sternly, and yet with a tender softness in his voice. "Pray oblige me in this, Miss Raymond. It is no great favour, surely; and some day," he vaguely added, "I may tell you why I ask it."

"Be it so, then, if this is your wish. Good night."

"No; I'll see you safely housed for the night."

As the servant turned to leave the room, Miss Raymond timidly

approached her host, a dim sense of his meaning in all these preparations stealing over her, and with a little tremor in her sweet voice, and the faintest rise of colour that enhanced her beauty, she almost whispered—

“Captain Woolcombe, you are very kind. My own brother could not be more thoughtful. As you say, it is best. I will keep Jane with me.”

In a swift and rapid glance, Woolcombe took in the tender grace of face and figure before him, but this was no time to weary her with pretty compliments; and, in truth, his feeling for her had risen beyond the stage in which bare compliments could have been uttered. He merely said, “Let me show you up-stairs. It’s nearly three o’clock. Why, you will never look as you did at the station if you don’t soon get some sleep.”

“How did I look at the station?” she demurely demanded, with her little head bewitchingly poised on one side as she put the query.

“Honestly, I dare not tell you,” he laughed. “Perhaps some day I shall find the necessary courage.”

“I must have been a very dreadful personage.”

“Dreadful is not the word to

use,” he rejoined. “Appalling is nearer. But I must keep you up no longer. I shan’t expect you to breakfast. Here is your room, and Jane in waiting. Again, good night!”

As the door closed on her, he stood for an instant or two in a dreamy way, and then leisurely descended the stairs. To the surprise of Mr Lomax, who had gone fast asleep in the hall, his master, throwing his greatcoat over his arm, and snatching up a rug, preceded him, and passing through the kitchen, let himself out, dismissing the servant, and plodded through the snow to the stables, ostensibly with a view to seeing whether the mare had been looked after. But groom and mare had long before gone to sleep; and so, making up the fire in the harness-room, he smoked a peaceful pipe, his feet planted high up on either side of the hob. He sat there for some time, pleasantly musing over the events of the night, till at last wearied nature came to his rescue, the pipe dropped out of his mouth, and he sank into most profound slumber, only awakening, cold and stiff, when the coachman, coming in next morning, found him before the embers of a still smouldering fire.

CHAPTER III.

By 10 A.M., however, Woolcombe, having found his way to his room, had finished his dressing, and came down fully expecting a solitary breakfast. He rang the bell, and asked if anything had been sent up to his guest, and was discussing this question with Mr Lomax, when the young lady, apparently none the worse for the past night’s experiences, entered the room.

“Now this is really too good of

you,” he declared, moving eagerly to meet her, and welcoming her with outstretched hands.

“A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, Captain Woolcombe!”

“Ah, now to think you should have forestalled me! But, you see, I never believed you would have ventured down so early.”

“Why not? I slept splendidly, as I hope you did?”

"Magnificently!" and quickly turning the subject, "I hope you are ready for breakfast?"

"Indeed I am delightfully hungry. But," and here she stopped.

"Yes. Ah! I see you are thinking of those most detestable Beauforts. Well, you may make your mind easy. I have sent off a man with a letter to my sister, requesting her to explain everything."

"And you will have me sent there after breakfast?"

"My dear Miss Raymond, just look at the weather. It's been snowing hard ever since we parted, and does not look like stopping now. I doubt if a trap can possibly reach the Manor House. If it can, I will of course drive you myself. I asked Cicely to come over at once; and if the road is at all practicable, you may depend on it she will come. I know as well as you do how anxious you must be to go," he added, wistfully.

"No, no, Captain Woolcombe! pray don't put it in that way. But you see," and here she stopped in pretty confusion.

"I quite see. These awful rules of propriety, and that dreadful Mrs Grundy, appear on the scene, and of course spoil everything."

"It's not exactly that," she hesitated.

"I'm afraid it is just exactly that. But perhaps my sister will turn up."

"How can she, if the roads are impassable?"

"They are not impassable to pedestrians, though I firmly believe no carriage can go."

"Then why can't I walk there?"

"We might manage it, but we must, at any rate, give the weather a chance. It may clear later on, and if the snow hardens we could try and tramp it."

"So be it. I therefore dismiss all unpleasant thoughts. May I make tea for you?"

"Will you? How nice that will be! You look quite as if you were the mistress of the house."

"Do I?" she shyly said. "A poor substitute for Miss Woolcombe, I fear."

"I have my own opinion as to that,—not that Cicely is not the dearest girl possible."

And so chatting gaily, the two got through the meal, and then rose and looked out on the lawn, where the snow still fell, but not heavily.

"A dreary prospect, in sooth," he said. "I don't think there's much chance of Cicely coming."

"Then it does not look hopeful for our trip."

"Indeed it does not. Of course, as far as I am concerned, I don't want you to go, but I suppose that wretched Mrs Grundy insists upon it."

"Mrs Grundy, Captain Woolcombe," looking at him reprovingly, "plays a very useful rôle on occasions."

"Does she?" he rejoined, discontentedly. "Perhaps so. None the less is she a nuisance."

"But see! the snow has stopped, and I declare there is an opening in the sky. I believe, after all, it's going to be fine."

"What a bore!"

"Captain Woolcombe," looking at him with a saucy look in her eyes, "how can you!"

"For me only, of course," he laughed. "Well, I'll be magnanimous. Let us wait half an hour. A slight thaw will set the snow, and then we may be able to venture, and two of the men can carry our things."

"Our things?"

"Yes, our things, mademoiselle. Why, you don't suppose I am go-

ing to return to this miserable place, to live here like a hermit."

"I am agreeable, I am sure. I feared it was just possible you might be tired of my society by now."

"How can you talk like that? Well, suppose, if you like, it is so, and the temptation is on me strong to return here alone, I shall resist that temptation, and — and——"

"Deny yourself?"

"Well, if you will have it in that way. At any rate, I shall certainly stay at the Manor House."

She turned to him quite naturally and simply. "Yes, do. It will be pleasanter for me. You must know I have not seen Mrs Beaufort since she was married, some six or seven years ago, and I never met her husband. Is he nice?"

"Tom Beaufort is a capital fellow," replied Woolcombe, heartily. "There are a lot of people in the house. My brother Trevor will come if he can get leave; he is at the depot. By the way, your name seems very familiar to me. I wonder it never occurred to me before. I was A.D.C. in Egypt to a General Raymond. Any relation of yours?"

"He is my uncle."

"A dear old fellow he was, too. In India now, is he not?"

"No, in town. Mother and I live with him. Mother did not like my coming alone, but there was no help for it, for my maid was quite laid up with a cold. It's just as well she did not go through last night's business."

"I am sure," he laughed, "I am not sorry she was absent. But that is selfish of me—to talk like this. She would have been invaluable to you."

"No; in such weather as we

enjoyed, she would have broken down altogether."

"I fancy so. It is not every one has your pluck. Now, can you excuse me while I go and make inquiries as to the state of the road? I'll be back in half an hour. First, let me show you into the morning-room. I have had it thoroughly warmed, and you will be very cosy there."

Leaving his guest safely ensconced, he set about ascertaining whether the road to the Manor House was practicable, and learnt that no wheeled conveyance could possibly get there till the snow subsided. Returning to Miss Raymond, he informed her what the state of affairs was, and asked if she still felt inclined to dare the long walk, with all the chance of being buried in a snow-drift.

"Well, you see, Captain Woolcombe, it's the proper thing to do, I suppose; and as there now seems every chance of its keeping clear, I think the sooner we start the better."

Just then Lomax came into the room holding a cigar-case, which he handed to his master.

"James found this in the harness-room, sir. I hope you did not catch cold, sleeping there last night, sir."

"No, no," hastily said Woolcombe, in some confusion. "It's all right. I fell asleep over the fire, and I suppose this dropped out."

When the butler had disappeared, Miss Raymond turned to her host reproachfully. "You make me very unhappy, Captain Woolcombe. I put you to enormous trouble, and finally I drive you out of your own house. Yes, I saw you last night go across the yard. I am sure you intentionally meant to sleep in the harness-room."

"No. Well, the fact is, I lit my pipe and—fell asleep."

"Oh, I know better. It is indeed high time I ran away from you."

"How can you be so cruel? I wish you would not talk like this," he protested.

"All the same, it's perfectly true. But," looking at him with sweet moist eyes, "you do believe I am very grateful for all your kind consideration for me."

"Oh, don't!" he passionately implored. "If you say more, I shall—— But there, I am not fair to you." And with an effort

restraining himself as he took her hand in his own—"I seem somehow to have made a great deal out of nothing. Pardon me. Shall we start?"

She recovered herself at once.

"Yes, by all means. We will make our venture."

"Together?"

"Yes, together," she made answer.

"So be it," he muttered below his breath. "The words have a good augury."

CHAPTER IV.

The pair progressed very much better than they had expected. The sun came out, and its warmth hardened the snow and made walking easy; the air, too, felt delightfully fresh and buoyant, with just that pleasant feeling of cold that was sharp and invigorating without being bitter. The two laughed and talked, and might (so intimate had they become) have been taken for friends of quite old standing, so much can circumstances effect in a short time. The path they were pursuing led over the fields, two men with the *impedimenta* being some way in advance.

"I suppose," said Miss Raymond, "there's no chance of our disappearing in a snowdrift."

"No; the snow has fallen less heavily here, or it has been blown below. You see our path is along rising ground."

"But does it not descend?"

"Not much; and where it does, if there's any risk we will leave the road and find a higher track. I expect every minute we shall meet my sister."

"Oh, I hope she won't venture."

"She is sure to do so. The only thing is, the messenger may have been delayed, and certainly there's

no marks of his having passed this way."

"But you recollect it snowed after he left. Oh, listen!" cried Miss Raymond, stopping. "The church bells. Of course it's Christmas-day. Is the church far?"

"No; we are pretty close to it. How distinctly the sound comes through the clear air! Do you hear the children singing?"

"Yes; it's some nursery rhyme."

"Is it? How clever of you to know that! Why, I can only hear a confused babble."

"Don't you think children are much better off now than they used to be? I mean," she went on, "they have all sorts of charming books now, which I am sure I never had when I was a child."

"What an immense time ago that must have been!" he said, with an amused look.

"Indeed it was. Do you know how old I am, sir?"

"Well, let me see. I must really have time to consider."

"Nonsense! I am nineteen: now!"

"Why, it's the very age I was going to mention."

"Oh, Captain Woolcombe, that's a horrid story!" stopping and look-

ing at him, as if daring him to jest on such a subject. "Now confess it is, or I won't go another step."

"Upon my word and honour now, you look just nineteen. Did you think I was going to say you were thirty?"

"That's all very well," and again moving onward, "but you thought I was much younger, I am quite sure."

"Truly I did not. But you will allow," he added, maliciously, "that even your great age is not so far removed from childhood."

"And what may your great age be?" she saucily demanded.

"Guess."

"No, I can't. Well, then, twenty-eight?"

"Capital! You are a necromancer. That is correct."

"So, as we have made peace again, tell me if I am not right as to the advantages children of the present day enjoy."

"Certainly, I think you are. All I can recollect was about Jack and Jill, Old Mother Hubbard, and the cow jumping over the moon."

"Yes," she laughed assentingly; "and they had such dreadful pictures."

"Ghastly; all red and blue and green. My old nurse had some legend she used to sing to me, but it never got further than the first two lines:—

*'I'll tell you a story
Of Jack and Minory.'*

Why, have I said anything to hurt you?" For just then the young lady turned aside her face to conceal a smile she could not control.

"No; really not," laughed Miss Raymond; "but what you said in a way struck me."

"What on earth did I say?" he asked, in dismay.

"Perhaps," she hesitated, "when I know you better I'll tell you."

"Why, I am sure you know me now."

"Captain Woolcombe, do you remember that this time yesterday we were not aware of each other's existence?"

"Well, even so. We know each other now. At any rate, I know you, I'm glad to say."

"What can you know of me in such a few hours?"

"Quite enough to satisfy me. I feel as if I had been acquainted with you for years."

"And so I feel," said she, quite naively. "Is it not strange?"

"Oh, don't say that."

"Very well, I won't. Let us come back to what we were speaking about. We were talking of some rhyme, I think," she presently remarked.

"Oh yes; about Jack and Minory. Surely no one could ever have had such a name."

"There's the Minories, you know," she suggested.

"Yes; but that's not Minory. And besides, Minories is the name of a street, I think."

"I don't know why it is called the Minories, but perhaps the gentleman who gave his name to the street called his daughter Minory."

"Oh, you think it is a girl's name? The question is whether it really is a name."

"Oh, I am sure it is—that is," with some confusion, "I fancy it must be."

"I can't imagine a pretty girl going about with such a name."

"Nor can I," replied the lady, demurely. "But," looking up to him, and as quickly away, "a plain girl might."

"Yes," he assented, as if regarding it judiciously from this point of view; "a plain girl might do anything."

"It is clear you don't like the name?"

"I don't know," he replied. "There's a quaintness about it. The name would rather set off a plain girl."

"Wouldn't it! That idea never occurred to me."

"And now," he asked, "will you tell me what your name is?"

"I am Miss Raymond."

"Yes, I know; but what is your Christian name?"

"It begins with an M; see if you can guess."

"Is it Mabel?"

"No."

"Then Maud?"

"No."

"Madeline?"

"No."

"Millicent?"

"No."

"I'm glad it isn't Millicent; that always goes to Milly. Is it Muriel? Wrong again! Hang it! it can't be Martha?"

"No, it isn't Martha."

"Of course it couldn't be Martha. And not Minnie?"

"No, not Minnie."

"Then I'm dead beat. Please come to my rescue."

"Do you know you have once said it this morning? No! I must positively leave you to find out what it is."

"But why won't you tell me?"

"Because—it's really too absurd—I can't!"

"How mysterious! and I've said it already?"

"Yes. OH!"

The fact is, the two in their talk had rather wandered off the proper track, and Miss Raymond, suddenly plunging into a drift, had spasmodically stretched her hands out for anything to support her, with the result that she lay three feet deep in the snow, her companion, who had lost his balance

at her touch, falling in after her; and there she was, her upturned face not two inches from a blond moustache, which, for a second or so, seemed unable, so nonplussed was its owner with his somersault, to move to either one side or the other! The pair burst into a peal of hearty laughter, and at once Woolcombe scrambled to his feet, making many apologies for his clumsiness.

"Indeed all the apologies should be on my side," said Miss Raymond, as she hastily swept off the snow from her hair, while the gentleman beside her did his best to clear her dress. "How stupid of me to have stumbled and to have dragged you down also!"

"I ought to have been more on the look-out. I hope," he anxiously asked, "you are not hurt?"

"Not a bit, thanks." Then turning round: "Is the snow out of my hair?"

It seemed to take a long time to decide this, but at last Captain Woolcombe, after pointing out several minute specks, which the lady removed with all gravity, announced that he could see no more.

"What a lot must have got in!" said Miss Raymond.

"Oh, a tremendous lot!"

"And I'm all tidy now?"

"You are perfection. Why," suddenly looking up, "I declare if there isn't Cicely, and Mrs Beaufort, and Harry Jocelyn! Oh, I quite forgot to tell you he and Cicely are engaged."

The trio now came up.

"Oh, Minory!" cried out Mrs Beaufort, warmly kissing Miss Raymond. "How glad I am to see you, child! Let me look at you. Why, you are grown out of all knowledge."

"Dear Kate, think of the years it is since we met."

"Of course—I forget. My dear-

est girl, what a dreadful time you must have had of it!"

"Captain Woolcombe has been so very kind to me," said Miss Raymond, with much feeling, to Cicely, who was now introduced to her. "I cannot tell you all his thoughtful care has done for me. I fear I have been a great burden to him."

"Well, we have you now," broke in Mrs Beaufort. "Do you know, we sent the brougham for you last night, and it got perfectly engulfed in a drift, and the coachman had to take the horse out and leave it. They have gone now to see if it can be dragged home. What you must have gone through on such a night! We were in perfect despair about you."

"Pray, don't commiserate me. Captain Woolcombe came to my aid, like a knight of romance; and indeed," she added, as she went on alone with Mrs Beaufort, "you cannot imagine all the trouble he took to secure my comfort."

"Just like him. He is a dear, good fellow, and I believe is perfectly adored in his regiment. And now to get you home as soon as possible."

"Yes; but all my things are at the station, except what the men are carrying."

"We sent for them, my dear. We fully intended to get you over somehow. We have the house full of people, and we must do our best to amuse ourselves. You don't know the Manor House?"

"My dear Kate, I've never been here before in my life."

"I quite forgot. Well, we had to suddenly leave the Hall. The smells were something too dreadful. The Manor House is my brother's place, and I act as hostess. Jack Woolcombe's sister,

that nice girl behind, is engaged to him. Is it not jolly that we shall keep her close to us?"

And so they chatted on; and reaching the Manor House without further mishap, Miss Raymond was shown into a very charming room, where, to her delight, her boxes had been already conveyed.

Coming down-stairs just before lunch, she met Captain Woolcombe for an instant.

"Why would you not tell me your name, Miss Raymond?" he asked, reproachfully. "I would rather have heard it from you."

"How could I tell that?" she murmured. "And besides," with more confidence, "it's such an absurd name."

"Indeed it is not," he rejoined. "It's the quaintest name I ever heard."

"Is it? I don't know that," she doubtfully answered. "But you see it's the only one I've got, so I have to make the best of it."

Just then Cicely Woolcombe, quite unaware any one was in the room, came in humming in an audible tone the old rhyme—

*"I'll tell you a story
Of Jack and Minory;"*

—and then, perceiving her brother and his late guest, she ran out again precipitately.

Miss Raymond turned aside to conceal her confusion.

"Well, it's perfectly true, Miss Raymond, that she now can tell a story of Jack and—and Minory."

"What story?" asked the girl in a nervous tremor.

But here, to her great relief, a crowd of people came streaming into the room, and the colloquy, to Woolcombe's evident chagrin and to Minory's intense relief, was broken off.

CHAPTER V.

The Manor House was filled with guests. The home party was in itself a large one, consisting of the Beauforts, *père et femme* (Tom and Kate); Mrs Beaufort's brother, Harry Jocelyn, the owner of the property; their brother Dick, a youngster just on the eve of going to Woolwich; with two of the Beauforts' children—Maud, aged about six, and a small boy. Then there is Harry Jocelyn's *fiancée*, Cicely Woolcombe, and her two brothers, Jack and Trevor, the last having turned up on Christmas night. In addition, we have to add to the count Sir Piers and Lady Gore; a pretty widow, Mrs Evesham; Miss Raymond and two Miss Mashams; a Major Clayton, and two subalterns from the garrison town, completing the circle, some being the guests of Jocelyn, and the remainder having flitted over from the Hall.

The snow still lay on the ground, but the weather was fine and the air clear and brisk; and as the ice on the Long Pond was bearing beautifully, the greater part of each day was spent in skating, while the nights were devoted to such amusements as the whim of the moment brought about.

Somehow Woolcombe could seldom manage, in a house so full of people, to get more than a few minutes alone with Minory; and over and over again, when he thought he had secured her for himself, there would be an inrush of children or of some of the party in the house.

He managed to be with her as much as possible on the ice, though, as she skated very well, and skating was an accomplishment he had never gone in for, they were of necessity soon separated, Miss

Raymond being swept off by the crowd of eager aspirants for the honour of her hand as she flew along through the frosty air.

On the fourth day of her stay, however, Minory, shaking herself free from the others, found herself close to poor Jack, who was indeed making but very slow headway. He was feeling depressed—in fact, had shown he was so all day; and the girl reproaching herself for having appeared to desert him, though this she had never intended, came from behind and softly mentioned his name.

"Ah, you there!" he gladly made response, at once brightening up. "You see I can't get on at all." Then changing the subject: "I see so little of you now, with all these people about."

"Is it my fault?" she shyly made response. "Indeed I have not meant to treat you so badly—you to whom I owe so much."

"Owe me!"

"Yes. But let me help you. Now lean on my arm and strike out."

"My dear Miss Raymond, it is no good. I shall be down to a certainty, and bring you down too. No; I can't risk giving you a tumble."

"Then I'll tell you what I will do. You sit down on this chair, and I'll push you to the very end."

"If I agree, it is because it's the honest truth," he said, with a rueful visage. "I am so mortally tired with these infer—I mean, these vile skates, I can hardly stand."

"Of course you must be. Now, are you ready?"

"No; please wait a second. I'll just get rid of these things if I may. They are no good. Will you give me a minute's grace?"

"Of course."

Freeing himself from his skates, the two were soon skimming over the level surface; and laughing and talking, they were oblivious of everything beside them. It so happened, however, that Major Clayton and Mrs Evesham were similarly occupied, and were equally lost to a sense of their surroundings, and the rival pairs meeting at an angle, the result can be imagined. Major Clayton, who was steering the widow, caused the chair she was sitting on to collide with Minory's foot, sending her with tremendous force on the ice—Jack's chair, from the impetus, being upset, he, Clayton, and Mrs Evesham all rolling together in a confused heap. They got up none the worse for the encounter; but this was not poor Miss Raymond's case, for though she sat up, she did not attempt to rise. Woolcombe ran to her aid: "Let me help you."

"I fear," she said piteously, with a brave effort keeping down her tears, "I cannot rise."

"Good heavens!" in alarm, "you are not hurt?"

"I have twisted my foot, I think. Please, take off my skates."

He soon, and yet with great gentleness, removed them.

"Are you easier now?" he asked, in anxiety.

"I fear I cannot walk," she said, in a low voice, with the tears in her eyes.

Others now came round her, but Woolcombe was not going to give up his post of vantage, and

held her securely as he lifted her carefully from the ice.

"Rest entirely on me," he murmured; and then added aloud, "Bring that chair, Clayton, will you, like a good fellow! We must put Miss Raymond on it, and take her quietly to the shore. But no, that won't do, for her foot will be on the ground. I will carry her. May I?" he asked, leaning over the now nearly fainting girl.

"Whatever is best," she assented.

Woolcombe needed no more.

"She can't go on the chair. She's as light as a feather. I'll carry her."

"My dear fellow," said Sir Piers, "you can't possibly carry her all the way to the house."

"Can't I? I think you will find I can. Now," as he skilfully lifted her, "just steady me as we go over the ice. Not too fast, please, or I shall be stumbling."

Minory closed her eyes, and bore up as well as she could; and not a sound escaped her, though it was easy to see, by the tightening of her mouth every now and then, that she was suffering a good deal of torture.

When the doctor came he gave, on the whole, a favourable report. It was a mere strain, that with care would be quite well in a few days. For that night his patient had better keep quiet in her room; but if she was fit for it, she could come down on the morrow and venture on a sofa.

CHAPTER VI.

The next evening Minory felt so very much better that she pleaded with Mrs Beaufort to let her appear after dinner; and

when the men returned from the dining-room they found Miss Raymond the centre of a bright circle, reposing, as old Sir Piers gallantly

remarked, like a queen-regnant with her ladies-in-waiting in close attendance.

"Minory, you ought to be the Sleeping Princess," said little Maud Beaufort.

"I'd rather be the Waking Princess, dear, and be able to run about like you."

"No," returned the child, "that would not do. You know the Sleeping Princess lay just as you are, and then the Prince comes in and wakes her with a kiss."

"It's a pity we have not a Prince handy for you, dear," laughed Mrs Beaufort.

"Miss Raymond has only to choose," suggested Sir Piers. "Any of us here would gladly take the part of the Prince."

"But, as you see, Sir Piers," returned Minory, colouring, "I am not a Princess, and I am not asleep, and so the Prince here would be out of place."

Here she caught Jack's eye, he all the time having said nothing, and apparently not much relishing this sort of badinage.

"Are you wise to venture down?" he whispered, as he leant over to pick up her handkerchief.

"Yes, really, I am very much better," she said, in the same tone, thanking him with a grateful glance.

"Well, we must not mob you in this fashion," put in Cicely, always thoughtful for others. "Maudie, dear, come and show me the pictures you had for me."

This created a diversion, and the rest of the company kindly took the hint and dispersed, leaving Woolcombe and Miss Raymond alone.

"I am sure I am much obliged to my sister," said Jack. "She and you are great friends, I hope."

"The greatest. I love her exceedingly. But why," she demure-

ly asked, looking at him for a second, "are you grateful to her?"

"For drawing off the crowd," he promptly returned.

"But, indeed, they are all very kind."

"Including that old mummy, Gore,"—this sarcastically. "But who could be anything but kind to you? What I meant was——" and he stopped.

"Well, what was it?"

"It was—well—that—that now, I had you to myself."

"You must surely have had too much of that at the Heronry."

"I wish we were there again, all alone."

"It *was* very nice then," wistfully, and quite ignoring the dreadful impropriety of her stay there with a solitary bachelor.

"Wasn't it! And here, you see, there are such lots of people, I never get you alone. Do you know, I've been thinking over your name, Miss Raymond. It is a very pretty one."

"Suitable," she said, saucily, "for a plain girl."

"I don't know about that," he hotly rejoined. "I know it's very suitable for you."

Half rising on her elbow, and fixing on him a piercing glance, under which he quailed—"Captain Woolcombe, did you not say it would set off a plain girl?"

"So I did," beginning to get a little uncomfortable, "and I say it again; and, *par consequence*, how much more must it set off a lovely girl!"

"Why, you distinctly said you couldn't imagine—yes, *those were your very words*—a pretty girl going about with such a name."

"No; did I really?" showing signs of complete defeat. "I never could have said that."

"Yes, you did, though."

"Well, it shows," he stammered in confusion, "how little I knew about it."

"Why, what more do you know about it now, sir?"

"I know you—and—and——"

"Hush! you are going to pay me compliments."

"Never! I was going to tell you the real honest truth. But let me know how you came by your name."

"Did you ever hear of a place called Minory?"

"No."

"Well, there is such a village, and it so happens I was born there. It is quite close to Amalfi."

"I'll look it out in the map."

"I doubt if you will find it, as it hardly ranks as a town. However, there I was born, and I took my name from the place."

"How very interesting! But it's my luck over again. Here's Dick!"

"Yes, here's Dick," said that young scapegrace, sauntering up, not in the least aware how little he was wanted. "I'm come to relieve guard. Kate wants to see you—at least she did ten minutes ago—about to-morrow."

"What about to-morrow?"

"Oh, I don't know. She'll tell you."

There was no help for it, and Woolcombe had to retreat, to his disgust—finding out, after all, that Dick had mistaken his message, and that Mrs Beaufort had referred to some one else. That night Woolcombe only caught a hurried word or two with Miss Raymond before she was carried away, but the bright smile she gave him, and the cordial clasp of her little hand, sent him into the smoking-room in a delightful frame of mind, with all the pleasures of anticipation as to what the coming hours might bring forth. The next day broke with

heavy rain, and, to the delight of the men, there was, with the break up of the frost, every prospect of a good time for hunting. But the day itself was hopeless: the state of the roads, to say nothing of the continued showers, kept all but the most enterprising indoors; and as the dull, dark, and cheerless evening fell, the party found themselves assembled in the drawing-room over afternoon tea, with the gloom only broken by the bright flickering of the fire, which leapt and sparkled on the hearth.

The several inmates of the Manor House had grouped themselves around Mrs Beaufort, and the cravings for refreshment having subsided, the question arose as to what was now to be done.

"Well, for one thing," cried out Dick, "we ought all to be here."

"So we are, are we not?" asked Mrs Beaufort.

"Not a bit of it," responded Dick, who was reposing on the easiest chair in the room, with his arms behind his head.

"You disgracefully lazy boy, sit up and tell us who the defaulters are," commanded Cicely.

"I don't see Trevor and Enid."

"You rude boy! what right have you to call Miss Masham Enid?" asked Mrs Beaufort.

"She asked me to—didn't she, Grace?" to the younger Miss Masham.

"Upon my word, Dick, you are highly favoured," said Jack, laughing.

"Oh, she calls me Dick, so it's all square."

"Rather a one-sided bargain, Master Dick," said Beaufort. "But here are the delinquents."

And as he spoke, Trevor Woolcombe and the eldest Miss Masham sauntered in, in the most unconcerned way.

"Why, where have you been,

Enid dear—the tea must be quite cold?" asked Mrs Beaufort.

"Thanks, dear—I like it cold. Mr Woolcombe was showing me a stroke in the billiard-room."

"A jolly light to see strokes by," yawned Dick.

"You incorrigible little villain," from Harry Jocelyn *sotto voce*; "can't you let people enjoy themselves their own way?" Then aloud—"It so happens," he pronounced oracularly, "there are some strokes at billiards that always come off best when there's not too much light."

"True for you, old man," said Trevor good-naturedly, laughing. "Pitch that fellow Dick over the arm of the chair, and make him shut up."

Here a diversion was made by Mrs Evesham saying that, as they were all present, it now had to be decided what they should do. Dancing was vetoed, because Minory could only just manage to hobble; charades were thought slow; and dumb crambo would not do, for there was not enough audience.

Lights were just then brought in, and something like a redistribution of places took place as the tea things were taken away. Mrs Beaufort, however, sat considering, twisting her rings off and on her fingers.

"I call you all to witness," called out Tom Beaufort, "that if Kate persists in playing with her rings, and taking them off as she does, she'll some day lose them."

"Nonsense, dear! I never lose them. There, see! I take them all off."

"What! even your wedding-ring?" asked Mrs Evesham in horror.

"Even so. Look here! there's the lot!" and she gave the sparkling brilliants a little toss in the air, but somehow missed the catch, and two rings fell to the ground.

There was an instant search, but only one of the two that had dropped was recovered.

"Oh dear!" cried Mrs Beaufort, in real distress, "how foolish of me! The one missing is my wedding-ring."

There was a renewed effort made, and wanderers went all over the carpet, but the ring was not forthcoming, and presumably it had rolled into some remote corner.

"No, please don't search any more," said Mrs Beaufort, colouring, however, with annoyance at her peculiar loss. "It's very aggravating, but I've only myself to blame. Before we go up to dinner we can have another look."

"The very thing," said Dick; "the word search made me think of it. Look here! let's have the thought game."

"But how is it done?" asked some one.

"Oh, easy enough. You place something somewhere, and then the searcher has to look for it."

"Rather vague. Why, how ever can he find it?" demanded Jack.

"Oh, easily," answered Dick. "We'll hide a thing and blind-fold you, and I'll bet you find it."

"Of course, if you take him up to it," said Trevor.

"I'm not going to take him up to it. I merely go with him to prevent his tumbling over the chairs. You'll see it's all fair."

"But," protested Jack, "I must see what it is I am to find."

"Of course. Look here! there's this bit of string. You see it?"

"I can venture so much. Yes, I see it."

"Then we will now blind your eyes. Some one tie a handkerchief tight round his head."

This operation being performed, Woolcombe was turned round three times, and stood motionless, while

Dick went very gently up to Minory with the string in his hand, which, as he had explained, was tied round a shilling to steady it, and placed this in her left hand, with explicit instructions she was not to open it, or the whole charm would be lost.

No one in the room had seen the sort of thing before, so Dick was allowed his own way, and Minory promised implicit obedience. Woolcombe was then led about, and Dick, pretending to let him guide himself, after several feints in various corners, at last brought his victim up to Miss Raymond. The excitement now became great, and Dick, to control his emotions, was obliged at this juncture to force his handkerchief into his mouth. By judiciously moving Jack about, he made him at last actually touch Minory's left hand, and at once declaring he had succeeded in his search, took the bandage from his eyes, and told him to remove what he had found.

Captain Woolcombe gravely, before the eyes of the multitude, unravelled the string, and lo and behold, instead of a shilling there was a wedding-ring!

The risible faculties of the audience could not be restrained, but Miss Raymond coloured perceptibly, and Jack bit his moustache, looking round with indignation after Dick, who had, however, swiftly taken himself off.

"That wretch Dick! It's my wedding-ring, of course," said Mrs Beaufort. "It really is too bad."

But the absurdity of the position presently occurred just as much to the chief actors in it as it did to the others, and they heartily joined in the laugh.

"I'll trounce Master Dick when I catch him again," said Jack, *sotto voce*, and with some graveness, to Minory.

"Please no," she pleaded. "He is a mere boy. Take no notice." Then turning to Mrs Beaufort—"Well, dear, you have your ring?"

"Yes," responded Mrs Beaufort, firmly holding it on its proper place with the fingers of the other hand, and regarding her newly found treasure with high regard.

"I thought I saw Dick fumbling about on the carpet," remarked Trevor Woolcombe, "when we were looking for the ring. Of course he secreted it then. I must say it is to his credit to have gone through the performance so admirably."

"Yes; and fancy his taking us all in with his thought-reading," laughed old Lady Gore.

"Well," said Tom Beaufort, "if my wife only learns now the folly of playing with her rings, there'll have been something gained. But I think it's time for us all to be off, and there's the dressing-bell!"

As Jack, lingering behind the others, leant, considering, against the old mantel-shelf, his brother Trevor came up to him, and, caressingly placing his hand on his shoulder, softly repeated the old rhyme—

*"I'll tell you a story
Of Jack and Minory,
And now my story's begun."*

Then Jack, promptly catching him by the waist, laughed, and continued the ballad—

*"I'll tell you another
Of Jack and his brother,
And now my story's done."*

"I think, dear boy, you have arranged your little affair?"

"Yes, old man; you and I are in the same boat. Wish me joy. Enid has consented to be mine."

"All luck to you, my dearest fellow. May similar good fortune be in store for me!"

"Of course it is."

"I wish I could be certain of that," returned the elder brother, somewhat wistfully. "Until I

can settle it one way or the other, I hardly know what I am about. But come; we must go and dress.

CHAPTER VII.

That evening Cicely brought up the repentant Dick to Jack, and under her powerful protection his pardon was of course assured. At first, however, Woolcombe did not feel much inclined to be lenient.

"You see, Cicely, it's not me who has to be considered—it is Miss Raymond," he added, stiffly.

"She has, I assure you, quite forgiven him," replied his sister, eagerly. "Now do be good-natured. Dick did a silly thing, but"—in a lower tone—"he is only a boy, Jack, and you must make excuses."

"All right," said Jack, all his bad humour vanishing, and good-temperedly giving Dick a slight shake, with his hands on the lad's shoulder; "we'll say no more about it. But you will allow me to remark that such very personal jokes are not always pleasant to the victims."

"Yes, it was wrong," allowed Dick, somewhat abashed. "I didn't stop to think, but really I meant no harm."

"Of course you didn't. And, of course, if Miss Raymond has forgiven you, I'm helpless."

"Of course," replied Dick, with a gleam of fun in his eye. And he made himself scarce, glad to get so well out of the difficulty.

"He is incorrigible," said Jack, laughing in spite of himself.

"It's very nice of you to be so good-natured, Jack. I hope he has done no mischief. She is such a dear, sweet girl," she added, gently.

"It's just possible he may have done a very great deal," was her brother's moody reply.

"I really do not think so. I should say to the contrary."

"Well, you ought to know best. I trust you are right," he doubtfully put in.

"The rest remains with you."

"What rest?" he asked.

"Until you ask her whether she cares for you, she can't very well decide one way or the other."

"It's easy—well, I don't know about that——"

"What is easy?"

"I was going to say, to offer. Man proposes, and the lady sometimes objects."

"I think you need not be cast down. She is a most sweet darling; and, I believe," with a bright smile and a nod to him, "you are not absolutely indifferent to her."

"If I could only be sure of that. Would she were mine!"

To this his sister made reply—

*"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who fails to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."*

"Ah, Cicely! that's just it. Suppose it was to lose it all!"

"See!" said his sister, quickly; "now's your opportunity. She has gone into the library for a book. Go and plead with her now. I'll take care no one comes in."

"What a dear girl you are! It's a chance I may not have again."

"Come!" drawing him to her. "All good fortune attend you."

Brother and sister leisurely walked across the room; and Cicely turned at the library, which led out of the drawing-room, and closed the door.

Minory had not heard Jack

enter. She was able to move about by herself, though unfit for active exercise, and was now standing looking up at the shelves. He came close to her, and she, seeing him alone, started; and for a second the colour faded from her cheek—for intuitively she felt the crisis in her life had arrived. But she controlled herself at once.

"You are come to help me to find——"

"No. I came to ask you to help me;" and he hesitated.

"Command me, Sir Knight; what can I do?" she said, with a poor attempt at unconcern.

"Darling! I cannot keep it to myself." He was now standing close to her, eagerly taking her two hands in his, where they remained trembling in his firm grasp. "I love you, sweet Minory, with all my heart. It went out to you from the first moment I saw you."

"Really and truly?" shyly looking at him.

"Most really and most truly. Oh, sweet heart, say you will be my wife!" bending down as he pleaded towards her, as if to give emphasis to his entreaty. She did not answer in words; but the soft and happy glance from her true and tender eyes assured him the victory was won; and he held his prize in his arms.

"Now, my own love, I shall repair Master Dick's mischief. One ring I took from you to-night; but soon another shall find its way to this dear finger."

"So you like the name of Minory now, Captain Woolcombe?" she asked, with an enchanting shyness, and in no way attempting to free herself from her lover's embrace.

"Like it! I adore it. But won't you call me Jack?"

"Jack!" as if learning a pleasant lesson. "What all the fellows

call you! You see, I recollect, sir, what you told me," laughing gaily. "But you are my Jack now."

"Yours for ever. And yet I feared to speak to you."

"Would you not like to put it off for a week or two?" she demanded, with much gravity, half drawing herself from him, and looking mischievously at him as her two hands rested on his shoulders.

"Thank God, that can't be now! Why, I should not love you any better then."

"What a shocking confession!"

"Not a bit of it; for I can't possibly love you any better than I do now."

"Well, I suppose I must submit"—making a pretty little *moue*.

"Of course you must. There's no help for it. It's only what was to be. It was foretold in the old rhyme—

*'I'll tell you a story
Of Jack and Minory,
And now my story's begun.'*

And now our story has begun. I know I shall always bless the winter snow, for that brought me, my own love, to know you."

"Dear Jack——" she hesitated.

"Yes, you must call me by my name. Tell me in words that you care for me."

"What are words?" she gravely replied. "But if you wish, I will. I love you," she simply said, holding up her mouth to be kissed. "Will that content you?"

What need to record any answer?

And here we may bid adieu to the two who have vowed to be all in all to each other along life's dusty pilgrimage, which indeed were but a sorrowful passage were it not lighted up by the faith of man and the love of woman.

“LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT,” LATINE REDDITUM.

“Tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis Tu mihi turba locis.”

—ALBII TIBULLI Eleg. IV. xiii. 11, 12.

ALMÂ Luce semper duce,

Adsis comes, fautor, Deus !

Nox nigrescit ; via crescit ;

Adsis tamen, fautor meus.

Pro amore Tuo rege pedes meas, Tuâ lege :

Haud excelsior adspiro : solum ducem Te requiro.

Sicut olim esse nolim,

Cum nec amor eras meus :

Nunc casurus, sum dicturus,—

“Adsis semper, fautor, Deus !”

Tunc amabam mundi lumen, male timens Tuum Numen :

Tu ne memor sis ætatis actæ :—solvar a peccatis !

Semper Cruce viæ duce,

Sis per dura fautor, Deus !

Donec, duce Tecum, luce

Plenâ surgat dies meus,

Qualis præbeat redemptas formas Morte jam peremptas,—

Cœlitum subrisu gratas,—olim, heu ! desideratas.

J. P. M.

IN THE HEART OF AFGHANISTAN.

AMONG those countries that have been most niggard in exposing themselves to foreign observation, Afghanistan has always held a first place. Not less exclusive than the Tibetans, and as suspicious of the intrusion of foreigners as the Chinese, the Afghans have succeeded in closing their frontiers against the ordinary traveller, and in frustrating attempts to obtain a closer intimacy with themselves and their country. It is only when some international difficulty arises, resulting in an embassy, a boundary commission, or a campaign, that Afghanistan and the Afghans are brought under the eye of the stranger. It may seem strange that, considering the intercourse which the Government of India has carried on with the rulers of Cabul since the days of Zemaun Shah, and the embassies and commissions which have been sent across the north-west frontier, not to speak of the four campaigns we have carried on inside the country, we should still know so little about the greater part of the Afghan territory. This defect, however, is easily explained. The Afghans have always taken good care that neither our envoys nor our boundary commissioners should be allowed to spy out the nakedness of the land any further than was necessary for the accomplishment of the task which they had in hand; and soldiers on the march, in bivouac, or in the field, have something more important to think of than of taking topographical and ethnological notes. Moreover, the

Government of India has always, to avoid complications and responsibility, done its best to discourage Englishmen from seeking to penetrate beyond the frontier, even when it has not explicitly forbidden them to intrude on the Ameer's territory.

These are the reasons that have hitherto prevented us from having good and thorough descriptions of the interior of the Afghan territory. When he looks over the information available about the country that has been gathered at first hand, the reader will not take long to exhaust it. Elphinstone's 'Cabul,' though written sixty years ago, is still a valuable though limited record. Vigne gave both a graphic and accurate description of the districts through which he travelled, but his steps were confined to the Kandahar country, and the valleys lying by the Ghuzni road to Cabul. Ferrier traversed a considerable portion of Western Afghanistan and of the regions which the operations of the Boundary Commission have recently made us familiar with, and his book is still of some political and geographical value. Coming nearer our own time, Bellew and Goldsmid have both contributed interesting though partial details to the sum of our information; but the circumstances under which both of these officers visited the country were unfavourable to the acquisition of general information. Among the crowd of books which the late Afghan campaigns called forth, few served other purpose

England and Russia Face to Face in Asia. Travels with the Afghan Boundary Commission. By Lieutenant A. C. Yate, Bombay Staff Corps. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1887.

than to gratify the demand of the hour, and the most noteworthy of these have not been made available for English readers. Grodekoff's account of General Stolietoff's imprudent mission to Ameer Shere Ali is a reliable and intelligent survey of the routes followed by the Russian envoy and his officers, though his views of the feelings of the Afghan and Turkoman clans towards Cabul rule and the British alliance must be taken with all due reservations. Even the best review of the late wars that we have met with comes from a foreign critic, M. G. le Marchand, whose 'Campagne' and 'Deuxième Campagne des Anglais dans l'Afghanistan' do not seem to have attracted sufficient attention among military circles in this country to invite a translator.

The last contribution to our acquaintance with Afghanistan and the Afghans is in every respect the most important that has appeared since the works of Vigne and Ferrier, and opens up to the light of western day some of the hitherto most obscure corners of the Ameer's territory. Important as was the immediate object of the Afghan Frontier Commission—the most important step that has yet been taken in the Central Asian question—the indirect results of its march through the heart of Afghanistan were not less serviceable. In addition to the officers who were charged with military and political functions, it was accompanied by others who were specially detailed for the work of exploration and survey, and for archaeological and scientific examination, and by a few "specials" whose task was to see everything that could be seen, and to note every fact that might be of present or future interest. Lieutenant Yate belonged to this

last section; and it is on his letters sent to the 'Pioneer,' a leading Anglo-Indian journal, and to the 'Daily Telegraph,' that the book now before us has been based. Mr Yate's first duty was accordingly to make use of his eyes—although we not unfrequently find him pressed into the service when there was work to be done and too few officers to accomplish it; and his narrative of the travels of the Commission bears excellent testimony to his competence as an observer as well as to his indefatigability as an investigator. He has given us minute as well as full descriptions of the country through which the Commission passed; he has made us acquainted with the character and habits of tribes, regarding whom we previously knew little more than the name; and he has discussed the military and political contingencies connected with the future of Afghanistan so frankly, that there can no longer be any excuse for the bewilderment and uncertainty with which we have hitherto been wont to regard the progress of events on the Ameer's north-western frontier.

The Commission had indeed facilities for acquiring information which no individual or body of Europeans ever previously enjoyed. They carried with them the goodwill of the Ameer; they received assistance from his representatives—not always, however, to the extent they had a right to expect; and as they were paying their way in the princely fashion which is characteristic of the "Sirkar Angrezi" when dealing with all except its own officials, they were welcomed by all classes of the Afghans with whom they came in contact. Along the line of march officers were constantly scouting out, exploring, surveying, map-

making; while Lieutenant Yate and his brother "specials" were sedulously interviewing all the chiefs and men of intelligence upon whom they could lay hands. Thus one great result of the Boundary Commission—in fact, we believe, the greatest practical result that it has achieved—has been, that we have now obtained a thorough knowledge of the country between the Helmund and Herat; that we have acquainted ourselves with its roads, its passes, its tactical advantages and disadvantages for defence against an invading force; that we have corrected our previous maps to a degree which must approximate more or less to strict accuracy; and that our Intelligence Department in India is now on equal footing with the Russians, who have so long made a close study of the topography of these regions.

We do not propose to follow the Commission step by step in the march so fully detailed in Lieutenant Yate's interesting narrative. We must content ourselves with noting some of the points of immediate or future interest which his volume presents. The first section of the journey from Quetta to the Helmund extended over a country with which most of our readers, it may be presumed, have been made more or less familiar by recent events. As Mr Yate observes, "every one knows South Afghanistan and its valleys, mountains, torrent-beds, and flies." From Quetta the route ran west by south, changing when Nushki was reached to a generally western course as far as the Helmund. The surrounding country is bare, wormwood scrub affording almost the only fuel. Round the villages, willows, apricots, and mulberries are grown. Meadows, like little oases, are met with

amid the barren hills and unfruitful plains; but even of these meadows the agricultural value does not appear to be great, for we read that the grass that grows on one of them, Singbur-Chaman, is of such a tough spiny character that "a dog runs over it like a bear on hot irons." Yet horses eat it readily. Another march within the same section, from Singbur-Chaman to Khaisar, is "over hill and dale and stone-strewn torrent beds, shut in by bleak hills dotted here and there with a stunted tree that tends only to bring out the general barrenness in stronger relief."

Nor from Nushki to the Helmund was the route rendered more inviting by the natural features of the country. The southern bank of the Helmund is skirted by a belt of desert some fifty miles in breadth, with but few villages, and fewer wells.

"To the right and left," says Lieutenant Yate, "the road is bounded by the Registan—i.e., sandy desert—more especially to the right, in which direction the Registan stretches away to Shorawak, Kandahar, and Girishk. Year by year this vast mass of loose sand is moved steadily, presumably by the action of wind alone, to the north-east; and some persons of a scientific bent have even gone so far as to gauge the rate of annual progress, and calculate in how many thousands of years the now smiling valley of the Arghandab will be a howling wilderness—a 'burnt-out hell,' as it has been graphically termed. Ordinary mortals, however, I have noticed, do not evince any strong interest in the eocene period of the future; let us, then, leave the future of the earth's crust to itself, and to those who make it their special study. The last 50 or 60 miles of the desert to the Helmund is in local parlance known as the 'Lut,' and consists in the main of black gravel, whence no drop of water is known to issue."

But sterile as this part of the country is, there is nothing monotonous in Lieutenant Yate's account of the march of the Commission, which abounds in incident, and affords us an interesting picture of the Beluch clans and their villages. Azad Khan of Kharan is the most powerful chief in the region: a venerable Sirdar, close upon a hundred years of age, who in his day, according to the boast of his people, could bend and unbend with his hands "four horse-shoes clamped the one above the other, with the ease with which most men could bend a pliant cane"—a feat surpassing even the wonderful stories which have been related of the manual strength of Count Orloff. Living between the Ameer and the Khan of Khelat, Azad Khan is practically an independent chief, though at one time a pensioner of Cabul. At present he is at feud with the Khan of Khelat, and denies all jurisdiction to the Ameer south of the Helmund. He now professes an allegiance to the Indian Government, which, however, from his situation and circumstances, is of little political value. Indeed it is not until the Helmund has been crossed that Lieutenant Yate's narrative begins to be pregnant with political interest.

The Helmund was reached at Khwaja Ali, and from that point the record of the Commission acquires fresh novelty and importance. Lieutenant Yate states that no European except Khanikoff had ever before set foot on the route which now lay before the Commission, and that the rapid movements of the Russian had precluded accurate observation. Ferrier, however, had explored the regions through which the expedition had to pass; and though the two routes sometimes

intersect, yet Lieutenant Yate's narrative has in its fulness of detail and its wide range of facts completely superseded the information of the elder traveller.

Starting from Khwaja Ali, the Commission followed the course of the Helmund, which is shut in by sandy banks and fringed by jungle of tamarisk, interspersed with poplar and willow clumps. There were no signs of cultivation and no villages, the nearest hamlet to Khwaja Ali being eight miles off; and an occasional ruined fort was the only break in the monotony of the waste track. At Kalah-i-fath the archæologists of the Commission would have found congenial work had they only had more time to prosecute their researches. The country round this townlet is a very labyrinth of ruins of various stages of antiquity. No reliable date can be fixed for the building or the decay of the ruined forts, towns, and mosques which are met with in this locality in marvellous profusion, and which point to a past prosperity surely again realisable under a civilised and stable Government. That Western Afghanistan was much more prosperous and populated than it has been within the era of our own acquaintance with the country, is as unquestionable as that its present desolation was brought about by the invading hordes which, one after another, swept across the country on their way to Hindustan; but the sources of that prosperity have baffled historical research. The land, Lieutenant Yate tells us, could not have supported a population large enough to leave such traces behind it; and their food must to a great extent have been imported.

"Besides the resources of the Helmund valley from Girishk to the Seistan Hamun, the food-supplies of

the valleys of the Arghandab, Tarnak, and Arghasan, and of the whole of Seistan, would be available, irrespective of more distant sources of supply; and in addition to the local manufactures which must have given employ to the non-agricultural portion of this vast population, the manufacturing towns of Yezd, Kirman, and Birjand, not to mention Ispahan and Shiraz, were easily accessible. Did the people of former times utilise the Helmund as a trade-route?"

There is, however, no navigation on the Helmund, though there is apparently sufficient depth of water for boats of a limited draught which might be towed against stream. On the first impulse one is tempted to exclaim against the short-sightedness of the Cabul Government, for not making an effort to restore this tract to something approaching to its ancient well-being. But reflection suggests the doubt whether it would be to our own interest that a probable line of invasion should be furnished with those supplies and means of assistance which had probably aided Tamerlane in his march through the same country, and which he probably repaid by leaving behind him the desert which now presents itself to the eye of the traveller. Not that the banks of the Helmund are a desert in the strict sense of the term. Wheat, barley, pulses, and cotton are produced; but there are extensive areas bearing nothing but tamarisk and camel-thorn, which only require cultivation to be made arable. It may be noted that as the Helmund is descended the fruit-trees grow fewer in number, thus showing that other food is not so scarce as in the desert villages on its upper waters.

North of Kalah-i-fath, and as far as Deh-i-Kamran, some distance north of the Seistan Bund, the route presented nothing remark-

able to the observers of the Commission. Near Deh-i-Kamran is Kalah-i-kang, a circular fort of some local importance, which was being strengthened, and is garrisoned by a considerable force of Afghans. Chakansur, eight miles to the north, is the military headquarters of the district; and Burj-i-asp, where the road from Nasirabad in Persian territory crosses the Helmund, is also held by an Afghan detachment. "This route," says Mr Yate, "is one of strategical importance, as from Chakansur it continues *via* Khash to Girishk." Should water, as appears possible, be found on this road, its security would certainly be a matter of the first importance both to the Ameer and to the Government of India, as it offers a more direct route from Herat to Kandahar than by the Helmund valley, of which the water supply is its principal recommendation.

From Kalah-i-kang the march was over a plateau of gravel and sandstone until the basin of the Farah Rud was reached, where the twin forts of Lash Juwain occupy positions of much military importance. Juwain is a rectangle, each wall being from 300 to 400 yards long, with bastions at each angle, and at intervals of about 100 yards on each face. It is built on a slight natural eminence, and its walls are of unusual height and solidity. It has never been captured, although the garrison which held it for Ayub Khan surrendered to the present Ameer to avoid starvation. Lash, two or three miles from Juwain, stands on a high bluff overhanging the right bank of the Farah Rud. The importance of the position may be inferred from the fact that five highroads—two from the Afghan and three from the Persian side—pass by Lash Juwain. As a defence

against an inroad from Persia, Lash Juwain ought to be maintained in a high state of defence; but Lieutenant Yate describes the forts as in an indifferent state of repair, and as useless against artillery. If fortified to the extent which their natural advantages would seem to deserve, and garrisoned by a strong force, no enemy would be able to march along the Farah-Giriskh route without either reducing or masking Lash Juwain. Lash, when Ferrier visited it, was surrounded by three lines of defence, connected by towers and protected by ditches, and he considers that it would with difficulty be reduced even by a European siege-train. But with the diminution of danger from Persia, the fortifications have naturally been allowed to fall into disrepair. A position, however, of such primary importance deserves to be made the most of, and the Government of India ought to bring influence to bear upon the Ameer to have Lash Juwain put into a thoroughly defensible condition.

Leaving the vicinity of Lash Juwain and the valley of the Farah Rud, the Commission advanced northward over a gravelly plain to the Kush Rud, the "dry river-bed," and entered the Herat district a little to the north of Kain. At Zehkin, still further north, the black camel-hair tents of the Aimak nomads were first visible. These Aimaks must not be confounded with the very numerous and powerful group of clans in the vicinity of Herat itself, who are known by the name of the Chahar Aimaks. The Aimaks south of the Du-shakh range are a nondescript mixture of Nurzais, Alizais, and Parsiwans, husbandmen and shepherds for the most part.

Pahra, one of the villages where the Commission halted, about 20

miles distant from Herat, presents a curious picture, although we believe one not so uncommon to the north of the Paropamisus. Lieutenant Yates describes it as a quadrangular nest of domes. "Imagine," he says, "several hundred of small mud domes closely girt around by four solid walls of mud or brick mud. . . . The centre quadrangular area of domes appeared to be composed of a number of smaller quadrangles of domes; and it seems not unreasonable to suppose that one or more of these lesser quadrangles or quarters would be assigned to the several races and tribes of which the population is composed." The village lands lie round about the settlement, covering an area of some five or six square miles.

It would have been interesting to have learned the customs that regulate a village community, that is apparently composed of many different clans, but which may be inferred to be prosperous from the extent of its tillage. From a Pigsaw hill-top in the vicinity of Pahra, Lieutenant Yate, with the aid of powerful binoculars, obtained a distant view of Herat, which the Commission as a body were not, to their mortification, to visit. As not long ago we published a description of the city, by one of the fortunate few who were permitted to set foot inside the walls, we need not refer to the information regarding Herat which Lieutenant Yate has taken pains to amass. By Zindajan and Rauzanak, passing on the left the ruined fortress of Ghorian, which Yar Mahomed destroyed in 1843 to curry favour with the Shah, or more probably in return for a direct bribe, the route of the Commission led up to Kuhsan, the station where the preparations for its special work was to commence. Lieutenant Yate

found Kuhsan as Mr Ferrier had found it, "a mass of ruins, of tumble-down walls, the only conspicuous thing about it being a strong fort with a high wall, and a deep broad moat full of water." In the forty years that have intervened between the visits of the two travellers, Kuhsan has, however, been built and rebuilt, the last desolation having been wrought not longer than two years ago by the Turkoman raiders. Even in Ferrier's time the fortune of the town seems to have been restoration followed by speedy destruction, in steady succession. The name of Kuhsan recalls the memory of the almost total destruction of Ahmed Shah Suddozye in 1752 at Kafir-Kalah near by, and the recollection will probably have suggested to the Commission an anticipation of the climatic experiences on which they were now entering.

Sir Peter Lumsden joined the camp at Kuhsan on 19th September 1884, and its members were speedily dispersed over Badkis, where the tug-of-war for territory was expected with the Russian Commissioners. Sir Peter, with the headquarters of the force, directed his course to Panjdeh, while Colonel Ridgeway, whose section Mr Yate accompanied, struck off at Tutuchi and made for Bala Murghab, *via* Kushk and Au-shara. At Bala Murghab the two parties united again, General Lumsden having made the round by Pul-i-khishti and Maruchak, while Major Holdich had surveyed the route. Lieutenant Yate's narrative shows us how thoroughly the Badkis region was surveyed, and how fatal to the pretensions of the Russian Commissioners was not merely the topographical and political evidence obtained, but the information elicited from the inhabitants of the country themselves.

Our space does not permit us to follow Mr Yate's account of the doings of the Commission in its winter-quarters at Bala Murghab, or of the hardships which its members had to endure during the rigorous winter of 1884-85—hardships which appear to have been borne with laudable pluck from the English officer down to the native camp-follower. The sepoys entered with ardour into the—to them—novel experience of snow-balling; there was pheasant and duck shooting; there was the Christmas dinner, at which venison had to take the place of the regulation, while the plum-pudding had come all the way from Teheran; there were scratch-races and native dances; but for all these the time hung heavily enough while waiting on the tardy movements of the Russian Commissioners. Lieutenant Yate was, however, able to utilise the time in collecting notes regarding the country and its inhabitants, of present interest and very probably of still greater future importance. He has been able to throw much light upon the Chahar Aimaks, regarding whom we have hitherto known less than about almost any of the tribes within Afghan territory. There are four divisions of the Chahar Aimak tribe, the Taimuris, Jamshidis, Firuzkuhis, and Taimanis, and the part which these clans may hereafter play in frontier complications must be a matter of anxiety to both the Ameer and ourselves. They are of a Persian stock in the main, speaking Persian, but holding the Sunni persuasion in religion. They hate alike the Afghan and the Turkoman. In their mode of living and their habits they are almost identical with the Turkomans, although they cannot strictly be called nomads. The Firuzkuhis,

whose territory lies to the Hari Rud and the Safid Kuh, and is shut in on the east and west by the Hazarajat and the Kalah-i-nau Hazaras, are the bravest of the Chahar Aimaks, and are estimated at 14,500 families. The most important section of the Firuzkuhis is under the rule of Fathullah Beg, an Achakzai, who can put 3000 horsemen into the field, and who is now in favour with the Ameer, though he formerly supported the rebellion of Ayub Khan. Gulran, a point important as lying in the centre of Badkis, and where a number of roads converge, as well as for its proximity to the new frontier, has quite recently been colonised by 250 families of Chahar Aimaks from Fathullah Beg's division of the tribe, while there are sections of the same stock settled in Maimena and other towns in Balkh.

About the Taimanis, whose possessions lie about the head-waters of the Farah Rud, we have less information; but they are set down at 10,000 families, which could turn out 10,000 horsemen. "In estimating the fighting power of all these tribes," says Lieutenant Yate, "it is customary to reckon only the horsemen, inasmuch as they alone are available for service out of their own country. No doubt every able-bodied man would aid in defence of his own village; and if ever the British Government were to desire to drill and discipline levies from the Aimak tribes, they would probably find them excellent material." The Ameer has already, with considerable success, converted numbers of the Chahar Aimaks—probably from Fathullah Beg's clan—into irregular troopers; but how faithful they would be likely to prove to their salt, in the event of their tribes throwing in their lot

with an enemy, it would be unsafe to predict. The Russians, however, have already begun a course of intrigue with the Chahar Aimaks, even while the Commission was still engaged in its work; and Lieutenant Yate is of opinion that "it is contrary to reason to expect that they will in any way aid the Afghans in the defence of Herat."

The headquarters of the Commission left Bala Murghab on 15th February, and marching by Maruchak, crossed into the valley of the Khushk and on to Gulran. It was here that the news of the engagement at Panjdeh reached the camp. We cannot follow Mr Yate through the very minute details which he gives of all the circumstances connected with this incident—details, however, which are quite excusable, considering that the event not merely placed the Commission in a most critical position, but brought two empires to the very verge of war. It is sufficient to say that the facts adduced by Mr Yate conclusively establish the treachery of the Russians, as well as the falsehood of the versions of the affair which they published. We prefer rather to quote the description of the storm of the 4th April, which overtook Sir Peter Lumsden while retiring from Gulran to Tirpul.

"When the Gulran party reached the mouth of the Au-safid Pass, they found it a swollen running stream, with a bed of soft mud into which horses, mules, and ponies sank deep and floundered. The horses of the cavalry could with difficulty struggle through it, so you may imagine how it affected the mules. The water was bitterly cold, the wind piercing; the laden animals kept floundering and falling—the drivers had to paddle about in the water, and soon became half paralysed with cold. When the top of the Au-safid Pass was reached by General Lumsden, the main body of the cavalry, and others, the wind,

irrespective of its bitterness, and the snow and sleet that accompanied it, was so powerful that it blew General Lumsden and his horse off the path down a steep bank. Fortunately neither was much the worse for it. It was, in fact, just all that man and horse could do to struggle against the violence of the wind. It was then proposed to halt and camp in the first sheltered spot come to. For some inexplicable reason it was decided to go on to Chashma-i-sabz. Had they camped in the Au-safid Pass many lives would have been saved. Starting from Gulran at 7.30, the cavalry reached Chashma-i-sabz early in the afternoon. Arrived there, they and all the officers, the native *attachés*, and others with them, found themselves without servants, without food, without tents, and nothing to drink but muddy water. Captain Heath and Lieutenant Wright started back with some sowars and ponies to bring in helpless stragglers. They went back three or four miles, and having then picked up as many men, utterly powerless and some dying, as the ponies could carry, they returned to camp. The men of the 11th Bengal Lancers behaved admirably throughout. A number of them came into camp almost paralysed with cold, and were tended and cared for by their comrades with the greatest kindness. Many men were seen to deprive themselves of the warm clothing they so much needed, to give it to their suffering fellow-soldiers. They had but one tent among them, and throughout the night, it is said, they took it turn about by tens at a time to sit in this tent. Sleep there was none, neither for officer nor man, except the sleep of death, and that was only vouchsafed to a few. That many natives prayed for it, I have little doubt. Britons are not so fond of death as all that. Such servants and syces as had come in were either prostrate and numbed—in fact, ‘crumpled up’—with cold, or, as it was graphically expressed, shivering and chattering idiots. After some search it was found that a few mules with tents had struggled in. Two or three of them were given to the sowars and Persian mule-drivers and *farrashes*, and in two small mountain-

battery tents a dozen officers huddled. For food they had half-a-dozen biscuits, a quarter-loaf of bread, and a small piece of tinned beef. That is all the food they tasted from 8 A.M. yesterday to 2 P.M. to-day. Any small quantity of wine and spirits that was available was reserved exclusively for the use of the exhausted and benumbed natives. The cold was intense, the floors of the tents were puddles, and the violent wind repeatedly drew the pegs. Almost every dog in camp died that night. Nine, it is said, took refuge in one of the officers' tents, thereby preserving their own lives and keeping their owners warm. As for those poor fellows who had no tents, they lay down anywhere in a *poshtin* blanket or a *nundah*, or in their ordinary clothing, and passed the night as best they could. The animals stood starving and shivering, saddled as they came in and without *jhools*, some wandering away in the night in search of food and getting lost. Those that were securely picketed turned their tails to the snow and biting blast; next morning their tails were a bunch of icicles. In the morning those poor fellows who had to pass the night in the open air were found covered with snow. General Lumsden was out at 5 A.M. on the 5th to see what could be done, both to aid and rescue stragglers, and succour those who had lain out all night in the cold. As one of the officers said, when they first went round in the early morning among the figures lying motionless on the ground, some silent, some moaning, they shuddered to think that half of them might be dead. General Lumsden did all in his power to assist and relieve the miserable natives. Subadar Mahomed Husain Khan managed to collect wood, light a fire, and make some tea. Here all in distress were welcome, and having had a warm and a cup of tea, retired in favour of the next batch. Three men were found dead in the morning, and many others were, it is feared, frost-bitten. Large numbers were missing, including some sowars. Many horses were found dead."

This was a terrible disaster to

the Commission, coming, as it did, at a time its fortunes appeared to have been reduced to the lowest ebb by the Russian infringement of the peace, and when all the strength and all the resources of the escort were so much needed to secure the general safety. During the month of April and the greater part of May, when the issues of peace and war were trembling in the balance, and while the controversy over the Panjdeh incident was threatening to cut away all possibility of an understanding between England and Russia, the Commission was indeed in a critical condition, and had little chance of making its way back to the Indian frontier had a declaration of war emanated from either side.

Lieutenant Yate paid a flying visit to Mashhad, and as he was obliged to return to India before the conclusion of the Commission's work, he left its members in Badkis, and made his way back to Bombay by the Persian frontier, the Caspian, Constantinople, and Egypt. But though he did not accompany the Commission to Balkh, he succeeded, while at Gulan, in amassing a variety of fresh and useful information regarding the country between the Oxus and the Paropamisus, which we are glad to hear is to be supplemented by another volume dealing specially with this part of the demarcation survey from the pen of a member of the Commission.

It is to the Balkh portion of the frontier that attention is chiefly at this moment directed, since its exact position has still to be settled by the negotiations which are at present pending between our Foreign Office and the Government of St Petersburg. And there is every reason to believe that Balkh will in the future be the favourite theatre of Russian

intrigue, if not the first scene of Russian aggression. Cut off as that province is from Cabul, for five months at least every year, the Ameer's authority is never very potent, and is not infrequently altogether repudiated by refractory chiefs. Even when we have fixed a boundary line to the Oxus, our difficulties will only have commenced. Russia will, with justice, demand the guarantee of a responsible power—either the Ameer or the British Government—for the preservation of good order on the Afghan side of the line; and how is such order to be secured? As we have said, Abdur Rahman Khan's power over his Balkh-Turkistan subjects is, at its best, but limited; the country is ruled, and its tribes influenced, by Khans who are ever intriguing and often rebelling—who, at the first difficulty with the Cabul *darbar*, or the Ameer's representative in the province, will create a diversion in their own favour by seeking Russian support, and to whom Russian roubles will be ever welcome. The Mirs of Maimena have always affected more or less independence of Cabul, have on several occasions resisted the Ameer's forces, and have for years been under the suspicion of having intrigued with the Russian Government of Turkistan. Now that Russia commands the ferries on the Oxus, and has a recognised position on the Balkh borders, her influence for fomenting mischief is redoubled. On her side of the frontier, guarded by military posts, she will be able to prevent the Turkomans from giving any cause of offence to the Ameer's subjects, except when it suits her policy to offer provocation—a game which she has hitherto played with signal success in Central Asia. Her great aim will be to find cause of offence on the

Afghan side; and considering the unruly character of the Balkh Uzbeks, there is every probability of her wishes being promptly gratified. The value of a frontier will only be half secured unless arrangements are made for preserving its inviolability, and for the due execution of border laws. As the British Government has aligned the new frontier, it is not asking too much of the Ameer that it should also be allowed to appoint, as Wardens of the Marches, European officers who will watch the course of events, whose presence will be a check to the machinations of emissaries of the Alikhan-off type, and who, when a difficulty does occur, will be able to put the rights of the matter in a reliable way before the Foreign Office and the Government of India. There is another reason why we should have British eyes upon the watch on the Oxus. Competent military authorities have always pointed out that India was not less liable to menace from Russia, through Balkh, than by the way of Herat, and the Government of India, from recent steps which it has taken, would now seem to be more closely recognising this fact.

We have contented ourselves

with picking from Lieutenant Yate's valuable book such pieces of information as are new and interesting; but there is a lighter side to his narrative, which will prevent the reader from being wearied with descriptions of arid passes and rude clans. The volume is full of incidents connected with the adventurous march of the Commission; the ruined forts and shrines are made to yield their traditions; and the natives are sketched with a shrewd but genial penetration. There is much in the book of politics, of the Central Asian question in all its phases—overmuch we would be tempted to say, but for the fresh and forcible way Lieutenant Yate has of stating his sometimes too impetuous conclusions; and the reader will in all probability prefer the author in his capacity of a clever and accurate observer to his assumed rôle of diplomatist. His book, however, is by far the most valuable contribution that has been added to the literature of the Russo-Afghan question since Sir Henry Rawlinson's volume, and with a little more pruning and condensation, it would have taken a very high place among standard works of recent travel.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE opportunity which Giovanni sought of being alone with Corona was long in coming. Sister Gabrielle retired immediately after dinner, and the Duchessa was left alone with the two men. Old Sarracinesca would gladly have left his son with the hostess, but the thing was evidently impossible. The manners of the time would not allow it, and the result was that the Prince spent the evening in making conversation for two rather indifferent listeners. He tried to pick a friendly quarrel with Giovanni, but the latter was too absent-minded even to be annoyed; he tried to excite the Duchessa's interest, but she only smiled gently, from time to time making a remark which was conspicuous for its irrelevancy. But old Sarracinesca was in a good humour, and he bore up bravely until ten o'clock, when Corona gave the signal for retiring. They were to start very early in the morning, she said, and she must have rest.

When the two men were alone, the Prince turned upon his son in semi-comic anger, and upbraided him with his obstinate dulness during the evening. Giovanni only smiled calmly, and shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing more to be said.

But on the following morning, soon after six o'clock, Giovanni had the supreme satisfaction of installing Corona beside him upon the driving-seat of his cart, while his father and Sister Gabrielle sat together behind him. The sun was

not yet above the hills, and the mountain air was keen and fresh; the stamping of the horses sounded crisp and sharp, and their bells rang merrily as they shook their sturdy necks and pricked their short ears to catch Giovanni's voice.

"Have you forgotten nothing, Duchessa?" asked Giovanni, gathering the reins in his hand.

"Nothing, thanks. I have sent our things on mules—by the bridle-path." She smiled involuntarily as she recalled her adventure, and half turned her face away.

"Ah, yes—the bridle-path," repeated Giovanni, as he nodded to the groom to stand clear of the horses' heads. In a moment they were briskly descending the winding road through the town of Astrardente: the streets were quiet and cool, for the peasants had all gone to their occupations two hours before, and the children were not yet turned loose.

"I never hoped to have the honour of myself driving you to Sarracinesca," said Giovanni. "It is a wild place enough, in its way. You will be able to fancy yourself in Switzerland."

"I would rather be in Italy," answered Corona. "I do not care for the Alps. Our own mountains are as beautiful, and are not infested by tourists."

"You are a tourist to-day," said Giovanni. "And it has pleased Heaven to make me your guide."

"I will listen to your explanations of the sights with interest."

"It is a reversal of the situa-

tion, is it not? When we last met, it was you who guided me, and I humbly followed your instructions. I did precisely as you told me."

"Had I doubted that you would do as I asked, I would not have spoken," answered Corona.

"There was one thing you advised me to do which I have not even attempted."

"What was that?"

"You told me to forget you. I have spent six months in constantly remembering you, and in looking forward to this moment. Was I wrong?"

"Of course," replied the Duchessa, with a little laugh. "You should by this time have forgotten my existence. They said you were gone to the North Pole—why did you change your mind?"

"I followed my load-star. It led me from Rome to Sarracinesca by the way of Paris. I should have remained at Sarracinesca—but you also changed your mind. I began to think you never would."

"How long do you think of staying up there?" asked Corona, to turn the conversation.

"Just so long as you stay at Astrardente," he answered. "You will not forbid me to follow you to Rome?"

"How can I prevent you if you choose to do it?"

"By a word, as you did before."

"Do you think I would speak that word?" she asked.

"I trust not. Why should you cause me needless pain and suffering? If it was right then, it is not right now. Besides, you know me too well to think that I would annoy you or thrust myself upon you. But I will do as you wish."

"Thank you," she said, quietly. But she turned her dark face toward him, and looked at him for a

moment very gently, almost lovingly. Where was the use of trying to conceal what would not be hidden? Every word he spoke told of his unchanged love, although the phrases were short and simple. Why should she conceal what she felt? She knew it was a foregone conclusion. They loved each other, and she would certainly marry him in the course of a year. The long-pent-up forces of her nature were beginning to assert themselves; she had so long conquered and fought down her natural being in the effort to be all things to her old husband, to quench her growing interest in Giovanni, to resist his declared love, to drive him from her in her widowhood; but now it seemed as though suddenly all obstacles were removed. She saw clearly how well she loved him, and it seemed folly to try and conceal it. As she sat by his side she was unboundedly happy, as she had never been in her life before: the cool morning breeze fanned her dark cheeks, and the music of his low voice soothed her, while the delicious sense of rapid motion lent a thrill of pleasure to every breath she drew. It was no matter what she said; it was as though she spoke unconsciously. It all seemed predestined and foreplanned from all time, to be acted out to the end. The past vanished slowly as a retreating landscape: as some weary traveller, exhausted with the heat of the scorching Campagna, slowly climbs the ascent towards Tivoli, the haven of cool waters, and pausing now and then upon the path, looks back and sees the dreary waste of undulating hillocks beneath him gradually seeming to subside into a dim flat plain, and in the far distance the mighty domes and towers of Rome, dwindled to an unreal mirage in the

warm haze of the western sky, and, again advancing, feels the breath of the mountains upon him, and hears the fresh plunge of the cold cataract, till at last, when his strength was almost failing, it is renewed within him, and the dust and the heat of the day's journey are forgotten in the fulness of refreshment, — so Corona d'Astradente, wearied out but not worn by the fatigues and the troubles and the temptations of the past five years, seemed suddenly to be taken up and borne swiftly through the gardens of an earthly paradise, where neither care nor temptation was, and where, in the cool air of a new life, the one voice she loved was ever murmuring gentle things to her willing ear.

As the road began to rise higher, sweeping round the base of the mountain and ascending by even gradations upon its southern flank, the sun rose higher in the heavens, and the locusts broke into their summer song among the hedges — that even, long-drawn, humming sound, so sweet to southern ears. But Corona did not feel the heat, nor notice the dust upon the way; she was in a new state, where such things could not trouble her. The first embarrassment of a renewed intimacy was fast disappearing, and she talked easily to Giovanni of many things, reviewing past scenes and speaking of mutual acquaintances, turning the conversation when it concerned too directly Giovanni or herself, yet ever and again coming back to that sweet ground which was no longer dangerous now. And at last, at a turn in the road, the grim towers of ancient Sarracinesca loomed in the distance, and the carriage entered a vast forest of chestnut trees, shady and cool after the sunny ascent. So they reached the castle, and the sturdy horses

sprang wildly forward up the last incline till their hoofs struck noisily upon the flagstones of the bridge, and with a rush and a plunge they dashed under the black archway, and halted in the broad court beyond.

Corona was surprised at the size of the old fortress. It seemed an endless irregular mass of towers and buildings, all of rough grey stone, surrounded by battlements and ramparts, kept in perfect repair, but destitute of any kind of ornament whatever. It might have been even now a military stronghold, and it was evident that there were traditions of precision and obedience within its walls which would have done credit to any barracks. The dominant temper of the master made itself felt at every turn, and the servants moved quickly and silently about their duties. There was something intensely attractive to Corona in the air of strength that pervaded the place, and Giovanni had never seemed to her so manly and so much in his element as under the grey walls of his ancestral home. The place, too, was associated in history with so many events, — the two men, Leone Sarracinesca the father, and Giovanni, stood there beside her, where their ancestors of the same names had stood nearly a thousand years before, their strong dark faces having the same characteristics that for centuries had marked their race, features familiar to Romans by countless statues and pictures, as the stones of Rome themselves — but for a detail of dress, it seemed to Corona as though she might have been suddenly transported back to the thirteenth century. The idea fascinated her. The two men led her up the broad stone staircase, and ushered her and Sister Gabrielle into the apart-

ments of state which had been prepared for them.

"We have done our best," said the Prince, "but it is long since we have entertained ladies at Sarracinesca."

"It is magnificent!" exclaimed Corona, as she entered the ante-chamber. The walls were hung from end to end with priceless tapestries, and the stone floor was covered with long eastern carpets. Corona paused.

"You must show us all over the castle by-and-by," she said.

"Giovanni will show you everything," answered the Prince. "If it pleases you, we will breakfast in half-an-hour." He turned away with his son, and left the two ladies to refresh themselves before the mid-day meal.

Giovanni kept his word, and spared his guests no detail of the vast stronghold, until at last poor Sister Gabrielle could go no farther. Giovanni had anticipated that she would be tired, and with the heartlessness of a lover seeking his opportunity, he had secretly longed for the moment when she should be obliged to stop.

"You have not yet seen the view from the great tower," he said. "It is superb, and this is the very best hour for it. Are you tired, Duchessa?"

"No—I am never tired," answered Corona.

"Why not go with Giovanni?" suggested the Prince. "I will stay with Sister Gabrielle, who has nearly exhausted herself with seeing our sights."

Corona hesitated. The idea of being alone with Giovanni for a quarter of an hour was delightful, but somehow it did not seem altogether fitting for her to be wandering over the castle with him. On the other hand, to refuse would seem almost an affect-

tation: she was not in Rome, where her every movement was a subject for remark; moreover, she was not only a married woman, but a widow, and she had known Giovanni for years—it would be ridiculous to refuse.

"Very well," said she. "Let us see the view before it is too late."

Sister Gabrielle and old Sarracinesca sat down on a stone seat upon the rampart to wait, and the Duchessa disappeared with Giovanni through the low door that led into the great tower.

"What a wonderful woman you are!" exclaimed Giovanni, as they reached the top of the winding stair, which was indeed broader than the staircase of many great houses in Rome. "You seem to be never tired."

"No—I am very strong," answered Corona, with a smile. She was not even out of breath. "What a wonderful view!" she exclaimed, as they emerged upon the stone platform at the top of the tower. Giovanni was silent for a moment. The two stood together and looked far out at the purple mountains to eastward that caught the last rays of the sun high up above the shadows of the valley; and then looking down, they saw the Prince and the Sister a hundred feet below them upon the rampart.

Both were thinking of the same thing: three days ago, their meeting had seemed infinitely far off, a thing dreamed of and hoped for—and now they were standing alone upon the topmost turret of Giovanni's house, familiar with each other by a long day's conversation, feeling as though they had never been parted, feeling also that most certainly they would not be parted again.

"It is very strange," said Gio-

vanni, "how things happen in this world, and how little we ever know of what is before us. Last week I wondered whether I should ever see you—now I cannot imagine not seeing you. Is it not strange?"

"Yes," answered Corona, in a low voice.

"That, yesterday, we should have seemed parted by an insurmountable barrier, and that to-day——" he stopped. "Oh, if to-day could only last for ever!" he exclaimed, suddenly.

Corona gazed out upon the purple hills in silence, but it seemed as though her face caught some of the radiance of the distant glow, and her dark eyes had strange lights in them. She could not have prevented him from speaking; she had loosed the bonds that had held her life so long; the anchor was up, and the breath of love fanned the sails, and gently bore the craft in which she trusted out to seaward over the fair water. In seeing him she had resigned herself to him, and she could not again get the mastery if she would. It had come too soon, but it was sweet.

"And why not?" he said, very softly. "Why should it not remain so for ever—till our last breath? Why will you not let it last?"

Still she was silent; but the tears gathered slowly in her eyes, and welled over and lay upon her velvet cheek like dewdrops on the leaves of a soft dark tulip. Giovanni saw them, and knew that they were the jewels which crowned his life.

"You will," he said, his broad brown hand gently covering her small fingers and taking them in his. "You will—I know that you will."

She said nothing, and though

she at first made a slight movement—not of resistance, but of timid reluctance, utterly unlike herself—she suffered him to hold her hand. He drew closer to her, himself more diffident in the moment of success than he had ever been when he anticipated failure; she was so unlike any woman he had ever known before. Very gently he put his arm about her, and drew her to him.

"My beloved—at last," he whispered, as her head sank upon his shoulder.

Then with a sudden movement she sprang to her height, and for one instant gazed upon him. Her whole being was transfigured in the might of her passion: her dark face was luminously pale, her lips almost white, and from her eyes there seemed to flash a blazing fire. For one instant she gazed upon him, and then her arms went round his neck, and she clasped him fiercely to her breast.

"Ah, Giovanni," she cried, passionately, "you do not know what love means!"

A moment later her arms dropped from him; she turned and buried her face in her hands, leaning against the high stone parapet of the tower. She was not weeping, but her face was white, and her bosom heaved with quick and strong-drawn breath.

Giovanni went to her side and took her strongly in his right arm, and again her head rested upon his shoulder.

"It is too soon—too soon," she murmured. "But how can I help it? I love you so that there is no counting of time. It seems years since we met last night, and I thought it would be years before I told you. Oh, Giovanni, I am so happy! Is it possible that you love me as I love you?"

It is a marvellous thing to see

how soon two people who love each other learn the gentle confidence that only love brings. A few moments later Giovanni and Corona were slowly pacing the platform, and his arm was about her waist and her hand in his.

"Do you know," she was saying, "I used to wonder whether you would keep your word, and never try to see me. The days were so long at Astrardente."

"Not half so long as at Sarracinesca," he answered. "I was going to call my aqueduct the Bridge of Sighs; I will christen it now the Spring of Love."

"I must go and see it to-morrow," said she.

"Or the next day——"

"The next day!" she exclaimed, with a happy laugh. "Do you think I am going to stay——?"

"For ever," interrupted Giovanni. "We have a priest here, you know,—he can marry us to-morrow, and then you need never go away."

Corona's face grew grave.

"We must not talk of that yet," she said, gently, "even in jest."

"No; you are right. Forgive me," he answered; "I forget many things—it seems to me I have forgotten everything, except that I love you."

"Giovanni,"—she lingered on the name,— "Giovanni, we must tell your father at once."

"Are you willing I should?" he asked, eagerly.

"Of course—he ought to know; and Sister Gabrielle, too. But no one else must be told. There must be no talk of this in Rome until—until next year."

"We will stay in the country until then, shall we not?" asked Giovanni, anxiously. "It seems to me so much better. We can meet here, and nobody will talk.

I will go and live in the town at Astrardente, and play the engineer, and build your roads for you."

"I hardly know," said Corona, with a doubtful smile. "You could not do that. But you may come and spend the day once—in a week, perhaps."

"We will arrange all that," answered Giovanni, laughing. "If you think I can exist by only seeing you once a week—well, you do not know me."

"We shall see," returned Corona, laughing too. "By the by, how long have we been here?"

"I do not know," said Giovanni; "but the view is magnificent, is it not?"

"Enchanting," she replied, looking into his eyes. Then suddenly the blood mounted to her cheeks. "Oh, Giovanni," she said, "how could I do it?"

"I should have died if you had not," he answered, and clasped her once more in his arms.

"Come," said she, "let us be going down. It is growing late."

When they reached the foot of the tower, they found the Prince walking the rampart alone. Sister Gabrielle was afraid of the evening air, and had retired into the house. Old Sarracinesca faced them suddenly. He looked like an old lion, his thick white hair and beard bristling about his dark features.

"My father," said Giovanni, coming forward, "the Duchessa d'Astrardente has consented to be my wife. I crave your blessing."

The old man started, and then stood stock-still. His son had fairly taken his breath away, for he had not expected the news for three or four months to come. Then he advanced and took Corona's hand, and kissed it.

"Madame," he said, "you have

done my son an honour which extends to myself and to every Sarracinesca, dead, living, and to come."

Then he laid Corona's hand in Giovanni's, and held his own upon them both.

"God bless you," he said, solemnly; and as Corona bent her proud head, he touched her forehead with his lips. Then he embraced Giovanni, and his joy broke out in wild enthusiasm.

"Ha, my children," he cried, "there has not been such a couple as you are for generations—there has not been such good news told in these old walls since they have stood here. We will illuminate the castle, the whole town, in your honour—we will ring the bells and have a *Te Deum* sung—we will have such a festival as was never seen before—we will go to Rome to-morrow and celebrate the espousal—we will——"

"Softly, *padre mio*," interrupted Giovanni. "No one must know as yet. You must consider——"

"Consider what? consider the marriage? Of course we will consider it, as soon as you please. You shall have such a wedding as was never heard of—you shall be married by the Cardinal Archbishop of Saint Peter's, by the Holy Father himself. The whole country shall ring with it."

It was with difficulty Giovanni succeeded in calming his father's excitement, and in recalling to his mind the circumstances which made it necessary for the present to conceal the engagement. But at last the old man reluctantly consented, and returned to a quieter humour. For some time the three continued to pace the stone rampart.

"This is a case of arrant cruelty to a man of my temper," said the

Prince. "To be expected to behave like an ordinary creature, with grins and smiles and decent paces, when I have just heard what I have longed to hear for years. But I will revenge myself by making a noise about it by-and-by. I will concoct schemes for your wedding, and dream of nothing but illuminations and decorations. You shall be Prince of Sant' Ilario, Giovanni, as I was before my father died; and I will give you the estate outright, and the palace in the Corso to live in."

"Perhaps we might live in my palace," suggested Corona. It seemed strange to her to be discussing her own marriage, but it was necessary to humour the old Prince.

"Of course," he said. "I forgot all about it. You have places enough to live in. One forgets that you will in the end be the richest couple in Italy. Ha!" he cried, in sudden enthusiasm, "the Sarracinescas are not dead yet! They are greater than ever—and our lands here so near together too. We will build a new road to Astrardente, and when you are married you shall be the first to drive over it from Astrardente here. We will do all kinds of things—we will tunnel the mountain!"

"I am sure you will do that in the end," said Giovanni, laughing.

"Well—let us go to dinner," answered his father. "It has grown quite dark since we have been talking, and we shall be falling over the edge if we are not careful."

"I will go and tell Sister Gabrielle before dinner," said Corona to Giovanni.

So they left her at the door of her apartment, and she went in. She found the Sister in an inner

room, with a book of devotions in her hand.

"Pray for me, my sister," she said, quietly. "I have resolved upon a great step. I am going to be married again."

Sister Gabrielle looked up, and a quiet smile stole over her thin face.

"It is soon, my friend," she said. "It is soon to think of that. But perhaps you are right—it is the young Prince?"

"Yes," answered Corona, and sank into a deep tapestried chair. "It is soon, I know well. But it has been long—I have struggled hard—I love him very much—so much you do not know!"

The Sister sighed faintly, and came and took her hand.

"It is right that you should marry," she said, gently. "You are too young, too famously beautiful, too richly endowed, to lead the life you have led at Astrardente these many months."

"It is not that," said Corona, an expression of strange beauty illuminating her lovely face. "Not that I am young, beautiful as you say, if it is so, or endowed with riches—those reasons are nothing. It is this that tells me," she whispered, pressing her left hand to her heart. "When one loves as I love, it is right."

"Indeed it is," assented the good Sister. "And I think you have

chosen wisely. When will you be married?"

"Hardly before next summer—I can hardly think connectedly yet—it has been very sudden. I knew I should marry him in the end, but I never thought I could consent so soon. Oh, Sister Gabrielle, you are so good—were you never in love?"

The Sister was silent, and looked away.

"No—of course you cannot tell me," continued Corona; "but it is such a wonderful thing. It makes days seem like hundreds of years, or pass in a flash of light, in a second. It oversets every idea of time, and plays with one's resolutions as the wind with a feather. If once it gets the mastery of one, it crowds a lifetime of pain and pleasure into one day; it never leaves one for a moment. I cannot explain love—it is a wonderful thing."

"My dear friend," said the Sister, "the explanation of love is life."

"But the end of it is not death. It cannot be," continued Corona, earnestly. "It must last for ever and ever. It must grow better and purer and stronger, until it is perfect in heaven at last; but where is the use of trying to express such things?"

"I think it is enough to feel them," said Sister Gabrielle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The summer season ripened into autumn, and autumn again turned to winter, and Rome was once more full. The talk of society turned frequently upon the probability of the match between the Duchessa d'Astrardente and Giovanni Sarracinesca; and when at last, three

weeks before Lent, the engagement was made known, there was a general murmur of approbation. It seemed as though the momentous question of Corona's life, which had for years agitated the gossips, was at last to be settled: every one had been accustomed to regard her

marriage with old Astrardente as a temporary affair, seeing that he certainly could not live long, and speculation in regard to her future had been nearly as common during his lifetime as it was after his death. One of the duties most congenial to society, and one which it never fails to perform conscientiously, is that judicial astrology whereby it forecasts the issue of its neighbour's doings. Everybody's social horoscope must be cast by the circle of five-o'clock-tea-drinking astro-sociologists, and, generally speaking, their predictions are not far short of the truth, for society knoweth its own bitterness, and is uncommonly quick in the diagnosis of its own state of health.

When it was announced that Corona was to marry Giovanni after Easter, society looked and saw that the arrangement was good. There was not one dissenting voice heard in the universal applause. Corona had behaved with exemplary decency during the year of her mourning—had lived a life of religious retirement upon her estates in the sole company of a Sister of Charity, had given no cause for scandal in any way. Everybody aspired to like her—that is to say, to be noticed by her; but with one exception, she had caused no jealousy or ill-feeling by her indifference, for no one had ever heard her say an unkind word concerning anybody she knew. Donna Tullia had her own reasons for hating Corona, and perhaps the world suspected them; but people did not connect the noisy Donna Tullia, full of animal spirits and gay silly talk, with the idea of serious hatred, much less with the execution of any scheme of revenge.

Indeed Madame Mayer had not spent the summer and autumn in nursing her wrath against Corona.

She had travelled with the old countess, her companion, and several times Ugo del Ferice had appeared suddenly at the watering-places that she had selected for her temporary residence. From time to time he gave her news of mutual friends, which she repaid conscientiously with interesting accounts of the latest scandals. They were a congenial pair, and Ugo felt that by his constant attention to her wishes, and by her never-varying willingness to accept his service, he had obtained a hold upon her intimacy which, in the ensuing winter, would give him a decided advantage over all competitors in the field. She might have married half-a-dozen times, and with her fortune she could easily have made a very brilliant match; she might even perhaps have married Valdarno, who was very good-natured: but her attachment to Giovanni, and the expectations she had so long entertained in regard to him, had prevented her from accepting the advances made by others; and while she was hesitating, Del Ferice, by his superior skill, had succeeded in making himself indispensable to her—a success the more remarkable that, in spite of his gifts and the curious popularity he enjoyed, he was by far the least desirable man of her acquaintance from the matrimonial point of view.

But when Donna Tullia again met Giovanni in the world, the remembrance of her wrongs revived her anger against him, and the news of his engagement to the Astrardente brought matters to a climax. In the excitement of the moment, both her jealousy and her anger were illuminated by the light of a righteous wrath. She knew, or thought she knew, that Don Giovanni was already married. She

had no proof that the present wife mentioned in the certificate was alive, but there was nothing either to show that she was dead. Even in the latter case it was a scandalous thing that he should marry again without informing Corona of the circumstances of his past life, and Donna Tullia felt an inner conviction that he had told the Duchessa nothing of the matter. The latter was such a proud woman, that she would be horrified at the idea of uniting herself to a man who had been the husband of a peasant.

Madame Mayer remembered her solemn promise to Del Ferice, and feared to act without his consent. An hour after she had heard the news of the engagement, she sent for him to come to her immediately. To her astonishment and dismay, her servant brought back word that he had suddenly gone to Naples upon urgent business. This news made her pause; but while the messenger had been gone to Del Ferice's house, Donna Tullia had been anticipating, and going over in her mind the scene which would ensue when she told Corona the secret. Donna Tullia was a very sanguine woman, and the idea of at last being revenged for all the slights she had received worked suddenly upon her brain, so that as she paced her drawing-room in expectation of the arrival of Del Ferice, she entirely acted out in her imagination the circumstances of the approaching crisis, the blood beat hotly in her temples, and she lost all sense of prudence in the delicious anticipation of violent words. Del Ferice had cruelly calculated upon her temperament, and he had hoped that in the excitement of the moment she would lose her head; and irrevocably commit herself to him by the

betrayal of the secret. This was precisely what occurred. On being told that he was out of town, she could no longer contain herself, and with a sudden determination to risk anything blindly, rather than to forego the pleasure and the excitement she had been meditating, she ordered her carriage and drove to the Palazzo Astrardente.

Corona was surprised at the unexpected visit. She was herself on the point of going out, and was standing in her boudoir, drawing on her black gloves before the fire, her black furs lying upon a chair at her side. She wondered why Donna Tullia called, and it was in part her curiosity which induced her to receive her visit. Donna Tullia, armed to the teeth with the terrible news she was about to disclose, entered the room quickly, and remained standing before the Duchessa with a semi-tragic air that astonished Corona.

"How do you do, Donna Tullia?" she said, putting out her hand.

"I have come to speak to you upon a very serious matter," answered her visitor, without noticing the greeting.

Corona stared at her for a moment, but not being easily disconcerted, she quietly motioned to Donna Tullia to sit down, and installed herself in a chair opposite to her.

"I have just heard the news that you are to marry Don Giovanni Sarracinesca," said Madame Mayer. "You will pardon me the interest I take in you; but is it true?"

"It is quite true," answered Corona.

"It is in connection with your marriage that I wish to speak, Duchessa. I implore you to reconsider your decision."

"And why, if you please?" asked Corona, raising her black eyebrows, and fixing her haughty gaze upon her visitor.

"I could tell you—I would rather not," answered Donna Tullia, unabashed, for her blood was up. "I could tell you—but I beseech you not to ask me. Only consider the matter again, I beg you. It is very serious. Nothing but the great interest I feel in you, and my conviction——"

"Donna Tullia, your conduct is so extraordinary," interrupted Corona, looking at her curiously, "that I am tempted to believe you are mad. I must beg you to explain what you mean by your words."

"Ah, no," answered Madame Mayer. "You do me injustice. I am not mad, but I would save you from the most horrible danger."

"Again I say, what do you mean? I will not be trifled with in this way," said the Duchess, who would have been more angry if she had been less astonished, but whose temper was rapidly rising.

"I am not trifling with you," returned Donna Tullia. "I am imploring you to think before you act, before you marry Don Giovanni. You cannot think that I would venture to intrude upon you without the strongest reasons. I am in earnest."

"Then, in heaven's name, speak out!" cried Corona, losing all patience. "I presume that if this is a warning, you have some grounds, you have some accusation to make against Don Giovanni. Have the goodness to state what you have to say, and be brief."

"I will," said Donna Tullia, and she paused a moment, her face growing red with excitement, and her blue eyes sparkling disagreeably. "You cannot marry Don

Giovanni," she said at length, "because there is an insurmountable impediment in the way."

"What is it?" asked Corona, controlling her anger.

"He is already married!" hissed Donna Tullia.

Corona turned a little pale, and started back. But in an instant her colour returned, and she broke into a low laugh.

"You are certainly insane," she said, eyeing Madame Mayer suspiciously. It was not an easy matter to shake her faith in the man she loved. Donna Tullia was disappointed at the effect she had produced. She was a clever woman in her way, but she did not understand how to make the best of the situation. She saw that she was simply an object of curiosity, and that Corona seriously believed her mind deranged. She was frightened, and, in order to help herself, plunged deeper.

"You may call me mad, if you please," she replied, angrily. "I tell you it is true. Don Giovanni was married on the 19th of June 1863, at Aquila, in the Abruzzi, to a woman called Felice Baldi—whoever she may have been. The register is extant, and the duplicate of the marriage certificate. I have seen the copies attested by a notary. I tell you it is true," she continued, her voice rising into a harsh treble; "you are engaged to marry a man who has a wife—a peasant woman—somewhere in the mountains."

Corona rose from her seat and put out her hand to ring the bell. She was pale but not excited. She believed Donna Tullia to be insane, perhaps dangerous, and she calmly proceeded to protect herself by calling for assistance.

"Either you are mad, or you mean what you say," she said,

keeping her eyes upon the angry woman before her. "You will not leave this house except in charge of my physician, if you are mad; and if you mean what you say, you shall not go until you have repeated your words to Don Giovanni Sarracinesca himself,—no, do not start or try to escape—it is of no use. I am very sudden and violent—beware!"

Donna Tullia bit her red lip. She was beginning to realise that she had got herself into trouble, and that it might be hard to get out of it. But she felt herself strong, and she wished she had with her those proofs which would make her case good. She was so sanguine of nature that she was willing to carry the fight to the end, and to take her chance for the result.

"You may send for Don Giovanni if you please," she said. "I have spoken the truth—if he denies it I can prove it. If I were you I would spare him the humiliation——"

A servant entered the room in answer to the bell, and Corona interrupted Donna Tullia's speech by giving the man her orders.

"Go at once to the Palazzo Sarracinesca, and beg Don Giovanni to come here instantly with his father, the Prince. Take the carriage—it is waiting below."

The man disappeared, and Corona quietly resumed her seat. Donna Tullia was silent for a few moments, attempting to control her anger in an assumption of dignity; but soon she broke out afresh, being rendered very nervous and uncomfortable by the Duchess's calm manner and apparent indifference to consequences.

"I cannot see why you should expose yourself to such a scene," said Madame Mayer presently.

"I honestly wished to save you from a terrible danger. It seems to me it would be quite sufficient if I proved the fact to you beyond dispute. I should think that instead of being angry, you would show some gratitude."

"I am not angry," answered Corona, quietly. "I am merely giving you an immediate opportunity of proving your assertion and your sanity."

"My sanity!" exclaimed Donna Tullia, angrily. "Do you seriously believe——"

"Nothing that you say," said Corona, completing the sentence.

Unable to bear the situation, Madame Mayer rose suddenly from her seat, and began to pace the small room with short, angry steps.

"You shall see," she said, fiercely—"you shall see that it is all true. You shall see this man's face when I accuse him—you shall see him humiliated, overthrown, exposed in his villany—the wretch! You shall see how——"

Corona's strong voice interrupted her enemy's invective in ringing tones.

"Be silent!" she cried. "In twenty minutes he will be here. But if you say one word against him before he comes, I will lock you into this room and leave you. I certainly will not hear you."

Donna Tullia reflected that the Duchess was in her own house, and moreover that she was not a woman to be trifled with. She threw herself into a chair, and taking up a book that lay upon the table, she pretended to read.

Corona remained seated by the fireplace, glancing at her from time to time. She was strangely inclined to laugh at the whole situation, which seemed to her absurd in the extreme—for it never cross-

ed her mind to believe that there was a word of truth in the accusation against Giovanni. Nevertheless she was puzzled to account for Donna Tullia's assurance, and especially for her readiness to face the man she so calumniated. A quarter of an hour elapsed in this armed silence—the two women glancing at each other from time to time, until the distant sound of wheels rolling under the great gate announced that the messenger had returned from the Palazzo Sarracinesca, probably conveying Don Giovanni and his father.

"Then you have made up your mind to the humiliation of the man you love?" asked Donna Tullia, looking up from her book with a sneer on her face.

Corona vouchsafed no answer, but her eyes turned towards the door in expectation. Presently there were steps heard without. The servant entered, and announced Prince Sarracinesca and Don Giovanni. Corona rose. The old man came in first, followed by his son.

"An unexpected pleasure," he said, gaily. "Such good luck! We were both at home. Ah, Donna Tullia," he cried, seeing Madame Mayer, "how are you?" Then seeing her face, he added, suddenly, "Is anything the matter?"

Meanwhile Giovanni had entered, and stood by Corona's side near the fireplace. He saw at once that something was wrong, and he looked anxiously from the Duchessa to Donna Tullia. Corona spoke at once.

"Donna Tullia," she said, quietly, "I have the honour to offer you an opportunity of explaining yourself."

Madame Mayer remained seated by the table, her face red with

anger. She leaned back in her seat, and half closing her eyes with a disagreeable look of contempt, she addressed Giovanni.

"I am sorry to cause you such profound humiliation," she began, "but in the interest of the Duchessa d'Astrardente I feel bound to speak. Don Giovanni, do you remember Aquila?"

"Certainly," he replied, coolly—"I have often been there. What of it?"

Old Sarracinesca stared from one to the other.

"What is this comedy?" he asked of Corona. But she nodded to him to be silent.

"Then you doubtless remember Felice Baldi—poor Felice Baldi," continued Donna Tullia, still gazing scornfully up at Giovanni from where she sat.

"I never heard the name, that I can remember," answered Giovanni, as though trying to recall some memory of the past. He could not imagine what she was leading to, but he was willing to answer her questions.

"You do not remember that you were married to her at Aquila on the 19th of June——?"

"I—married?" cried Giovanni, in blank astonishment.

"Signora Duchessa," said the Prince, bending his heavy brows, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"I will tell you the meaning of it," said Donna Tullia, in low hissing tones, and rising suddenly to her feet she assumed a somewhat theatrical attitude as she pointed to Giovanni, and continued—"I will tell what it means. It means that Don Giovanni Sarracinesca was married in the church of San Bernardino, at Aquila, on the 19th of June 1863, to the woman Felice Baldi—who is his lawful wife today, for aught we know the mother

of his children, while he is here in Rome attempting to marry the Duchessa d'Astrardente—can he deny it? Can he deny that his own signature is there, there in the sacristy of the church at Aquila to testify against him? Can he——”

“Silence!” roared the Prince. “Silence, woman, or by God in heaven I will stop your talking for ever!” He made a step towards her, and there was a murderous red light in his black eyes. But Giovanni sprang forward and seized his father by the wrist.

“You cannot silence me,” screamed Donna Tullia. “I will be heard, and by all Rome. I will cry it upon the housetops to all the world——”

“Then you will precipitate your confinement in the asylum of the Santo Spirito,” said Giovanni, in cold, calm tones. “You are clearly mad.”

“So I said,” assented Corona, who was nevertheless pale, and trembling with excitement.

“Allow me to speak with her,” said Giovanni, who, like most dangerous men, seemed to grow cold as others grew hot. Donna Tullia leaned upon the table, breathing hard between her closed teeth, her face scarlet.

“Madame,” said Giovanni, advancing a step and confronting her, “you say that I am married, and that I am contemplating a monstrous crime. Upon what do you base your extraordinary assertions?”

“Upon attested copies of your marriage certificate, of the parish register where your handwriting has been seen and recognised. What more would you have?”

“It is monstrous!” cried the Prince, advancing again. “It is the most abominable lie ever con-

cocted! My son married without my knowledge, and to a peasant! Absurd!”

But Giovanni waved his father back, and kept his place before Donna Tullia.

“I give you the alternative of producing instantly those proofs you refer to,” he said, “and which you certainly cannot produce, or of waiting in this house until a competent physician has decided whether you are sufficiently sane to be allowed to go home alone.”

Donna Tullia hesitated. She was in a terrible position, for Del Ferice had left Rome suddenly, and the papers were somewhere in his house, she knew not where, nor how to get at them. It was impossible to imagine a situation more desperate, and she felt it as she looked round and saw the pale dark faces of the three resolute persons whose anger she had thus roused. She believed that Giovanni was capable of anything, but she was astonished at his extraordinary calmness. She hesitated for a moment.

“That is perfectly just,” said Corona. “If you have proofs, you can produce them. If you have none, you are insane.”

“I have them, and I will produce them before this hour to-morrow,” answered Donna Tullia, not knowing how she should get the papers, but knowing that she was lost if she failed to obtain them.

“Why not to-day—at once?” asked Giovanni, with some scorn.

“It will take twenty-four hours to forge them,” growled his father.

“You have no right to insult me so grossly,” cried Donna Tullia. “But beware—I have you in my power. By this time to-morrow you shall see with your own eyes that I speak the truth. Let me

go," she cried, as the old Prince placed himself between her and the door.

"I will," said he. "But before you go, I beg you to observe that if between now and the time you show us these documents you breathe abroad one word of your accusations, I will have you arrested as a dangerous lunatic, and lodged in Santo Spirito; and if these papers are not authentic, you will be arrested to-morrow afternoon on a charge of forgery. You quite understand me?" He stood aside to let her pass. She laughed scornfully in his face, and went out.

When she was gone the three looked at each other, as though trying to comprehend what had happened. Indeed, it was beyond their comprehension. Corona leaned against the chimneypiece, and her dark eyes rested lovingly upon Giovanni. No doubt had ever crossed her mind of his perfect honesty. Old Sarracinesca looked from one to the other for a moment, and then, striking the palms of his hands together, turned and began to walk up and down the room.

"In the first place," said Giovanni, "at the time she speaks of I was in Canada, upon a shooting expedition, with a party of Englishmen. It is easy to prove that, as they are all alive and well now, so far as I have heard. Donna Tullia is clearly out of her mind."

"The news of your engagement has driven her mad," said the old Prince, with a grim laugh. "It is a very interesting and romantic case."

Corona blushed a little, and her eyes sought Giovanni's, but her face was very grave. It was a terrible thing to see a person she

had known so long becoming insane, and for the sake of the man she herself so loved. And yet she had not a doubt of Donna Tullia's madness. It was very sad.

"I wonder who could have put this idea into her head," said Giovanni, thoughtfully. "It does not look like a creation of her own brain. I wonder, too, what absurdities she will produce in the way of documents. Of course they must be forged."

"She will not bring them," returned his father, in a tone of certainty. "We shall hear to-morrow that she is raving in the delirium of a brain-fever."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Corona. "It is dreadful to think of it."

"It is dreadful to think that she should have caused you all this trouble and annoyance," said Giovanni, warmly. "You must have had a terrible scene with her before we came. What did she say?"

"Just what she said to you. Then she began to rail against you; and I sent for you, and told her that unless she could be silent I would lock her up alone until you arrived. So she sat down in that chair, and pretended to read. But it was an immense relief when you came!"

"You did not once believe what she said might possibly be true?" asked Giovanni, with a loving look.

"I? How could you ever think it!" exclaimed Corona. Then she laughed, and added, "But of course you knew that I would not."

"Indeed, yes," he answered. "It never entered my head."

"By-the-by," said old Sarracinesca, glancing at the Duchess's black bonnet and gloved hands, "you must have been just ready to go out when she came—we must

not keep you. I suppose that when she said she would bring her proofs to-morrow at this hour, she meant she would bring them here. Shall we come to-morrow, then?"

"Yes—by all means," she answered. "Come to breakfast at one o'clock. I am alone, you know, for Sister Gabrielle has insisted upon going back to her community. But what does it matter now?"

"What does it matter?" echoed the Prince. You are to be married so soon. I really think we can do as we please." He generally did as he pleased.

The two men left her, and a few minutes later she descended the steps of the palace and entered her carriage, as though nothing had happened.

Six months had passed since she had given her troth to Giovanni upon the tower of *Sarracinesca*, and she knew that she loved him better now than then. Little had happened of interest in the interval of time, and the days had seemed long. But until after Christmas she remained at *Astrardente*, busying herself constantly with the improvements she had already begun, and aided by the counsels of Giovanni. He had taken a cottage of hers in the lower part of her village, and had fitted it up with the few comforts he judged necessary. In this lodging he had generally spent half the week, going daily to the palace upon the hill and remaining for long hours in Corona's society, studying her plans and visiting with her the works which grew beneath their joint direction. She had grown to know him as she had not known him before, and to understand more fully his manly character. He was a very resolute man, and very much in earnest when he chanced to be

doing anything; but the strain of melancholy which he inherited from his mother made him often inclined to a sort of contemplative idleness, during which his mind seemed preoccupied with absorbing thoughts. Many people called his fits of silence an affectation, or part of his system for rendering himself interesting; but Corona soon saw how real was his abstraction, and she saw also that she alone was able to attract his attention and interest him when the fit was upon him. Slowly, by a gradual study of him, she learned what few had ever guessed, namely, that beneath the experienced man of the world, under his modest manner and his gentle ways, there lay a powerful mainspring of ambition, a mine of strength, which would one day exert itself and make itself felt upon his surroundings. He had developed slowly, feeding upon many experiences of the world in many countries, his quick Italian intelligence comprehending often more than it seemed to do, while the quiet dignity he got from his Spanish blood made him appear often very cold. But now and again, when under the influence of some large idea, his tongue was loosed in the charm of Corona's presence, and he spoke to her, as he had never spoken to any one, of projects and plans which should make the world move. She did not always understand him wholly, but she knew that the man she loved was something more than the world at large believed him to be, and there was a thrill of pride in the thought which delighted her inmost soul. She, too, was ambitious, but her ambition was all for him. She felt that there was little room for common aspirations in his position or in her own. All that high birth, and

wealth, and personal consideration could give, they both had abundantly, beyond their utmost wishes; anything they could desire beyond that must lie in a larger sphere of action than mere society, in the world of political power. She herself had had dreams, and entertained them still, of founding some great institution of charity, of doing something for her poorer fellows. But she learned by degrees that Giovanni looked further than to such ordinary means of employing power, and that there was in him a great ambition to bring great forces to bear upon great questions for the accomplishment of great results. The six months of her engagement to him had not only strengthened her love for him, already deep and strong, but had implanted in her an unchanging determination to second him in all his life, to omit noth-

ing in her power which could assist him in the career he should choose for himself, and which she regarded as the ultimate field for his extraordinary powers. It was strange that, while granting him everything else, people had never thought of calling him a man of remarkable intelligence. But no one knew him as Corona knew him; no one suspected that there was in him anything more than the traditional temper of the Sarracinesca, with sufficient mind to make him as fair a representation of his race as his father was.

There was more than mere love and devotion in the complete security she felt when she saw him attacked by Donna Tullia; there was already the certainty that he was born to be above small things, and to create a sphere of his own in which he would move as other men could not.

THE SCOTLAND OF MARY STUART.

NO. V.

THE REVOLUTION.

"THE greatest glory of a building is not in its stones nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations; it is in that golden stain of time that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life."

So far Mr Ruskin.

Scotland was singularly rich in early masterpieces of Christian art. Thirteen cathedrals, as well as a vast number of churches attached to the monastic establishments,

had been erected between Kirkwall and Whithorn, between Iona and St Andrews. Scotland might be the poorest and rudest country in Europe, but its churches were as spacious, as massive, as splendidly decorated, as the temples of Italy or France; and the nation was justly proud of these noble buildings. The medieval minster was not built in a day; the solid walls had been slowly raised while generation after generation of pious worshippers passed away like the leaves; architect had succeeded architect—each impressing his own personality, the genuine artistic feeling of his own time, upon tower and column, upon arch and buttress. The variety, the intricacy, the subtle contrasts of the majestic pile, upon which, after so many years, the last carven stone had been laid, could not but stir such feelings as are experienced in the presence of great natural marvels; for here too the hand of man had ceased to be felt. The Cathedral of Elgin was "noble and beautiful, the mirror of the land and the fair glory of the realm;" but the cathedrals of St Andrews and Aberdeen, of Glasgow and Dunblane, were just as famous. In the Abbey of Dunfermline "three sovereign princes with all their retinue" could be lodged; yet Melrose, Paisley, and Aberbrothick were, we are told, second to none. The sound of the great bells of Kirkwall could be heard across the stormy firth by the dwellers on the mainland; Chanonry was the northern Wells,—an

architectural gem of extraordinary purity and finish. Nor was their impressive beauty of design and execution their only title to regard. In a rude age, the sanctity which attached to the monastic buildings served in a measure to protect them from violence; and they had become in course of time the public museums and the public libraries, where the most venerable relics—the historical records and title-deeds of the nation—had been deposited. Many of them, besides, had been intimately associated with the most memorable events in the national history. The Scottish kings had been crowned at Scone; they had been buried at Melrose and Iona. Before the high altar of Cambuskenneth the Scottish nobles had sworn fealty to Bruce. There, too, the first Scottish Parliament had been held. The Charterhouse of Perth had been founded by the accomplished author of ‘*The King’s Quair*’; Dunfermline was the shrine of the sainted Margaret. On their internal decoration, moreover, the wealth of priest and noble had been freely spent. The sacramental vestments were marvels of rich embroidery; the most delicate art of the workers in silver and gold had been lavished upon the sacred vessels. Articles of priceless value—reliquaries, albs, chasubles, copes, cibories, crosses, chandeliers, lamps, censers, organs, pictures, statues—had been ungrudgingly devoted to the service of God. With much that was meretricious and much that was puerile, it might yet be said with confidence that in these august sanctuaries of the medieval Catholicism, the deepest and most imaginative expression of the national life was to be found.

Knox landed at Leith on the 2d of May 1559; and within a

month of his coming, many of the noblest churches in Scotland had been utterly wrecked. His progress was marked by ruin and devastation; it was like the track of an avenging angel. The zigzag of the lightning is not more destructive. From Perth to Cupar; from Cupar to Crail, St Andrews, and Lindores; then by Scone, Stirling, and Linlithgow to Edinburgh,—the “fiery besom” which had been seen in the sky, and which had presaged ruin and disaster, swept across the land. The slighter and more delicate fabrics were cast down; when the time-stained, weather-beaten mass of lichen stone—rising like a natural rock above the surrounding hovels—successfully defied pick and axe, crowbar and hammer, the windows were smashed, the statues defaced, the interior gutted. It cannot be said, perhaps, that much was taken away,—vandalism rejoices rather in havoc than in spoil; and on the fires which they kindled with the precious wood whereon the pains of hell and the glories of paradise had been carved with untiring devotion and illimitable industry, manuscripts of unknown antiquity, missals illuminated by Flemish and German artists, the registers of the Church, the records of the State, the sacred vestments, the holy vessels, were indiscriminately heaped. A blind rage and fury had taken possession of the destroying army; and a handful of fanatics—on the march from Perth to Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says, “they passed not three hundred men in all”—destroyed in a month the most precious heirlooms of a people. Among the churches that were wrecked or defaced while the iconoclastic fever lasted were those of St Andrews, Edinburgh, Dunblane, Dunkeld, Dun-

fermline, Aberbrothick, Kelso, Kilwinning, Lesmahagow, Lindores, Perth, Balmerino, Cupar, Crossraguel, Paisley, Stirling, Cambuskenneth, St Ninians, and Scone. It was pitiful wastefulness,—hardly to be justified by the plea that it was only a reprisal, or by that other plea urged by the Reformers,—"We, perceiving how Satan in his members, the antichrist of our time, cruelly doth rage," and resolute that no deceitful truce be patched up with "dumb dogges and horned bishops," here—once and for all—make any terms of accord, which "politic heads" might devise, now and in all time coming, impossible.

Knox arrived at Perth on the 10th of May, and on the 11th the devastation began. After a sermon by the Reformer in St John's Church—"that thundering sermon against idolatry"—a priest, "to declare his malapert presumption," opened up a glorious tabernacle that stood upon the high altar. Such a proceeding was, of course, intolerable; and certain godly men who had remained behind—the rest had gone to dinner—having first stoned the priests, proceeded "to put hands to the said tabernacle, and to all other monuments of idolatry." This they did with such despatch, that before the "rascal multitude" had dined, the business was finished. The rascal multitude finding themselves anticipated at St John's, proceeded "without deliberation" to the Black and Grey Friars, and then to the Charterhouse—a building of "a wondrous cost and greatness." Thereafter "the common people began to seek some spoil" (which they found in abundance—such scandalous puncheons of salt beef!—such sheets, blankets, and beds as no Earl in Scotland had better!); but the earnest pro-

fessors sought only to abolish the places and monuments of idolatry, in which they were so busy and laborious that, within two days, only the bare walls of these great religious foundations remained.

At Crail, at Anstruther, and at St Andrews, the Reformation repeated itself in exactly the same fashion. Knox's sermon at Crail, in which he invited his hearers either to die as men or to live victorious, was followed by an attack upon the church—the audience being so moved that they immediately pulled down all the altars and images in the town. At St Andrews, in like manner, the discourse on the purgation of the Temple being finished, the provost and bailies did thereupon agree to remove all monuments of idolatry, "which also they did with expedition." The Cathedral Church was sacked, and the monasteries of the Black and Grey Friars razed to the ground. The "reformation" of the monks of Lindores took place about the same time,—“their altars overthrown, their idols, vestments of idolatry, and mass-books burnt in their ain presence,”—to the great contentment of the Reformer. "O that my heart could be thankful for the superexcellent benefit of my God! The long thirst of my wretched heart is satisfied in abundance; for now forty days and more hath my God used my tongue to the manifestation of His glory."

Emboldened by the support they had received, the Congregation, with Knox in their midst, began their march upon Edinburgh. They paused for a day at Perth,—the scene of the earliest reformation,—and spent their leisure not unprofitably. The Abbey and Palace of Scone, the most venerable monuments in Scotland, were within

easy reach. By a curious fatality, the rascal multitude, in spite of the restraint of Knox's presence, were again in the mood for mischief. "So was the Abbey and Palace appointed to sackage; in the doing whereof they took no long deliberation, but committed the whole to the merciment of fire." At Stirling the churches were purged, the monasteries wrecked, the Abbey of Cambuskenneth cast down. The like was done the third day after at Linlithgow. At Edinburgh, where Lord Seton was provost, "a man without God, without honesty, and often times without reason," some preparation had been made for the protection and defence of the monasteries; but on the approach of the Congregation Seton deserted his charge,—leaving, as Knox remarks, "the spoil to the poor, who had," he continues, "made havoc of all such things as was moveable before our coming, and had left nothing but bare walls, yea, not so much as door or window; wherethrough," he concludes, "we were the less troubled in putting order to such places."

It has been maintained that the Congregation was not responsible for these excesses. Neither Knox nor the Lords, it appears, were to blame,—the "rascal multitude," whom they were unable to control, being the real culprit. Though it is true that the Reformer professes on one occasion to be ashamed of his followers, the plea is not tenable, and cannot be admitted. The connection between a sermon by Knox and an act of destructive vandalism was as invariable as a natural law. The devastation, indeed, was the logical development of his policy of "Thorough." If the nests were pulled down, the rooks would not return. If the religious houses were dismantled, if the churches were desecrated, if

the monuments of idolatry were defaced, any risk of reconciliation with "the pestilent prelates and their shavelings" would be averted. That was his policy, and it was the policy which, long after the occurrence of the first violent outbreak of popular passion, was deliberately adopted by the responsible leaders of the movement. The Charterhouse was sacked on 11th May 1559; the Act for the demolition of cloisters and abbey churches was the work of the Convention which met at Edinburgh in May 1561. The execution of the Act was intrusted to the lay Lords; and, while neither Argyll nor the Prior of St Andrews can be accused of slackness, the Earl of Glencairn, by the prompt destruction of Paisley, Crossraguel, and Kilwinning, appears to have secured the honours of the day. The main incidents of the campaign of 1561 have been very vividly described by Spottiswoode: "Thereupon ensued a pitiful vastation of churches and church-buildings throughout all the parts of the realm; for every one made bold to put to their hands, the meaner sort imitating the ensample of the greater and those who were in authority. No difference was made, but all the churches were either defaced or pulled to the ground. The holy vessels, and whatever else men could make gain of—timber, lead, and bells—were put to sale. The very sepulchres of the dead were not spared. The registers of the church and bibliothèques were cast into the fire. In a word, all was ruined; and what had escaped in the time of the first tumult, did now undergo the common calamity; which was so much the worse, that the violences committed at this time were coloured with the warrant of public authority."

The poverty of Protestant Scotland in sacred buildings "whose walls have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity" is sufficiently accounted for by these deplorable incidents. It has recently been urged, indeed, that not only are ruins, and especially Gothic ruins, fragrant with wall-flower and mantled with ivy, extremely attractive (as if Knox and his followers in casting down churches had designed merely to gratify the taste for the picturesque which a later age might develop), but that the ancient churches have suffered more from the ignorant neglect of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than from the angry iconoclasm of the sixteenth. The argument of course is in one sense valid; but in one sense only—for it must not be forgotten that the state of feeling which allowed the minsters to crumble away without remonstrance or remorse was directly due to the teaching of the Reformers. The stones in many cases may not have been actually dislodged by Knox or Glencairn; but the people had been taught that these were the synagogues of Satan in which "Baal's shaven sort" had practised their abominations; and the deserted building came to be regarded not only with pious dislike but with superstitious horror. The popular fancy associated the kirk-yard where the "auld Papists" were buried with the pranks of hobgoblins and the witches' midnight revel: to the ploughman hurrying along after dark with averted eye the place became "uncanny"; and in course of time the rank growth of thistles and nettles formed a natural barrier which few cared to cross. Then came the troopers of Cromwell—as destructive in their grim deliberate fashion as Knox's passionate van-

dals; the wind blew, the rain beat; and now one comely fragment, now another, came down with a crash which startled the village. This is the history of more than one of the vast edifices which yet later on, when the lands round about were enclosed, served as quarries for the farmers' dikes; but if the devout catholic sentiment, the profound feeling of awe and reverence which the house of God inspired, had not been wantonly disturbed, such a history could not have been written. Some of the preachers came to see that they had made an enormous mistake; Knox himself confessed, the year before his death, that the barns and "sheep-cots"—for they were little better—in which public worship had been held since the demolition of the abbeys, were scandalously unfit for such a purpose.

To return. After the march on Edinburgh there was a pause. The iconoclastic passion had exhausted its first force; the wave had spent itself. The Congregation could not maintain the position it had taken, and was ultimately compelled to fall back, the Hamiltons upon Glasgow, Ruthven and the others upon Stirling and Perth. The Regent took advantage of the respite to fortify Leith; and Leith as a base of action for her troops, as well as a city of refuge for herself, was invaluable. The Protestant Lords, alarmed by the rapidity with which the works were pushed on, angrily demanded what she meant? Her answer was not wanting in dignity and pathos. "And like as a small bird being pursued will provide itself some nest, so her Grace could do no less in case of pursuit, but provide some sure retreat for herself and her company." Then she spoke rather bitterly of their deal-

ings with the English Queen,—their disloyalty to their native sovereign. The Lords, however, were rude and dogged; they were not men to be touched by any graces of style or felicity of appeal; and apprehending that the peril was imminent, they again called their retainers to arms and advanced on the capital. But after several weeks' skirmishing, having failed to make any impression upon the walls of Leith, they became disheartened, their force melted away, and in spite of a sermon from Knox and an earnest appeal from Maitland (who had now joined them), they determined to return to Stirling. They had ventured some weeks before in a solemn assembly to depose the Regent; Knox had been called in; the Old Testament had been ransacked, and the precedents duly considered. It appeared that in deposing of princes, God did not always use His immediate power, but sometimes used other means which His wisdom thought good and justice approved. "As by Asa He removed Maacha his own mother from honour and authority which before she had brooked; by Jehu He destroyed Joram and the whole posterity of Achab; by diverse others He had deposed from authority those whom before He had established by His own word." This daring act, this deliberate defiance of the sovereign authority, had at the moment been received with acclamation by the citizens of Edinburgh: but the citizens of Edinburgh were as fickle as they were fierce; and on the 6th of November the discredited allies left the capital at midnight amid the gibes and jeers of the inconstant populace. "The spiteful tongues of the wicked railed upon us, calling us traitors and heretics; every one provoked

other to cast stones at us. One cried, 'Alas that I might see!'—another 'Fye, advertise the French, and we shall help them now to cut the throats of these heretics.' So were the cogitations of many hearts revealed. For we would never have believed that our natural countrymen and women could have wished our destruction so unmercifully, and have so rejoiced in our adversity. God move their hearts to repentance!" On this as on many other occasions, the Reformers had to confess sorrowfully that "the hearts of the people were against the professors." These manifestations of popular disfavour were, to Knox especially, peculiarly galling.

At Stirling Knox resumed the interrupted discourse; the text was taken from the eightieth Psalm: "O God of hosts, turn us again; make Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved;" and the sermon itself rings like martial music. By its stirring and piercing eloquence, its confident appeal to the Eternal, "the minds of men began wondrously to be erected;" and at its close a momentous resolution was taken,—momentous to Scotland, to England, to Europe. "In the end it was concluded that William Maitland should pass to London to expone our estate and condition to the Queen and Council."

Sadler was the stormy-petrel of Scottish politics, and it was of evil omen that he was again at Berwick. It was now November, and we have seen (from the Regent's letter) that during the autumn months informal communications had passed between the insurgent Lords and the English Court. Cecil was eager to take advantage of the opening; but Elizabeth hesitated. The deposition of sovereigns by their subjects was

not at all to her taste. It might grow dangerous if it became a habit, and the infection spread. The moderate party in Scotland had been overborne by the fanatical Calvinistic faction; and, constitutionally cautious, she detested fanaticism nearly as much as she detested Calvinism. The Revolution so far had been the handiwork of Knox; and Knox she hated. The Congregation had shown no capacity for political organisation; inflated with spiritual pride, they had been arrogantly confident in prosperity, and helplessly incapable in defeat. Were these the allies on whose firmness and constancy she could rely,—these “men of butter,” as Alva called the Reformers? But Cecil was urgent, and Elizabeth, “greater than man, less than woman,” caring for her safety more than for her scruples, never allowed her feminine antipathies to override her masculine common-sense. Sadler was the confidant of the English Council; and, with anxious instructions to deal warily, he was despatched to Berwick to reconnoitre and report.

One initial difficulty presented itself—With whom was he to treat? What envoy from an insurgent faction would be welcomed at Greenwich or Westminster? Knox was the real leader: the Lords not being ready writers, he seems at first to have conducted, under the *nom de plume* of Sinclair (his mother's name), nearly the whole correspondence,—“in twenty-four hours I have not four or five to natural rest, and ease of this wicked carcass;” but Knox was out of the question. One sometimes wishes that Elizabeth and Knox had met; the interview, it cannot be doubted, would have formed a lively, possibly a stormy, episode in the History of the Re-

formation. The mere sound of his name drove Elizabeth wild. The “Monstrous Regiment of Women” was an unpardonable affront, which she had not forgotten, and which she never forgave. He had made a clumsy effort to apologise; but an apology from Knox was very like a sound rating from another man; and the maladroitness which he wrote—judiciously suppressed by Cecil—would only have increased her choler. A prophet charged to announce the judgment of the Lord occupies a difficult position when he has to own that he has made a mistake: and it was hardly to be expected that a retreat in such circumstances should have been graciously or gracefully executed. When he told Cecil that, “being overcome with iniquity”—“a traitor to God, and worthy of hell”—“ye have followed the world in the way of perdition, and shall taste of the same cup that politic heads have drunken before you,” he did not mean to be rude; and Cecil, who could estimate prophetic warnings at their true value, probably did not mind. But when he was required to signify to his haughty and passionate mistress that, although “contrary to nature and without her deserving” (seeing that she had “declined from Jesus Christ in the day of His battle”), she had been raised to the throne of England, yet if she would confess that “the extraordinary dispensation of God's great mercy had made that lawful to her which both nature and God's law did deny unto all women,” her authority would be provisionally admitted, the prudent Minister felt that it was time to interpose. Sadler was warned to keep the truculent prophet well out of sight. “Of all others, Knox's name, if it be not Good-man's, is most odious

here; and therefore I wish no mention of him hither;"¹ and Cecil's own impatience with these ill-timed admonitions found expression in a characteristic reply: "Maister Knox, Maister Knox! Non est masculus neque fœmina, omnes enim, ut ait Paulus, unum sumus in Christo Jesu. Benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino; et erit Dominus fiducia ejus."

The adhesion of Maitland changed the whole aspect of affairs. It gave the conduct of the revolutionary movement to a skilled and trained diplomatist; but it did more. So long as he remained with the Regent, it might be taken as an assurance that she had not broken with, or been deserted by, the moderate reforming party. When the Queen's Secretary, on the other hand, went over to the rebels, it was a significant declaration that French soldiers and foreign ecclesiastics had rendered a policy of conciliation hopeless. Maitland had no sympathy with either extreme; but he was forced to make his choice. Practical statesmen cannot be unduly finical. They must not cling with fastidious tenacity to what they hold to be the best. In this imperfect world it is seldom the best way that succeeds—only the second-best; and the second-best must be accepted as the line on which social and political movement of any kind is possible. Maitland, besides, was already, as I have said, a familiar figure at the English Court. He had acquired, or was to acquire, a personal ascendancy over Elizabeth which even Cecil never possessed. Elizabeth bore with Cecil because she could not help herself; but

the puritanic quality of his mind, and the puritanic flavour of his speech, were always distasteful to her, and she sneered irreverently at her faithful Secretary and "his brothers in Christ." She was a bit of a pagan, and so was Maitland; and the gallant address and gay wisdom of "the flower of the wits of Scotland" were relished by her to the last. Knox admits that in his mission the Secretary "travailed with no less wisdom and faithfulness than happy success;" and the Convention of Berwick—an English fleet in the Firth of Forth under Winter, an English army before Leith under Lord Grey—was the first-fruits of his diplomacy.

Enough has been written about the siege of Leith and the Treaty of Edinburgh; yet it is interesting to watch, from such a coign of vantage as Sadler occupied during these anxious months, the game that was being played; and I may briefly note some of the more striking incidents recorded day by day in the voluminous correspondence that has been preserved. Berwick was the point on which the roads from Newcastle, Carlisle, and Edinburgh converged; and though lying close to the turbulent Border country, its strong English garrison, as well as the easy communication it enjoyed both by land and sea, alike with England and Scotland, made it a place of the first importance, especially when war was imminent, or intrigue rife. The dull and peaceful life which Sadler and Norfolk appear to have led while the negotiations with Lethington were in progress contrasts curiously with the organised anarchy which pre-

¹ This was written on the 31st October; on the 3d of November he returns to the subject,—“Surely I like not Knox's audacity. His writings do no good here.” A more adroit envoy was obviously needed; and at this very time Lethington's services became available.

vailed, and the constant strife which was being waged, outside the walls. "It is more than thirty years ago," Sadler wrote to Cecil, "since I had some understanding of this frontier, and yet did I never know it in such disorder; for now the officer spoileth the thief, and the thief robbeth the true man, and the true men take assurance of the thieves that they shall not rob them, and give them yearly rent and tribute for the same." There was much complaint of the delay and negligence of the "posts"; yet letters either from the Council at London or from the Lords at Stirling appear to have arrived daily. The fortress of Berwick was built above the Tweed, where the salt water mingles with the fresh, and commanded a wide sweep of land and sea. "This morning is past by here a great ship in which it is supposed that the Frenchman is." "I would to God ye had been more forward in time. There is passed by here eleven sails in sight, which we take to be French." "Hourly we look for the arrival of the ships." "This day there is passed by here twenty-seven or twenty-eight sail of ships; we are in good hope that it is the ordnance, which will much avail." "Because the way and passage through Lothian is very difficile, we have sent the Laird of Brunstone by Carlisle." "The treasure could not be carried but in carts, for which the country serveth not. This was in pence, two pence, and old Testones. For God's sake send it in gold or new silver."¹ These slight homely touches serve to vitalise the scene; we can see the anxious envoys of Elizabeth in the chilly Border town ("Our winds here being rather winter winds

than summer winds," Norfolk writes as late as 15th May) watching the white sails of the craft that crept along the coast, or the gleam of the Border spears.

The spring of 1560 must have been unusually late; but 1559 had also been a backward year. On the 8th September Balnaves arrived at Berwick, when it transpired that the Reformers had been hindered by the lateness of the harvest,—as the destruction of the standing corn, which could not have been avoided in the event of a rising, would have turned the people against them. Alexander White-law followed on the 29th with the information that the Congregation were unable to meet until 15th October,—“they could appoint no shorter day, as their harvest by reason of foul weather is far behind, and not a quarter done.”

The interest of the winter and spring centred in Maitland. His mission to England was regarded by Sadler and Norfolk, as well as by Randolph and Cecil, as of supreme importance. The Englishmen at Berwick had had, it must be confessed, a difficult part to play. While solemnly assuring the Regent that Elizabeth was her very good friend, they were secretly to encourage and succour the rebels. Arran was smuggled across the Border with a forged passport prepared by Cecil, in which he was described as “M. de Beaufort, a gentleman of our good brother the French King's, sent into Scotland to our good sister the Queen Dowager.” The Congregation were told that they should “devise such ways whereby they might be helped by us, and yet we to remain in peace as we do;” Sadler was to lend them money secretly, taking the bonds

¹ Letters from Sadler and Norfolk, 27th Sept., 19th Dec. 1559, 7th Jan., 20th Jan., 18th April, 27th April 1560.

in his own name, "so that the Queen should not be a party thereto;" the money was to be in French crowns, "for if it be in any English coin, it will be the sooner suspected from whom they have it." Despite of every precaution the perfidy got wind, and Cecil had to warn his "brothers in Christ" to be more circumspect,—"of all others," he adds contemptuously, "of all others, these Scots be the openest men that be." But the harder the lying, the more unctuous the language. "And so I take my leave, praying Almighty God to make you the instrument of His true honour, against Anti-Christ, the perpetual enemy of His dear Son, our Saviour Christ." No writer of legitimate comedy could have ventured upon so broad or farcical a contrast; and yet, as I have said before, the men were perfectly sincere. It is difficult to define with precision the moral and mental characteristics of the duplicity which deceives itself; but whatever term we may select to designate their double-dealing, we cannot justly, I think, call it hypocrisy.

It became obvious, however, before the winter was far advanced, that the show of neutrality could not be preserved much longer, and that a decisive step one way or other would require to be taken. So Lethington's movements were closely scanned, and his coming eagerly awaited. There were a number of false alarms. Randolph, writing on 9th November from Stirling, informed Sadler that Maitland had received his despatch, and would be at Berwick within eight days at furthest. But a week passed and he did not arrive. Sadler began to fancy that he had gone by the West Marches,—the Carlisle route, where the Maxwells

were strong, being then deemed the safest. A few days later, however, he wrote to Cecil that Lethington was certainly coming, for whose secret conveyance to Court, by the coast-road, he would provide what was necessary. "Things must rest awhile until you see what he bringeth. The Lords wait for his answer." On the 21st the envoy was still *en route*. "Lethington and Randolph will be here as soon as wind and weather will serve. Nothing is known till Lethington come, whom we look for hourly. We shall send Captain Randall back in the boat that brings him." On the 22d there is "continual expectation of Lethington's arrival;" and on the 23d "Lethington is still hourly looked for; he is supposed to be detained by the Regent's death, of which the brute continueth. The wind hath served so well, he should otherwise have been here." Then in a letter from Randolph the delay was explained,—they had been detained by Arran's sickness, who for four days was "sore troubled" (whether it had been bodily or mental "trouble" does not appear; the taint of insanity may have begun to show itself), and on the 24th they landed at Holy Island. "On Thursday last, Lethington and Randolph arrived at Holy Island, and when the night came we received them secretly into the castle here." Maitland, who frankly admitted to Sadler that without an English army the contest was hopeless, left for London before daybreak of the 25th.

The negotiations proceeded rapidly; but Maitland's instructions were not sufficiently definite, and Melville went back to Scotland to ascertain the resolution of the Lords on certain points, taking with him a letter from Maitland to Sadler, the seal of which—a serpent

entwined round a cross placed upon a skull, between the letters R. P. —is still unbroken. The Council, however, did not wait for Melville's return; Winter's ships were in readiness, and on the 23d of December the fleet sailed. Cecil was unusually elated. "Our ships be on the seas, God speed them!—God give you both good night, for I am almost asleep (12 P.M.)" But the wind was contrary. So late as the 6th of January, there had been no tidings of them at Berwick, and the rumour ran that they had been driven back. "The messenger from the Lords with the double of Lethington's articles has arrived. He was eight days on the sea, and could not land till yesternight, which he did at Holy Island with much difficulty and danger. No news of Mr Winter, which would be great comfort." Winter in fact did not reach the Forth till the afternoon of the 22d, when he had been four weeks at sea,—even for that age an unusually protracted voyage.

Lethington remained in London till the middle of February, in constant communication with Cecil, whose confidence he entirely gained. He had engaged to meet the English and Scottish Commissioners at Berwick, and he brought with him a cordial letter from Elizabeth's Secretary. "Good Mr Sadler, you have known this bearer, the Laird of Lethington, but I here have had great profit of him, finding him to be both wise, honest, and constant. I pray you let him receive your friendly entertainment, with some addition for my sake. God send us a good end of your ministerial labours. Time serveth all turns, and loss of time loseth all good

things."¹ Lethington was the first to arrive. "Yesternight," Norfolk wrote on the morning of the 24th, "arrived here the Laird of Lethington, and at the same instant came also the Master of Maxwell from Carlisle; but the rest of the Lords which come by sea are not yet arrived, by reason that the winds are contrary." The letter, however, was not sealed when the Scottish deputies appeared. "One of the Queen's Majesty's ships named The Falcon is arrived here in the haven-mouth with the Lord James and the rest of the Lords of Scotland, for whom we have presently sent out boats to bring them to land." The Convention of Berwick was duly signed and sealed, among the rest by "William Maytlande of Lethingtoun, younger." Maitland immediately returned to London, where he remained for some weeks. "Because they require certain promises under the great seal, they have determined to send the Lord of Lydington to be a humble suitor to her Grace. Surely we find them grave and discreet men, unwilling to promise more than they can perform;" and ready to acknowledge that without English aid they were unable to resist the French. About *that* there could now be no doubt. It abundantly appears from the report of the conferences that in attempting to subvert the established government and the established religion, the Congregation had undertaken a task beyond its strength.

Even against a considerable English army, the handful of French made a gallant stand. "The Scots can scale no walls;" but on this occasion the taunt

¹ Lethington had written to Sadler from London on 11th January thanking him for his services. "Ye have enterit my haill nation in obligation to you; and I hope it shall prove at length ye have also weill deservit of your awin country. I look for the Queen's final answer and my despatch to-morrow; quilk obtenin I will make speed towards you. Cecil is writing. I am in good hope."

might have been directed with equal justice against their allies. The ill-success was attributed to the incapacity of Lord Grey, who, it was insinuated, might lead a troop of horse, but was not fit for so great a command. Norfolk, who was very sore at the miscarriage, and who had expressed himself strongly against the general's mistaken tactics in the conduct of the siege, was forced to offer a doubtful apology to his colleague: "Grey is nowise to blame, except it be for that he has not his wits, and memory faileth him."

The tenacity with which the French clung to their rotten walls was quite unlooked for. Elizabeth had expected a holiday promenade, an easy "walk over"; and it seemed now that the enterprise might prove costly in more senses than one. Conscientious were reinforced by parsimonious scruples. She began to repent. She had listened to evil counsels. Cecil's advice had led her astray. Cecil, for his part, was not anxious to prolong a war which was hardly justified by the usages of nations, and which, if prolonged, might involve larger issues than he cared to raise. If the French would leave the Scots to settle their own affairs, the English army would be withdrawn. The extreme men, the fanatical visionaries who had dreams of a New Republic, a *Civitas Dei*, a theocracy in Church and State, inveighed bitterly against the terms of the treaty; but they were forced to give way. Cecil himself came down to Edinburgh, where, with Maitland's assistance, he succeeded in bringing the various factions to an accord.

The French Commissioners were reasonable enough; they even agreed to an article affecting Mary's

title to the English succession, which was clearly outside their commission, and which was subsequently the occasion of endless controversy; the impracticable preachers were the difficulty. No official record of the claims they urged has been preserved; but it is plain that Cecil's patience was severely tried by their unreasonableness. At one time he was almost tempted to leave them to fight it out among themselves,—“we have to deal with so crooked and subtle a nation,” he exclaimed impatiently, unconsciously repeating the words which Sadler had used twenty years before. Some of the Lords, indeed, “to the hazard of their lives and land,” would listen to reason; but the preachers and the fanatical leaders of the Congregation were stubborn as mules. “I find the Lord of Lethington disposed to work the minds of the nobility to anything that your Majesty shall determine. He is of most credit here for his wit” (or *policy*, as we would say), “and almost sustaineth the whole burden of government.” “We find a great commodity in the Lord James and the Lord Lethington, who be well content to follow our opinions in everything. Surely the Lord James is a gentleman of great worthiness.” Two days later the prospect had not brightened. “Our travail, and especially mine, is more with the Lords of Scotland than with the French. I find some so deeply persuaded in the matter of religion, as nothing can persuade them that may appear to hinder it. My Lord of Lethington, whose capacity and credit is worth six others, helpeth much in this, or else surely I see folly would hazard the whole.”¹

Maitland's moderation was all

¹ Cecil, 19th, 23d, and 25th June 1560.

the more welcome, because he had at first been inclined to hold that a premature and inconclusive peace would be injurious. He had made Lady Cecil's acquaintance when in London, and a close friendship had sprung up between them. In more than one letter to her the distrust of "communications" is forcibly accentuated. But he had come to see that any violent disturbance of the existing polity would be of doubtful advantage. The Dowager's discernment had not been at fault when she said that though the Congregation at first did rise for matters of religion, they afterwards shot at another mark; and Balnaves candidly admitted to Sadler that the mark they shot at was, as he phrased it, "an alteration of the state and authority." Cecil, who in the privacy of his study was ready to argue that the Crown of England had a just and unfeigned title to the superiority of Scotland, and that the French Queen, as Queen of Scots, owed homage to the Queen of England, was much too discreet to proclaim such a doctrine from the housetops. The line that he took in public was to suggest that if Mary declined to accept the reforms which were proposed by the nobility, the government should be intrusted to the next heirs; and that if she should refuse to recognise the Hamiltons, then—but I must use his own words—"it is apparent that Almighty God is pleased to transfer from her the rule of the kingdom for the weal of it,"—a rapid and daring feat of logic. But if it came to be a conflict between the rival houses, there could be little doubt—Maitland must have felt—that the great majority of the people—the temporary irritation against France having subsided—would prefer a Stuart to a Hamilton, the historic family to the

family of an upstart. If Elizabeth, indeed, could have been persuaded to accept Arran, an alliance which placed a Scottish noble upon the English throne might have proved an acceptable solution of the puzzle. But Maitland knew that Arran was a violent half-witted lad in whom the hereditary incapacity had developed into specific mental disease; and he knew, moreover, that the shrewd Elizabeth rated him at his true value. Such a marriage would certainly never take place; and even as a marriage *de convenance*, was hardly perhaps to be desired. Then there was the Prior of St Andrews—Mary's brother—who was supposed to aspire to the Crown, and whose name at least had been included in the list of possible claimants. Of the Lord James we shall hear much hereafter; here it is enough to say that Margaret Erskine (who was carried off by James the Fifth on the very morning of her marriage with Douglas of Lochleven—so the story ran) was alleged by some to be the King's lawful wife. Maitland might possibly have preferred the Lord James; but, upon the whole, he appears to have arrived at the conclusion that a provisional government in Mary's name was in the meantime the more prudent alternative, and that, till public opinion was more matured, and the public mind better informed, any fundamental alteration of the "state and authority" should be delayed. Maitland was not an idealist; for him the visionary republic had no attractions; but in the present mood of the populace it was extremely probable that some grotesque scheme of government might be adopted. It was better, therefore, to wait; and another consideration may have had its weight. The Queen of France could never be Queen of

Scots; she might keep the name, but the power would remain with the Scottish executive council: on the other hand, Francis was feeble and ailing; and by-and-by Mary might be able—a free woman, no longer entangled by foreign ties—to return to her native land.

The faction which had been eager for political as well as religious change had, however, little reason to complain. The French Commissioners, indeed, would not meddle with “religion,”—dropping it like a hot potato, which was sure to burn whoever touched it; but they consented to the meeting of a Parliament in which the needful reforms might be deliberately considered. Of this Parliament the advanced party gained, as might indeed have been expected, complete control. The legality of its composition was open to exception (the whole of the lesser gentry of Fife and the Lothians attached to the Congregation were present in a compact body—an entire innovation undoubtedly upon constitutional practice), and the Conservative party refrained from any act of participation which could afterwards be construed as an admission that it had been lawfully summoned or was lawfully constituted. The Earl of Athol, Lord Somerville, and Lord Borthwick declared that they would believe as their fathers had believed before them; but, with no formal protest, and with hardly a reclaiming voice, the ancient Church was abolished.

The Parliament was opened by Maitland, who took the place which Huntly, conveniently detained at home by “an infirmity in his leg,” should have occupied. The address of the “harangue-maker,” as the Scots called the Speaker of their Parliament, was modest and restrained. “Silence being com-

manded, the Lord of Lidington began his oration. He excused his insufficiency to occupy that place. He made a brief discourse of things past, and of what necessity men were forced to for the defence of their country, what remedy and support it pleased God to send them in the time of their necessity, how much they were bound heartily to acknowledge it and to requite it. He took away the persuasion that was in many men’s minds who held back, and who wrongly supposed that other things were meant than those that were attempted. He advised the Estates to lay all local affections aside, and to lend themselves wholly to the true service of God and of their country. He urged them to remember in what state Scotland had been of long time for lack of government and exercise of justice. He exhorted them to mutual amity and hearty friendship, and to live with one another as members of one body. He prayed God long to maintain this peace and amity between sovereign princes, and especially betwixt the realms of England and Scotland in the fear of God; and so ended.” The purpose of the speech was obvious: it was a studiously moderate appeal to the moderate men in either camp; an appeal to the men of order as against the men of anarchy; an appeal to the men of common-sense as against the men of dreams and visions. Whether the proceedings of the Parliament were in accord with Maitland’s real sentiments, we are not expressly informed. He was well aware that a radical reconstruction of the ecclesiastical polity would be demanded, and so far as existing institutions were indefensible, he was anxious that they should be radically reformed. Beyond this he was not prepared to go. A

theocracy headed by Knox was just as distasteful to him as a theocracy headed by Beaton or Hamilton. It has sometimes occurred to me that the expedient, by which the preachers were diverted from the preparation of a scheme of civil and ecclesiastical polity until Parliament had been dissolved, was devised by Maitland. For Christianity, as a system of doctrine, Lethington, it is plain, cared not at all. He was not an unbeliever. In Scotland, in the sixteenth century, the man who had ventured to suggest, even tentatively, that God was a "bogle of the nursery," would have been stoned to death. But Maitland, who understood Knox's foibles, was well aware that the preparation of a Confession of Faith, of a compendious manual of doctrinal theology, of a series of speculative propositions on the relations between God and man, was a temptation which the Reformers could not resist. It was a duty which, on the slightest provocation, they would "gladly undertake." There were no end of ticklish practical questions requiring the most delicate handling; if, while these were in course of solution, the preachers could be induced to enter the thorny theological labyrinth, might it not be well? Might it not be attended with advantage to all concerned? That Maitland attached no particular sanctity to the articles of belief which were then formulated is clear enough; he was ready to throw them overboard without even a pretence of reluctance: if Elizabeth, he told Cecil, would only specify those that she disliked (for a Calvinistic Confession stank in her nostrils), he would have them recast without delay. Knox's Confession is a singular document,—weak and disingenuous when it attempts to de-

fine the grounds on which an authoritative Protestant creed can be constructed,—“the Notes by which the true Church is discerned from the false,”—weak, that is to say, on the logical and argumentative side, it rises into that impressive eloquence, that intense emotional fervour and force of spiritual expression, of which Knox was a master, when it treats of the assurance of faith, of the immortality of the soul, of the resurrection of the body. “In the general judgment there shall be given to every man and woman resurrection of the body. For the sea shall give up her dead, the earth these that be therein enclosed; yea, the Eternal, our God, shall stretch out His hand on the dust, and the dead shall arise incorruptible, and that in the substance of the self-same flesh that every man now beareth, to receive, according to their works, glory or punishment. For such as now delight in vanity, cruelty, filthiness, superstition, or idolatry, shall be adjudged to the fire unquenchable, in which they shall be tormented for ever, as well in their own bodies as in their souls, which now they give to serve the devil in all abomination. But such as continue in well-doing to the end, boldly professing the Lord Jesus, we constantly believe that they shall receive glory, honour, and immortality, to reign for ever in life everlasting with Christ Jesus, to whose glorified body all His elect shall be made like, when He shall appear again in judgment, and shall render up the kingdom to God His Father, who then shall be, and ever shall remain, in all things, God blessed for ever.” This is the poetry of theology: its science may be contemptible and incredible; but the broad moral truth that death is the wages of sin has never been more forcibly

expressed or intensely realised. Upon the whole, Maitland appears to have done his best, where civil rights and civil interests were involved, to restrain the impetuous fanaticism of the Assembly. He did not always succeed; it is difficult to believe, for instance, that he approved of the Act which made the celebration of the most solemn and indispensable rite of the Catholic Church punishable with death. A statute which provided that no persons should say mass, or hear mass, or be present thereat, under the pain of confiscation of their goods and punishment of their bodies for the first fact, banishment out of the realm for the second fact, and *death* for the third fact,—that was a statute which Lethington certainly did not draw. It was coined in another mint,—it bears the unmistakable impress of another hand. It was the work of the man who cast out “the monuments of idolatry,” and committed the abbeys to “the merciment of the fire.”

Even at this early period the friction between Knox and Maitland, between the inspired prophet of the Lord and the tolerant scholar of the renaissance, had declared itself. Maitland's irony had the same effect on Knox that the red flag of a matador has on a bull. It was so deft, so keen, so incisive, that it touched him before he was aware. He manifests a quite unusual air of helplessness while this agile foe dances round him,—pricking him before and behind, on this side and on that. He devotes a copious and entirely original comminatory service to Maitland;—the mocker (he is prophetically assured) will suffer for his “mockage,” here and hereafter, in this world and in the next. I have said that the Reformed preachers were extraordi-

narily sensitive,—resenting with more than papal authoritativeness the most innocent badinage directed against themselves or their office. But Maitland's shafts went home. He was not a jester only; the light play of his wit masked serious conviction and deliberate policy. Though the prophet who can interpret the obscure oracles of the Most High is not as a rule oppressed with humility, it cannot be said that Knox was vainer than his brethren. It was no doubt, however, rather mortifying to learn that the Secretary of State, instead of being impressed by the special and vehement application of the prophet Haggeus, had shrugged his shoulders, and treated the discourse with undisguised and unbecoming levity,—“We mon now forget ourselves, and bear the barrow to build the houses of God;” or to have been told to his face that the Book of Discipline, the scheme of Church government which had been so anxiously prepared, was a “devout imagination.” It is clear that these speeches stung Knox to the quick; and the reason is plain. Had they come from another man, they would have meant little; coming from a keen and liberal thinker like Maitland, they were significant of much. They were the first notes of adverse criticism,—the earliest intimation that the severe ecclesiastical regimen which the Reformers intended to prescribe would not be accepted without remonstrance, and that the affirmation of their claim to bind and to loose on earth and in heaven, as the Pope of Rome before them had bound and loosed, would not be readily granted. The papal jurisdiction had been abolished because its spiritual pretensions had become intolerable; it is amusing, if rather saddening,

to reflect that the first business of the leaders of the infant society was to construct an elaborate form of—excommunication.¹

The provisional settlement which had been arrived at, the interim *modus vivendi* in politics and religion, could not possibly have been permanent. What the future had in store for Scotland, supposing that the French king had lived, we can only conjecture. But all was changed in a day by the death of the feeble Francis. The Reformers made “merry” over the sufferings of Mary Stuart’s husband, as they had made

“merry” over the sufferings of Mary Stuart’s mother. “Lo! the potent hand of God from above sends unto us a wonderful and most joyful deliverance; for unhappy Francis, husband to our sovereign, suddenly perisheth of a rotten ear—that deaf ear that never would hear the truth of God.” The exultation was premature; the merriment was short-lived. The death of Francis restored the daughter of James the Fifth to her own people; and for the next ten years the history of Scotland is the history of Mary Stuart.

¹ These are the words of excommunication,—after the offender is cut off, secluded, and excommunicated from the body of Christ and the society of the church,—“And this his sin, by virtue of our ministry we bind, and pronounce the same to be bound in heaven and earth. We further give over into the hands and power of the devil the said A B to the destruction of his flesh; straitly charging all that profess the Lord Jesus, to repute and to hold him accursed, and unworthy of the familiar society of Christians; declaring unto all men that such as hereafter, before his repentance, shall haunt or familiarly accompany him, are partakers of his impiety, and subject to the like condemnation.” A tolerably comprehensive “cursing” for a Church six months old.

IN MAGA'S LIBRARY:

THE OLD SALOON.

A NUMBER of new books is always a pleasant sight. The smell of them, fresh from the press, is delightful to the nostrils, the red and blue of the fresh bindings an agreeable if short-lived gratification. We contemplate them, as they stand up in a row for judgment, with pleased anticipation. The fire burns bright: it is the end of the year. The Old Saloon lights up, appears and disappears, in the flicker and glory of the firelight—the cheerful blaze here throwing a ruddy gleam upon a piece of storied marble, there wavering like a smile upon the face of one of those pictured brethren on the walls. The wintry day is scarcely yet over. The grey light, the last gleam of the year, comes in, a little chill, over our heads. Here where we sit our predecessors have sat for three parts of a century, discoursing wit and wisdom such as no longer meets the common ear. Here Christopher North, in the long summer twilights, dipped his pen in the rainbow, and set before the readers of old Maga the glories of moor and mountain and flashing river; and here in the winter nights, with laughter as of the demigods, Homeric, inextinguishable, yet not unmixed with touches of pathos and higher strains of poetic insight, poured forth immortal musings, undying talk, that stream of brilliant conversation with the world, which loses something by being written, yet is perhaps the most captivating kind of communication that can pass between the man of genius and the ordinary race of men. The talk is undying, even though

it is now in a book, and wants the force of a living voice: for the impression remains, which is greater than any mere fact of memory. His image stands there upon the wall, in the half shadow, half glow of the dancing firelight, with his head like Jove—one of the most splendid types of man that ever illustrated humanity, Christopher North, John Wilson, the first standard-bearer in old Maga's band; and look! behind him, fine and keen, with sarcasm trembling on his thin-cut lips, the beautiful head of Lockhart; and further on, with a twinkle of kindly simplicity, with his plaid round him and his dog at his knees, that badly used but finely transformed Shepherd, the kind, vain, homely fellow, who had it in him, among all his vulgarities, to produce, once in a way, such a tender vision as that of Bonnie Kilmeny. How does one dare to lift the small pipe of a lesser voice in presence of these shades? And there is gentle Delta, the gentle poet and humourist, beloved of all; and Alison of the histories, with his capacious head and sagacious mien; and the cheerful good sense of old Henry Stephens of the 'Farm,' whose literary performances, if not very great in eloquence or poetic meaning, live and sell, my beloved brethren, as do neither yours nor mine, however much we may think of ourselves. The marble there, with the light upon it, is too fine for Aytoun, and throws a reflection of Greek splendour upon 'Bon Gaultier,' which is confusing, even when we think of him as the more serious minstrel of the 'Lays': but hap-

pily behind him hangs the image of his twin-brother in fun and poetry, the characteristic, humorous, vigorous face of Theodore Martin, who is Bon Gaultier and Maga's henchman too. These are our surroundings in the Old Saloon at "45." Our friends of the new Magazines, new and (comparatively) old, good evening to you all! You are fine fellows, with the gloss of novelty upon you. Maga offers you a friendly greeting on the eve of the New Year. On her own hearthstone, amid her household gods, she has seen various changes, no doubt, in three-quarters of a century: and kindly hailed your fathers before you, long since engulfed and forgotten. *Absit omen!* rather may your youthful shadows grow until, in the course of the ages, they emulate her own.

We have perhaps been led too far by the twilight fancies of this historic spot, and recall ourselves, as the lamps are lighted, with a certain shamefacedness and recollection of all we are not in the presence of our fathers. We are not formed like Jove or Christopher. Our dart is not one made out of the lightning-shaft, as was Lockhart's in his youth. To-day, however it may look to-morrow, is less than yesterday. Not, however, that Maga sings small, though her present representative may be modest. Certain faces we wot of, which by times come smiling here, are no unmeet successors of the old demigods. Yonder in the corner is an Eastern landscape, strangely apart from anything in our Scottish home. It is a mountain village in the hallowed land of Palestine, from which the brilliant chronicler of "Piccadilly" has sent us many a page of wit and wisdom in recent days: and many more have come from other distant regions as far as British

empire extends, from many a manly pen, such as Maga, with a sound and wholesome partiality for her soldiers and sailors, has always loved. She has her ladies too, but, shall we own it? perhaps loves them less. The reader, however, must consider these words as a parenthesis, not intended in this connection. For it was of our fathers we had meant to speak, and not of their successors, as it is with memories of Wilson and Lockhart and their brethren that this room, once an important centre of their intellectual and social life, is most closely associated.

Let us proceed with our task in humility, fondly imagining a little succour from those noble shades. Were we to wait till midnight, the witching hour, perhaps in the wistful moment between one year and another, while yet the air awaits, in a thrill of expectation, the first tingle of the bells, who can tell if, descending from the dim walls, there might not gather about this familiar table, a New-Year party, shadowy yet splendid, with the lustre of the unseen in their sleepless eyes? Hush! the atmosphere is keen with frost and starlight; the lion-hill that watches over our northern city lies with his couched head indistinguishable, waiting: and the great Firth, giving him back in dark reflection, lies still, with her twinkling lights upon margin and isle: and the muffled mighty watchmen stand all about along the slopes of Braid and among the hollows of the Pentlands, waiting for the clash of the New-Year bells. Nearer to us, in the hum of the midnight streets, we fear the aspect of our fellow-townsmen waiting for the same is not quite so poetic or decorous; and the Shepherd at least, should he come

back, might prefer, alas! to see what fun was going on out of doors rather than to examine the store of publications which occupy our thoughts within: so we shall go on soberly with our own work, as befits a faithful servant of the public, hoping for many months to come to help the judgment and develop the natural good taste of our respected masters, and summon no spirits out of their repose.

We know, however, among the books before us, which the old critics of Maga would select by instinct for the first word. We are afraid they were not very genial to the first appearance of the great poet of our day. He was not a poet of their day. Theirs was an age of giants, and the young aspirant who came in with a new dawn after the glory of such a blaze of prime as that which shone upon Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Keats, not to speak of our own ever-beloved and supreme Magician of the North: is apt to look like a little unnecessary pretender—an upstart and interloper seeking to oust the true monarchs from their thrones—or at least to replace them, which is quite as offensive to the worshipper. We have our doubts whether even we, impartial and unbiassed as we know ourselves to be, would not be animated by something of this feeling towards any little young man of twenty or so who should appear with a couple of volumes under his arm, and the manifest intention of taking the noble peer of Haslemere and Freshwater by the beard. “Begone

thou Cockney pretender!” we should say; “thou hop o’ my thumb! thou frog that wouldst swell into the semblance of the lordly master of the meadows!—go hang a calf’s skin on thy recreant limbs!” And so did our predecessors before us. A great glamour was in their eyes, blinding them to the inevitable certainty that one generation passes away and another comes. There was something said about “School-miss Alfred,” we recollect with a shudder. But what then? There are few so high-minded, few so enlightened, but would have done the same. And time has brought its revenges. To us, who now fill their places, it is Tennyson who is the monarch, and the youngsters his juniors are impertinent, as he once appeared. We are very sure that the slim volume which we have here from the poet’s hands is the one to which those critics would have first turned; and there is, we will not deny, a certain humorous satisfaction in discussing ‘Locksley Hall’ in presence of the effigies of those whose “Lay of the Lovelorn” can never be dissociated from that fine work. It is, we believe, understood as one of the qualities of a great poem, that it should lend itself seductively to the uses of parody. Never, perhaps, was there such a parody as that of Bon Gaultier. We are half ashamed to confess that the version of the mischievous imitator so lingers in our ear, that without thought we cannot identify which is which.

“I hold the grey barbarian lower than the Christian” { cad, }
 { child, }

—which is it? and is it Tennyson or Bon Gaultier who talks of worshipping “Mighty Mumbo-Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon?”

We protest we are quite unable to reply. Let not Lord Tennyson chafe at the disrespect, for there is none intended. The laughter

has no bitter meaning in it. The ridicule means admiration as true, perhaps more real and sincere than the gush of effusive worship which is one of the least wholesome attendants of a great poet's undisputed reign.

Sixty years after!¹ A long life is, thank heaven, no rare thing among the immortals: but it is not often that they bring us in baskets of gold and silver the ripened fruit of their musings, as this little volume professedly does. Wordsworth, the last old man of that high race, put forth instead, the tender chronicle of his early years, the *Prelude* to existence, with its revelations of the poetic child, and pictures of the school-boy and the youth, as he approached the other limit of his life. Perhaps it was on the whole a better inspiration. When Tennyson (he must pardon us, the offensive prefix of that new lordship is too much for our patience) returns in his old age to the strain of his beginning, it is not so much of the tender grace of the day that is dead that he thinks, as of the languor of the present and the disappointments of the past. Nothing can be more benign and delightful than the aspect of an old man turning back, with the mellow light of experience in his eyes, with half a smile over all those sincerest transports of misery and rapture through which he has passed, and half a sigh over the high expectations which, at their best, are never more than half

fulfilled. He knows that nothing is so good, yet nothing so bad, as he once thought; and that if his efforts may have been less fruitful than he hoped, yet in the hand of God lies all his works, and that in everything there is something which shows the trace of the divine. This matured and high philosophy, the lesson of long continuance, the best encouragement to trust and patience, which may be read in the dim eyes of many a voiceless old grandfather, making his poor shred of humanity a noble thing, is not the lesson which the old poet teaches. The burden on his lips is failure. Once he hoped, but hopes no more. Once, in that buoyancy of inspiration with which youth springs out of its painful heartbreaks and despairs, he had cried Forward! hoping all things from the fairy tales of science and the long results of time. But sixty years have passed and these wonders are "staled by frequency, shrunk by usage," and have not accomplished their promise. That great impulse has produced — what? Nothing! More misery in our streets, more vice in our blood. He bids his grandson, who is now the heir of all things, who is suffering as he did from a false love, to adopt another rule. To do his best, hoping for little, is all he can suggest to the new hero. Not to think that he can change the face of things; yet not to cease hoping that "Love will conquer at the last."

" . . . You, my Leonard, use and not abuse your day.

Move among your people, know them, follow him who led the way ;

Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier brother-men,
Served the poor and built the cottage, raised the school and drain'd the fen.

¹ Locksley Hall. Sixty Years after. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co.

Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine ;
Forward till you see the highest human nature is divine.

Follow light and do the right—for man can half control his doom—
Till you find the deathless angel seated in the vacant tomb."

This is the shadowed yet not unhopeful conclusion which the poet offers to those who come after him, instead of the passionate gospel of progress which inspired his own youth. We will not quote the more particular records of his disappointment. The critics of the newspapers have already pointed out all that is harsh and painful in the poem, the dreadful picture of "glooming alleys," "sordid attic," and all that is most terrible in "the warrens of the poor." Harsh is the strain and

hopeless, no gospel but a cry of anger and pain. Nevertheless there are still gleams of sweeter experience. The husband for whom Cousin Amy deserted her poet-lover, turned out on the whole something much better than jealous fancy depicted him. Sixty years after it is possible to do justice. Instead of making his wife "lower to his level day by day," it is he who is the example, who "served the poor and built the cottage," as it behoves his descendant to do.

"Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest, rustic Squire,
Kindly landlord, boon companion—youthful jealousy is a liar."

(Oh-h! how that last phrase jars!) And because we love our poet, even when we feel that there is a nobler dignity in silence than in those harsh echoes of the past, we bid the gentle reader who desires no blame to turn

with us from those shrill falsetto notes to a strain in which the old music still breathes with chastened sweetness, perfect as in his prime, when the old poet tenderly recalls the visions of the past.

"Yonder in that chapel, slowly sinking now into the ground,
Lies the warrior, my forefather, with his feet upon the hound.

Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea to crush the Moslem in his pride.
Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in which he died.

Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering aisle have stood,
Gazing for one pensive moment on that founder of our blood!

There again I stood to-day, and where of old we knelt in prayer
Close beneath the casement, crimson with the shield of Locksley—there,

All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she smiled,
Lies my Amy, dead in childbirth, dead the mother, dead the child.

Dead, and sixty years ago, and dead her aged husband now.
I, this old white-headed dreamer, stooped and kiss'd her marble brow.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years.

Gone the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight against the foe,
Some through age and slow diseases, gone as all on earth will go.

Gone, with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran,
She, with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man,

Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind,
She that link'd again the broken chain that bound me to my kind.

Gone for ever! Ever? no; for since our dying race began,
Ever, ever, and for ever was the leading light of man."

We must add one fine passage in which, after a burst of indignant scorn over the working of the Demos, and the chance that the honour of England in all her imperial concerns might hang on the verdict of ignorance, the poet, after he has bidden us fiercely "take the suffrage of the plow," suddenly changes his tone—

"Nay, but these would feel and follow Truth if only you and you,
Rivals of realm-ruining party, when you speak were wholly true.

Plowmen, shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still could find
Sons of God, and kings of men, in utter nobleness of mind.

Truthful, trustful, looking upward to the practised hustings-liar,
So the Higher wields the Lower, while the Lower is the Higher."

Thus the poet though for a moment he is a pessimist, and sad with disappointment and righteous rage, yet cannot shut his eyes to the underlying good.

We will not do Lord Tennyson the injustice to make any comment upon the unfortunate essay in domestic comedy-tragedy which forms the greater part of this volume. The obstinacy with which so old a sovereign of the public insists upon making the world take back its adverse verdict, is comprehensible enough, however much it may be regretted. To feel that he has failed is a disagreeable surprise for one who has succeeded so constantly. But there are some deficiencies which ought to be acknowledged even in the Temple of Fame itself, and one of these is, that assuredly our Laureate, with all his powers, does not possess that dramatic skill which is given to many meaner men.

From poetry it is but a step to poetical biography, scarcely indeed, in this instance, a step at all; for in the time to come, which we trust may be long delayed, when the records of the present reigning name shall take their place among other memorials of poets departed,

no doubt the "dramatic monologue" of Tennyson's old age will be treated as more or less autobiographical, and discussed by anxious historians eager to find some hidden fact of life beneath every line, as has been done in other cases. It is singular, however, to step from the

"Poor old voice of eighty, crying after
voices that have fled,"

to the record, palpitating with youthful pangs and delights, of one who never got beyond the first ecstasy of living, or learned the wisdom or was tamed into the sobriety of mature manhood. The reader who loves literature for itself will have anticipated with interest the 'Life of Shelley,'¹ which has been for some time in preparation by hands so careful and cultivated as those of Professor Dowden. Much has been already written on the subject, and the name of the poet has been confused with many autobiographical records, in which other men have done their best to interest the world in the part they themselves played in his hapless story, quite as much as to chronicle the facts and certainties that concerned their hero. Hogg, Peacock, Med-

¹ The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

By Edward Dowden, LL.D. London :

win, Trelawney, and how many names beside, will occur to the recollection of every reader—all contemporary witnesses, and eager to tell everything, and a little more perhaps than everything, they knew. There followed a silence after the flutter of all these voices, and the interest connected with the poet drooped in the partial and momentary decay of nature; but fame has now had time to come back, and the reputation of Shelley has risen into what is perhaps an extravagant reactionary splendour. Of late years it has become a fashion with a small but enthusiastic sect to place the poet on a pedestal which is something more than that of poetic fame, and to claim for him not only the merited laurel of a great singer, but strange crowns of olive and myrtle, the reward of the philosopher and moralist. Professor Dowden fortunately does not join in these exaggerated claims. His aim is not to support any theory, but to set before us with a fulness of detail not previously attained, the much confused and wandering career of one of the most wayward, if also one of the most interesting, beautiful, and bewildering spirits that ever was clothed in flesh and blood. He has collected and examined the many fragmentary pictures in which Shelley and the curious figures assembled round him have appeared in glimpses before a puzzled world. What has hitherto been to seek in many books, all more or less imperfect, may now finally be found with authority in this. Mr W. M. Rossetti, in the biography prefixed to his edition of Shelley's works, had already done much; but Professor Dowden, with more space and a more perfect command of all the sources of information, has enlarged and completed the work.

He has been able to add some chapters to the record, making it continuous, and to fill up the breaks and intervals in other places from correspondences abridged or suppressed. The book is not one of criticism. It is not intended to expound either the strange chaotic beliefs and wild social theories of the poet, or the modes and methods of his wonderful art. The position of Shelley as a poet is one of those things beyond argument or reason, on which there has never been any real conflict of opinion. Even in those mad days of youth when "Queen Mab" affronted the world, and the poet's bark was launched upon no gentle stream, but in the midst of a whirlpool, the wonderful boy took the imagination captive with a spell impossible to shake off. We believe, even now, that the number of readers who are familiar with his longer poems—the bewildering sweetness of "Alastor," the gorgeous visions of the "Revolt of Islam," or even the exquisite melody of some parts of the "Prometheus"—are comparatively few,—as few as those who follow Wordsworth through all the valleys and over all the mountains of the "Excursion"; yet Shelley calls forth a warmer enthusiasm than his austere and noble senior. He has the suffrages of those who are capable of judging, and of those who are not. The full flowing stream of perfect sound which carries him along has what we may venture to call an almost mechanical power over multitudes incapable of understanding his poetry in any higher sense. That melodious medium borrows the results of another art. It has the supreme effect of music transporting, by the endless wonder of its harmonies, minds from which its intellectual meaning may be hid, and which want no more than that

charm of bewildering sweetness which is an enchantment beyond reason, an irresistible magic and spell.

But these are not discussions into which it is here necessary to enter. It is the story of Shelley's life rather than of his poetry which Professor Dowden tells us, and he tells it like the romance it is. A tale so full of tragic incident, so sadly complete and incomplete, so overflowing with all the contradictions of humanity, is seldom put before the world. Professor Dowden has had access to all the collections, both of the poet's family and other authorities: and we may conclude that we have here the last word on the subject; but there is no new revelation in respect to the largely discussed events of Shelley's life. The two marriages, if we may use the word, which followed each other with so short an interval, in no way change their aspect from what he tells us, except that it becomes more evident than before that on Shelley's side there was nothing that could be called love, no passion such as one feels to be necessary to justify such a step, in the mad recklessness of the poet's marriage at nineteen. That Shelley's motive was entirely chivalrous and noble, if overwhelmingly foolish, there can be no further doubt. The girl, to whom he had been teaching the finest of sentiments, when she confessed her love to him (as well as that tyranny of home which she was determined to resist, a determination which enlisted his warmest sympathies), made no stipulations, but threw herself upon his protection with a folly, but at the same time with a trust, which the youth, notwithstanding his theories, could not take advantage of. All honour to Shelley! Many a man without theories would have fallen

before the force of this temptation. Young Shelley contradicted all his own hot convictions to save the girl who trusted him, from the consequences of her own rashness, sacrificing himself and his interests by the way.

The second chapter of the tale—the flight with Mary and abandonment of poor Harriet, though the passion in it has thrown glamour in the eyes of the world, is a very different matter. Here again, so far as regards the facts of the elopement, there is little new to tell; but the life which followed, the joint narrative of the little party of three who escaped together from all the bonds and prejudices of life, with its piteous youthfulness, reading like the story of some new hapless Babes in the Wood, or rather in the Wild, the desert of this world—most inappropriate of all shelters for their infinite helplessness, waywardness, and inexperience—is curiously touching, and would disarm the severest moralist. Nothing could be more ruinous than what they were doing to every law and instinct of orderly life: yet the wild infantile expedition, with all its raptures and adventures, its settlements that are to be for ever, and last a day, its sudden resolves and re-resolves, has a sort of perverted innocence in it which confuses the judgment. That wonderful flight and return, and the few months that followed in London, when Shelley roamed about from money-lender to money-lender, endeavouring to raise the wind, and hide from his creditors, coming home by stealth on the sacred Sunday mornings, when he was safe: supremely miserable and supremely happy—without a penny, yet ready to take any other adventurer he came across on his shoulders,—are all new to us, and full of interest, and pathos, and amusement. Were it not for

the unhappy shadow of Harriet behind, the story of this young pair playing at life, talking so splendidly, suffering and enjoying so passionately, with such reckless innocence and ignorance in all their ways, would be as pretty and amusing a picture (with all its despairs and destitutions) as could be found in literature. And such is the extraordinary absence of all perception of wrong in the high-minded young culprits that the moralist, as we have said, finds himself altogether out of place between them. The same thing may be said of both Shelley's beginnings: it is a pair of children playing at matrimony, playing at existence, with a proud sense that they are not as others, and pleasure in defying the world, who are set before us. The tale in both cases is equally astounding, amusing, pathetic. Poor children of heaven astray, playing such pranks as make the angels weep, bewildered in the midst of an alien universe, "moving about in worlds not realised." The double tale is at once piteous and laughable, with differences which make it more comic in one case, more sad in the other. We know nothing like it either in fiction or life.

Professor Dowden has treated his subject with sufficient justice and sincerity so far as Shelley himself is concerned. He has "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," but this is not always the case in respect to the other personages of the tale. Thus we feel that Harriet's life, after the separation—which we must still, notwithstanding Professor Dowden's objections, call her desertion by Shelley—is left in a mist of unfavourable inference, which is very injurious to that unfortunate girl. A supposition, or suggestion, that she fell into evil ways, and that the despair which caused her death

arose from a second desertion by some one else, "upon whose gratitude she had a claim," is skilfully disposed, in the haze which surrounds her miserable end, to withdraw our thoughts from the possibility that both misery and death were to be attributed to Shelley. In this Professor Dowden follows several of his predecessors in the Shelley story, and there may or may not be truth in the suggestion. But justice requires a more even balance than is here attempted. Her husband had seen her after his return with Mary. He had suggested, in his inconceivable way, that they should all live together. He had borrowed money even, as it is asserted, from his forsaken wife. That he should have lost sight of her altogether, meant of course that he also must have lost sight of the two children who were in her hands, and about whom, so far as can be seen, he never asked a question until the moment when they were torn from his arms (according to the cant of the biographers) by the Court of Chancery. Surely it would be worth while to ascertain what really was this poor young woman's life up to the moment when she plunged into the dark and dreary Serpentine and made an end of it. Hogg's scornful banter of the young wife who rejected his own evil overtures, the always blooming, smiling, imperturbable Harriet, with her passion for reading aloud, and her equable voice, really affords us an extremely clever, distinct, and humorous sketch of character, though he did not so intend it; a character not at all in keeping with the suggestion of dull dissipation and despair which is hazarded but never proved against this poor victim—the victim of high-flown sentiment and false imperfectly understood theory, as well as of Shelley. Such a discrepancy, if

nothing else, should secure a little more attention to her sad fate.

And this all the more that Mary for whom she was deserted—Mary, the object of the poet's impassioned love, the heroine of that strange idyl of wandering romance which occupied his happiest years—Mary, too, ceased to be the ideal companion whom his heart required, and was, before many years had passed, found as incapable of giving the sympathy that was necessary to him, and responding in all things to his capricious appeals, as Harriet had been. Her own expressions in her journal appear to imply that the heaven of happiness in which they began was very soon overclouded. The two following extracts from her diary will show something of the under-current of Mary's thoughts; the first is written in the midst of deep grief for the loss of her children, and yet would seem to imply something more than bereavement:—

"August 4, Leghorn.—I begin my journal on Shelley's birthday. We have now lived five years together; and if all the events of the five years were blotted out I might be happy: but to have won, and thus cruelly to have lost, the associations of four years, is not an accident to which the human mind can bend without much suffering.

"Saturday, August 4.—Shelley's birthday. Seven years are now gone. What changes! What a life! We now appear tranquil—yet who knows what wind—but I will not prognosticate evil: we have had enough of it. When Shelley came to Italy I said, All is well if it were permanent; it was more passing than an Italian twilight. I now say the same. May it be a Polar day. Yet that day too has an end."

These are sad utterances for the woman beloved, and evidently mean much more than they say. About the same time Shelley writes to the Gisbornes: "I feel the want

of those who can feel for and understand me. Whether from proximity and the continuity of domestic intercourse, Mary does not. It is the curse of Tantalus that a person possessing such excellent powers and so pure a mind as hers should not excite the sympathy indispensable to their application to domestic life." Strange and tragical commentary upon the impassioned beginning of this life of disappointment and dissatisfaction! They had broken all laws and cut all ties of nature to form the bond which already strained the nerves and tried the hearts of both. Alas for Love if this were all its meaning! Professor Dowden gives a little explanatory defence of both, which is curious as the plea of a generous partisan who cannot escape from the necessities of the proverb, and instinctively accuses in excusing.

"His love for Mary had become a more substantial portion of his being than the love of these early days of poverty in London, when he addressed to her his little morning and evening letters of rapturous devotion. He constituted himself, as far as might be, the guardian of her tranquillity: made less extravagant demands, dealt prudently with her peace of mind; acknowledged the bounds of life. In this there was loss and there was gain; upon the whole it was a serviceable education for Shelley's sympathies, bringing them close to reality and helping to mature his mind. Mary's moods of dejection, the disturbance of serenity, in one whose nature was deep and strong, caused him disturbance and pain, from which he instinctively sought protection. He was at times tempted to elude difficulties, rather than with courage to meet and vanquish them. For his own sake perhaps unwisely, and for hers, he avoided topics which could cause her agitation, or bring to the surface any imperfections of sympathy that existed between them. . . . It is true, indeed, that such a spirit as

Shelley's can find no absolute content in mortal thing, or man or woman. One who is in love with beauty, finds every incarnation of beauty unsatisfying: one who is in love with love, thirsts after he has drunk the fullest and purest draught. 'Some of us,' Shelley wrote in October 1821, 'have in a prior existence been in love with an Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie.'

In short, it was scarcely worth while to have gone through that dream of passion and rapture—to have driven poor Harriet adrift on those wild waters in which she sank; for Harriet, after all, would have done as well as Mary to fill that always unsatisfying place, and afford an excuse for the wayward and capricious poet to snatch a draught at every fountain he passed.

Of the extraordinary and involved relations which made Shelley always the dominant figure in a trio, with both wife and sister always at his heels—and of his friends, so strangely chosen, and of all the odd unrealities of his life—the reader will find Professor Dowden's book an admirable and interesting record. Merely as a dramatic study of character, it is well worthy attention. The strange, wild, impetuous being—full of unreason, yet now and then turning a sudden unexpected side of good-sense and judgment to the light—full of the most elfish freaks and fancies, the most sudden and complete changes: yet faithful to his friends (who were men and not women) with a faithfulness which was unaffected by the misbehaviour of the object of his regard: and with all the instincts of a man born to wealth and lavish expenditure subsisting through the hardest struggles of actual poverty,—is as unusual in his nature as in his genius. Nor are his friends less worthy attention. The God-

win household, with its extraordinary group of young, ardent, and undisciplined girls, was indeed as congenial as anything earthly could be to the Elfin Knight. But by what strange magic that Will-o'-the-wisp should have drawn to himself and found pleasure in the witty and cynical Hogg, and the strange humourist Peacock, is as inexplicable as any other wonder of Shelley's life. Byron was a more natural and fitting mate for his brother poet; but the story of their intercourse is one of the darkest and most painful here recorded. There seems no reason to connect Shelley with the beginning of the shameful tale of cruelty and falsehood, of which the little Allegra is the innocent heroine, and her mother the victim; nor does he play in it any but an honourable part, except in condoning by his friendship, or pretence at friendship, the heartless baseness of the noble poet, whose conduct, so far as we are aware, has never before been set in so scathing a light.

There is little criticism, as we have said, in this book; and not much even of that story of poetic development, or of the growth of Shelley's wonderful music of expression, which we might have looked for. We will only pause to note, as a writer seated in this chamber of associations and memories is bound to do, that to the little group of friends upon the Italian coast, whose hearts had been lacerated by a furious onslaught in the 'Quarterly'—not only upon the "Revolt of Islam," but upon the poet—there came balm from the kind hand of him who then was paramount in this centre of literature. "In January 1819 appeared a notice of the 'Revolt of Islam' from Wilson's pen, which has been justly described as by far the worthiest

recognition that Shelley's genius received in his lifetime." The generous enthusiasm of the great critic of 'Blackwood' was not content with one full measure of applause, but returned again and again to subsequent poems, and did not hesitate to transfix with an indignant arrow his brother in the 'Quarterly.' "If that critic does not know that Mr Shelley is a poet almost in the very highest sense of that mysterious word," said our Professor, with all the authority and certainty of kindred genius, "then we appeal to all those whom we have enabled to judge for themselves, if he be not unfit to speak of poetry before the people of England." Such was the verdict which these pages carried to the world more than sixty years ago; and no man will dare to deny its justice now.

From poetry to the Ten Hours Bill is a long leap, and not less wonderful is the step from Shelley's wild life of ill-regulated sentiment and wayward fancy, to that of the staid and serious man, a sage from his cradle,¹ whose life was given up to philanthropical exertions, and who, after the strictest sect of that religion, lived and died an evangelical Low Churchman. The biography of Lord Shaftesbury, however, addresses itself to a still larger class than that which is interested in Shelley, and, take it all in all, contains the record of as worthy a life, full of public virtue and domestic excellence, as ever served for an example to generations to come. Proud may the family be which can point to such a name as that of the seventh Shaftesbury among its many records. Statesmen it has known before him, and its name had found a place in English his-

tory before he was born. But perhaps no one of his contemporaries—which is saying a good deal—has so entire a right to the respect and admiration of his countrymen. Lord Shaftesbury—or, to use the name under which he won his principal triumphs—Lord Ashley, may justly be called one of the greatest philanthropists of his time. If there have been others whose charity has been more personal, and whose praise is sweeter in the common ear, there is none who has worked with such magnificent effect for the advantage of thousands who never could know his name or understand their obligations to him, or—who has so much influenced his country and his kind. A serious, somewhat downcast youth, bred in an uncongenial home, somewhat cold in temper, somewhat estranged in opinion from the majority of his class and companions, and setting out upon life with not less but more necessity of doing the best he could for himself because of his rank and pretensions,—he was suddenly seized upon in the beginning of his career by one of those great impulses which shape the lives of men and of nations. He had fulfilled all the duties of youth with the conscientious and unswerving propriety which we are apt to think uninteresting, and had entered modestly and respectably into official life, prepared to follow his party so far as his conscience, ever wakeful and just, permitted—when this impulse suddenly seized upon him. He was not an impulsive man, but a deliberate one, thinking much, full of scruples, taking up nothing rashly; and much of the comfort of life depended to him on being able to maintain his standing in politics

¹ The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. By Edwin Hodder. Cassel & Co., London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne.

and pursue an official career. And perhaps he was not aware of all that was involved, when he took charge of a bill to regulate factory labour, called by the now historic name of the Ten Hours Bill, which its original projector was obliged to relinquish on his rejection for the new reformed Parliament in 1833. Lord Ashley was a year younger than the century, and was consequently then in the full flower of youthful manhood, with all his life before him. One of the few clergymen who supported the movement was sent to town to ask the young statesman to take this work in hand.

"As to Lord Ashley" (writes this gentleman, the Rev. G. S. Bull), "he is noble, benevolent, and resolute in mind, as he is manly in person. I have been favoured with several interviews, and all of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion his lordship said, 'I have only zeal and good intentions to bring to the work. I can have no merit in it; that must all belong to Mr Sadler. It seems no one else will undertake it, so I will—and without cant or hypocrisy, which I hate. I assure you I dare not refuse the request you have so earnestly pressed. I believe it is my duty to God and to the poor, and I trust He will support me. Talk of trouble! What do we come to Parliament for?'"

The resolution was a momentous one. A little further on in his life it led him to the conclusion that he must decline all overtures of office, and keep himself entirely free for his work. This decision is a little confused by the evident fact that the offices offered to Lord Ashley were such as he felt to be beneath his claims—an additional reason for rejecting them which is very fully stated by himself, though somehow ignored by his biographer, who attributes his refusal solely to his conscientious determination to

keep himself free for the enterprise he had taken in hand. It will not, however, impair Lord Ashley's character in the opinion of any reasonable person to show that he felt, and felt deeply, the slight put upon him in this respect by the head of his party. His note in his diary on Sir R. Peel's offer of a Lordship of the Admiralty, shows us the natural pangs of a proud and sensitive though self-contained spirit. "Had I not, by God's grace and the study of religion, subdued," he writes, "the passion of my youth, I should now have been heart-broken. Canning, *eight years ago*, offered me as a neophyte a seat at one of the Boards, the first step in a young statesman's life. If I am not now worthy of more, it is surely better to cease to be a candidate for public honours." Five years after, it is with a still more profound sense of humiliation and injury that he records the offer made to him of an appointment in, of all things in the world, the Royal Household. On this occasion the pinch was evidently very keen:—

"I have been fourteen years in Parliament, twice in office; in both cases I have won, thank God, esteem and honour. I have taken part in many debates. I have proposed great questions. I have been mixed up with the most important undertakings of the day, and been prominent in all. Vast numbers are good enough to have confidence in my principles and character; no one questions the great services I have rendered to the Conservative cause,—and all this was to be henceforth employed in ordering dinners and carrying a white wand! The thing was a plain, cruel, unnecessary insult."

Why Peel should thus have slighted a man who has been proved to have possessed so many of the qualities of a statesman, it is im-

possible now to say: perhaps he found him too independent, too crotchety, too much bent upon his own great projects. At all events it was much better for these projects that he should not "take office," and to this determination he finally came.

Space does not permit us to enter into the horrible condition of affairs which by degrees forced Lord Ashley into the position of a popular agitator. The indictment which the Laureate brings against England in his poem may be true. The hopes of sixty years ago may not have been realised as dreamers believed; but it is not yet fifty years since the cry of the children, lifted in many an eloquent voice, and dumbly breathed in myriads of little desolate hearts, in the depths of coal-mines, and in the stifling factories, where babies of five years old were kept at work longer than grown men will labour now, with every horrible accompaniment of neglect and cruelty—ran over all England, in anguish and indignation. The details are such as seem incredible in these days. Miserable little children kept in darkness and nakedness in the pits for fourteen hours a-day; women employed like beasts of burden; whole generations choked by the cotton *flue*, dying old and decrepit at twenty. Such were some of the conditions of labour when Lord Ashley began his work. There is a curious and amusing story told of the demonstration given to Lord Palmerston by two delegates from the cotton-spinners, of the labour required by the "spinning-mule," in working which the women and children employed had, according to careful measurements and calculations, "to walk or trot twenty-five or thirty miles a-day." This was done by the use of "two large lounging-chairs upon castors."

"Placing them in the middle of the room, they were made to perform the operations of the 'spinning-mule,'—Mr Haworth being placed, as it were, at the wheel-handle, and with arm and knee pushing them back to their destination, or to what is technically called the roller-beam; whilst Mr Grant performed the duties of the piecer—trotting from one side of the room to the other, following up the carriage, leaning over the imaginary advancing 'faller,' and picking up the supposed broken ends."

Lord Palmerston himself was made to help in the experiment, and declared himself convinced by so lifelike an illustration of what the labour was. Thus, without education, without rest—"where all day long the wheels were droning, turning"—the children toiled and died unheeded. Lord Tennyson, had he thought of it, might have made a saving record, among all the failures, of this amelioration at least.

Not very long ago, we heard a travelling lecturer—one of those who have been turned out of working men into itinerant agitators—discoursing in a little English town to the effect that all the measures favourable to working men—among others, this great bill—had been passed by the operations of Liberal politicians, and against all that the Tories could do. Perhaps he believed what he said; for, as a matter of fact, the final victory was won under a Liberal Government; and no doubt a great many even of his educated hearers, in the lapse of time, or because most of them had been born after the struggle, believed him. This book will perhaps convince its readers how far such a statement is from the truth. It mattered little, no doubt, whether Lord Ashley had been Whig or Tory; it was of the nature of the man that he should thus devote

himself. But, as a matter of fact, he was a Conservative of the old school, little tolerant of political innovations, though penetrated to the heart by those principles of justice and mercy which made it impossible for him to see a fellow-creature wronged and hold his peace. And he was hotly opposed throughout by the most prominent members of the popular party, Mr Cobden and Mr Bright in particular assailing him with the most violent and bitter antagonism, though the first of these gentlemen had the heart to be moved at last by the Tory lord's self-devotion. There is perhaps some excuse for them in the absolute faith which they had in their own panacea of the repeal of the Corn Laws, which was to amend everything. It was highly ungenerous, however, if they had any knowledge of the real state of affairs (though perhaps not unnatural), to taunt the champion of the poor cotton-spinners with the miserable cottages and wages of the Dorsetshire labourers on his father's property, over which he was so far from having any control, that the most moderate statement on the question was enough to disturb the reconciliation which, after many years of estrangement, had temporarily brought together the then Lord Shaftesbury and his son.

The great measure for which he had fought for years was at last made into law when Lord Ashley was out of Parliament. He had not the gratification of giving the last touch to his work. After the achievement was complete, he thus sums up briefly the list of his assistants and his opponents:—

"Fielden and Brotherton were the only 'practical' men, as the phrase then went, who supported me; and to 'practical' prophecies of overthrow

of trade, of ruin to the operatives themselves, I could only oppose humanity and general principles. The newspapers were, on the whole, friendly—some very much so: a few, especially the local journals, inconceivably bitter, though balanced by local papers sound and hearty in their support. Out of Parliament there was in society every form of good-natured and compassionate contempt. In the provinces the anger and irritation of the opponents were almost fearful; and men among first classes of work-people, overlookers and others, were afraid to avow their sentiments. In very few instances did any mill-owner appear; in still fewer the ministers of any religious denomination. At first not one except the Rev. Mr Bull of Brierly, near Bradford; and even to the last, very few, so cowed were they (or in themselves so indifferent) by the overwhelming influence of the cotton lords.

"Bright was ever my most malignant opponent. Cobden, though bitterly hostile, was better than Bright. He abstained from opposition on the Collieries Bill, and gave positive support on the Calico Printworks Bill. Gladstone is on a level with the rest. He gave us support to the Ten Hours Bill; he voted with Sir R. Peel to rescind the famous division in favour of it. He was the only member who endeavoured to delay the bill which delivered women and children from mines and pits; and never did he say a word on behalf of the factory children, until, while defending slavery in the West Indies, he taunted Buxton with indifference to the slavery in England. Lord Brougham was among my most heated opponents. He spoke strongly against the bill in 1847. Miss Martineau also gave her voice and strength in resistance of the measure.

"By degrees public men came round. Russell, then Lord John, did me disservice while he was Minister; he espoused the cause when turned into Opposition. Then Sir G. Grey adhered, and towards the end Macaulay gave us one of his brilliant and effective speeches."

In the House of Lords "the Bishops behaved gallantly, 13 of

them remaining to vote;" and indeed the Upper House was always ready to do what justice it could to the oppressed work-people. The bill was finally passed in the summer of 1850, after the unceasing labours of seventeen years—the best years of Lord Ashley's life. He was in no mood even then to rest from his work, but for thirty years longer continued to exert himself for the best interests of the poor. He was not a man who ever seems (except in his private circle) to have awakened any warmth of personal feeling. His disposition was reserved, and his aspect cold. But on several occasions the restrained fervour and unmistakable earnestness of his great plea moved to the heart that assembly which it is so difficult to move, the House of Commons; and long before his career was over, the name of Lord Shaftesbury was a power in the country. We could easily find out the shadows in this noble life, and show how he mistook magnitudes like other men, and was almost more enthusiastic over the establishment of the Bishopric at Jerusalem than over the success of his own great work; how the establishment of the Evangelical Alliance appeared to him one of the greatest facts of the age, and the Puseyites the worst enemies of the country; how he admired "Satan" Montgomery, and with a certain solemn folly not unattractive, bowed to the Jews whom he met about Carlsbad or some other German watering-place, to show his respect for their nation! Thus he was not wiser than the rest of us erring mortals, but leaves us, along with the recollection of his high aims and the spot-

less goodness of all his ways and works, something at which we can smile.

The book is perhaps not too big for the quantity of matter with which the biographer had to deal, but three vast volumes is a great deal to appropriate to any man. The reader, however, will find much that is both interesting and valuable in these pages. Mr Hodder has done the work neither ill nor well. He has not produced a memorable biography, but he has been thoroughly conscientious and careful, and Lord Ashley's own diaries supply full material for an estimate of the character of so great a public servant and so excellent a man.

Slighter sketches in what may be called either autobiography or personal gossip, or a mixture of both, have become so much a fashion of late, that such books as those of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle¹ and the late Hobart Pacha,² scarcely seem to call for serious criticism. Besides, what has the critic to do with a work (if it can be called a work) which is already in its fourth edition? Shade of Firmilian! who does not recollect that the poet-victim's startled statement, "I have a third edition in the press," sealed (and who can say unjustly?) the doom of that fortunate-unfortunate! Therefore it is clear we can do Sir Francis Hastings Doyle no harm if we say that his respectable maunderings are of the smallest possible interest, that most of his jokes are flat and his stories pointless, and that a certain amusing self-complacency, especially in respect to his poetry, is the chief and indeed almost the only feature in the book. We ourselves re-

¹ *Reminiscences and Opinions.* By Sir F. H. Doyle. London: Longmans & Co.

² *Sketches from my Life.* By the late Admiral Hobart Pacha. London: Longmans & Co.

member, several years ago, travelling from Oxford in the same carriage with a cheerful gentleman who had the kindness, between Didcot and Reading, to inform us, *apropos de bottes*, that he was the Professor of Poetry! a piece of information which at first moved us to more amusement than reverence, and set us to work puzzling our brains in our ignorance to remember who on earth the Professor of Poetry might be! And why was he made the Professor of Poetry, one wonders? Sir Francis Hastings Doyle thinks the conundrum a very easy one. He knows more about his own poetry than anybody else does, and naturally has a better opinion of it than most other people. It is indeed a fact that is seldom out of his mind. He likes to tell it, in case they might not know, to the public in general, as well as to chance travellers whom he meets in railway carriages. The recollection of this fact gives him a sincere pleasure, a sort of mental elation which tends at once to the amiable and the communicative. "Had he lived and given the strength of his mind to poetry, I feel quite sure that he would have beaten ME easily in the long-run," he says, with good-humoured magnanimity, speaking of Arthur Hallam, that name made sacred by death and song, which to so many of his contemporaries is as the name of a saint or demigod, "but his compositions," adds Sir Francis, "though full of promise to a discerning eye, were at the moment somewhat crude and immature, so that the preference given to me over him was not wholly unreasonable." If Lord Tennyson had been at Eton, no doubt the same disparity would have been visible. It is a fine thing to be a poet, and perhaps a finer thing still when one is a

civil servant at the same time, and can thus afford to be a poet, so to speak, for love—an amateur, and not a professional. Here are the views of Sir Francis in respect to the distinguished appointment which was the crowning glory of his life:—

"In 1861, as I have said, I was elected Poetry Professor at Oxford. The holder of this professorship, I think, ought to fill a more important place than he does in university life. He should have a much larger salary, do a great deal more work, and exercise jurisdiction over wider portions of criticism and thought. In point of fact, as I have always thought, he should reside in Oxford, devote his whole time to his business, and be professor not of poetry alone but of literature in general. I do not think I did my work ill, so far as there was any work to be done; but I always regretted that during Mr Arnold's ten years I had not prepared for my duties by a formal and methodical course of studies in the proper direction. The fact is, that the Bishop of Rochester (I had once dreamed of succeeding to him) retired from his office at the end of the first five years, thereby taking me by surprise. Before I had time to consider the matter under this new aspect, Mr Arnold was in the field, and I let him walk over; but in middle life years glide away at a great pace, and I found Arnold's reign ended before I knew where I was; then after some hesitation I allowed the old half-forgotten wish to wake up again, and offered myself as a candidate. The lectures I published afterwards were, I flatter myself, good of their kind. They had always been well received in the lecture-room, and were afterwards welcomed in print by a large majority of my reviewers quite as kindly as they deserved. I need not add that the spiteful noticer set to work after his fashion, treating me with that magnificent contempt in which our unknown Aristarchuses are apt to indulge themselves behind their visors."

We hope the ex-Professor of Poetry will not confound us in the

crowd of this uncomfortable plural. We are no Aristarchus, but a well-wisher, always kindly interested in the fellow-traveller who treated us with such flattering but unexpected confidence. Yet we must add that the stories of Sir Francis are not very brilliant; and that though it is pleasant to meet anywhere with such a good-humoured talker, who says little that is disagreeable about other people if he sometimes says too much about himself, yet print is an injurious medium for gossip: and we sincerely counsel him to publish no more, except it be poetry, of which a candid critic might have something more agreeable to say.

The sailor who carries a Turkish ensign at his bow, but who is (alas! was) a delightful English daredevil, a seaman of the fine old Marryat type, is quite another matter. His book is just the kind of book to make boys run away to sea, after an old fashion which seems to have died out in this decorous age. Not that he has anything to tell the lads that is very attractive in respect to his own early experiences. The sketch with which he begins of the tyrant-captain and the old-fashioned ship in which his despotism was supreme, is such a scene as could not be found nowadays. These sufferings, too, are things of the past—but not, we hope, the boyish pluck and stamina which, through the horrors of such an introduction to sea-life, still loved the sea and the ship and the service, and no more dreamed of complaining than of deserting. We should have been disposed to believe that such devotion was much less likely nowadays, if we had not been lately privileged to hear from the artless lips of the last new middy who has joined, that the great sea-monsters which now plough the deep in

place of the stately cruisers of old, have somehow in their bigness and wonderfulness found a similar magic with which to impress the imaginations at least of “the young gentlemen,” and that even such a monstrous machine as the Devastation is an object of pride to the sailors of the future. We are glad of it, though it is difficult to understand the charm.

When Mr Midshipman Hobart joined, all was dirty, dreary, miserable below. The poor little fellow was pitched into his hammock amid all the smells and noises of a crowded cabin, and mast-headed next day, before he knew how to climb or even to stand steady on the moving deck. This latter proceeding “was as near akin to murder as it could be, for I don’t know how it was I did not fall overboard, and then nothing could have saved my life. However, as I didn’t fall,” says this bold seaman, “I was not drowned, and the effect on me was curious enough. For all I had seen and suffered on that, the opening day of my sea-life, made me think for the first time—and I have never ceased thinking—how to oppose tyranny in every shape.” “Let us leave the subject,” he concludes, “with the consoling thought that we shall never see the like again.” Such rough treatment apparently did little harm on the whole; and the boy, who thus began his career, developed into the ideal seaman, with a heart for any fate, and a special preference for the most dangerous services. Many of his sketches carry us back delightfully to the old Marryat days, to Midshipman Easy and—a more intimate recollection still—to the ever delightful Log of Tom Cringle. Nautical writers nowadays are apt to put forward the privations and miseries of their calling. Mr Clark Russell,

though some of his sea-novels are admirable, never fails to point out that, however fair a face the sailor may put upon it, at bottom he is generally sick of the sea. To be sure it is of necessity that there should be a shipwreck, attended by specially tragical circumstances, in every nautical romance. But this is not the impression which Admiral Hobart leaves on our minds.

The wild (but profitable) episode of blockade-running, which forms one of the most entertaining chapters in this book, is exactly such an adventure as Marryat would have delighted in. It would be too long to quote the breathless narrative, or follow the swift, silent, smokeless ship, "as handy a little craft as ever floated," in any of her hair-breadth escapes, or daring runs under the enemy's very nose into the blockaded harbour. How far the proceeding is to be justified in view of international law, we can scarcely say, but morality at least had nothing to do with it, and the blockading ships seem to have enjoyed the bloodless breathless conflict as much as the daring adventurers who so often balked them. When Captain Hobart's—that is to say, Captain Roberts's—ship was taken at last, he himself had left the service; but that there was very little ill-feeling between the chasers and the chased is evident from his account of this event:—

"The first remark that the officer made on coming aboard her was, 'Well, Captain Roberts, so we have caught you at last!' and he seemed much disappointed when he was told that the captain they so particularly wanted went home in the last mail. The corvette which had chased and had been cheated by the D——n the day before, was lying in the port when she was taken. Her captain, when he saw the prize, said, 'I must go on board and shake hands with the

gallant fellow who commands that vessel!' and he did so, warmly complimenting C—— on the courage he had shown, thus proving that he could appreciate pluck, and that American naval men did not look down on blockade-running as a grievous sin, hard work as it gave them in trying to put a stop to it."

In very painful contrast to this light-hearted narrative, is a gloomy incident of the fruitless Baltic expedition in the Crimean war—the expedition from which so much was hoped and nothing came: which happened where the fleet lay sulky and disgusted in forced inaction in that wintry sea, scarcely striking a blow.

"One morning despatches arrived from England. A signal was made from the flag-ship for commanding officers to repair on board that vessel. On our arrival there we were asked to sit down to breakfast. Our chief, who was opening his letters, suddenly threw a despatch over the table to S——, the admiral of the fleet, saying, 'What would ye do, mun, if ye received a letter like that?' S——, after reading the letter, said, 'If I received a letter like that, I'd attack Revel or Sveaborg, if I lost half my fleet.' Our chief's answer: I will never forget. It was, 'I haven't got nerve to do it, and I'm d——d well sure C—— hasn't.'"

The shock with which these words must have been heard, among a band of English sailors all wild for action, is scarcely conceivable.

Most people will have bestowed upon their boys all the gift-books that are likely to fall to their share before these pages reach their eyes. We therefore add, with a light heart and no painful sense of possible guilt, in putting the Sea, that Siren into any likely lad's imagination, that were we a boy again, such as once we might have been, we should much prefer Hobart Pacha to Mr Rider

Haggard—and what could one say more?

There is no more delightful eccentricity in a library than the way in which books will occasionally group themselves in defiance of every rule of appropriateness or harmony. It is wrong, we know, and contrary to every rule, but we confess it gives us great gratification now and then to find our books arranged according to the good old rule and simple plan of common size, or shape, or binding, so that a stately Gibbon shall for once in a way find himself standing side by side (and much good would it do him) with Mr Pickwick; and Dr Johnson, in his most solemn mood, lean upon the cultured impertinence of Mr Andrew Lang. In like manner, though the grouping is accidental, it amuses us to find our sportive seaman propping up, and giving way under the weight of, the handsome and serious volume, much pretending, in all the æsthetic finery of broad margins and uncut paper, which calls itself '*Sententiæ Artis*,'¹ but in reality contains the opinions of Mr Harry Quilter, barrister-at-law and art critic, upon painting and painters of the present day. This gentleman writes very well, and often very sensibly, with some insight and considerable eloquence of expression; but he is unfortunately too conscious, as is the case with so many critics, of himself. It is a danger from which the anonymous critic is mercifully preserved. He cannot talk—Heaven be praised for it!—of "the many personal attacks made on ME," or assure the public how little he has "deigned to notice" these utterances. The letter *I*, if we may paraphrase Scrip-

ture, is a little matter, but it stirreth up great strife. However innocently it may occur, if we see too much of it we are moved to instinctive opposition. Human nature objects when the unauthoritative critic talks big about what "I have endeavoured to teach"—notwithstanding the modest avowal afterwards that at best it is only an effort—and "what I have tried to do." All the same, however, we are bound to add that Mr Quilter's little plea for himself at the beginning of his book is good, and contains much truth. It is, though he does not take it so, a very strong argument for anonymous criticism, which is, we think, in the present constitution of the human race, the only possible way of stating an opinion truly on matters at least of literature and art. The man who can put forth his ideas in respect to his friend's work with absolute impartiality, approving or not approving as the case may be, and sign his name to them, must be braver and better than common men. The praise, if it is praise, is never warm enough, or it is not discriminating; and the blame, if it is blame, is intolerable. Mr Quilter says this in more elegant and well-chosen words:—

"A writer who does not attach himself to one special clique of critics, but endeavours to stand alone and tell the truth all round, must suffer so much from abuse and isolation, that he had better break stones or make screws. To the best of my belief, I have never written a partial word of a friend, or an unjust one of an adversary; and I have lived to see most of the friends I had in the art world fall away from me, and never yet found a single artist who did not in his heart of hearts think that it

¹ *Sententiæ Artis*. First Principles of Art: For Painters and Picture Lovers. By Harry Quilter, R.A.

was a great injustice to have his shortcomings pointed out, as well as his merits praised. 'Damn the fellow : why doesn't he back his friends?' Ruskin once happened to overhear some one say of himself, and he left off from that date writing criticisms on contemporary painters. That is what I have heard many times directly and indirectly during the last decade."

We may say, however, in respect to Mr Ruskin, in, as it were, a parenthesis, that he has a curious gift, when he does not back his friends, of saying the most stinging things possible about them in that exquisite diction of his ; and also that he does back his friends—as for instance the Tuscan young lady and other *protégés*—in the most unabashed and superlative manner ; but this by the way. "It does not much matter," adds Mr Quilter, with a mournful sentiment, which perhaps is a little excessive in the circumstances, and breathes of "a blight," "what the world says of one ; and though it matters more that our personal affections and sympathies should be withered or stunted, even that may be borne silently. Sun and sky still remain, and the smell of the grasses in the spring, and the silence of summer's full-green life, and the colour of the leaves in autumn." Let Mr Quilter cheer up ! There are consolations, no doubt, in store for him more substantial than the smell of the grasses. He has written (and printed) a very pretty book, with much in it that will be delightful for the cultivated classes to talk over and discuss : and though he tells us what an anguish it is to point out the shortcomings of his neighbours, and how his friends fall away from him, and abuse and isolation are his lot, he yet proceeds to touch up these friends with many neat little points and pricks, such as no doubt

must have afforded him some pleasure in the doing : and we submit that the gratification thus procured, and the boundless applause, for example, of the 'Saturday Review,' ought to be taken into account, as well as the passive pleasure of looking at the leaves in autumn—which is perhaps too fine for flesh and blood.

The comments thus made are often very judicious and sometimes instructive, and they will give much of the lively pleasure of a personal talk and discussion, to readers interested in art and its professors, which means, of course, to most educated persons. What is said of Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti, is extremely good and discriminating, for instance ; but what have Miss Kate Greenaway and Mr du Maurier to do among these big names ? Still more, what the—anything Mr Quilter pleases—has M. Tissot to do in this bead-roll of the greatest artists of the time ? "Tissot has but one rival in England, namely, Alma Tadema," he says ; at which we feel a shriek of horror burst from our lips. No command of colour or composition can justify a comparison between one of the most scholarly and refined of painters and the dashing author of so many obnoxious studies from the fashion-books—very *mal portés* indeed, and put upon the meretricious shoulders of ladies from the *demi-monde*. Mr Quilter ought to be ashamed of himself for making such a comparison, according even to his own tenets—which reject the mere art for art theory, and demand meaning and thought and motive, as well as mere "technical mastery," in every piece of painted canvas which claims to be called a picture.

We will find only one other

fault with Mr Quilter, and that is not his own, but his quotation from Emerson, which is repeated in various portions of his book, and which seems to us to be false all through both in its statement and its theory.

“As Emerson has so finely said of the artist:—

‘The hand that rounded Peter’s dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,

Wrought in a sad sincerity,
Himself from God he could not free,
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.’”

It is pretty to see the American Apostle, and Mr Quilter after him, condescending to patronise Michel Angelo. “He builded better than he knew”—did he?—that great rugged, splendid immortal! And Mr Emerson knows better and pats him on the back for it, and an English critic repeats the pat. Did ever modern presumption and opaqueness of vision go further? The great Tuscan who “rounded Peter’s dome” (it was early in the history of American culture when this was written, and perhaps Mr Emerson did not know who he was) was the last man in the world to free himself from God, and without doubt that fine cupola suspended itself in the noble firmament of his imagination with a thousand times more grandeur than mortal skill could ever work out in marble or stone.

And pray, to drop into a much lower question, where did Mr Quilter or his poet find “groined aisles” in Rome? The man who quotes this pharisaical nonsense makes himself responsible for it.

We are going to be serious before we conclude, and discuss higher things: so let us pause and

trifle with the lightest and the smallest possible for a moment. What does the reader think, talking of poetry, of the following lines?—

“Dance, yellows and whites and reds,
Lead your gay orgy—leaves, stalks,
heads,
Astir with the wind in the tulip beds.

There’s sunshine: scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small
On a certain mound by the churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart’s bed-fellows,

On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows,

Dance ye reds and whites and yellows!”

We ask again, with bated breath, what does this jingle mean? Is it a jingle or some profound harmony, too high for our comprehension? for it is signed by the name of ROBERT BROWNING, and it is the principal contribution to a funny but a pretty little book called by the not very appropriate title of the *New Amphion*,¹ and designed to help the young men of Edinburgh University to get themselves a club. Why our young men, outnumbering Oxford and Cambridge, and able to make their professors the richest men in professorial Christendom, should not be able to get a club for themselves, is a question which may be asked in passing: but this is not the matter which chiefly occupies us. If *Amphion* piped like Mr Browning, do the gentlemen of the Fancy Fair think that the most doddered old willow in the Meadows would have lifted a leg, or the simplest shrub in the Princes Street Gardens danced to his music: or still less likely, that the stones in Craigleith quarries would have made one hop towards

¹ The *New Amphion*: being the book of the Edinburgh University Union Fancy Fair.

the building of the necessary wall? We are of opinion that these sober listeners, not to be taken in by a name, would have remained unmoved, demanding as we do what it means. Is the red an allusion to the student's gown, which, however, does not boast that lively colour in Edinburgh (but Mr Brown might not know), and the white and yellow to the robes of the ladies crowding to their favourite celebration, the bazaar, which is to this age what Ranelagh and Vauxhall were to our fathers? The question is one too abstruse to be answered; but it shows what is the poet's opinion of his own composition, and the respect he has for the intellect of the North.

It is too much, perhaps, to expect a happy inspiration for unfortunate persons of the literary persuasion required to contribute to such a collection. Mr Andrew Lang sends a vituperation of the Dog, which is scarcely in his best style; and Mr Robert Louis Stevenson does a similar thing for the student, himself chiefly intended, of which the same may be said. And Mrs Oliphant, with grandmotherly sentiment, essays, so far as we can make out, to awake the interest of the young men in the perfectly unnecessary tremors of two mothers, who had no occasion to disturb themselves at all—a thing which no doubt sometimes happens among careful women, but calls for little sympathy. Professor Blackie, as is appropriate, carries off the honours of the day. He is like a jovial bird springing from bough to bough, singing his song,—now it is to May, now to a fair lady, anon to a fairer lady's

dress, always cheerful and ready with his tag of Greek. His pleasant twitter enlivens the band, who are otherwise dull enough. It was pretty, no doubt, the Fancy Fair, and the book is pretty for the trifle it is; but we doubt if it is very much to the credit of our old University to seek advancement even in social life by such means.

We have said that we have left graver themes to the last. One of them comes to us, a piece of history warm from the very making, in Major von Huhn's account of Bulgaria.¹ Though professing to be merely a history of the war between Bulgaria and Servia, this book will be found to contain a great deal of interesting and instructive matter relating to the previous condition of the former country, and the progress it has made since 1878. He had already visited Bulgaria as the special correspondent of the 'Cologne Gazette' at the time of the Russo-Turkish war, when he formed but a poor opinion of the people. Instead of an interesting oppressed nationality, he found a collection of ignorant, well-to-do boors, who would probably have been very well contented to form a Russian province, but could not be expected to constitute a State of their own. Russian influence continued absolutely predominant for a considerable time after the formation of the two Bulgarian States, and it seems only to be by her own incalculable folly that Russia has ever lost that influence. The Bulgarians were grateful to the Czar, and quite willing to live under his control in peace and quietness. Of

The Struggle of the Bulgarians for National Independence: a Military and Political History of the War between Bulgaria and Servia in 1885. Translated from the German of Major A. von Huhn. London: John Murray.

Turkey nobody thought; it is true that the Bulgarians owed a tribute to the Sultan, but as they did not pay it, that was not of much importance. In Eastern Roumelia there was, indeed, a Turkish Governor-General; but that official seems to have been much in the same position as the unfortunate nobleman who lately held the pitiable post of Gladstonian Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. As a rule these governors seem to have acted very sensibly; finding it useless even to pretend to be the supreme power in the State, they lived quietly in their official residence, and drew their salaries, which were large and regularly paid, and made as little reference to the Sultan as possible, so as not to provoke any open expressions of disloyalty. The real ruler all the time was the Russian consul-general at Philippopolis, and a very arbitrary and imperious ruler he was.

In Bulgaria affairs were in much the same state, and the intention was that the nation should be governed from St Petersburg through the "*bon jeune prince*," who was to be merely the mouthpiece of Russia. This supremacy, however, was wantonly thrown away by the insolent and tyrannical conduct of the Russian officials, who treated Bulgaria like "a tribe of Turkomans, who can simply be ruled with the knout," and insulted Prince Alexander to his face. The good young Prince was thus driven into another course of action, and determined to start a nation on his own account, and, as Major von Huhn puts it, "turn his subjects into 'Bulgarians.'" How he succeeded in this object is shown by the enormous progress that Bulgaria has since made in every way, social and political, the greater

part of which Major von Huhn attributes to the excellent ruler who has brought to his adopted country not only victory but Victorias, who has given enlightenment to the whole people and European caps to the hotel porters, who has banished bigotry and brought in beer. Yes; after leaving Bulgaria six years ago in a state of semi-barbarism, Major von Huhn landed at Lompalanka in 1885 and found the people drinking beer, "real, excellent beer, straight from the cask and cooled on ice!" Verily Prince Alexander is a great man.

On the Eastern Roumelian revolution Major von Huhn has much to say, and his account of that mysterious transaction, coming as it does from the fountainhead, is worthy of serious attention. That the actual revolution was the work of a small body of men, who were in no sense the authorised delegates of their countrymen, but were the true representatives of the national spirit, he has no doubt. Prince Alexander's reasons for accepting the government of the country are given in his own words. From his statement it appears that he had assured—and honestly assured—M. de Giers at Franzenbad that no such movement was immediately contemplated, to his knowledge, though the desire for unity was widely spread among the people of both States. Hardly, however, had he got back to Bulgaria before he received intelligence of the plot, when he immediately despatched a confidential envoy to Philippopolis to dissuade the leaders if possible from carrying it out. The envoy arrived too late, the revolt had broken out, and the Prince was called upon to assume the government. An immediate decision was

necessary, and he accepted, fully realising the risk of the step he thus took, but considering that greater dangers would attend his refusal, notably the probable outbreak of a religious civil war between Bulgarians and Mohammedans. "I alone," he says, "was in a position to keep the movement within peaceful bounds, and to prevent it from leading to excesses. Without me anarchy would be rampant; with me peace and order were assured. That is why I accepted."

We may quote here the following striking instance of the young Prince's insight and practical wisdom:—

"I cannot help telling a story at this point which does honour to both parties—the Prince and the Mohammedans, and which proves that one can sometimes do more by straightforward and true confidence, than by the most artful tricks. During the first days no one in the province could tell what attitude the Prince had assumed towards Mohammedans at Philippopolis, and consequently telegrams were received from every prefect in the country, which were all pretty much of the same substance, and to this effect: 'All our men capable of bearing arms having now left their villages, there is a universal fear lest the Mohammedans, who are left alone behind, should fall upon the Christians. Amongst the former threatening symptoms are already noticed, and we cannot be answerable for anything, unless we receive authority, for which we now pray, to disarm the Mohammedans.' To this unanimous demand, the Prince telegraphed back that he most distinctly refused the desired permission. Then he sent for the Mufti of Philippopolis, and showed him all the telegrams of the prefects. The Mufti read and grew pale. 'You see,' said the Prince, 'what I am asked to do: I have always been very well satisfied with my Mohammedan subjects. I have every confidence in you, and

therefore I have not acceded to this request. Will you betray my trust in you?' The Mufti replied, 'My Prince, we know how you have acted to our co-religionists in Bulgaria, and we see how ready you are to conciliate us; as long as you are in Eastern Roumelia no Mohammedan will take up arms against you.' And no one ever did."

The account of the war itself, with its startling changes of fortune, is minute and vivid. Throughout the story, the central figure is Prince Alexander, of whose many good qualities the gallant Major can hardly say enough. Not only was he brave and full of resource, but merciful, anxious to pacify and quiet disturbance; springing down from his post of observation in horror at the results of the murderous fire of his own batteries, and cursing the needless war that made such carnage necessary; or changing at once from the soldier to the statesman, and dictating circular notes to the Powers *avec accompagnement de trompettes*, or rather of shells and musket-balls; or again, charging the German correspondent not to omit to chronicle the gallant behaviour of the enemy's artillery. His appearance throughout is that of a man, gallant, chivalrous, and humane, adored by his own soldiers, and so highly respected by the enemy, that but for the interference of greater Powers, he might have been King of Servia as well as Prince of Bulgaria—not by conquest, but by free election. We seem rather to be reading of a hero of romance than a character in plain unvarnished history.

The affairs of Bulgaria are likely to prove of immense importance in Europe, even if there were not this charm of personal and roman-

tic interest in the development of its young nationality. But our own affairs are nearer home, and call forth a still warmer interest. It is not our part to comment upon the exciting character of the present crisis in Ireland, which may have taken even more remarkable developments before these pages reach the public eye; but the work now before us has a more permanent claim upon our attention. Mr Dicey has made a notable experiment in the treatment of a political question by a purely scientific method.¹ Among all the subjects of our day, none has been more inextricably entangled among the passions, prejudices, and sentiments of races and factions than that of Home Rule; and if such a problem can be entirely isolated from the influence of party feelings, and solved by the rules of common-sense, experience, and formal logic, there is no reason why the most knotty point of policy that ever divided the House of Commons or agitated the constituencies should not, in the same manner, be cut by such a *Q.E.D.* as must close the mouth of even the most obstinate stump-orator. If Mr Dicey's example be followed by the imitation which its success ought to secure, we might hope to see politics reduced to a science—made a branch of the ordinary education of our English youth; and such topics as the Franchise, Free Trade, or the Eastern Question simplified into primers for our elementary schools. But, apart from such utopian expectations, Mr Dicey's work on "Home Rule" is of the highest utility in pointing out the conclusion at which every right mind must ar-

rive when the subject has been divested of all its adventitious envelopes—of partisan feeling, national sentiment, traditional animosity, sympathy, expediency, and all other qualities which tend to obstruct the view.

We can only indicate in brief outlines the nature of the argument that Mr Dicey employs. Starting from the definition of Home Rule as a demand for an Irish Parliament with "habitual freedom" from the control of the Imperial or British Parliament, and an Irish Executive habitually responsible to the Irish people and its representatives, and showing that Home Rule does not mean either local self-government or national independence, he proceeds to show that the strength of the movement in England depends "on a peculiar though not of necessity transitory state of opinion." The arguments of Home Rulers "derive at least half their power from their correspondence with dominant sentiments."

"That this is so is admitted by the now celebrated appeal from the classes to the masses. It is in its nature an appeal from a verdict likely to be pronounced by the understanding or the prejudice of educated men to the emotions of the uneducated crowd. The appeal may or may not be justifiable. This is not the point for discussion; but the making of such an appeal necessarily implies that the existence of certain widespread feelings is a condition requisite for full appreciation of the reasoning in support of Home Rule. The reasons may be good, but it is faith which gives them convincing power. They derive their cogency from a favouring atmosphere of opinion or feeling."

This favouring atmosphere is

¹ England's Case against Home Rule. By A. V. Dicey, M.A. London: John Murray.

pervaded not so much by democratic convictions as by democratic sentiment, which is imperious to right reasoning and the logic of facts.

Mr Dicey goes over *seriatim* the principal English arguments in favour of Home Rule,—the argument from foreign experience, upon which Mr Gladstone laid so much stress, but which, when fairly looked at, presents itself rather in the light of a warning ; the argument from the will of the Irish people—Mr Dicey, we suppose for the sake of consistency in his method of treatment, rates it at an importance much higher than it deserves—which is met by a statement that a majority of the electors of Great Britain, with a large proportion of the inhabitants of Ireland, are for the maintenance of the Union ; the argument from Irish history, which has been so fully considered in this Magazine that we need not dwell upon it ; the argument from the assumed virtues of self-government, which is vitiated by a reference to the social condition of Ireland, and a proof that “even in countries deeply imbued with the spirit of legality self-government has no necessary tendency to produce just government or just legislation ;” the argument from the necessity for Coercion Acts, which hardly deserves consideration as a plea ; and lastly, the argument from inconvenience to England, which England by the exercise of a little firmness has it well within her power to remedy. Giving all due weight to these arguments, Mr Dicey demonstrates that they do not support a demand for Home Rule, however far they may go as against the maintenance of the Union or in favour of complete separation. As for Separation it-

self, Mr Dicey thinks that while it does not involve more dangers than Home Rule, it presents more compensating advantages. He is not, however, able to take into account the fact that in the hands of an Irish Executive, independent of the Imperial Parliament, Home Rule in theory would be Separation in practice, and that England would necessarily suffer not only from the disadvantages of the one, but from the dangers of the other.

Perhaps the most interesting discussion in Mr Dicey's volume is that which treats of Home Rule as Federalism, and which possesses a value over and above its applicability to the demands of Ireland. If the efforts which are being made to stir up a Home Rule feeling in Scotland and Wales are not mere diversions in favour of the Separatist party in Parliament, and if they do derive any force from a prevailing “favouring atmosphere” of “democratic sentiment,” it is highly important that the several units of Great Britain should endeavour to understand what their condition would be under a Federation. The disadvantages of a Federal scheme of Home Rule are thus summed up:—

“First, the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament would be destroyed, and all English constitutional arrangements would be dislocated ; secondly, the power of Great Britain would be diminished ; thirdly, the chance of further disagreement with Ireland would certainly not be diminished, and would probably be increased.”

In short, a Federal scheme of Home Rule involves a revolution, without any compensating advantages to Great Britain, and with no prospect of substantial benefit towards Ireland.

It does not seem probable—although when we are speaking of Mr Gladstone it is the improbable that we have most reason to expect—that the Government of Ireland Bill will be ever again brought before the country in the same form in which it met with so emphatic a rejection. Should this be the case, Mr Dicey's exposure of its provisions will reveal many objections which escaped even the close criticism to which it was previously exposed. We do not exaggerate the value of the volume which we now lay down, when we say that no one can advance a valid claim to either write or speak upon the subject of Home Rule for Ireland who has not read and digested Mr Dicey's work.

Meanwhile, how can we conclude without a hope that Scotland, with

her character and credit—no foolish rebel, but long and well experienced in the uses of liberty and power—will never be seduced into joining a cry so undignified and so delusive. Our Home Rule is too genuine and certain to be put in question. When we have asked, we have asked with all the weight of sobriety and sense; and who is so bold as to assert that we have ever failed in obtaining anything that we have thought it worth while persistently to seek? Whatever may threaten the Union, by God's grace it shall never be the most loyal, the most thoughtful of the three sister families who are bound by it—her Majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, still the stronghold, as we hope, notwithstanding political aberrations, of good sense and good faith.

THE CAUSES OF THE UNION WITH IRELAND.

THE task which I have undertaken in the present article is to describe the events which led up to the legislative union, on the first day of this century, between Great Britain and Ireland. These events form a part of the Unionist case, upon which Unionists have been too apt to let judgment go by default, while their opponents have been pressing the historical argument with all possible force.

"I am amazed at the deadness of vulgar opinion to the blackguardism and baseness—no words are strong enough—which befoul the whole history of the Union."

So Mr Gladstone has written, in a phrase which he has since told us was never meant for publication.

"Unspeakably criminal, I own, were the means by which the Union was brought about, and utterly insufficient were the reasons for its adoption."¹

This is the more decorous though scarcely less emphatic language of his latest manifesto.

Now, Unionists have been unduly apt to take these views of history for granted. They have been for the most part content to reply (what is perfectly true), that the historical argument has very little to do with the matter. The case of the Union must be judged, not according to the motives or actions of the men who supported it nearly a century ago, but by the standard of the welfare of the British Empire to-day. This argument is cogent, but the position is not satisfactory to those who are proud of the honour and the history of their country, and who

regard as a precious possession the good fame of the statesmen of previous generations, to whatever political party they may have belonged.

But the Unionist case may be placed much higher than this. There is nothing in the conduct of Pitt and Cornwallis to be ashamed of. What blackguardism and baseness is to be found, lies not in the conduct of those who forced on the Union, but of those who extorted the highest possible price for falling in with it. The reasons that led to the Union were honourable and sufficient. The Act of Union put an end to a state of things that was a disgrace and a peril to the empire. Its enactments must be read, as Professor Dicey in his recent admirable work declares, "in the lurid light cast upon them by the rebellion of 1798." They must be read also in view of the death-struggle with France that was absorbing all the strength of the country. As many frivolous and wicked motives have been ascribed to Mr Pitt as, in later times, to Mr Gladstone himself. But the memoirs and private correspondence of the time are now open to the world, and from these the truth shines out.

Pitt and Cornwallis were guided by two motives—the necessity of securing the country against French invasion, and the desire to protect Irish Roman Catholics against the fury of Irish Protestants. These were the motives which they laid before the country; these, as we see from their most private utterances, were the motives that actu-

¹ History of an Idea, p. 6.

ated themselves. The course which they took appeared to the country to be right and necessary; and looking back from this distance of time, it is hard to see that the country was wrong. Such is the view that I wish to present in this article.

In the first place, a short sketch of the salient features of the events which led up to the Union controversy will make the situation intelligible. During the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, Ireland lay under the weight of the severest penal laws against Catholics, and the heaviest commercial restrictions on her industry. When we look back upon those laws, they appear altogether iniquitous. The marvel seems to be that Ireland remained as tranquil and peaceable under them as she did. But Ireland was not singular in regard to either of them. In England and Scotland there existed penal laws against Catholics even more savage than those of Ireland. It is true they were not enforced; but the furious Edinburgh and Glasgow riots of January 1779, and the more celebrated Gordon riots of 1780, caused by attempts to slightly relax them, showed how fully they had the sanction of the more ignorant public opinion. Again, the whole theory of the British Empire was, that the commercial interests of every part were to yield to those of Great Britain. Irishmen are apt to talk as if the prohibitions on wool and the other commercial restrictions on Irish trade were imposed out of some special hatred of Ireland; but Ireland was merely put in the same position as any of the Colonies or Dependencies. Scotland did not obtain commercial freedom till the Union; Ireland at the same price obtained similar freedom.

Nowadays, such restrictions are seen to do harm to the subject country quite incommensurate with the advantage to the superior country; but a hundred and fifty years ago it was a new idea to the Dependencies themselves that any other relationship was possible, and nothing was more hopeless—as Burke experienced at Bristol—than to persuade a commercial audience that the freedom of Ireland could fail to be the ruin of England.

But the revolt of the American Colonies against commercial restrictions of a similar nature roused Ireland from sleep. The Irish felt at once that the cause of the Continentals was their own. The Presbyterians of the north, in particular, sympathised most strongly with them. Irish emigrants fought in their armies; and when the Continentals received hitherto unheard-of commercial freedom, the Irish began to urge very strongly their case for similar remissions. In 1777 came that great British disaster, the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and in the next year followed the first considerable relaxation of the commercial restrictions and of the penal laws in Ireland. In the same year began the great Volunteer movement, the first symptom and expression of independent vigour in the country. The city of Belfast was threatened with a visit from three or four privateers. British arms were so reduced, that the only defence which the Lord Lieutenant found himself able to offer consisted of “a troop or two of horse, or part of a company of invalids.” Under these circumstances the inhabitants took up arms to defend themselves, and from this beginning sprang a great national movement, giving Ireland a unity and a conscious force which carried

her far in the path of national life. Few bodies have been the subject of more extravagant laudation; of few is it harder to form a just opinion. Perhaps the fairest testimony on the subject is that of Lord Clare, who, at any rate, had no undue bias in their favour. In his great speech in support of the Union, he says:—

“On the old Irish volunteers I desire to be understood not to convey anything like a censure. Their conduct will remain a problem in history; for without the shadow of military control, to their immortal honour it is known, that from their first levy till they disbanded themselves, no act of violence or outrage was charged against them; and they certainly did—on every occasion where their services were required—exert themselves with effect to maintain the internal peace of the country. The gentlemen of Ireland were all in their ranks, and maintained a decided influence upon them. But I shall never cease to think that the appeals made to that army by the angry politicians of that day were dangerous and ill-judged in the extreme; and that they established the precedent for rebellion, which has since been followed up with full success.”¹

In 1779 this force had grown to very large dimensions, and was variously estimated at from 40,000 to 100,000 strong. They were a vehemently loyal and wholly Protestant body. They devoted their full strength to political agitation. Their aims were free trade in the first place, and constitutional liberty in the second. Their demands for free trade were couched in no measured terms. At the celebration in Dublin of the birthday of William III., among the most prominent features in the demonstration were two cannon with

the inscription, “Free Trade or this.” In the winter of 1779-80 this imperious and just demand was conceded, and complete free trade was granted by Lord North. In the autumn of 1781 came the final blow of the American war, in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the only efficient British general, with his army at York Town. This was followed up by the volunteers of the Dungannon Convention of February 1782, formed by delegates from all the Ulster corps, and representing a force of 25,000 armed men. After grave and decorous debate, this assembly declared that “The claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this country, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.” After a series of resolutions upon all the burning questions of the day, they concluded, Protestant as they were, by affirming—

“That we hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as in ourselves. That as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.”²

It is to be observed in passing, that this resolution as to the Catholics is simply retrospective. It rejoices in the relaxation of the penal laws which had already taken place, but by no means implies a desire for the removal of all the remaining Catholic disabilities. Within a week Flood

¹ Speech of Lord Clare in the Irish House of Lords, 10th Feb. 1800, p. 21—republished by the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union.

² Mitchell, *History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 138.

was labouring the distinction between rights of property and rights of power; and to the concession of these last the leaders of the volunteers were for long after opposed.

A few days after Grattan, in the Irish House of Commons, moved an address, declaring the independent legislative rights of Ireland. A postponement was carried by the Government, but the principle of the motion was strenuously upheld even by the most zealous of their supporters, and it was obvious that the motion itself could not be resisted. In the following month came the resignation of Lord North, and the accession to power of Rockingham, Shelburne, and Fox.

It was little use for the new Government to consider whether the concession of legislative independence was wise or not. It was impossible even to dwell on terms and conditions. Great Britain, in her then state of prostration, was unable to resist a demand put forward by an overwhelming majority of the Protestants of Ireland, and backed by the only organised force in the kingdom. Wise or unwise, the wishes of Ireland had to be complied with; and the merit which Fox and Shelburne can claim is, that they put a good face upon a necessity, and yielded with a good grace in a case where effective resistance was hopeless.

We often hear nowadays of the wisdom and beneficence of Grattan's Parliament; we sometimes hear sighs for its restoration. I have no wish to abuse it. If I had, I could find no bitterer language than that of patriot and Nationalist writers. The truth is, that it was an anomaly which could not be restored; and if it were restored, it would be as far

as possible from satisfying the views of the Nationalists.

Grattan's Parliament was, during its whole existence, a purely Protestant Parliament. Till 1793 Roman Catholics had no vote in elections, and till the end of its existence no Roman Catholic could sit in it. It was composed almost exclusively of the English and the landed interest, and was in general wholly subservient to the Viceroy and his Executive. Neither was this a mere accident, which could have been remedied by Reform Bills, or have been altered by anything short of a complete alteration of the Constitution.

If the Parliament had not been subservient to the Executive, there would have been a deadlock. The Irish Parliament was not supreme. It could not, like the Imperial Parliament, get rid of a Minister with whom it differed. The Irish Viceroy and the Irish Government did not depend on the confidence of the Dublin Parliament, but retained office during the pleasure of the Parliament at Westminster. The Irish Parliament was not even independent in legislation. Measures passed by the Irish Parliament had to be sent over to London to be confirmed by the British great seal, which was only affixed by the Crown on the advice of his British Ministers, supported by the British House of Commons.

Such a system was only workable on condition of the complete subordination of the one party to the other, of the legislature to the executive.

The history of the period is full of instances of this subordination, but the treatment of the Catholic question by the Irish House of Commons is perhaps the best example. In 1792, following their own instincts, they rejected, by an

overwhelming majority, a petition for Catholic emancipation. In 1793, at the express bidding of Pitt and Dundas, they passed almost as large a measure with only three dissentients to the second reading.

In February 1795, when the feeling of the country was certainly not more liberal than in 1793, they were prepared at the bidding of Lord Fitzwilliam to vote for absolute Catholic equality. A month later, on his departure, the same proposals were thrown out by a majority of a hundred. Obedience such as this was the only condition on which the clumsy system would work, and obedience such as this is hardly what modern Home Rulers desire. At the same time, the executive was hampered and weakened at every turn by having to secure the conformity of a nominally independent body, and the methods adopted for the purpose were not always such as would bear the light.

The friction between Westminster and the Castle, between the Castle and the Parliament House, was overpowering. The question of commercial relations with Ireland is an example of this. The matter had been left open in 1782, when the Duke of Portland had been anxious to settle these relations on a firm and permanent basis; but Grattan most unwisely declared that the rights of Ireland were not subjects to be haggled over in a treaty.

In 1784 Mr Pitt took up the question. The spirit in which he approached both the commercial problem and that of parliamentary reform will be best shown by an extract from his confidential

despatch to the Duke of Rutland, the then Lord Lieutenant:—

“I own to you the line to which my mind at present inclines (open to whatever new observations or arguments may be suggested to me) is to give Ireland an almost unlimited command of commercial advantages, if we can receive in return some security that her strength and riches will be our benefit, and that she will contribute from time to time in their increasing proportions to the common exigencies of the empire; and having, by holding out this, removed, I trust, every temptation to Ireland to consider her interest as separate from England, to be ready—while we discountenance wild and unconstitutional attempts which strike at the root of all authority—to give real efficacy and popularity to Government by acceding (if such a line can be found) to a prudent and temperate reform of Parliament, which may guard against, or gradually cure, real defects and mischiefs; may show a sufficient regard to the interests, and even prejudices, of individuals who are concerned; and may unite the Protestant interest in excluding the Catholics from any share in the representation or the government of the country.”¹

While this passage proves the generous views which Mr Pitt held towards Ireland, the last lines show that he had not yet reached the liberal spirit of Catholic emancipation which distinguished him a few years later. The instructions to the Duke of Rutland are summed up in the following striking passage which occurs in the same despatch:—

“Let me beseech you to recollect that both your character and mine for consistency are at stake, unless there are unanswerable proofs that the case of Ireland and England is different, and to recollect also that however it is our duty to oppose the most determined spirit and firmness to unfounded clamours and factious pretensions,

¹ Pitt to Duke of Rutland, 7th Oct. 1784. Mahon's Historical Essays, p. 253. Quarterly Review, Sept. 1842, p. 299.

it is a duty equally indispensable to take care not to struggle but in a right cause."¹

Acting in this spirit, he brought forward in the beginning of 1785 a set of propositions which were justly regarded in Ireland as a most liberal and favourable solution of the questions at issue. But for this very reason they were vehemently opposed on high Protectionist grounds by the whole mercantile and manufacturing interests of Great Britain. Pitt found it impossible to carry them without considerable concessions to these interests. The English opposition at once shifted their ground, and declared that the resolutions in their new form compromised Irish independence. The cry was taken up by indignant Irish patriots, and thus was rejected the best offer which Ireland ever had, and no commercial arrangement was arrived at till after the union.

The failure of this negotiation is made the occasion of the bitterest accusations of treachery against Mr Pitt; but there is not the smallest ground for these attacks, or for questioning the plain fact that Pitt was a strong Free Trader, genuinely anxious to make a more liberal bargain with Ireland than he could induce the British Parliament to endorse.

In 1789 a still more acute difficulty arose. The one link between the countries was the Crown and the administration. But in consequence of the illness of George III., it became necessary to elect a regent. The Prince of Wales was the proposed regent. In England, Government thought it necessary in various ways to limit his powers, and the history of the conflict that ensued is well

known. The Irish Parliament, on the other hand, were anxious to appoint the Prince regent instantly and without any limitations. Fitzgibbon, the future Chancellor, and the Earl of Clare alone opposed. The Crowns of the two countries had been declared inseparable, but this was to separate them. Constituted as it was, the government of the country could never go on unless they followed Great Britain implicitly in all regulations of imperial policy.

"Do you suppose," he said, "the British nation will submit to the claim now set up by the Irish Parliament? If the address of both Houses can invest the Prince of Wales with royal power in this way, the same address could convey the same powers to Louis XVI., or to His Holiness the Pope, or to the right honourable mover of this resolution. . . ."

"We are committing ourselves against the law and against the constitution, and in such a contest Ireland must fall."²

He warned them that such a course must lead to the alternative of separation or union, and therefore would be more effectual in forcing forward a union than if all the sluices of corruption were opened at once.

The House of Commons refused to listen to this reasoning, and declared the Prince of Wales Regent with full kingly powers. Fortunately, however, by the time the deputation from Dublin reached London, the king was already recovered, and the Prince of Wales could only thank the Irish Parliament for their kindness. The danger of the situation is stated by no one with more clearness and cogency than by Mitchell, the honest though bitterly anti-English historian:—

¹ Massey, *Hist. of England*, iii. 275.

² Froude, *English in Ireland*, ii. 507.

"This dangerous dispute was thus ended for that time. Its dangers were twofold. First, the Prince might have refused the regency with limited powers; in that case, the English Parliament would certainly have made the Queen regent, and the Prince might have accepted the Irish regency with unlimited powers; there would then have been two regents, and two *separate* kingdoms. Secondly, the Prince might have accepted the regency precisely on the terms offered him in each country; he would then have been a regent with limited powers in England, and with full royal prerogative in Ireland; unable to create a peer in England, but with power to swamp the House with new peerages in Ireland; unable to reward his friends with certain grants, pensions, and offices in England; but able to quarter them all upon the revenue of Ireland. The peril of such a condition of things was fully appreciated, both by Mr Pitt and by his able coadjutor in Ireland, Mr Fitzgibbon. They drew from it an argument for the total annihilation of Ireland by a legislative union. Others who watched events with equal attention, found in it a still sounder argument for total separation."¹

Mitchell's position is inexpugnable, and no fact went further to convince British statesmen that separation or union were the only possible alternatives.

After a pause, during which Europe watched the progress of the French Revolution, the next critical question that came to the front was that of Catholic Emancipation. The worst of the penal laws had been removed in 1778, but abundant disabilities remained. The question had hitherto lain like a sunken rock, on which schemes of parliamentary and other reform had suffered shipwreck, but it now showed above water. In the end of 1791 the claims of the Catholics were being pressed on the Irish Government by Pitt and Dundas. Burke threw his whole weight into

the same scale, and sent his son—an ally only tolerated for the sake of his father—to Dublin. Grattan and his friends supported the same view, but the Protestant party at large were opposed to it. Pitt and Dundas tried argument and advice, but the relations between Catholics and Protestants were too embittered to be revolutionised peaceably without the intervention of direct force. In 1792 a small measure in favour of the Catholics was carried by Sir H. Langrishe, but a petition asking more complete relief aroused most violent opposition from the Ascendancy party through the kingdom, and was rejected by a majority of 208 to 23, though it had the countenance of the British Government. The following year, however, witnessed a marvellous change. Mr Pitt and the British Government by no means shared the views of the Ascendancy party and the Irish Executive. By their direct orders (Dundas to Westmoreland, 23d January 1793; Froude's 'English in Ireland,' iii. 73) a large measure of emancipation was early in 1793 introduced and carried through both Houses by the votes of the Court party, Dr Duigenan and Lord Clare alone protesting audibly.

By this measure the parliamentary franchise was given to Roman Catholics, and all the more oppressive restrictions that lay on them were removed. The chief disability that remained was that the right to sit in Parliament was still withheld. Pitt and Dundas were not anxious to maintain even this restriction; and there can be little doubt that, if the course of British affairs had continued smooth, this also would have been removed in no long time, and complete legal equality introduced.

But now began the most severe

¹ Mitchell, *Hist. of Ireland*, i. 177.

struggle for existence through which Great Britain has ever had to pass. On the 1st February 1793, a week after Dundas's despatch, France declared war upon us. At first it appeared as if the Republic must be crushed by her host of enemies, internal and external; but in 1794 the tide turned, and France began her career of victory. The alliance against her, formed on the execution of Louis XVI., was broken up, and the dread of France and revolution reached a panic. The nation became more and more united in its hostility to Revolution principles. Party distinctions vanished. The new Whigs, as Burke called those who still had faith in France, shrank into insignificance. In the summer of 1794 Lord Fitzwilliam, with various other Whigs, joined Mr Pitt's Cabinet; and in the autumn it became known that Lord Fitzwilliam was to go to Ireland as Viceroy. After various delays, he was sworn in in December, and reached Ireland 4th Jan. 1795. In spite of the inopportune-ness of the moment, he at once began to push the policy of complete Catholic equality with great vigour, but was unsupported from London, and was recalled in the end of February, and left Dublin in March. There has been great discussion over this action of the British Government. Some calm-minded judges—such as Mr Lecky—have held that they thereby flung away a golden opportunity for conciliating Ireland. A more probable judgment seems that the rash and headlong conduct of Lord Fitzwilliam roused such opposition, as to make impossible the more gradual progress which would have been secured by wiser means.

Pitt's Government, it is true, was strong as few Governments have been. Pitt himself, as no man not blinded by passion or hatred can doubt, was then and through the remainder of his life the supporter of Catholic Emancipation. But Government then, as Government now, depended on the force of public opinion, and public opinion was at that time becoming uncontrollable.

It is with diffidence that one dissents from Mr Lecky on a point involving intimate and wide knowledge of the period he has made his own; but I think he greatly underrates the bitterness that was felt between Protestant and Catholic in Ireland previously to Lord Fitzwilliam's failure, and greatly overrates the extent to which the subsequent hatred that bore fruit in the Rebellion was due to that failure. It is to be remembered that we have not yet Mr Lecky's considered judgment on the point. His earlier work, '*The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*,' deals with the question; but the world is still waiting for the volumes of his History which shall cover that much-disputed period.

Without entering on the discussion of facts which would be necessary for a full treatment of the question, it may be enough at present to quote two or three testimonies from different sides. In the first place, Westmoreland, the Viceroy, the opponent of all emancipation, writes to Dundas in the beginning of 1792:—

"Instead of the relaxation of the penal laws having tended to unite Protestants and Catholics, it has increased the apprehension and hatred."¹

As to the fact of this untoward

¹ Froude, *English in Ireland*, iii. 42. Mr Froude warmly accepts Lord Westmoreland's view.

result, Henry Grattan, in his *Life* of his father, seems agreed, and is only concerned to throw the whole blame on Lord Westmoreland and the French Revolution. Mitchell, the Nationalist historian, is of the same mind. Describing the effects of the Act of 1793, he says:—

“The limited and grudging measure for the relief of the Catholics had by no means had the effect of destroying the odious distinctions that had so long divided Irishmen of different religious persuasions. The law indeed was changed, but the insolent and exclusive spirit that had inspired the penal code, the very marked and offensive disabilities which still left the Catholic people in a condition of legal inferiority, gave the ‘Ascendancy’ ample opportunity to make them feel daily and hourly that they were still an oppressed race. . . . In every part of the kingdom continual efforts were made to traduce and vilify the whole Catholic body, in order to defeat and annul the measures which the Legislature had passed in their favour. Never, perhaps, in all the history of the country, had the virulent malignity of the bigots been so busy in charging upon Catholics all manner of evil principles and practices.”¹

These are the opinions of rival partisans. A still more weighty judgment may be added.

Edmund Burke, writing to a member of the Irish Parliament on the 29th January 1795, at the very moment when Lord Fitzwilliam’s policy was declaring itself in Ireland, said, speaking of the last two years:—

“It was within the course of about a twelvemonth, that after Parliament had been led into a step quite unparalleled in its records; after they had resisted all concession, and even hearing, with an obstinacy equal to anything that could have actuated a party domination in the

second or eighth of Queen Anne; after the strange adventure of the grand jury, and after Parliament had listened to the Sovereign pleading for the emancipation of his subjects,—it was after all this that such a grudging and discontent was expressed as must justly have alarmed, as it did extremely alarm, the whole Catholic body; and I remember but one period of my life (I mean the savage period between 1761 and 1767) in which they have been more harshly or contumeliously treated than since the last partial enlargement. And thus I am convinced it will be by paroxysms, as long as any stigma remains on them, and whilst they are considered as no better than half citizens.”

Burke therefore argues in favour of Lord Fitzwilliam’s policy, but his statements are directly opposed to Mr Lecky’s view that “the rancour which at present (1871) exists between the members of the two creeds seems then (1793) to have been almost unknown, and the real obstacle to emancipation was not the feelings of the people but the policy of the Government.”²

One thing at any rate is certain, that Lord Fitzwilliam (as Lord Brabourne has pointed out) fell undefended; and that of his own Whig friends in the Cabinet, not one was found to justify his course.

After Lord Fitzwilliam’s return the clouds grew thicker over both countries. The victories of France continued, and the brilliant Italian campaign of Buonaparte of 1796 made him the hero of the army. The United Irishmen, a revolutionary society founded in 1791 by Wolfe Tone, turned to France for aid, and received full encouragement there.

In July 1796 the Directory, under the influence of Wolfe Tone, resolved on an invasion of Ireland. The news quickly reached the Irish

¹ Mitchell, i. 214, 215.

² Lecky, *Leaders of Opinion*, p. 136.

Government, who were able, by the arrest of Keogh, Neilson, Russell, and others of the leaders on whom Wolfe Tone had relied, to prevent concert between the invaders and the disaffected.

In December a most formidable expedition under Hoche, one of the ablest French generals, set sail from Brest. It carried 15,000 troops, and artillery and arms for 45,000. By a wonderful succession of happy chances, the invasion miscarried completely. Through bad seamanship the fleet parted company the first night. Hoche and his staff were separated from the rest, and never reached Ireland at all. The main part of the fleet reached Bantry Bay in safety; but fortunately for England, they were under Grouchy, the second in command to Hoche, who then, as twenty years after at Waterloo, ruined French hopes by his blunder. He hesitated and delayed. Not a man was landed. The weather became more and more tempestuous, till at length the fleet was fairly blown out to sea. They returned to France defeated by the weather, without having seen a single English ship of war either going or returning.

In the following year the country was in even greater danger. The British cause was at its nadir. The fleet—our only efficient defence—was for three months incapacitated by successive mutinies, the outcome of mismanagement and neglect, whose fatuity almost amounted to treason. Meanwhile the Dutch, who were in alliance with the French, were throwing their whole national strength into the preparations for an invasion of Ireland on an equally large scale. Duncan, who was blockading the Dutch fleet in the Texel, was deserted by successive ships, till he was left with only

his own flag-ship the *Venerable*, and the *Adamant*, a fifty-gun ship. With glorious audacity he anchored his two ships in the channel, which was so narrow that only a single vessel could pass out at a time. By numerous signals to seaward, he deluded De Winter into the belief that a large squadron was lying off shore, and thus for several weeks maintained with two ships a blockade of the whole Dutch fleet. By July a force of sixteen sail of the line, with ten frigates, and 15,000 troops with eighty guns, was lying ready at the Texel, but by this time the British fleet was also ready for service. Again the weather stood our friend. For two months the fleet was delayed by foul winds, until their supplies were exhausted. When at last, in October, the Dutch fleet put to sea, it was met by Duncan at Camperdown with a nearly equal force. After a desperate and bloody fight, ten Dutch ships of the line and two frigates were captured, and there was an end of all danger from Holland.

Meanwhile, however, the victories and the bribes of Buonaparte had reduced Austria to peace, and within a week after Camperdown the Treaty of Campo Formio left us without a single ally. On the very day on which this treaty was signed, a decree was issued by the Directory for the formation of an "army of England" at Boulogne, under General Buonaparte. The hopes of the United Irishmen reached their highest pitch. It is now known that this army was, probably from the first, intended for other purposes, but both Irish and English were completely hoodwinked by Buonaparte. The most desperate efforts were made on the one hand to welcome, on the other to repel, the expected in-

vasion. In this way passed the winter of 1797 and spring of 1798; but all this time matters in Ireland had been going from bad to worse. Catholic emancipation roused Protestant bitterness and Protestant oppression. Protestant cruelty roused Catholic retaliation. In the north, the strife between Orange boys or Peep-of-day boys (so called from their visiting Catholic houses at peep of day to search for arms) and the Catholic defenders almost reached the magnitude of a war. Throughout Ireland the Protestants felt their weakness; and, as has happened since in India and Jamaica, as they became terrified they became cruel. The Irish Parliament entirely shared this feeling, and passed act after act of ever-increasing severity against the protest of ever-diminishing minorities, till Grattan and the constitutional opposition seceded in despair. The United Irishmen, whose leaders had long been Republican and Separatist, took full advantage of the opportunity to foment disaffection and prepare for invasion. Then (as always in Irish history), traitors were not wanting to betray the schemes of their friends to the Government, who were aware of the magnitude of the danger they had to meet from sedition at home and invasion from abroad, though not in a position to prove in the law courts what they knew from informers. Militia had been raised in the prospect of invasion, yeomanry had been embodied in the course of a few weeks to the number of nearly 30,000 men (Froude, iii. 178). These were necessarily Protestant, and for the most part Orangemen of the most bigoted and ferocious description. The Irish Government was unable to maintain discipline

over these forces. Officers were as bad as men. They became, as Abercromby, the Commander-in-chief, publicly declared in a general order, and as Cornwallis, after the experience of the Rebellion and of Castlebar confirmed, "a terror to every one except their enemies"; and by their ravages, rapes, and murders, drove the peasantry wholesale into the arms of the United Irishmen. Providentially the threatened invasions of 1796 and 1797 miscarried by the weather without the Irish army being called on to strike a blow, and that of 1798 turned out to be a mere feint. During this period Camden had not, independently of the yeomanry, 10,000 men on whom he could rely. If any of the three expeditions had succeeded in landing in one of the more disaffected parts of the island, there can be no reasonable doubt but that the forces of the Crown would have proved insufficient to repel the attack. Neither would it have been an invasion by a common foe. Abhorrence of French principles was only equalled by fear of the outrages of French revolutionary armies. Under these circumstances the sense of insecurity and terror which filled the minds of all friends of the connection, explains—little as it justifies—the Protestant outrages of those years. At the same time, the Catholic revulsion against the dragoonings, the free quarterings, the plunderings, the murders of undisciplined troops, goes far to account for the ferocity of the rebellion of 1798.

In the spring of 1798 matters came to a climax. The leaders of the United Irishmen understood the necessity of foreign aid, and desired to defer a rising until the French were in the country. They were, however, betrayed by one of their own number, and arrested at

a meeting on the 12th March, when papers containing full evidence of their plans were seized. The most violent measures of repression, almost inevitable by a terrified minority—free quarterings, house-burnings, torturings even—were adopted to discover arms and plots. Floggings, half-hangings, picketings, pitch-cappings, made the name of loyalist odious in all generous minds.

In the end of May overt rebellion broke out. Arrangements had been made for a simultaneous rising through Leinster and Ulster, where the Presbyterians were almost as disaffected as the Catholics of Leinster. It broke out in various parts of Leinster, but was suppressed with ease, except in Wexford, where one or two successes at the beginning made the insurrection swell to enormous dimensions.

Bloody revenge was speedily taken for Protestant oppression, and a war of extermination and massacre commenced, in which the two sides rivalled one another in deeds of horror. In the judgment of Mr Plunket, the impartial biographer of his grandfather, the first Lord Plunket, the only difference between the parties was, that while the loyalists were more brutal in their outrages on women, the rebels were more wholesale in their massacres of men.¹

The rising in Ulster was delayed for a fortnight by the arrest of some of the anti-Protestant character of the insurrection in the south had declared itself. The Presbyterians of the north, who were republican in feeling, but who hated Popery even more strongly than the British connection, could not fight heartily in such an alliance,

and the rising was easily suppressed.

Immediately on the outbreak of the insurrection, the Government appointed as Lord Lieutenant Lord Cornwallis, the most distinguished general and most large-minded and statesman-like soldier that Britain possessed. He reached Ireland on the 20th June, one day before the Wexford insurrection was finished by the battle of Vinegar Hill. He found the insurrection crushed, and that his whole work was to extinguish the smouldering embers, to bring in an amnesty, and to repress the savage spirit of vengeance roused by the desperate struggle for life through which the ruling party had just passed.

His language on the subject has often been quoted; but the best idea of his position is perhaps given by the following letter, written a month after he reached Ireland, to a private and intimate friend:—

“DUBLIN CASTLE, *July 24, 1798.*

“The overt rebellion is certainly declining, and the principal leaders in Kildare have surrendered with a stipulation for their lives only; but the whole country is in such a state, that I feel frightened and ashamed whenever I consider that I am looked upon as being at the head of it. Except in the instances of the six state trials that are going on here, there is no law either in town or country but martial law, and you know enough of that to see all the horrors of it, even in the best administration of it; judge then how it must be, conducted by Irishmen heated by passion and revenge. But all this is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The yeomanry are in the style of the Loyalists in America, only much more

¹ *Life of Lord Plunket*, i. p. 72.

numerous and powerful, and a thousand times more ferocious. These men have saved the country, but they now take the lead in rapine and murder. The Irish militia, with few officers, and those chiefly of the worst kind, follow closely on the heels of the yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity; and the Fencible take a share, tho' much behind-hand, with the others. The feeble outrages, burnings, and murders, which are still committed by the rebels, serve to keep up the sanguinary disposition on our side; and as long as they furnish a pretext for our parties going in quest of them, I see no prospect of amendment. The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood; and the conversation even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c., &c.; and if a priest has been put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland and my wretched situation."¹

For this spirit of clemency—though accompanied by abundant firmness in his treatment of proved offenders—he, like Lord Canning afterwards, was fiercely attacked in England, and with still more violence in Ireland. He was, however, gallantly supported in his moderation by the British Cabinet, and especially by Mr Pitt, who, as Wilberforce tells us in his diary, “resented and spurned the bigoted fury of Irish Protestants.”

In Ireland the most moderate of the ruling classes were those who most receive the credit of severity, the Chancellor and Lord Castle-reagh. Nevertheless, the Irish rebels would have been in bad case if they had been abandoned to the mercies of even the most moderate of their fellow-countrymen. The difference in the attitude of English statesmen, from even the best of the Irish, is shown by a story of

a rather later date, which Wilberforce used to tell.

“I was with Pitt in the House of Lords, when Lord Clare replied to a charge of cruel practices, approaching torture, for the discovery of concealed arms. ‘Well, suppose it were so; but surely,’ &c. I shall never forget Pitt’s look. He turned round to me with that high indignant stare which sometimes marked his countenance, and stalked out of the House.”²

A week before the rebellion broke out, Buonaparte had sailed on his Egyptian expedition, and though Wolfe Tone was urging immediate action on the Directory, the chance was missed. Scarcely, however, had the rebellion been suppressed, when Ireland was alarmed by another French invasion, this time on a smaller scale. On the 22d of August, General Humbert, with 1100 men, landed at Killala Bay, in County Mayo. He was joined by many Irish, and a few days after defeated General Lake in a fight, which, from the conduct of the Irish militia, was called the Castlebar races. Cornwallis, however, speedily collected a large force, and in less than three weeks from the landing of the French, had defeated and taken prisoner the whole expedition. Small as was the scale of this invasion, it illustrates two things—the danger which would have arisen if the forces of the Crown had been in less competent hands than those of Cornwallis, and the worthlessness of the Irish militia. Writing to Pitt a few weeks after, Cornwallis describes them as “a militia on which no dependence whatever can be placed, and which Abercromby too justly described by saying they were only formidable to their friends.”³

In a private letter written at

¹ Marquis Cornwallis to Major-General Ross, Cornwallis Corr., ii. 368.

² Wilberforce’s Life, ii. 327.

³ Cornwallis, ii. 413.

the same time he says, "The Irish militia, from their repeated misbehaviour in the field, and their extreme licentiousness, are fallen into such universal contempt and abhorrence, that when applications are made for the protection of troops, it is often requested that Irish militia may not be sent."¹ Language such as this proves the impossibility which Cornwallis felt of maintaining order in Ireland from Irish sources and with Irish force.

Yet another small invasion took place the same autumn by a French squadron, which reached Lough Swilly, in County Donegal, on the 10th October. It was, however, attacked and defeated the next day, before any landing could be made, by a British squadron under Sir John Warren. Neither of these invasions were large enough to be formidable by themselves; either of them, if they had appeared a little earlier on the scene, would have multiplied tenfold the difficulty of suppressing the rebellion.

This then was the condition of Ireland. It was torn in pieces by the bitterest animosities. Its rival parties were only prevented from flying at each other's throats by the superior force of Great Britain. Its Parliament had formerly hindered and hampered the Government in their desires of reform and their efforts to draw closer the bonds of commercial relationship, and now encouraged and pressed them on to severities and "vigour beyond the law." It was the vulnerable point of the empire, exposed to continual invasion. It required a huge British garrison, since the native forces that should have defended it had proved themselves worse than useless. It was true that five threatened invasions had been averted, but this was due to

the miraculous good fortune of Great Britain, and not to any fitness of Ireland for defence. Buonaparte would soon return from the East. Buonaparte might be relied on to see as clearly as the Directory the weak spot of his enemies, and chance could not be relied on for the sixth time. It was true that rebellion had been suppressed by the combined moderation and firmness of Cornwallis, but the causes of disaffection had not been removed. Passions were too deeply stirred to appeal to an Irish Parliament to remove them, or to trust to Irish statesmen to hold the balance with justice. The Chancellor and Lord Castlereagh, as Cornwallis often declared, were the most moderate of Irish statesmen; but as he emphatically stated a few months later—

"If the British Government place their confidence in any Irish faction, all will be ruined. The Chancellor and many of our most able friends are blinded by passion and prejudice, and would drive the country into rebellion in six months. Lord Castlereagh is by far the best, but I doubt whether he would yet have firmness to control the violent representations of his countrymen; and I trust when I retire that some Englishman may be sent over who will be at the trouble of acting for himself, and will not submit to be governed."²

Neither was there any other party in Ireland to whom Cornwallis could turn. Grattan had, of course, been opposed to all measures of violence; but Grattan, with most of the parliamentary opposition, imitating the example of Fox at Westminster, had seceded in consequence of the severities which succeeded on the failure of Hôche's invasion. The party had at no time been considerable in numbers, but at the general election of 1797 Grattan declined re-

¹ Cornwallis, ii. 414.

² Cornwallis to Ross, iii. 250.

election, and from that time till the middle of the Union debates had not a seat in Parliament. In these desperate straits the question that weighed on Cornwallis was, as he puts it, "How Ireland could be governed and preserved, and rendered a source of strength and power, instead of remaining a useless and almost intolerable burden to Great Britain?"¹ He was satisfied, and upon good grounds, that perseverance in the system that had hitherto been pursued could only lead from bad to worse, and, after exhausting the resources of Britain, must end in the total separation of the two countries. As a general he believed, and no doubt rightly believed, that Ireland under the existing system was indefensible against the attacks of foreign enemies. As a statesman he was convinced, and with good reason, that under the existing system it was impossible to secure good government, safety, or justice for the mass of the people of Ireland. His own view was entirely against the maintenance of the Ascendancy. Writing to Mr Pitt in Oct. 1798, he declares—

"It has always appeared to me a desperate measure for the British Government to make an irrevocable alliance with a small party in Ireland (which party has derived all its consequence from, and is, in fact, entirely dependent upon the British Government) to wage eternal war against the Papists and Presbyterians of this kingdom, which two sects from the fairest calculations compose about nine-tenths of the community."²

He therefore strongly urged the extension of all the privileges of Union to the Catholics, and with deep foresight prophesied—

"If it is in contemplation ever to

extend the privileges of the Union to the Roman Catholics, the present appears to be the only opportunity which the British Ministry can have of obtaining any credit from the boon, which must otherwise in a short time be extorted from them."

These views were completely shared by Mr Pitt. If they could then have been carried out, our troubles in Ireland might now have been of no greater magnitude than our troubles in the Highlands. But in the then temper of public opinion on both sides of the Channel, it was impossible for statesmen of whatever influence to put forward at the moment so comprehensive a scheme. Sincere friend as Cornwallis was of the Catholic claims, he felt the military necessity as the pressing and overmastering fact of the situation; and the best that he found himself able to do for the Catholics was to bid them wait, in reliance on the superior impartiality of an imperial Parliament and the known views of so many eminent statesmen. In this confidence they waited—not, as Mr Gladstone declared the other day, because, though hating the Union, they were powerless through lack of organisation. They had plenty of strength to defeat the measure, if they had so desired. Mr Gladstone forgets that the Catholics had at this time votes, and that, while the boroughs were nearly all close corporations under the patronage of individuals, yet, owing to the prevalence of leases for lives, something very like universal suffrage prevailed in the counties.³ In three-quarters of the county constituencies, therefore, the members were completely dependent on Catholic votes. Moreover, Mr Gladstone's charge

¹ Cornwallis, ii. 404.

² *Idem*, 418.

³ Wakefield Account of Ireland, ii. 301; Oldfield, Representative Hist., vi. 216.

is inconsistent with the attitude both of Nationalists and of the Irish Government. The charge which Nationalist writers bring against Mr Pitt in this matter is not that he suppressed Catholic opinion, but that he duped Catholics and won invaluable support by promises which he had no intention of performing. The position which Lord Castlereagh takes up in a most remarkable letter on the question, written to Mr Pitt on the very day of the Union,¹ is not that the support of the Catholics was withheld or was unimportant, but that it was granted, and was necessary for the passing of the measure.

The prospects which tempted the Catholics were not fulfilled, though not through the fault of Pitt, Cornwallis, or Castlereagh. But the fact remains that in the judgment of the Catholics the Union appeared favourable to their interests, and that they consequently were either neutral or favourable to the Union, while the most effective resistance came from the Orangemen, who were opposed to it on the very ground on which the Catholics supported it.

Then began the long Union negotiations, which prove, more completely than anything, the utter corruptness of nine-tenths of the party which composed the Irish Parliament, and their unfitness for control over the affairs of their country. The feelings of Cornwallis will be best shown by a few extracts from his private letters to his most intimate friend, General Ross. Writing on the 21st January 1799, he says—

"The demands of our friends rise in proportion to the appearance of

strength on the other side, and you, who know how I detest a job, will be sensible of the difficulties which I must often have to keep my temper; but still the object is great, and perhaps the salvation of the British Empire may depend upon it. I shall therefore as much as possible overcome my detestation of the work in which I am engaged, and march on steadily to my point."²

On the 20th May he writes again—

"The political jobbing of this country gets the better of me; it has ever been the wish of my life to avoid all this dirty business, and I am now involved in it beyond all bearing, and am consequently more wretched than ever. I trust that I shall live to get out of this most cursed of all situations and most repugnant to my feelings. How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court! If I did not hope to get out of this country, I should most earnestly pray for immediate death. No man, I am sure, ever experienced a more wretched existence, and after all I doubt whether it is possible to save the country."³

A few days later, on the 8th June 1799—

"The country is becoming every day more quiet; but the ferocity of the loyalists will not for a long time permit the restoration of perfect tranquillity. My occupation is now of the most unpleasant nature, negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that without a Union the British Empire must be dissolved."⁴

On the 19th June—

"Nothing but a conviction that a Union is absolutely necessary for the safety of the British Empire could make me endure the shocking task which is imposed upon me."⁵

¹ Cornwallis Mem., iii. 326.

³ Idem, p. 100.

⁴ Idem, p. 102.

² Idem, p. 39.

⁵ Idem, p. 104.

These views were fully shared by Mr Pitt. The reasons which, alike in his public utterances and in his private correspondence and intercourse, we see to have moved him were the deepest and noblest that can move a statesman—the safety of the empire and the protection of the weaker party in Ireland.

The safety of the empire he puts first in his grand speech of 31st January 1799:—

“The country is at this time engaged in the most important and momentous conflict that ever occurred in the history of the world—a conflict in which Great Britain is distinguished for having made the only manly and successful stand against the common enemies of civilised society. We see the point in which that enemy thinks us the most assailable. Are we not then bound in policy and prudence to strengthen that vulnerable point, involved, as we are, in a contest of liberty against despotism—of property against plunder and rapine—of religion and order against impiety and anarchy?”

“There was a time when this would have been called declamation, but unfortunately long and bitter experience has taught us to feel that it is only the feeble and imperfect representation of those calamities (the result of French principles and French arms) which are every day attested by the wounds of a bleeding world.”¹

Declamation these words may sound in this more happy time. When uttered, they expressed no more than the conviction of the whole nation. But, even at such a moment, the healing of animosities in Ireland, and the protection of the Irish, does not stand far behind. In the same speech, he continues:—

“Whoever looks at the circumstances to which I have alluded, whoever considers that the enemy have shown

by their conduct that they considered Ireland as the weakest and most vulnerable part of the empire, whoever reflects upon those dreadful and inexcusable cruelties instigated by the enemies of both countries, and upon those lamentable severities by which the exertions for the defence of Ireland were unhappily but unavoidably attended, and the necessity of which is in itself one great aggravation of the treasons and crimes which led to them,—must feel that, as it now stands composed, in the hostile division of its sects, in the animosities existing between ancient settlers and original inhabitants, . . . there is no cure but in the formation of a general imperial legislature, free alike from terror and from resentment, removed from the danger and agitation, uninfluenced by the prejudices and uninflamed by the passions, of that distracted country.”²

This was the attitude of Pitt. The same two motives are in the forefront of the case as presented by Lord Clare, in the most impassioned passage of his great Union speech of the 10th of February 1800:—

“I will now appeal to every dispassionate man who hears me, whether I have in anything misstated or exaggerated the calamitous situation of my country, or the coalition of vice and folly which has long undermined her happiness, and at this hour loudly threatens her existence. It is gravely inculcated, I know—‘Let the British minister leave us to ourselves, and we are very well as we are.’ We are very well as we are. Gracious God! of what materials must the heart of that man be composed, who knows the state of the country, and will coldly tell us we are very well as we are. We are very well as we are—we have not three years of redemption from bankruptcy or intolerable taxation, nor one hour’s security against the renewal of exterminating civil war. We are very well as we are. Look to your statute-

¹ Speeches, vol. iii. p. 42.

² *Idem*, p. 46.

book—session after session have you been compelled to enact laws of unexampled rigour and novelty, to repress the horrible excesses of the mass of your people; and the fury of murder and pillage and desolation has so outrun all legislative exertion, that you have been at length driven to the hard necessity of breaking down the pale of the municipal law, and putting your country under the ban of military government; and in every little circle of dignity and independence we hear whispers of discontent at the temperate discretion with which it is administered. We are very well as we are. Look at the old revolutionary Government of the Irish Union, and the modern revolutionary Government of the Irish consulate, canvassing the dregs of that rebel democracy for a renewal of popular ferment and outrage, to overcome the deliberations of Parliament. We are very well as we are. Look to your civil and religious dissensions—look to the fury of political faction, and the torrents of human blood that stain the face of your country, and of what material is that man composed who will not listen with patience and goodwill to any proposition that can be made to him, for composing the distractions, and healing the wounds, and alienating the miseries of the devoted nation? We are very well as we are. Look to your finances, and I repeat you have not redemption for three years from public bankruptcy, or a burden of taxation which will sink every gentleman of property in the country.”¹

Such was the spirit of the statesmen of the Union. Such was Cornwallis's view of the negotiations in which he found himself engaged. Of the subsequent course of those negotiations, a most careful and impartial sketch has been given by Lord Brabourne in a recent number of this Magazine.²

Cornwallis is attacked for hav-

ing expelled his opponents wholesale from office and pensions. This is true, but hardly heinous. It is the regular course of events to-day. When a man differs from Government on the most fundamental question of the day, he does not continue to hold office. The only difference is, that he resigns, instead of waiting to be dismissed. People talk as if a couple of millions was spent in actual money bribes. The truth is, that very little was spent in actual cash bribes, not on account of any virtue of the Irish Parliament, but as is proved by the amounts remitted from England. The patrons of the Irish boroughs which were suppressed were compensated at the rate of £7500 a seat. This was not more than a liberal estimate of their actual market value, and was a compensation and not a bribe, inasmuch as it was not confined to supporters of the Government, but was paid equally to owners of seats whose nominees had voted against the Union.

In the same way the holder of every office which was suppressed was lavishly pensioned, though probably not more lavishly than he would have been in England. Useful supporters received promotion in preference to opponents, a course not unprecedented in Britain. Irish Peerages were lavished with a profusion rivalled only by Lord North in the crisis of the struggle with America. These were the resources of Cornwallis. They were methods partly the necessary and usual concomitants of any reform, but, if carried to excess, to be justified on the same principle as the employment of spies or the payment of black-mail.

¹ P. 50 of edition published by I. L. P. U.

² Blackwood's Magazine, October 1885.

They are things highly undesirable in themselves, but which may be forced upon an honourable man by the necessity of the situation, and are in any case infinitely more dishonourable to the receiver than the giver.

I have shown the motives of Pitt and Cornwallis. I have shown that they had reason for attributing to those motives the weight which they did. As to the nature of the men with whom they had to deal, it is notorious. On the venality of the Irish Parliament Cornwallis and Fox, Wolfe Tone and Grattan, Mitchell and Froude, are agreed. The only accusation against Pitt and Cornwallis comes to this, that in a time of supreme national necessity, and in the cause of good government, they were ready to employ the resources of the country in the payment of blackmail to a set of brigands, as a necessary condition for securing a measure which they, in common with their countrymen, regarded as the only means of preserving the empire.

It is true that the Union has not cured all the evils of Ireland, but the Union was never expected to be a panacea. It was intended as the first step of a series of measures which should extend to Ireland all the blessings and all the prosperity of Great Britain. Those measures Pitt failed in accomplishing, but he did not fail

in the two primary objects which the Union itself was to secure. He saved Irish Roman Catholics from their frenzied fellow-countrymen, and gave them the direct protection of the Imperial Parliament. By bringing the army of Ireland under the control of the British Parliament, he made Ireland, of which Cornwallis had despaired, militarily defensible, and gave the empire a strength without which it would probably have succumbed to the renewed attacks of Buonaparte.

After all, the historical argument is not a practical question. It may be right or it may be wrong that the great work of Pitt and Cornwallis should continue to stand. That is a question to be decided on a survey of the empire to-day, and not on researches into the events of a century ago. But what the historical argument can show is, that the statesmen of the Union are not men of whom their descendants need be ashamed. Their action in forming the Union was not guided by petty, or by corrupt, or by wicked motives. They were not actuated by slothfulness or selfishness. They were not afraid to maintain on their shoulders the burden of empire, when they saw that by a bold assumption of responsibility they could best fulfil their duties to their fellow-subjects and to mankind.

J. PARKER SMITH.

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DIANE DE BRETEUILLE.

I.

IN 1869, on a beautiful afternoon in May, that month of months in Paris, when the gay world dons new garments, in sympathy with the new foliage of spring, and strives to vie with awakening nature in richness of colour, of taste, and of grace, I was returning from a delightful ride in the Avenue des Acacias in the Bois de Boulogne, all my thoughts perfumed, as it were, by the fresh inhalations of the acacia bloom, and purified by the delicious and sparkling air which gives to Parisians their peculiarly bright characteristics. Lifted by the power of self-asserting spring into a healthier atmosphere of lofty projects, charitable intentions, and noble resolves, I suddenly bethought myself of a modest *pâté aux huîtres* and a glass of madeira at Guerre's, the fashionable confectioner at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Castiglione.

It is extremely annoying to find how quickly material wants assert

their superior power over our mental aspirations—and indeed it is not a little humiliating to discover that it is so, though it may be some consolation to know that the greatest men, like the most insignificant, have been no exceptions to this rule.

As soon as the idea of a glass of wine had entered my head, away went noble conceptions, pious projects, and that tender communion with verdant nature which had so enthralled and delighted me, and my sole preoccupation was to dismount and proceed to the confectioner's.

During the great days of the last years of the Empire, Guerre was more than an excellent *pâtissier*: it was a fashionable place of rendezvous, where people of all kinds invariably met by accident—where any one whom anybody else was particularly anxious to see would be sure to walk in by the merest chance, and where pleasure-parties for the morrow were

planned on the spur of the moment.

Great ladies stopped there to eat *une petite tarte aux fraises* until by incredible good luck their latest admirers walked in on the chance of meeting with an acquaintance.

Young girls fresh from some music or dancing *cours* would appear, followed by their governesses, and after relishing an ice go away, their minds filled with the accurate though hasty study of the toilets they had seen.

Serious matters even may have been discussed, and momentous resolutions affecting a lifetime taken in that gay and brilliant shop; but for the most part all that took place there had but the petty incidents of existence for their object, and few of those who met by appointment or by chance ever thought of the possible consequences that might follow a mild flirtation, a word said in fun, or a secret too lightly revealed.

The shop was full when on this particular afternoon I entered it; and though I felt certain I would not be long there without finding an acquaintance, nay, even culling some invitation likely to prove enticing and agreeable, I had no other thought than that which animated the sage Ulysses when rescued from the waves on the hospitable shores of Ithaca, and requested to narrate his adventures: he expressed a longing for a biscuit and a glass of wine.

Mademoiselle Oélestine, or Mademoiselle anybody else, having given me what I required, I presently noticed the entrance from the Rue Castiglione of a lovely girl about seventeen years of age, dressed to perfection, and accompanied by her governess, a meek sort of person, with eyes modestly cast down.

As she threaded her way to the counter with an "Ah, pardon mad-

ame" here, and "Merci" there, as people made way for her, I thought I had never beheld so graceful a figure, nor so enchanting a person. When, however, she had given the orders she wished, and looked round apparently to discover where she could relish her ice in peace, and presented to my enraptured gaze the full beauty of her face, I fancied I had never beheld outside a picture of Greuze anything so beautiful, gentle, and love-inspiring. Her bright smiling eyes spoke to a character full of mirth and guilelessness; her aristocratic nose, her tiny mouth, and the splendour of her golden-brown hair, made her youth look as if it were encircled by a frame of dignity interwoven with garlands of attractive flowers.

Altogether I thought she was quite the prettiest French girl I had ever seen, and it cost me some effort to stop gazing at the little beauty, who had cast a glance in my direction in the course of her survey, and who, I was afraid, might be hurt by my indiscreet and sudden infatuation.

I cannot call my newly born admiration by any other name, for it was not merely love at first sight—it was something more.

With all her loveliness, there was that about her which fascinated as well as attracted. I felt that this little girl, still under the charge of a governess, and therefore not yet emancipated from the schoolroom, possessed in her a power of command which asserted itself in her look, her manner, her whole gait, and yet never militated against that feminine attractiveness which she already possessed to such an eminent degree.

It was plain that the spring-time of life in a woman destined to be admired was blooming in this girl, in harmony with the

spring weather outside, and that all those precious gifts of beauty, grace, and gentleness, warmed by a generous soul within, were impatient to blossom forth and reveal their charm to a world she could not yet have known.

Intent on these thoughts, I remember wishing with all my heart that when her life which was evidently now rushing fast to its flood, had reached the point where her destiny would have (French fashion) to be decided for her by others, it might be so ordained above that so gentle, modest, and comely a creature might be reserved for an existence of tranquil happiness such as suited the angel form with which I considered her already favoured.

Presently, and to my utter consternation, the little Venus passing close to me, and looking not in the least timid or abashed, whispered into my ear that she wished to speak to me.

"Monsieur, j'ai à vous parler;" and as I heard the words the blood rushed to my cheeks, and even to the roots of my hair, for I was fairly dumfounded.

That a French girl, a lady, and evidently a high-born one, should, without exhibiting the slightest sign of bashfulness, have deliberately requested a total stranger to come and speak to her, was more than I could compass; while I felt within me the pedestal tottering upon which a minute before I had exalted this goddess, and all the time I was dreading that the idol might fall and be dashed to pieces.

The vision had been so beautiful — was the reality to disperse it entirely?

The awakening, however, was sudden enough to justify the blush that suffused my countenance; but while a tempest of conflicting feelings reigned within me, the light

intoxicating perfume of violets, which accompanied her as a breath of her own personality, filled my senses, and the commanding tones of her request acted as a spell on my movements, so that involuntarily I found myself following her.

All of a sudden it occurred to me that after all I might be mistaken — that her beckoning was addressed to some one else, and that by doing what I believed to be her bidding, I might wound the pride of this gentle and beautiful creature.

I was even about to turn back, when she, as if guessing my thoughts, looked round, and seeing me, smiled so prettily that it gave me courage, while it effectually put an end to any desire to retreat.

When she got to the end of the shop, she requested her governess to get her something else she had forgotten, and then calling me by my name, said in such silvery accents as a mouth like hers could alone produce —

"How kind of you to come to me at my request, and how silly you must think me! but I know you very well, though I am too young for you to know me, and I want so very much to have a serious talk with you. You are going to-night to the Duchesse de la Rochemontant, I know, and I am going too. It is my first ball, and if you will let me dance the cotillon with you, you will do me a great favour, because then we can have so much more time to speak than during any other dance. But I am so selfish," seeing I was about to answer her, — "I only think of my own pleasure, and entirely forget that you may already have promised this dance to some one else; I hope not, however."

"Mademoiselle, I can assure

you that the prospect of a cotillon with you is one which I look to with such delight that you need have no scruple in the matter," I replied.

"How kind of you!" she answered. "I was sure you would not say no;" and then offering me her hand as a queen might bestow it to a humble subject, I felt like the subject, as if in duty bound to kiss it reverentially; but the *pâtissier's* shop was scarcely a place to exhibit my devotion, and I made a great and successful effort to resist the impulse.

Her governess having by this time returned, she smiled once more, and with as pretty an inclination of her lovely head as could well knock into confusion the few remaining clear senses I possessed, my newly found divinity departed, leaving me hopelessly in love with a mere child whose name I did not even know.

The idea that I could not even give my idol a name served the purpose of restoring somewhat my scattered intellect, and I hastened after her to discover, if possible, by the arms on her carriage, or the livery of her servants, or any other means, what great name she might bear, convinced as I was that no other than an illustrious name could suit her matchless beauty."

I was in such a hurry that I heard several exclamations on my way to the street entrance, accompanying the upsetting of one or two ice-cups, and probably half-a-dozen cakes, as I dashed rather than walked to the door.

"Ah, le maladroît! quel homme affairé! mon Dieu, qu'est ce qu'il lui prend!" in variously high-pitched tones, followed me unheeded to the exit, where I arrived in time to hear Mademoiselle—what the deuce was her name?—call out to her coachman to drive to la

Comtesse de Chantalès—a lady I well knew,—and wonder once more at the extraordinary *aplomb* of this young girl, scarcely out of her teens, who, by dexterously throwing out this address, as it were, to me, seemed to guess what was uppermost in my thoughts, and to give me the means of realising my wishes.

More stupidly smitten than ever, I recalled to mind the momentary fear I had entertained that the reality would, after all, oblige me to dethrone my first fancy; and I now blamed myself for having even so far done her wrong as to suppose that a whisper in the ear of a man she did not know was even unusual.

Of course, I reasoned, what she had done was quite natural, while her subsequent explanation showed that she was equally in the right. She knew me, if I did not know her; and was it not right of her, knowing me and what she wanted to see me about, to tell me that she wished to speak to me? Not knowing her, nor the motives which impelled her, I might have been justified in my surprise; but such surprise did not say much in favour of my knowledge of character, for it clearly proved I could not discriminate between honest blue eyes and other eyes—that is, between a straightforward purpose and a cunning one; and the result of this cogitation was, that I considered myself wholly unworthy of being made the confidant of this dear little girl, though resolved that nothing in the world would prevent my being that confidant, if possible.

"Quatre francs, Monsieur," said a voice at my side.

What? "Nous avons vingt sous de pâtés et dix de madère: trente sous; plus deux francs cinquante de brisage: somme, quatre

francs." I was speechless ; but seeing the imperturbable countenance of the serving-girl, whose sole business in life was to collect *sous* and distribute cakes, it was evident that argument would have been of no use ; and after all, if the refreshments did come to four francs,

was not my love—oh dear, how I wished I knew her name !—worth the extravagant expenditure ?

I paid like a man and left the shop, directing my steps I knew not where, but, of course, in the direction of la Comtesse de Chantalís.

II.

In due time I reached the Hotel Chantalís, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and as I approached the house, an elegant victoria, driven by two splendid small bay horses, dashed under the porch to deposit upon the marble landing a fashionably dressed and handsome woman, who was no other than my friend the Countess herself.

Seeing me coming in at the porch, just as the *concierge* was about to close its doors, she waved her glove and beckoned me to her.

"You have come in the nick of time," she said, "for I was just about to give orders that no one should be let in. I am dead tired ; and as I have to dine out, and to go to the opera before the ball this evening, I want to rest an hour if I can."

"Then I at once retire."

"No, do not do that, for I want to tell you I have a niece who makes her *début* this evening, and I shall like to hear what you think of her. She has only left the convent "*des Oiseaux*" a year, and where she gets her beauty from I cannot tell, for her mother comes from the worthiest but ugliest stock in all France ; and as to my dear brother—well, Richard de Breteuille is not precisely a handsome man."

I was just able here to cut in an artful compliment in the shape of an oath, that the niece must have inherited her aunt's beauty. How

this could be I did not quite make out, but it appeared to satisfy my friend, who laughed and said, "*Toujours galant ; quoiqu'il en soit elle est ravissante ma nièce ; and you will see that Diane de Breteuille does honour to her family.*"

I had gained my object. Diane was the name of the fairy who had bewitched me, and I had henceforth but one wish—viz., to reach the hour of 11 P.M., when I could decently proceed in quest of Mademoiselle de Breteuille at the Duchess's ball.

"Don't forget that you have to rest, Countess," I said—"or rather let me remember that you have to do so, and ask your leave to pay you my homage another time."

"Well, yes, let me see—tomorrow. No, to-morrow is all filled up, but come the day after—it is my day."

"Your day is like a reception at the Tuileries—one sees everybody but the hostess."

"You do not care to dine *en famille*, with Raymond and myself *pour tout potage* ?"

"Nothing I should like better."

"Well, then, come to-morrow, and maybe I can meanwhile induce my brother Richard and his wife and daughter to come too."

"That would be charming," I exclaimed, with a vivacity of expression and such a gleam of delight in my eyes, that the Comtesse stared at me with a puzzled look,

which I was not slow to dismiss, lest my indiscreet joy might mar the prospect of bliss she had just held before me.

"You are astonished at my enchantment," I said; "but you would not be if you knew how gracious I think it of you to allow a poor forlorn stranger in this big Paris to be admitted in the bosom of your family. The French are so exclusive in this respect, that I take it as a great compliment whenever they do me such an honour as you have just bestowed."

Accustomed as polite Frenchwomen are to well-turned phrases, still this little speech was not enough to explain the burst of radiancy which illumined my countenance a moment before; and the Countess must have thought so, as giving me her hand, she said with a knowing smile, "Au revoir; vous me direz un jour le secret de cette subite animation."

We parted, and a burning heat consumed my cheeks and ears, such as one often feels after a silly act or a foolish speech; but there was no help for it, and no doubt the evening's proceedings would set matters right; while I thought, with some comfort to myself, I had preserved intact the secret of my meeting with the Countess's niece.

Evening came at last, and as the French proverb has it, "Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre," though, in my experience, I have often found that, however patiently anything has been expected, its arrival, when accomplished, is generally found to have been solely delayed by the patience of the expectation.

Help good fortune by every effort is rather the guiding motto I most fancy, and indeed I have seldom found that a little earthly helping has not materially deter-

mined a providential stroke of luck.

Convinced that a girl's first ball, adorned as it was by a previous flavour of romance, was likely to bring the girl herself at an earlier hour than otherwise to the scene of her coming exploits, I made no scruple of being unfashionable, and arriving, if not exactly in time to light the candles, at least very soon after they were lit.

Early as I did arrive, however, it was not before a crowd of people had already congregated in the magnificent *salons* of the Duchesse's hotel in the Rue de Grenelle, and as I made my way through lines of liveried servants, and up the gorgeous staircase, with its Gobelin tapestry and Baccarat crystal chandeliers, every one I met seemed to have conspired with one another to ask me the same question—"Avez-vous vu la nouvelle débutante?"

Why should they ask me the question, was what I wondered at, feeling a kind of guilty apprehension that my acquaintance with her, made as it had been in so curious a manner, had probably been noticed, and consequently reported.

I carefully hid all knowledge, however, behind such searching remarks as—"On l'a dit fort jolie; j'en entends beaucoup de bien; elle doit être charmante; sa tante m'en a parlé."

As no one answered these platitudes by some hint that I ought to know better than most, I was satisfied that all was as it should be, and I hurried on.

Presently the drawing-room was reached, and having made my bow to the Duchesse, I discovered a knot of young men discussing together, who, on seeing me, made signs that I should quickly join them.

When I reached the group—which was not easy, as the crowd

in this particular room was uncomfortably great—they began a series of gesticulations, and from each came pouring the most fervent encomiums about a new beauty who had just a moment before passed with her mother into the ball-room, and particulars of whom they wanted to know from all their acquaintances.

As I happened to be stanchly devoted to dancing, I of course knew as well who were the best dancers among the girls out, as I did among the married women, which is perhaps the reason why I was so eagerly appealed to.

"Je viens d'avoir une vision, cher ami," said le Vicomte de Moncalpin, a young man of large expectations and little brains.

"Va te promener, une vision; dis donc bien une réalité, Adalbert;" and then turning to me, le Comte de Livelalongue mysteriously patted me on the shoulder, and whispered, "une beauté!"

"Un brin de Vénus," said a cadet from St Cyr.

"Une divinité en robe de bal," remarked a young scion of a noble house, then preparing for "le Baccalauréat."

"La connais tu?" asked le Vicomte.

"How can I know her merely by such a description?" said I—"a vision, a reality, a morsel of Venus, and a ball-clad divinity. I ask you, how is a man to say whether he knows one woman answering to all these descriptions at once? Tell me her name."

"Mademoiselle de Breteuille—at least I think so," said the Count with the long name, "for she followed Madame de Breteuille."

"I know it is," replied the St Cyrien, "for I saw Amédée de Durnois make his bow to her, and he told me her name."

"In that case, messieurs," I

said, with a lofty manner, suited, I thought, to the subject, "I have the honour of knowing her, and agree with you that a lovelier being has not yet graced the earth, at least since I have been called upon to tread it."

"You must introduce us," they all sang out at once.

"Certainly," I replied, and left them.

As soon as I entered the ball-room, I perceived Mademoiselle Diane, surrounded by a host of young men anxious to be the first to trot out the belle of the room and of the evening, and be honoured by her acceptance.

She sat, as is usual in France, on a form opposite her mother's, who, I perceived, was a short wiry person of delicate complexion and well-bred features, but without a trace of good looks about her. Indeed, without being plain, she was so strikingly wanting in colour and attractiveness, that I could not help marvelling how the brilliant star opposite could in any way be related to her, and where she had inherited that wonderful lustre which illumined her countenance.

The novelty to her of the entertainment, the pleasure she seemed to experience, the anticipation of a triumphant evening, and the promise of it already made certain by the number of aspirants to the honour of her partnership in the dance, all served to heighten her colour, give brilliancy to her eyes, and life to those inward emotions of pure enjoyment which it is the privilege of girlhood to exhibit with peculiar freshness.

She was so simply and so prettily dressed, besides—all white, and flowers in her hair; but the dress was the work of the best maker, and the flowers were natural.

She wore no jewellery, but a single row of pearls round her lovely neck; and so beautiful did she look, that for a few minutes I stood riveted at the entrance, quite lost in admiration.

A friend passing by me, and noticing my enraptured gaze, called out, "Ah, l'heureux coquin! savourant son cotillon."

"Comment, tu sais?"

"Parbleu!" replied he, "elle nous promet tout excepté ce cotillon que tous nous lui demandons."

"What then makes you suppose that I am to have that pleasure?"

"Allons!" said he, "ne fais pas le moine c'est une affaire arrangée; j'ai vu ton nom sur son éventail."

"Then," I replied, "it is time I clench this matter," and I went forward to make my bow, and ask her whether I might be honoured by a dance with her, requesting at the same time that, after we had settled this point, I might be introduced to her mother.

"All is promised," she said, with a delicious smile; "I have nothing for you."

"All!" I exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the girl's mother.

"Every dance," she replied.

"Even the cotillon, Mademoiselle?"

"I have not exactly promised that yet," she answered, with a knowing and amused look.

"Would it be too much to ask you to dance it with me?"

"You would be tired of me before the end."

"How can you suppose such a thing?"

"But a man like you cannot find anything very entertaining in so young a girl."

All this was said with overflowing mirth, and I was not anxious to end the dialogue.

"I might put it otherwise," I

said. "You may not care to dance with so *blasé* a man."

"Well, I'll try," she replied, "if you promise not to laugh at my school-room manners."

Then in a more subdued tone I replied, "I have lived for this hour;" whereupon she turned to her mother, and with that same *sang-froid* I had so much admired in the afternoon, she introduced me as the friend of Jeanne de Chantalis, by which means the mother had no need to inquire how it was I had become acquainted with her daughter, and I was spared the explanation which would naturally have been asked.

We fancy in England that French girls are all demure silly things, longing to get married so as to enjoy life, and incapable of appreciating some of their girlish days. Whoever knows the French in their intimacy will find some French girls to the full as cheery, as pleasant, as attractive, as our own, though they, it must be confessed, are sadly few in numbers, owing to their too strict bringing up. On the other hand, when the exception is seen, the exception becomes in reality the event of a life,—enjoyed in the present, recollected with pleasure as days roll by, and thought of with a smile on the lip when their names and their frolics recur in after-life.

Such an exception was Diane de Breteuille—an angel, who owed it to her training not to be *une diablesse*—a girl whose will rebelled against constraint, and whose heart controlled her will—a flower in the bud, impatient of sunshine to blossom into luxuriant beauty, and yet kept back by home influences sufficiently powerful to stay too hasty a growth.

Impulsive though she was, and charming through that impulse, which quickened her blood and

gave to her face those marvellous lights and shades which expressed her thoughts even before she gave them word, she was still eminently French in this, that she warmed to those who showed her attention and love; and if I insist upon this, it is only because the sequel will prove the correctness of the statement.

The ball-room was filling, and I therefore did not stay long with the Marquise de Breteuille, but went away as the first notes of a waltz were being struck. Diane was led off by an impatient Terpsichorean.

But all things come to an end, and towards three o'clock, the prelude to the cotillon was played, which summoned me to the side of my divinity, whom I hurried to two chairs previously secured in a corner of the ball-room as far away from "*la maman Breteuille*" as I could, so as to enjoy my new love's confidences.

To say that I was happy when I felt her arm in mine, is to make a trite silly statement; for any one can guess, who has ever felt the mysterious warmth which the first contact with a loved being spreads throughout the frame, how raptured was the bliss I felt at that moment; but when in unison with this delightful electric sensation I peered into her deep blue eyes, pure as the light which illumined her soul, and sparkling with the innocent consciousness of an evening enjoyed without a drawback, it required all the moral courage I could command not to startle the lovely girl by an indiscreet, or at least a premature, token of the love she had inspired me with, and which I felt burning in every fibre. I must have looked all I felt, for, woman-like, she laid herself out to fan the flame by the most

bewitching looks, the most captivating movements, and, above all, by the most radiantly bright smiles I had ever seen.

Her smile remains to this day one of those long recollections which never fades—it was so genuine, so descriptive of her inmost self: it sparkled on her countenance like the rays of sunshine on a rose from which the morning dew is just evaporating; and while it gave to her face a halo half sacred, half earthly, it seemed the more delightfully divine from its having a touch of the mortal in it.

As soon as we were seated in our corner, she said, in a half-frightened tone—

"I do hope you did not think I behaved indiscreetly this afternoon?"

"Well, *Mademoiselle*, as you ask the question, I will frankly tell you that I never admired indiscretion so much."

"Then you allow it was indiscreet."

"I thought it was very un-French-like."

"I am so glad you say so. A Frenchman would never have allowed I did wrong."

"Oh, but please remember, I loved you for doing what you did."

"Do not love, but pity me for being compelled to do a wrong thing."

"*Mademoiselle Diane*," I passionately exclaimed, "you must excuse my English blunt ways. I did not think anything you did wrong; I only was so surprised to find myself the fortunate recipient of so much confidence."

Then just as a fleeting cloud darkens without extinguishing the light of the sun on a bright but windy day, a shade of melancholy

passed over the eyes of Diane de Breteuille, and she said—

"I do so want a friend in whom I can confide. Young as I am and inexperienced, I know full well that such a friend is out of the question within my own family, within my circle of girl friends; and yet, God knows, I want help, strength, and moral courage to do what is right, and yet to avoid giving pain."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, guessing at the meaning of these words; "you are surely not already engaged to be married?"

"No, but the husband is selected."

"And is he here?"

"There he is,"—pointing to a handsome but somewhat sullen man of two-and-forty, who was opposite, and who constantly threw glances in our direction, which either foreboded evil to myself, or maybe, which was ten times worse, to the little jewel I now conceived to be under my special protection.

"Do you know him?"

"I met him at Ste. Clothilde yesterday morning as I came out of Mass. He stopped to speak to my parents, was introduced to me, and I was afterwards asked how I found him."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say, except that he was amiable and good-looking?"

"What did your parents reply?"

"That he was a 'parfait gentil-homme,' that he had 'soixante mille livres de rente,' and 'que l'on pourrait faire pire que de l'épouser.'"

I was beside myself. "What!" cried I; "are you to be sold for 60,000 francs a-year?"

"It is not so bad as that," she replied, with that captivating smile which had led me already on to the borders of insanity, "for you

must remember that I am not a slave; but though there is an advantage in that, there is something worse in giving pain to one's parents, especially when they are so good as mine, and so evidently bent on this union."

"You shall not marry any one against your wish!" I vehemently exclaimed; "and do look upon me as your guardian for life."

"Pas si vite!" quickly replied Diane. "I hope I will not require a guardian all my life."

"Protector," I hastened to suggest.

"Do you think I shall want one?"

"Who knows?"

Here we were interrupted by a polite request from the leader of the cotillon to get up and perform the figure he had then begun.

On our return Diane said—

"The Count de Maupert—the friend of my parents, you know—contrived to dance with me during this figure of the cotillon, and told me he wished he were you."

"What did you answer?"

"That I thought, on the contrary, it might be you wished you were him."

This was a most artful little bit of fun, for it put me in a hole. Had I reproached her, she would have had every reason to think I did not wish to stand in the relation to her which her parents wanted this man to be placed in; while, if I approved her reply, she could with equal justice have laughed at me for wishing I were not sitting by her side.

I therefore gave no answer; then, with a bright twinkle in her eyes, she looked at me and said—"You see, you cannot answer."

"Oh yes, I can; but as you can guess it quite as correctly, and better than I can express it, I will not commit myself."

"Then you do not regret too much being so long with me?"

"I would willingly sit by your side for a lifetime, and I know I would never weary," I cried, with a voice full of passionate expression, which made my little partner stare.

"How nice it must be," she said, "to be an English girl!"

At that moment I thought nothing could be more charming than to be a French one.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the freedom which is allowed their thoughts embellishes their lives."

"Yes, it does; and nothing heightens beauty so much as the free display of those thoughts on the face of a pretty girl."

"I mean," she went on, as if not noticing my last remark, "that being given, of course, the same society and the same rules of polite society as guides throughout the world, it is a great and wonderful advantage to any girl to be able to enjoy her thoughts, her sentiments, her wishes, her dreams, even at the outset of existence, without bringing to them the yoke of a parental will, going of necessity against all these from motives of policy, and thus creating at the outset a conflict between nature and filial duty."

"But, Mademoiselle," I asked, fearful lest these words might indicate that her objection to the Count de Maupert was on account of an attachment already formed for some one else, "you surely have not experienced such a conflict?"

"Certainly not," said Diane; "but I know it is coming. I see it looming with fearful distinctness in the near future, and I do not feel the strength to fight against it by myself."

"Poor little thing!" I said half aloud.

"You see how right I was," she exclaimed, "to say that you ought rather to pity than to love me, for having done so un-French-like a thing as to ask you to help me in my hour of weakness!"

"I will help you," I said, "with all my power."

"I asked you rather than any one else, because you are such a friend of my aunt Chantal's, that you may perhaps have influence in that quarter—and from that quarter alone some hope may come that this marriage will be postponed."

"But," said I, "do you mean to say that no one else may dare to aspire to your hand?"

"I fancy my parents have settled matters with the Count, and are in honour bound not to entertain any other offer."

"Then it is settled?"

"Not exactly settled; but to-morrow he is to see my father, and I know what that means: it will be followed by a call to me to receive his formal proposal."

"What shall you do then?"

"What do you advise?"

"Do you like him?"

"I only saw him once."

"But there is such a thing as love at first sight."

"Not in this case."

"Do you think you will like him?"

"I daresay, in time."

"But enough to give him, on the strength of this expectation, the love of a life at your first interview?"

"No."

"Then tell him honestly that you will try to like him, as your parents at present wish that you should; but let him understand that in your mind love begets love and works for love, and that you intend not to marry unless you do love him

and he loves you, relying on his honour not to force you; and meanwhile I shall do all I can for you; for Mademoiselle Diane," I added, "if the Comte de Maupert likes you, I know one man who adores you."

She hung her lovely head, and a deep crimson blush spread over her pretty cheeks; then suddenly looking up with that smile in her eyes which I never tire to recall, she pinned to my coat a little blue favour which had been given to her for distribution, as is the rule in cotillons, and in a very low whisper she said, "Wear it for your poor little friend's sake."

"Faveur inespérée," I said.

"Bleu d'alliance," she replied.

"Gage d'amour," I added.

"Si le bleu reste serein," she remarked.

And at that moment her mother made her a sign that she had had enough, and was anxious to depart, when, snatching a bouquet from the basket of flowers that was going round, I gave it to her before the Comte de Maupert had a chance of presenting his; and leaving him to escort the mother to her carriage, I followed with Diane, who told me she had never enjoyed herself more, and felt strong against sixty Mauperts, and sixty times sixty thousand "livres."

When she left I left: the attraction gone, what use to remain?

III.

Just as the day previously to the ball my time had been entirely spent in expectation of the evening's entertainment which was to bring me in contact with Diane, and hear from her sweet lips the secret she was so anxious to confide, so the day following the ball was lived through apparently with no other object than the dinner at the Countess de Chantal's, where I had been promised the presence of the girl that now filled all my thoughts, to the absolute exclusion of everything else.

It was monstrous, I reflected, that a system of policy such as she had so simply, and yet so adequately described, should provoke such natural conflicts between the instincts of nature, which we cannot command, and the commandments of the Almighty, which we cannot with impunity set aside.

I cared not to reason as to the advantages accruing for life from an alliance based on worldly considerations of birth, wealth, and position.

It struck me that just as the birds of the air mate with those of their own choice, so might we poor mortals indulge in the heyday of our lives in that solitary blessing which is common to all—viz., the selection of her or of him with whom we wish to spend our lives. It could not be for youth a duty to weigh the pounds, shillings, and pence that went to make a so-called happy marriage. Such reckonings in the young can only be proofs of a selfish nature, anxious for increased means to satisfy personal cravings; and what then could I think of a system which reduced matrimony to a barter of selfish indulgences? A horse for a dress, a cellar for a carriage, power to gamble for liberty of action, the means to swagger for the privilege of notoriety. What else could it mean? Sixty thousand francs a-year in France is a large sum, but the union between that sum and its fellow produces a princely income in that thrifty land. To obtain

this end a girl of sixteen was to be mated to a man of forty-two, so that his brougham might turn into a four-in-hand, with liberty to his wife of dressing at Laferrière's; his *vin ordinaire* into the choicest Bordeaux, with privilege to his wife of sporting the finest liveries in Paris; his 5-francs whist into unlimited stakes at *baccarat* or *écarté*, with permission to his wife to flirt *pour passer le temps* which her husband had to devote to play at his club; lastly, the boast of being the patron of the *demi-monde*, while his wife, insulted, disgusted, and jealous withal in her remainder of loyalty, would be allowed to throw to the winds all semblance of modesty and honour, to squander the remainder of their joint fortunes in imitation of her husband's recklessness, and thus earn the privilege of bringing about the climax prepared from the first day of their marriage by her "selected" husband.

This, the miserable history of many a made-up match, was all I could think of, and the horror it inspired me with made me wholly unconscious that happily every one is not made of the same material; that many men—nay, most of those I had known, or knew, or heard of—were totally incapable of any of the wrong-doings I attributed to them; that for all I knew, M. de Maupert was a paragon of virtue, disinterestedness, and goodness combined; that I might be doing him in thought the greatest possible wrong; and worst of all, that, sacrilegious as the notion would have struck me had I realised it at the time, I was simply condemning to a life of fashionable misdemeanours by her marriage to M. de Maupert, the girl whom I considered to be the best, the dearest, the most spirited I had ever known.

But such is anger. It would probably not be anger if it were not unjust and unreasoning; and it must be allowed, the idea of Diane marrying any one at all was at that moment so painful, so irritating, and so supremely anger-exciting, that I cared not to picture the world to myself in any but the worst colours.

But then came the question, What part am I taking in this affair? What part have I a right to take in a business which, after all, concerned other parties, and in which I had only been secretly introduced by, maybe, the impulsive moral fear of a confiding girl?

That, in my willingness to share her secret and act as her friend, I had suddenly discovered that sister soul which, according to Lamartine, exists for every one of us—

"Toute âme est sœur d'une âme"—

and was unlikely to love her if I could help it, was a fact too patent to me to admit of a moment's reflection; but had such a discovery revealed the fact that I was more likely to succeed with Diane de Breteuille than any other? That was the point I was anxious to clear up, not only because of the gratification it would afford to my all-absorbing love for her, but because the pondering over the matter would allow me to recall all her words, her looks, and those unexpressed ways, gestures, and tones of voice which tell more than language can convey.

Her joy at seeing me; her mirth in the matter of conceding that cotillon which she had herself asked me to dance with her; her apparent delight in being with the man she had selected as her confidant, and the nervous enjoyment of having for the first time a man—

adviser not many years older than herself, outside of family or connections; her honest acknowledgment that she cared for nobody else when I had simply but markedly asked the question; her pretty coquetry in trying my feelings to see whether the position which M. de Maupert had been chosen by her parents to hold in relation to her would be agreeable to me; her appeal to me to delay at least the fate which hung over her; and lastly, her blush in giving me the only token it was in her power to bestow, and her acquiescence in my statement that it was a love-token, provided its azure colour preserved its serene tint,—all seemed to me to answer with a loud yea, the question I asked more loudly, does she return the love I have sworn to her?

It was of no use heeding the admonitions of prudence and wisdom, when the mind was so full of one subject; and there was so much proof that the mental conclusions I had arrived at were in logical harmony with the cravings of my heart, that I stifled all doubt whenever it strove to come uppermost.

I looked at the little favour, and embraced it with the fervour of a knight about to risk his neck for the lady of his love.

At that moment the servant brought me a note, addressed in a beautiful hand to "Monsieur Henry Vere, Esq."

It is very odd that the French cannot learn how to address English people properly, and will insist upon thrusting in their *Monsieurs* at all times and into every corner. I remember being annoyed at this little mistake, though why, is more than I can explain.

I opened the note, however, which gave forth that delicious violet scent I associated so much

with Diane, and was about to impress my lips on the writing, in my conviction that it came from her, when I saw the servant waiting, apparently for a reply.

"Why do you wait?" I asked.

"Because, sir, the person who brought this note is anxious to know whether you can see her."

"Very well, then, wait outside, and I will call you."

When he had left the room I read as follows:—

"MONSIEUR,"—

(She might have called me "*Oher monsieur*," I thought; but this did not trouble me much, for knowing French ways, I reflected I would have been rather shocked than otherwise had she addressed me differently.)

"As I feared, my father saw the Count de Maupert this morning, settled matters with him, and without even asking me any question, simply congratulated me on having found favour with so honourable and worthy a gentleman. I was called to the drawing-room by my mother, where the Count, in a very polite manner, informed me of his delight at being permitted by my parents to pay his addresses to me—and taking my consent for granted, never condescended to ask me whether I shared my parents' wishes.

"I owe it to your generosity to inform you of this, although you may blame me a second time for acting unlike a French girl; but I will not have you reproach me again for doing that which is wrong, and I therefore ask you to see my governess who takes this letter to you, but who is not aware that our friendship—for I cannot call it acquaintance, that being too cold a word to use under the circumstances—dates only from yesterday.

"You may speak to her freely, for I believe her to be devoted to

"DIANE DE BRETEUILLE.

"*P.S.*—Look at the favour, and tell Mademoiselle Garoux whether it is not faded. The azure of my sky is, alas! very cloudy. Pity me."

Here was a blow, and how to parry it without mixing myself up in the intimate affairs of an honourable French family, who probably knew what they were about in the interest of their daughter's happiness, and bringing upon myself a load of responsibility I neither had the right nor a legitimate excuse to bear, I could not tell. At any rate, I would see the governess and find out how the ground lay.

I told the servant accordingly to show her in, and reflected meanwhile that I would ascertain all I could from her as to Diane's sentiments in my regard, something as to the nature of the girl herself in her own home, and whether I could enlist this governess on my side if requisite.

At this juncture a prim little woman, with the tiniest specks of eyes imaginable, entered the room. Her eyes were only discernible, because her face being small and her features thin and distinct, anything black would have shown on her palid complexion; but had she been stout, I was convinced she would have proved a phenomenon of nature, and have presented a face without eyes. This was not encouraging; for when we prepare for an encounter, we rely upon our reading what is in the opponent's eye before we settle on a line of action.

Mademoiselle Garoux's eyes, however, opened out a little more after a while, when the novelty of visiting a young man's rooms had

somewhat worn off, and she had warmed to the conversation.

It was a trying undertaking for a woman in her responsible position, and the sense of this responsibility weighed upon her; but in her little prim body the French governess treasured a Frenchwoman's tenderness of heart for the girl she had under her care, and distasteful as anything might have been to her, she would have undertaken it for her sake.

Withal, she preserved those stereotyped ways of a Frenchwoman when addressing a man, and constantly looked to what she deemed "*les convenances*," — as if, poor soul, any one filled as I was with thoughts of a lovely girl, or, indeed, any one not so filled, would have had time and will to notice whether she sat upright or curtsied low, whether her dress hid her feet, or whether her veil was down.

It so happens that I did notice the veil down, and this only because I was so anxious to hear what she had to say, that I thought its removal would have been an improvement; but when I indiscreetly suggested its being lifted, she gave me so decided a look of horror, that I recoiled from any further attempt.

"Sir," she began, "I have come on a painful errand, which you may readily believe I would never have undertaken had I not seen my poor Diane in tears, and known you to be a friend of the family."

I was rather confused by this speech, for I knew myself to be unacquainted with Diane's father, and acquainted only with her mother since a few hours, while, at the same time, the mention of Diane's tears set me into a fury against these unnatural and cruel parents; but I had to bear Diane's letter and caution in mind, and I

merely replied that I well understood her painful position, begging of her to take a chair.

This at first the governess would not do, but she finally accepted a most uncomfortable high-backed old-fashioned oak chair, whereon it was rather amusing, in the midst of our mutual sorrowing reflections, to see her endeavour to preserve her ankles from the profane look of a man, and at the same time sit gracefully on a seat evidently too high for her.

"You have read the letter she has sent you through me, and you know the cause of her grief. She tells me you are her friend, and implores you to see her aunt as soon as possible. She believes Madame la Comtesse de Chantalis to be omnipotent with her brother, and fancies that you have great influence with her aunt.

"I know," she continued, "that Monsieur le Marquis is very much attached to his sister, and I have often heard of you from Madame la Comtesse, but I was not aware until yesterday that you had ever met Mademoiselle Diane."

The sly rogue! I thought. Ah! you want to find out, do you? but you shall not—that I swear. Whereupon I asked, as if she had not spoken—"And who is M. de Maupert?"

"He is a college friend of Monsieur le Marquis."

"Has he ever seen Mademoiselle Diane?"

"Not till a couple of days ago."

"How is that?"

"He belongs to 'la noblesse de province,' and seldom comes to Paris."

"What part of France does he come from?"

"Du Dauphiné."

"Has the Marquis any property in that department?"

"I believe so."

"Then it has been arranged between them?"

"So I fancy."

I cared not in the least for these details, but it served my purpose of putting Mademoiselle Garoux off the dangerous topic she wanted to touch on, and to place us on a conversational footing.

"Mademoiselle Diane tells me in this letter that the fears she was good enough to confide to me yesterday have been realised this morning; and without being asked whether she were willing or not by either her parents or M. de Maupert, she is at present as good as engaged to that gentleman."

"So I understand," said the demure governess.

"Under these circumstances, Mademoiselle," I said, "it seems to me very difficult for you and me to interfere with the decision of her parents."

"So I told Mademoiselle."

"And though difficult for you, it seems almost impossible for me, does it not?"

"I made the same remark to Mademoiselle."

"And what did she reply?"

"No, no—nothing is impossible for M. Vere, for I am sure he takes too real an interest in me to mind obstacles."

I looked hard at the governess. "Mademoiselle Garoux," I said, "are these the very words used by Diane?"

She looked up surprised, both at my calling Diane by her Christian name only, and at my tone of voice.

"Certainly," she replied, "those were her words; and if Monsieur allows me to say so, judging by his last remark, I would guess Mademoiselle Diane to be right in her surmise."

This was artful, and I had half a doubt whether I should expose my real sentiments so soon; but

the doubt was soon dismissed, for the poor governess, sobbing aloud, implored of me in accents of desperation to save her dear charge from this miserable situation, if, as she felt I did, I loved Diane enough to do her bidding.

I tried, however, one more prudent question, and asked Mademoiselle Garoux whether she had weighed all that her pleading on behalf of Diane entailed.

"Have you measured," I said, "the consequences of my interference? Have you foreseen the duties of honour which such interference would impose upon me—duties towards Mademoiselle Diane herself, maybe, which, God knows, I would fill with alacrity, but which might require from her a response she may not be altogether disposed to give?"

Mademoiselle Garoux dried her tears, and holding out her hand to me, said, "Monsieur, vous êtes un gentilhomme. You are quite right, we must think these matters over. I am bound to tell you that Mademoiselle Diane has not spoken of you to me in the light which corresponds to your evident attachment for her; and though it may be she returns your affection, I have no right to speak on that point, as I am wholly in the dark."

"I will see her this evening," I said, "at dinner at her aunt's; and I will endeavour for myself to make her understand the feelings that animate me."

"No, monsieur, do not do that; our French girls cannot comprehend these matters except through the intervention of a third party."

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," I replied, "it is the love of interference on the part of the third party that prevents French girls appearing to understand what in common nature they comprehend quite as well as anybody else throughout the world."

"Diane is very self-willed," observed Mademoiselle Garoux; "but," she quickly added, "she has an angel's heart."

"So I believe; and as evidently, mademoiselle, you and I admire and love that heart, respect and wish to follow that will, let me tell you that her will will be my law, whatever be the consequence, just as my heart belongs to her, whatever may be the result."

"I will console the poor girl by those kind words," said the governess.

And I added, "Come sometimes and console me with a message from her, whether of confidence, or of hope, or of sorrow, or of expectation: it will always be a boon to the second being M. de Maupert is making miserable, though probably without knowing it."

"I think," observed the governess with a little mystery, "that he suspects something, for he has asked to be excused from dining with the Countess this evening, and requested that Diane should likewise be absent."

"Impossible," I said.

"On this point, however," added Mademoiselle Garoux, "Mademoiselle Diane has been obdurate, and has pleaded that the events that have taken place are so fresh and so sudden that she wants a little diversion to her thoughts. Her parents have naturally not been able to deny this request, and she has told me that I was to let you know."

"Mademoiselle Garoux," I answered, "may I make a friend of you? May I ask you to be my friend and to answer me truly?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Then will you find out for me whether in the struggle which is imposed upon me I may hope for

a return of that love which impels me to undertake it? I want no absolute promise any more than a conditional one. I know Diane to be a mere girl, on whom, before her time, have fallen some of life's greatest difficulties. I want to help her through these; but with what a different feeling would I undertake the task were hope of winning her at stake, I leave you to guess. I simply adore her very name, let alone the person herself. Think, then, what love would achieve where friendship is ready to do so much."

The poor governess took to her tears again.

"How well, monsieur, I enter into your feelings, and how justified are you in entertaining them. If you only knew Diane as I do, you would worship her very tread; for I, a woman, have never known anything so adorable. She is loyalty itself. Her sense of duty and justice is beyond her years; and her loving heart, where it yields, is so gentle, so feminine, so pure, so good, that the reward of its bestowal is a prize noble men would have every right to pride in."

I rose a hundred per cent in my estimation after this, for had I not been selected as the chosen confidant of this lovely paragon of beauty and virtue?

"As I told you before," the governess went on, "I was not aware that you had laid any claim on Mademoiselle Diane's affections, and as she has told me nothing on the subject, I can give you no encouragement whatever; but it is fair that you should know how you stand, and I will let you know, if I can, how matters are."

"I thank you with all my heart," I said; "though, believe

me, friend or lover, Diane has an ally in me."

She was just going to leave the room, when remembering the post-script in Diane's letter, I said to Mademoiselle Garoux, "Will you kindly give Diane a direct message from me, which, though perhaps enigmatical to you, will, I think, be understood by her, as it only refers to a little conversation we had last night, and say that the sky is always blue for me while I deserve her favour?"

"I will," said the governess, and left the room, out of which I accompanied her.

On my return I had scarcely time to reflect upon the extraordinary position which in twenty-four hours I had created for myself, when the servant again came in, and in an airy way said, "Monsieur has many visitors this morning."

"Who wants to see me now?"

"A gentleman this time," he said, with a smile.

"Give me his card."

"Here it is."

"Le Comte de Maupert, Sénateur," was what I read. Good heavens! had he met the governess? That was my first thought. I do not care, was the second.

"Ask him to come up," I said.

I was too astonished to think of anything, or determine on any action, before the door opened and there entered a handsome, gentlemanlike person, with the red rosette of a Commander of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole, and a very long ebony stick in his hand.

He was plainly dressed in a tightly fitting frock-coat buttoned up to the collar, and wore a black neck-tie in the shape of a bow, with the ends showing on each side of the coat.

His hair had a touch of grey, and a small imperial gave his face

a longer cut than perhaps his square chin would otherwise have allowed; and altogether his expression was, if not positively amiable, that rather of a good-natured than of a bad-tempered man.

I felt rather as if I were in presence of some kind male relative about to rebuke me than in that of a rival, and the person I at that moment hated more cordially than any other in the world.

Standing at the door, hat in hand, he said—"It is very good of you to receive me, monsieur, though I was sure you would not refuse me an interview, seeing that your intimacy with several members of the family of Mademoiselle de Breteuille has probably suggested to you already the motives of my visit to you this morning."

I made up my mind on hearing this to listen rather to the end than to make any premature remarks, and begged the Count to take a chair.

When he had seated himself, and finding I preserved a discreet silence, he went on—

"I have the honour of being engaged to marry Mademoiselle de Breteuille. Happening to hear that a family dinner to which I was bidden, but cannot unfortunately attend this evening at that young lady's aunt, is to have the addition of your presence, I have come perfectly frankly, and, as you see, with absolute confidence in an English gentleman's honour and high breeding, to request a favour from you."

"But, sir," I quickly remarked, "this dinner was arranged before your engagement, which you now announce to me, was even thought of; I beg that you will bear that in mind."

"I am aware of it," he replied; "but the young lady whom I hope to marry——"

At this word I gave a frown;

the Count looked at me, squared his chin, and repeated—"whom I hope to marry, does not find it in her power to forego the pleasure she anticipates of dining there, and as your acquaintance with our country may have told you, it is not usual for young persons who are affianced to go out, where their betrothed is not one of the company."

I remained stolidly silent.

"As, of course, I could not say as much to Mademoiselle de Breteuille, I have come, very simply as you see, to ask you to make the sacrifice which it would be wrong to urge on my *fiancée*, seeing how much she had set her heart on this outing."

"Monsieur le Comte," I observed, "your visit does me great honour, and I assure you I appreciate the candour of your request as much as I do your generosity, in not depriving a young girl of so modest a recreation as a family dinner at her aunt's."

I could not help this somewhat sarcastic thrust, for indeed I felt disgusted with the cunning selfishness of this old sinner, as I considered him, wishing to deprive Diane of her evening's amusement, and maybe her last chance of seeing me.

"You mistake me," said the Count; "nothing is further from my thoughts. I have told you exactly what I mean, and I mean every word I have said, neither more nor less."

"And have you considered how rude my behaviour would appear to Madame de Chantal, who has purposely asked me to meet Mademoiselle Diane?"

"Do you know Mademoiselle de Breteuille so well," asked the Count, "as to call her by her Christian name? Her father tells me he has never met you. Her mother

made your acquaintance last night, and, if I remember well, Mademoiselle de Breteuille made her *entrée dans le monde* yesterday for the first time."

This piqued me, for I certainly was not in the humour to stand lecturing, but I said nothing.

"I thought, monsieur," he continued, "that I had come here to ask a favour of a gentleman and a friend of my *fiancée's* relatives—no more. If you have another title, I must make my bow and retire."

I got up frantic, and looking at the man from top to toe as he stood up in response to my movement, I said—

"You have appealed to me as an English gentleman and a man of honour. Being the latter yourself, you no doubt will understand me; but not being an Englishman, our codes may slightly differ. As an Englishman, I distinctly refuse to learn from a stranger what, being a friend, as you justly surmise, of Mademoiselle de Breteuille's relatives, I have not yet learnt regarding that young person's position towards you."

He gave me an ugly look, which only urged me on.

"Pray, believe I do not doubt your word in any one particular; but until officially announced to me, I ignore your engagement altogether."

"And you decline my request?"

"I do, on the ground which I have stated, and on a still higher ground—viz., that the little I have seen of the lady in question has been enough to prove to me that she is the soul of loyalty, and can be absolutely trusted to do nothing derogatory either to herself or to the position in which you tell me she is now placed as regards yourself."

"That position," said the Count, with a faint smile, "must have

been known to you, as I met a moment ago a loyal messenger from a trusted friend."

"Who," I continued snarlingly, "would shake the foundations of her projected marriage to a heap of ruins, were her pride to be insulted by the knowledge that her future trustful husband had committed the singular blunder, for a man of your experience, to pay me the visit which you will permit me not to return."

"Un rival!" hissed the Count.

"Even there you are wrong, for I know nothing of Mademoiselle Diane's sentiments towards me; and as an Englishman again, I would try and find that out before I could call myself by such an honourable appellation."

This was, I thought, a capital home-thrust; but the Count apparently had weighed matters in the meanwhile, and gauged correctly that for the present, at least, there was no secret understanding between Diane and myself—a point, no doubt, he had exclusively been anxious to ascertain; satisfied apparently with this knowledge, he made me a stiff bow, remarking that he regretted having disturbed me, while he quite understood that national differences of perception fully accounted for my not seeing matters in the light he had hoped I would look at them.

He took his departure, and I was left to my reflections, which, it need not be remarked, were of a confused and at first not altogether pleasant character.

The above reported conversations sufficiently indicate their nature, and I need not, therefore, dilate more upon them here; but their purport presently grew brighter, and bright above everything rose the knowledge that Diane trusted me, as evinced by her letter; that against the mischief which the

governess's visit to my rooms might cause both Mademoiselle Garoux and her lovely charge, I held in my hands so sure a card, that I knew the Count would not venture to betray his secret; and lastly, that out of the Count's visit, which at first looked uncommonly like depriving me, on honourable grounds, of the happiness of meeting Diane again, I had come out a free man to act as I pleased, and as a faithful lover who had not committed his mistress. Anger soon made way to satisfaction, fear to hope, on a calm review of all the morning's proceedings.

Feeling, however, that air was the one thing most likely to soothe my fevered head, I went out, only to return at five o'clock to another epistle, which gave me a start, as this time it was in the hand of the Comtesse de Chantalís.

"To put me off!" was my first exclamation. The brutal Count has done his work, I thought, and here, with an official notification of his betrothal, comes the end of all my hopes. I was in despair, and for some minutes dared not open the note.

I did so, however, in the end, and this is what it contained.

There was no heading, and the note appeared written in a hurry; but then Madame de Chantalís did everything in a hurry, and all she did was characteristic.

"Why could you not tell me yesterday the cause of your animation? I know all. Diane has told me. Fortunate mortal! Besides, if she had not, I would have known. I have eyes, and saw you last night; but beware! the young person has wings, and has jumped this morning, not into the arms of her 'future,' but into those of Hy-men. If your torch is burning at that altar, it may be well for you

and for her not to meet this evening; but as I never betray a secret when I do not know it, I am quite content that you should come and divert me, since the radiant expression of your gratitude at being asked to dine with me and Raymond may, unless otherwise explained, have been after all intended for me, and I have positively declined old Maupert's desire to deprive me of your company. What have you done to that worthy nephew *in posse*, that he should wish you out of the way? or what is more to the point, where on earth have you seen him? Where did you meet? But these questions are too numerous for a butterfly like you to sit down and answer. Your only chance decidedly of satisfying me is by coming to-night, devoting yourself to me, and asking Diane something about the weather by way of polite and distant regard for a silent *fiancée*, whose attraction is too busy to dine with her at

MARIE DE BRETEUILLE'S,
COMTESSE DE CHANTALIS."

I made a bound to the bell, and another to the writing-desk.

"DEAR COUNTESS," I wrote,—"Nothing in the world will deprive me of my dinner with you this evening; and though Mademoiselle Diane is about to enter those holy bonds which you and Raymond make me thirst for, since they appear so delightful as represented by your two selves, you must recollect I cannot refuse to so beautiful a niece a share of the admiration I have for her aunt.

"Receive my humble and respectful homage, and expect me at seven."

"At last!" I exclaimed, when

I had done, "things are mending. But what a day I have had!"

I noticed that the bell had not been answered, and rang again.

The servant appeared with a telegram. "I beg pardon of monsieur," he said, "but when monsieur rang, the *concierge* called me to give me this telegram, which, being addressed to Monsieur Faire, he is not sure may not be intended for you."

"Give it, and have this note taken at once." A telegram! where could it come from? I looked at the address to see if there was a postmark, forgetting that it was not a letter. Then I doubted whether it was for me, and whether I was right to open it. But at last I imagined that "Faire" was a sufficiently French rendering for Vere to justify my reading its contents, so I opened it and read—

"Come over at once. — BOB, LONDON."

Hang Bob! I thought; though I had misgivings that I would have eventually to obey Bob's curt

summons, as Bob was a friend not given to letter-writing, and seldom impelled to telegraph unless really obliged to by important considerations.

I drafted a reply equally laconic—

"Will Thursday do?—HARRY."

—and took it to the office, when, by a piece of luck which I took to be providential, I caught a glimpse of Diane with her mother as they drove past me in their victoria, and saw the dear little thing smile as she acknowledged my hurried bow.

That smile made me forget at once all the horrors of the day, and consoled me for the course of true love running so unusually roughly. It did more: it showed me that I was in her thoughts, and that, despite her altered position, I was still worthy of one of those joyous expressions of her countenance, which gave me strength while they made me almost mad.

With increased delight I looked forward to the evening of this eventful day.

AMONG THE TRANSYLVANIAN SAXONS.¹

WHEN the waving surface of the green oat-fields begins to assume a golden tint, when the swelling heads of Indian corn hang heavy on their stalks, and the sweating peasant prepares for the last act of his hard summer labour, then also do the goodwives in the village begin to talk of matters which have been lying dormant till now.

Well-informed people may have hinted before that such and such a youth had been seen more than once stepping in at the gate of the red or green house in the long village street, and more than one gossip had been ready to identify the speckled carnations adorning the hat of some youthful Konrad or Thomas as having been grown in the garden of a certain Anna or Maria; but after all, these had been but mere conjectures, for nothing positive could be known as yet, and ill-natured people were apt to console themselves with the reflection that St Katherine's Day was a long way off, and that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

But now the great day which will dispel all doubt, and put an end to surmise, is approaching,—that day which will destroy so many illusions and fulfil so few; for now the sun has given the last touch to the ripening grain, and soon the golden sheaves are lying piled together on the clean-shorn stubble-fields, only waiting to be carted away.

Then one evening when the

sun is sinking low on the horizon, and clouds of dust along the high-road announce the approach of the returning cattle, a drum is heard in the village street, and a voice proclaims aloud that "to-morrow the oats are to be fetched home."

Like wildfire this news has spread throughout the village, the cry is taken up and repeated from mouth to mouth with various intonations of hope, curiosity, anticipation or triumph—"to-morrow the oats will be fetched!"

A stranger, no doubt, fails to perceive anything particularly thrilling about this intelligence, having no reason to suppose the bringing in of oats to be in any way more interesting than the carting of potatoes or wheat; and to the majority of landowners, the thought of to-morrow's work is chiefly connected with dry prosaic details, such as repairing the harness and oiling the cart-wheels; but there are others in the village on whom the announcement has had an electrifying effect, and for whom the words are synonymous with love and wedding-bells.

Five or six of the young village swains, or maybe as many as eight or ten, spend that evening in a state of pleasurable bustle and excitement; busying themselves in cleaning and decking out the cart which is to fetch the oats to-morrow, furbishing up the best harness, grooming the work-horses till their coats are made to shine like satin, and plaiting up their

¹ For portions of the matter contained in this article, I am indebted to the accounts of a Saxon village pastor, who has made of his people the study of a lifetime.

manes with gaudy-coloured ribbons.

Early next morning the sound of harness - bells and the loud cracking of whips causes all curious folk to rush to their doors; and as every one is curious, the whole population is soon assembled in the street, to gaze at the sight of young Thomas, all attired in his bravest clothes, and wearing a monstrous nosegay in his cap, riding postilion on the left-hand horse, and cracking his whip with ostentatious triumph—while behind, in the gaily decorated cart, is seated a blushing maiden, who lowers her eyes in confusion at seeing herself the object of general attention,—at least this is what she is supposed to do, for every well-brought-up maiden ought surely to blush and hang her head in graceful embarrassment when she first appears in the character of a bride; and although no formal proposal has taken place, yet by consenting to assist the young man to bring in his oats, she has virtually confessed her willingness to become his wife.

Her appearance on this occasion will doubtless cause much envy and disappointment among her less fortunate companions, who peep out furtively through the chinks of the wooden shutters, at this sight of a triumph they had hoped for themselves.

“So it is the red-haired Susanna, after all, and not the miller’s Agnes, as every one made sure,” the gossips are saying. “And who has young Martin got on his cart, I wonder? May I never spin flax again, if it is not verily the black-haired Lisi who was all but promised to small-pox Peter of the red house,”—and so on, and so on, in endless variety, as the carts go by in procession, each one

giving rise to manifold remarks and commentaries, and not one of them but leaves disappointment and heartburnings in its rear.

This custom of the maiden helping the young man to bring in his oats, and thereby signifying her willingness to become his wife, is prevalent only in a certain district in the north of Transylvania called the *Haferland*, the land of oats, a broad expanse of country covered at harvest-time by a billowy sea of golden grain, the whole fortune of the landowners.

In other parts of the country, various other bridal customs are prevalent, as for instance in Nependorf, a large village in the neighbourhood of Hermanstadt, inhabited partly by Saxons, partly by Austrians, or *Ländler*s, as they call themselves. This latter race is of more recent introduction in the country than the Saxons (who count seven centuries since their emigration), having only come hither in the time of Maria-Theresa, who had summoned them to the country in order to replenish some of the Saxon colonies in danger of becoming extinct. If it is strange to note how rigidly the Saxons have kept themselves from mingling with the surrounding Magyar and Roumanian races, it is yet more curious to see how these two German races have existed side by side for over a hundred years without amalgamating,—and this for no antagonistic reason, for they live together in perfect harmony, attending the same church, and conforming to the same regulations, but each preserving its own identical customs and costume.

The Saxons and *Ländler*s have each their different parts of the church assigned to them; no Saxon woman would ever think of donning the fur cap of a *Ländler*

matron—as little would the latter exchange her tight-fitting coat for the wide-hanging cloak of the other woman.

Until quite lately, unions have very seldom taken place between members of these two races. Only within the last twenty years, have some of the Saxon men awoke to the consciousness that the Austrian women made better and more active housewives than their own phlegmatic country-women, and have consequently sought them in marriage. Even then, when both parties are willing, and all preliminaries have been arranged, many a projected union makes shipwreck on the inflexibility of the two fathers, who will neither concede the least trifle to the other's wishes. Thus, for instance, when the Saxon father of the bridegroom demands that his future daughter-in-law should adopt Saxon attire when she becomes the wife of his son, the Austrian father, as likely as not, will take offence, and withdraw his consent at the last moment. Not a pin nor a bow will either of these two consent to sacrifice to their children's happiness.

Thus many hopeful marriages have been nipped in the bud, and those few which have been accomplished, have been almost invariably based on the understanding that each party retains its own attire, the daughters following the mother, the sons the father, in the matter of costume.

Among the Ländlers, the marriage proposal takes place in a way which deserves to be mentioned. The youth having secretly fixed upon the girl he would like to make his wife, prepares a new silver *thaler* (about 2s. 6d.) by winding round it a piece of bright-coloured ribbon, and wrapping the

whole in a clean sheet of white letter-paper. With this coin in his pocket, he repairs to the next village dance, and takes an opportunity of slipping it unobserved into the maiden's hand while they are dancing together. By no word or look does she betray any consciousness of his action, and only when back at home she produces the gift, and acquaints her parents with what has taken place. A family council is then held as to the merits of the pretendant, and the expediency of accepting or rejecting the proposal. If the latter be decided upon, the maiden must hasten to intrust the silver coin to a near female relation of the young man, who, on receiving it back, is given thereby to understand that he has nothing further to hope in that direction; but if three days have elapsed without the gift being returned, he is entitled to regard this as a consent, and may commence to visit in the house, on the footing of an official wooer. In cases of rejection, it is considered as a point of honour that no word should betray any hint of what has passed to the outside world—a delicate reticence one is surprised to find in these simple folk.

This giving of the silver coin is probably a remnant of the old custom of buying the bride, and in many villages it is still usual to talk of the *Braut Kaufen*.

To return, however, to the land of oats, where, after the harvest has been got in successfully, the bridegroom prepares to make fast the matter, or, in other words, officially to demand the maiden's hand of her parents. It is not consistent with village etiquette, however, that the bridegroom *in spe* should apply directly to the father of his intended, but he must depute some near relation, or an intimate

friend, to bring forward the request. The girl's parents, on their side, likewise appoint a representative to transmit the answer. These two ambassadors are called the *Wortmacher*, "wordmakers"—sometimes also the *Hochzeitsväter*, "wedding fathers"—and are treated with marked consideration and deference during the wedding festivities.

Much talking and speechifying are required to transact a peasant wedding correctly from beginning to end, and a fluent and eloquent *Wortmacher* is therefore a much-prized individual. Each village has its own set formulas for each of the like occasions—long-winded pompous speeches, rigorously adhered to, and admitting of neither curtailment nor alteration. The following fragment of one of these speeches will give a correct notion of the general style of Saxon oration.

It is the *Hochzeitsvater* who, in the name of the young man's parents, speaks as follows:—

"A good morning to you herewith, dear neighbours, and I further wish to hear that you have rested softly this night, and been enabled to rise in health and strength this morning. And such being the case, I will thank the Almighty for His mercies towards you; and should your health, and the peace and happiness of your household, not be as good as might be desired in every respect, so at least will I thank the Almighty God that He has made your lot endurable, and beg Him further to send you in future only so much grief and trouble as you may be enabled patiently to bear at a time.

"Furthermore, I crave your forgiveness that I have made bold to enter your house thus early in the morning, and trust that my

presence herein may in no wise inconvenience you or put you to shame, but that I may always comport myself with honour and propriety, and that you may have no cause for displeasure in listening to the few words I have come hither to say.

"It has not remained unknown to me, dearest neighbour, that many years ago you were pleased to enter the holy state of matrimony, taking to yourself a beloved wife, with whom you have lived ever since in peace and happiness; and that furthermore, the Almighty God, not wishing to leave you alone in your union, was pleased to bless you, not only with transitory temporal goods, but with numerous offspring—with dearly beloved children—to be your joy and comfort. And amongst these dearly beloved children is a daughter, who has prospered and grown up in the fear of the Lord to be a comely and virtuous maiden.

"And as likewise it may not be unknown to you, that many years ago we too thought fit to enter the holy state of matrimony, and that the Lord likewise was pleased to bless our union, not with temporal goods and riches, but with various beloved children, among whom is a son, who has grown up, not in a garden of roses, but in care and toil, and in fear of the Lord.

"And now this same son, having grown to be a man, has likewise bethought himself of entering the holy state of matrimony, and has prayed the Lord to guide him wisely in his choice, and to give him a virtuous and God-fearing companion.

"Therefore he has been led over mountains and valleys, through forests and rivers, over rocks and

precipices, until he came to your house, and cast his eyes on the virtuous maiden your daughter. And the Lord having been pleased to touch the hearts of the two young people with a mighty love for each other, they have begged me to come hither to crave your consent to letting them become man and wife."

Probably the young couple have grown up within sight of each other, the garden of the one father adjoining the pig-sty of the other, but the formula must be adhered to notwithstanding, and neither rocks nor precipices omitted from the programme of the speech; and even if the parents of the bride be a byword in the village for their noisy domestic quarrels, yet the little fiction of conjugal happiness must be kept up all the same, with a magnificent sacrifice of veracity to etiquette worthy of any diplomatic newspaper discussing a royal alliance. And in point of fact, a disinterested love-match amongst Saxon peasants is about as rare a thing as a genuine courtship between reigning princes. Most often it is a simple business contract, arranged between the heads of the families, who each of them hope to reap advantages from the contemplated alliance. It too often happens that young girls of fifteen, and even younger, having no experience of life or of their own feelings, are persuaded by their parents to give their hand with indifference, or even dislike, to some man whose property happens to fit in conveniently; and when they urge the want of sympathy to the husband proposed, these objections are met by the practical advice of the long-sighted parents—"try him for a time, and perhaps you will get to like him; and if not, well the

misfortune is not so great, and it will then be time enough to seek for a divorce."

When the answer to the proposal has been a consent, then the compact is sealed by a feast, called the *Brautvertrinken* (bride-drinking), to which are invited only the nearest relations on either side, the places of honour at the head of the table being given to the two ambassadors who have transacted the business.

A second banquet, of a more solemn nature, is held some four weeks later, after the rings have been exchanged in the presence of the pastor.

The 25th of November, feast of St Katherine, is in many districts the day selected for tying all these marriage-knots. When this is not the case, then the weddings take place in Carnival, oftenest in the week following the Sunday when the gospel of the Marriage at Cana has been read in church, and Wednesday is considered the most lucky day for the purpose.

The preparations for the great day occupy the best part of a week in every house which counts either a bride or a bridegroom among its inmates. There are loaves and cakes of various sorts and shapes to be baked, fowls and pigs to be slaughtered—in wealthier houses even the sacrifice of a calf or ox is considered *de rigueur* for the wedding feast; and when this is the case, the tongue is carefully removed, and, placed upon the best china plate, with a few laurel-leaves by way of decoration, is carried to the parsonage as the customary offering for the reverend *Herr Vater* (the pastor).

The other needful provisions for the banquet are collected in the following simple manner. On the afternoon of the Sunday preced-

ing the wedding, six young men belonging to the brotherhood are despatched by the *Alt knecht* from house to house, where, striking a resounding knock on each door, they make the village street re-echo with their cry, "*Bringt Rahm!*"—bring cream.

This is an invitation which none durst refuse. All those who belong to that neighbourhood are bound to send contributions in the shape of milk and cream, eggs or butter, lard or bacon, to the wedding houses within their quarter. Every gift, even the smallest one of a couple of eggs, is received with thanks, and the bringer rewarded by a draught of wine.

Next day the women of both families assemble to bake the loaves for the wedding feast; the future mother-in-law of the bride-elect keeping a sharp look-out on the girl, to note whether she acquit herself creditably of her household duties. This day is in fact a sort of final examination the bride has to pass through, in order to prove herself worthy of her new dignity; and woe to the maiden who is dilatory in mixing the dough or awkward in kneading the loaves!

While this is going on, the young men have been to the forest to fetch wood; for it is a necessary condition that the wood for heating the oven where the wedding loaves are baked should be brought in expressly for this occasion, even if there be small wood in plenty lying ready for use in the shed.

The cart is gaily decorated with flowers and streamers, and the wood conveyed home with much noise and merriment, much in the ancient English style of bringing in the Yule log. On their return from the forest, the courtyard gate is found to be closed, or else a rope from which are depended straw

bunches and bundles, is stretched across the entrance. The women now advance with much clatter of pots and pans, and pretend to defend the yard against the besiegers; but the men tear down the rope and drive in triumphantly, each catching at a straw-bundle in passing. Some of these are found to contain cakes or apples, others only broken crockery or egg-shells.

The young men sit up late into the night, splitting up the logs into suitable size for firewood. Their duties further consist in lighting the fire, drawing water from the well, and putting it to boil on the hearth. Thus they work till well into the small hours of the morning, now and then refreshing themselves with a hearty draught of home-made wine, the women meanwhile having lain down to rest.

When all is prepared, it is then the turn of the men to take some sleep, and they wake the girls with an old song, running somewhat as follows:—

"All in the early morning grey
A lass would rise at break of day.
Arise, arise,
Fair lass arise,
And ope your eyes,
For darkness flies,
And your true love will come to-day.
The lassie would so early fill
Her pitcher at the running rill.
Awake, awake,
Fair lass awake,
The dawn doth break,
Your pitcher take,
For come to-day your true love will."

Another song of equally ancient origin is sung the evening before the marriage, when the bride takes leave of her friends and relations:—

"FAREWELL SONG OF THE SAXON
BRIDE.

"I walked beside the old church wall,
My love stood there, but weeping all.

I greeted her, and then she spake :
 'Dear love, my heart is like to break.
 I must away, I must be gone ;
 When to return, God knows alone !
 When to return ?—when the black crow
 Bears on its wing plumes white as
 snow !'

I set two roses in my father's land—
 O father, dearest father, give me
 again thy hand !

I set two roses in my mother's land—
 O mother, dearest mother, give me
 again thy hand !

I must away, I must be gone ;
 When to return, God knows alone !
 When to return ?—when the black crow
 Bears on his wing plumes white as
 snow !

I set two roses in my brother's land—
 O brother, dearest brother, give me
 again thy hand !

I set two roses in my sister's land—
 O sister, dearest sister, give me again
 thy hand !

I must away, I must be gone ;
 When to return, God knows alone !
 When to return ?—when the black crow
 Bears on his wing plumes white as
 snow !

I set again two roses under a bush
 of yew—

O comrades, dearest playmates, I say
 my last adieu !

No roses shall I set more in this my
 native land—

O parents, brother, comrades, give
 me once more your hand !

I must away, I must be gone ;
 When to return, God knows alone !
 When to return ?—when the black crow
 Bears on his wing plumes white as
 snow !

And when I came to the dark fir-tree,
 An iron kettle my father gave me ;
 And when I came unto the willow,
 My mother she gave me a cap and a
 pillow.

Woe's me ! but those who part can tell
 How sharp the pain to say farewell !

And when unto the bridge I came,
 I turned me round and looked back
 again ;

I saw no father nor mother more,
 And I bitterly wept, for my heart was
 sore.

Woe's me ! but those who part can tell
 How sharp the pain to say farewell !

And when I came before the gate,
 The bolt was drawn, and I must wait ;
 And when I came to the wooden bench,
 They said, 'She's but a peevish wench !'
 Woe's me ! but those who part can tell
 How sharp the pain to say farewell !

And when I came to the strangers'
 hearth,

They whispered, 'She is little worth ;'
 And when I came before the bed,
 I sighed, would I were yet a maid !
 Woe's me ! but those who part can tell
 How sharp the pain to say farewell !

My house is built of goodly stone,
 But in these walls I feel so lone !
 A mantle of finest cloth I wear,
 But 'neath it an aching heart I bear.
 Loud howls the wind, wild drives the
 snow,

Parting, oh, parting is bitterest woe !
 On the belfrey tower is a trumpet shrill,
 But down in the churchyard the dead
 lie still."

Very precise are the formalities
 to be observed in inviting the
 guests. A member of the bride's
 family is deputed as *Einlader*
 (inviter), and, invested with a
 brightly painted staff as insignia
 of his office, he goes the round
 of the friends and relations to be
 asked.

It is customary to invite all
 kinsfolk within the sixth degree
 of relationship, though many of
 these are not expected to comply
 with the summons—the invitation
 in such cases being simply a matter
 of form, politely tendered on the
 one side, and graciously received
 on the other, but not meant to be
 taken literally as being but honor-
 ary invitations.

Unless particular arrangements
 have been made to the contrary,
 it is imperative that the invita-
 tion, in order to be valid, should
 be repeated with all due formal-
 ities, as often as three times—the

slightest negligence or divergence from this rule being severely judged and commented upon; and mortal offence has often been taken by a guest, who bitterly complains that he was only twice invited. In some villages it is, moreover, customary to invite anew for each one of the separate meals which take place during the three or four days of the wedding festivities.

Early on the wedding morning the bridegroom despatches the *Wortman* with the *Morgengabe* (morning gift) to the bride. This consists in a pair of new shoes, to which are sometimes added other small articles, such as handkerchiefs, ribbons, a cap, apples, nuts, &c. The ambassador, in delivering over the gifts to the *Wortman* of the other party, speaks as follows:—

“Good morning, Herr Wortman, and all worthy friends here assembled; the friends from our side have charged me to wish you all a very good morning. I have further come here to remind you of the laudable custom of our fathers and grandfathers, who be-thought themselves of presenting their brides with a trifling morning gift. In the same way our young master the bridegroom, not wishing to overlook this goodly patriarchal custom, has likewise sent me here with a trifling offering to his bride, trusting that this small gift may be agreeable and pleasing to you all.”

The bride, on her side, sends to the bridegroom a new linen shirt, sewed and embroidered with her own hands. This shirt he wears only twice—once on his wedding morning for going to church, the second time when he is carried to his grave.

Before going to church all the

men assemble at the house of the bridegroom, and the women at that of the bride. The young people only accompany the bridal pair to church—the elder members of both families remaining at home until the third invitation has been delivered. Then all together proceed to the house of the bride, where the first day's festivities are held.

There is much speechifying and drinking of healths, and various meals are served up at intervals of three and four hours' distance, each guest being provided with a covered jug, which must be always kept replenished with wine.

It is usual for each guest to bring a small gift or contribution to the newly-set-up household of the young couple, and these are deposited on a table spread for the purpose in the centre of the courtyard; or, if the weather be unfavourable, inside the house, bride and bridegroom standing on either side to receive the gifts.

First it is the bridegroom's father who, approaching the decorated table, deposits thereon a new shining ploughshare, as symbol that his son must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; then the mother advances with a new pillow, adorned with bows of coloured ribbon, and silver headpins stuck at the four corners. These gay adornments are meant to represent the pleasures and joys of the married state; but two long streamers of black ribbon, which hang down to the ground on either side, are placed there likewise, to remind the young couple of the crosses and misfortunes which must inevitably fall to their share.

The other relations of the bridegroom follow in due precedence,

each with a gift in their hands. Sometimes it is a piece of home-made linen, a coloured handkerchief, or some other article of dress or decoration; sometimes a roll of sheet-iron, a pair of scissors, thread and needles, a packet of nails, or a farming or gardening implement, each one laying down his or her offering with the words, "May it be pleasing to you."

Then follow the kinsfolk of the bride with similar gifts; her father presenting her with a copper caldron or a kettle, the mother with a second pillow, decorated in the same manner as the first one.

Playful allusions are not unfrequently concealed in these gifts,—a doll's cradle, or a young puppy-dog wrapped in swaddling clothes, often figuring among the presents ranged on the table.

Various games and dances fill up the pauses between the meals; songs and speeches, often of a somewhat coarse and cynical nature, being a part of the usual programme. Among the games enacted at some of the Saxon peasant weddings, there is one which deserves to be mentioned, affording as it does a curious proof of the tenacity of old Pagan rites and customs, transmitted by verbal tradition from one generation to the other. This is the *Rössel Tanz*, or dance of the horses, evidently founded on an ancient Scandinavian legend to be found in Snorri's 'Edda.' In this tale, the gods Thor and Loki came to a peasant's house in a carriage drawn by two goats or rams, and asked for a night's lodging. Thor killed the two rams, and with the peasant and his family consumed their flesh for supper. The bones were then ordered to be thrown in a heap on to the hides of the animals; but one of the peasant's sons had,

in eating, broken open a bone, in order to get at the marrow within, and next morning, when the god commanded the goats to get up, one of them limped on the hind-leg, because of the broken bone. At first Thor was in a great rage, and threatened to destroy the whole family, but finally allowed himself to be pacified, and accepted the two sons as hostages.

In the peasant drama we have now before us, the gods Thor and Loki are replaced by a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel, and instead of two goats, there are two horses and one goat, also the two sons of the peasants are here designated as Wallachians. Everything is of course much distorted and changed, but still all the principal features of the drama, which space forbids me here to enlarge upon, are clearly recognisable. The killing of the goat and its subsequent resurrection, the rage of the colonel, and the transferment of the two Wallachians into his service, being all parts of the performance.

At midnight, or sometimes later, when the guests are about to depart, there prevails in some villages a custom which goes by the name of *den Borten abtanzen*—dancing down the bride's crown or head-dress. This head-covering, which can only be described as resembling a chimney-pot hat without brim or crown, and from which depend long streamers of ribbon reaching to the ground, is the sign of her maidenhood, which she must lay aside now that she has become a wife, and it is danced off in the following manner. All the married women present, except, perhaps, a few very old and decrepit ones, join hands, the two brideswomen taking the bride between them. Thus forming a wide circle, they dance backwards and

forwards, round and round the room, sometimes forming a knot in the centre, sometimes far apart with outstretched arms, till suddenly, either by accident or on purpose, the chain is broken through at one place, which is the signal for all to rush out into the courtyard, still holding hands. From some dark corner there now springs unexpectedly a stealthy robber, one of the bridesmen, who has been lying there in wait to rob the bride of her crown. Sometimes she is defended by two brothers or relations, who, dealing out blows with twisted handkerchiefs or towels, endeavour to keep the thief at a distance; but the struggle always ends with the loss of the head-dress, which the young matron bewails with many tears and sobs. The brideswomen now solemnly invest her with her new head-gear, which consists in a snowy cap and veil, held together by silver or jewelled pins, which are sometimes of considerable value.

When the young couple go to church the day after the wedding, they are met at the church-door by a group of masked figures, who surround them, singing and hooting, and playfully endeavour to separate the young matron from her husband. If they succeed in so doing, then he must win her back in a hand-to-hand fight with his adversaries, or else he must give a piece of money as her ransom.

In general, it is considered a bad omen for the married life of the young couple if the wife be separated from her husband on this occasion, therefore it is customary for the young husband to take his stand close by the church-door while his wife is praying within, and then be ready to catch hold of

her as soon as she steps outside. For greater precaution, the man often holds her round the waist with both hands during the dance which immediately takes place before the church, and at which they assist merely as spectators, taking no active part, as it is not considered seemly to dance in the church attire.

As commonly several couples are married at the same time, it is usual for each separate wedding-party to bring its own band of music, and dance thus independently of the others.

On the occasion of a triple wedding I lately witnessed, it was very amusing to watch the three wedding-parties coming down the street, each accelerating its pace till it came to be a sort of race up to the church-door to secure the best dancing-place. The ground being rough and slanting, there was only one spot where anything like a flat dancing-floor could be obtained, and the winning party at once secured this enviable position, while the others had to put up with an inclined plane or a few hillocks accidenting their ball-room floor.

The ten to sixteen couples belonging to each wedding-party are enclosed in a ring of bystanders, each rival band of music playing away with heroic disregard for the scorched ears of the listeners. "Polka!" calls out the first group; "Walzer!" roars the second, for it is a point of honour that each party should display a noble independence in taking its own line of action; and if, out of mere coincidence, two of the bands happen to strike up the self-same tune, one of them is sure to change to something totally different as soon as aware of the unfortunate mistake,—the caterwauling effect pro-

duced by this system baffling all description. "This is nothing at all," said the worthy pastor, from whose garden I was overlooking the scene, laughing at the evident dismay with which I endeavoured to stop my ears. "Sometimes we have eight or ten weddings at a time, each with their own fiddlers. That is something worth hearing indeed!"

The rest of that day is spent much in the same manner as the former one, only this time in the house of the bridegroom's parents.

Among the customs attached to this first day of wedded life is that of breaking the distaff. If the young matron can succeed in doing so at one stroke across her knee, then she will be sure to have strong and healthy sons. If the reverse, she has only girls to expect.

The third day is called the finishing-up day, each of the two families assembling its own friends and relations to consume the provisions remaining over from the former banquet, and at the same time to wash up the cooking utensils and the crockery, restoring whatever has been borrowed from neighbours in the shape of plates, wine-jugs, &c., &c., the new-married couple joining the entertainment, now at the one, now at the other house. This day is the closing of the wedding festivities, which have kept both families in a state of unusual bustle and excitement for fully a week. Everything now returns to everyday order and regularity, the young couple usually taking up their abode in a small back-room in the house of the young man's parents, and putting off till the following spring the important business of setting to build a house of their own. Dancing and feasting are now at an

end, and henceforward the earnest of life begins.

By-and-by, when a few months have passed over the head of the new-married couple, and the young matron becomes aware that the prophecies pointed at by the doll's cradle and the broken distaff are likely to come true, she is carefully instructed as to the conduct she must observe in order to ensure the wellbeing of herself and her child.

In the first place, she must on no account conceal her state, or deny it when interrogated on the subject—for if she do so, her child will never learn to speak; nor may she wear beads on her neck, for that would cause the infant to be strangled at its birth. Carrying peas or beans in her apron will produce malignant eruptions; and sweeping a chimney will make the child narrow-breasted.

On no account should she be allowed to pull off her husband's boots, nor to hand him a glowing coal to light his pipe; for both these actions bring misfortune. In driving to market she may not sit with her back to the horses, nor may she ever drink at the well out of a wooden bucket.

Also, her intercourse with the pig-sty must be very carefully regulated; for if she listen too attentively to the grunting of pigs, her child will have a deep grunting voice; and if she kick the swine or push them away with her foot, the infant will have bristly hair on its back. Hair on the face will be the result of beating a dog or cat, and twins will be the consequence of eating double cherries or sitting at the corner of the table.

During this time she may not

stand godmother to any other child, or else she will lose her own baby, which will equally be sure to die if she walk round a newly made grave.

If any one throw a flower suddenly at the woman who expects to become a mother, and hits her with it on the face, her child will have a mole at the same place touched by the flower.

Should the young matron imprudently have neglected one of these rules, and have cause to fear that an evil spell has been cast on her child, she has, however, several very efficacious recipes for undoing the harm. Thus, if she sit on the doorstep with the feet resting on a broom for five minutes at a time on seven consecutive Fridays, thinking the while of her unborn babe, it will be released from the impending doom; or else let her sit there on Sundays, when the bells are ringing, with her hair hanging unplaited down her back; or else climb up the belfry tower and look down at sunset on to the landscape below.

When the moment of the birth is approaching, the windows must be carefully hung over with sheets and cloths to prevent witches from entering; but all locks and bolts should, on the contrary, be opened, else the event will be retarded.

If the new-born infant be weakly, it is usual to put yolks of eggs, a glass of old wine, bran, or sawdust into its first bath.

Very important for the future luck and prosperity of the infant is the day of the week and month on which it happens to have been born.

Sunday is of course the luckiest day, and 12 o'clock at noon, when the bells are ringing, the most favourable hour for entering upon life. If a Sunday's child have its

fingers rubbed with oil on every seventh birthday (7th, 14th, 21st, &c.), it will henceforward be able to perceive underground treasures through its transparent finger-tips.

Wednesday children are *Schlabberkinder*—that is, chatterboxes; Friday bairns are unfortunate; but in some districts Saturday is yet more unfortunate, while in other places they are merely supposed to grow up dirty.

Whoever is born on a stormy night will die of a violent death.

The full moon or growing moon is favourable, but the decreasing moon will produce weakly and unhealthy babes.

All children born between Easter and Pentecost are more or less lucky, unless they happen to have come on one of the distinctly unlucky days, of which I here quote the most important. These unlucky days are:—

January 1st, 2d, 6th, 11th, 17th, and 18th.

February 8th, 14th, and 17th.

March 1st, 3d, 13th, and 15th.

April 1st, 3d, 15th, 17th, 18th.

May 8th, 10th, 17th, 30th.

June 1st, 17th.

July 1st, 5th, 6th, 14th.

August 1st, 3d, 17th, 18th.

September 2d, 15th, 18th, 30th.

October 15th, 17th.

November 1st, 7th, and 11th.

December 1st, 6th, 11th, and 15th.

I leave it to more penetrating spirits to decide whether these seemingly capricious figures be regulated on some hidden system, the mystic workings of which have baffled my understanding; so that I am utterly at a loss to explain why January and April have the greatest number of unlucky days assigned to them, while June and October have the smallest proportion; and why the 1st and 17th are hardly ever harmless, while

all days between the 18th and 30th are invariably good.

Both mother and child must be carefully watched over during the first few days after the birth, and all evil influences averted. The visit of another woman who has herself a babe at the breast, may deprive the young mother of her milk; and any one who enters the house without sitting down, will assuredly carry off the infant's sleep.

If the child be subject to frequent and apparently groundless fits of crying, that is a sure sign that it has been bewitched, either by some one whose eyebrows are grown together, and may consequently be supposed to have the evil eye, or by one of the invisible evil spirits whose power is great before the child has been taken to church; but even a person with quite commonplace eyebrows may convey evil by unduly praising the child's good looks, unless the mother remembers to spit on the ground as soon as the words are spoken.

I will here quote a few specimens of the various recipes in vogue for undoing such evil spells:—

Nine straws, which must be counted backwards from nine till one, should be placed in a jug of water, drawn from the river with the current, not against; into this are thrown parings of wood from off the cradle, the doorstep, and the four corners of the room in which the child was born, also nine pinches of ashes, likewise counted backwards. When all these various ingredients have been boiled up together, the water is poured boiling hot into a large basin, and the pot left in it upside-down. If the boiling water draws itself into the jug (as of course it will), that is proof positive that

the child was bewitched; and the mother should moisten its forehead with the water before it is cold, and give it (still counting backwards) nine drops to drink.

The child that has been bewitched may likewise be held above a red-hot ploughshare on which a glass of wine has been poured; or else a glass of water in which a red-hot horse-shoe has been placed, given to drink.

In almost every village there used, not long ago, to be old women who made a regular trade out of preparing the water which was to undo evil spells.

The Saxon mother is careful not to leave her child alone until it has been baptised, for fear of the malignant spirits, who may steal it away, leaving an uncouth elf in its place. Whenever a child grows up clumsy and heavy, with large head, wide mouth, stump nose, and crooked legs, the gossips are ready to swear that it has been changed in the cradle, more especially if it prove awkward and slow in learning to speak. To guard against such an accident, it is recommended to mothers obliged to leave their infants alone, to place beneath the pillow either a prayer-book, a broom, a loaf of bread, or a knife stuck point upwards.

Very cruel remedies have sometimes been resorted to in order to force the evil spirits to restore the child they have stolen, and take back their own changeling. For instance, the unfortunate little creature suspected of being an elf was placed astride upon a hedge and beaten with a thorny branch till it was quite bloody; it was then supposed that the evil spirits brought back the stolen child.

The infant should not be suffered to look at itself in the glass till

after the baptism, nor should it be held near an open window. A very efficacious preservative against all sorts of evil spells is to hang round the child's neck a little triangular bag stuffed with grains of incense, wormwood, and various aromatic herbs, and with an adder's head embroidered outside; a gold coin sewed into the cap will likewise keep the spirits away.

Two godfathers and two godmothers are generally appointed at Saxon peasant christenings, and it is customary that one couple should be old and the other young; but in no case should a husband and wife figure as god-parents at the same baptism, but each one of the quartet must belong to a different family. This is the general custom; but in some districts the rule demands two godfathers and one godmother for a boy—two godmothers and one godfather for a girl.

If the parents have lost other children before, then the infant should not be carried out by the door in going to church, but handed out by the window, and brought back in the same way. It should be carried by the broadest street, never by narrow lanes, else it will learn thieving.

The god-parents must not look round on their way to church; and the first person met by the christening procession will decide the sex of the next child to be born—a boy if it be a man.

If two children are baptised out of the same water, one of them will soon die; and if several boys are christened successively in the same church, there will be war in the land as soon as they are grown up. Many girls denote fruitful vintages for the country when they have attained a marriageable age.

If the child sleeps during the

baptismal ceremony, then it will be pious and good-tempered; but if it cries, it will be bad-tempered or unlucky: therefore the first question asked by the parents on the return from church is generally, "Was it a quiet baptism?" and if such has not been the case, the sponsors are apt to conceal the truth.

In some places the christening procession returning to the house of the parents finds the door closed. After knocking for some time in vain, a voice from within summons the godfather to name seven bald men out of the parish. When this has been answered, a further question is asked as to the gospel read in church; and only on receiving the answer, "Let the little children come to me," is the door flung open, saying, "Come in; you have hearkened attentively to the words of the Lord."

The god-parents next inquiring, "Where shall we put the child?" receive the following answer:—

"On the bunker let it be,
That it may jump like a flea;
Put it next upon the hearth,
Heavy gold it will be worth.
On the floor then let it sleep,
That it once may help to sweep;
On the table in a dish,
It will grow then like a fish."

After holding it successively on each of these places, it is finally put back into the cradle, while the guests prepare to enjoy the *Tauf Schmaus* or christening banquet.

Each person is expected to bring a small contribution in the shape of eggs, bacon, fruit, or cakes; and the god-parents do not fail to come each laden with a bottle of good wine, besides some other small gift for the child.

The banquet is a noisy and merry one, and many are the

games and jokes practised on these occasions. One of these, called the *Badspringen* (jumping the bath), consists in putting a lighted candle on a washing-trough, which is placed upside-down on the ground. All the young women present are invited to jump over without upsetting or putting out the light. Those who are successful in this evolution will be mothers of healthy boys. If they are bashful, and refuse to jump, or should they be awkward enough to upset the candle, they will be childless, or have only girls.

The *Spiesstanz*, or spit-dance, is also usual on these occasions. Two roasting-spits are laid on the ground crosswise, as in the sword-dance, and the movements executed much in the same manner.

Sometimes it is the grandfather of the new-born infant who opens the performance, proud of displaying his agility as he sings :—

“ Purple plum so sweet,
See my nimble feet,
How I jump and slide,
How I hop and glide ;
See how well I dance,
See how well I prance.
Purple plum so sweet,
See my nimble feet.”

But if the grandfather be old and feeble, and if the godfathers cannot be induced to exert themselves, then it is usually the midwife who, for a small consideration, undertakes the dancing.

It is hardly ever customary for the young mother to be seated at table along with the guests ; and even if she be well and hearty enough to have baked the cakes and milked the cows on that same day, etiquette demands that she should play the interesting invalid and lie in bed till the feasting be over.

For full four weeks after the birth of her child must she stay at home, and durst not step over the threshold of her courtyard, even though she has resumed all her daily occupations within the first week of her recovery. “ I may not go outside till my time is out ; the *Herr Vater* would be sorely angered if he saw me,” is the answer I have often heard from a woman who declined to come out on to the road. Neither may she spin during these four weeks, lest her child should suffer from dizziness.

When the time of this enforced retirement has elapsed, the young mother repairs to church along with her infant to be blessed by the pastor ; but before so doing she is careful to seek the nearest well and throw down a piece of bread into its depths, probably as an offering to the *Brunnenfrau* supposed to reside in each water, and who is said to lure little children down to her.

With these first four weeks the greatest perils of infancy are considered to be at an end ; but no careful mother will fail to observe the many little customs and regulations which alone will ensure the further health and wellbeing of her child.

Thus she will always remember that the baby may only be washed between sunrise and sunset, and that the bathing-water may not be poured out into the yard at a place where any one can step over it, which would entail sickness or death, or at the very least deprive the child of its sleep.

Two children which cannot yet speak must not be allowed to kiss each other, or neither of them will ever learn to talk.

A book laid under the child's pillow will make it an apt scholar ;

and the water in which a young puppy has been washed, if used for the infant's bath, will cure it of all skin diseases.

Whoever steps over a child as it lies on the ground will cause it to die within a month. Other prognostics of death are to rock an empty cradle, to make the child dance in its bath, or to measure it with a yard-measure before it can walk.

Death, to the Saxon peasants, appears in the light of a treacherous enemy, who must be met with open resistance, and may be conquered by courageous opposition or conciliated with a bribe. "He has put off death again with a slice of bread," is said of a man who has unexpectedly survived some great danger.

When the first signs of an approaching illness declare themselves in a man, all his friends are strenuous in advising him to hold out against it, not to let himself go, but to grapple with this foe which has seized him unawares. Even though all the symptoms of typhus fever be already upon him, though his head be burning like fire, and his limbs heavy as lead, he is yet exhorted to bear up against it, and on no account to let himself lie down, for that would be a concession to the enemy.

In this way many a man goes about with death upon his face, determined not to give in, till he drops at last senseless in the field or yard where he has been working till the last moment.

Even then his family are not disposed to let him rest. With well-meaning but mistaken kindness, they endeavour to rouse him by shouting in his ear. He must be made to wake up and walk

about, or it will be all over with him; and not for the world would they send for a doctor, who can only be regarded as an omen of approaching death.

Some old woman versed in magic formulas, and learned in the decoction of herbs and potions, is hastily summoned to the bedside; and the unfortunate man would probably be left to perish without intelligent advice, unless the pastor, hearing of his illness, takes it upon himself to send for the nearest physician.

By the time the doctor has arrived, the illness has made rapid strides, and most likely the assistance comes too late. The first care of the doctor on entering the room will be to remove the warm fur cap and the heavy blankets, which are wellnigh stifling the patient, and order him to be undressed and comfortably laid in his bed. He prescribes cooling compresses, and a medicine to be taken at regular intervals, but shakes his head and gives little hope of recovery.

Already this death is regarded as a settled thing in the village, for many of the gossips now remember to have heard the owl shriek in the passing nights, or there has been an unusual howling of dogs just about midnight. Others call to mind how over-merry the old man had been four weeks ago, when his youngest grandchild was christened, and that is ever a sign of approaching death. "And only a week ago," says another village authority, "when we buried old mother Barbara, there was an amazing power of dust round the grave, and the *Herr Vater* sneezed twice during his sermon; and that, as every one knows, infallibly means another funeral before long. Mark my words, ere eight days

have passed he will be lying under the nettles."

The village carpenter, who has long been out of work, now hangs about the street in hopes of a job. "How is the old man?" he anxiously inquires of a neighbour.

"The pastor has just gone in to knock off the old sinner's irons," is the irreverent answer.

"Then I may hope to be called in soon for making his coat (coffin). High time I was able to turn an honest penny again. I have a heap of damaged boards which were refused by the railway engineers still lying on my hands."

Sometimes, however, it is the thrifty peasant himself who, knowing the ways of village carpenters, and foreseeing this inevitable contingency, has taken care to provide himself with a well-made solid coffin years before there was any probability of its coming into use. He has himself chosen out the boards, tested their soundness, and driven a hard bargain for his purchase, laying himself down in the coffin to assure himself of the length being sufficient. For many years this useless piece of furniture has been standing in the loft, covered with dust and cobwebs, and serving perhaps as a receptacle for old iron or discarded shoes; and now it is the dying man himself, who, during a passing interval of consciousness, directs that his coffin should be brought down and cleaned out, his glassy eye recovering a passing brightness as he congratulates himself on his wise forethought.

Death is indeed approaching with rapid strides. Only two spoonfuls of the medicine prescribed has the patient swallowed. "Take it away," he says, when he realises his situation—"take it away, and keep it carefully for

the next person who falls ill. It is a pity to waste it on me, for I feel that my time has come, and nothing can do me any more good. Send for the preacher, that I may make my peace with God."

The last dispositions as to house and property have been made in the presence of the pastor or preacher. The house and yard are to belong to the youngest son, as is the general custom among the Saxons. The elder son and the daughter are to be otherwise provided for. The small back-room belongs to the widow, as jointure for the rest of her life; likewise a certain proportion of grain and fruit is assured to her. The exact spot of the grave is indicated, and two ducats are to be given to the *Herr Vater* if he will undertake to preach a handsome funeral oration.

When it becomes evident that the last death-struggle is approaching, the mattress is withdrawn from under the dying man, for, as every one knows, he will expire more gently if lying on straw.

Scarcely has the breath left his body than all the last clothes he has worn are taken off and given to a gipsy. The corpse is washed and shaved and dressed in bridal attire—the self-same clothes which forty years previously he had donned on his wedding morning, and which ever since have been lying carefully folded by, and strewed with sprigs of lavender, in the large *Truhe* (bunker), waiting for the day when their turn must come round again.

A snowy sheet spread over a layer of wood-shavings is the resting-place of the body when it is laid in the coffin; for the head, a little pillow stuffed with dried flowers and aromatic herbs, which

in most houses are kept ready prepared for this contingency.

An hour before the funeral, the bell begins to toll the *Seelenpuls* (soul's pulse), as it is called; but the sexton is careful to pause in the ringing when the clock is about to strike, for "if the hour should strike into the bell," another death will be the consequence.

Standing before the open grave, the mourners give vent to their grief, which, even when true and heartfelt, is often expressed with such quaint realism as to provoke a smile.

"My dearest husband," wails the disconsolate widow, "why hast thou gone away? I had need of thee to look after the farm, and there was plenty room for thee at our fireside. My God, is it right of Thee thus to take my support

away? On whom shall I now lean?"

The children near the dead mother.—"Mother, mother, who will care for us now? Shall we live within strange doors?"

A mother bewailing her only son.—"O God, Thou hast had no pity. Even the Emperor did not take my son to be a soldier. Thou art less merciful than the Emperor!"

Another mother weeping over two dead children, exclaims, "What a misfortune is mine, O God! If I had lost two young foals, at least their hides would have been left to me."

And the children standing by the open grave of their father, cry out, "O father, we shall never forget thee! Take our thanks for all the benefits received during thy lifetime, as well as for the earthly goods thou hast left behind."

THE DOCTOR : AN OLD VIRGINIA FOX-HUNTER.

Now the Doctor was a Southerner of the old school. Nor was he merely a North Carolinian, a Tennessean, a Kentuckian, or a Georgian—not any, thank you! No; our friend was a Virginian—a real “old-fashioned, blue-blooded, whole-souled, open-handed Virginian.” And this he was by virtue of eight or nine generations of forebears who had fought, physicked, speechified, fox-hunted, raised negroes and tobacco, in that immortal commonwealth. No day passed but the Doctor, in his simple fashion, unconsciously thanked God that he was a Virginian. For did not virtue, valour, honour, gallantry select the Old Dominion in the days of the Stuarts as their special depot, from whence, in modified streams, these qualities might be diffused over the less fortunate portions of the Western world? To the unsophisticated Englishman, to the ignorant Frenchman or German, an American is an American. If he is not rampantly modern, sensationally progressive, and furiously material, he is nothing at all. But the Doctor would scarcely ever speak or think of himself as an American, except in the same sense as an Englishman would call himself a European. The Doctor was every moment of the day, and every day in the year, a Virginian above everything; and as I have already said, he felt thereby that a responsibility and a glory above that of other mortals had been conferred upon him by the accident of his birth. I may add, moreover, that he was unquestionably non-progressive, that he was decidedly not modern, while to this day he is so reactionary that the sound of a rail-

way irritates him; and finally, that he was, and I feel sure still is, eminently picturesque.

The Doctor was about sixty-five at the time of which I write (not so very many years ago). He had never set foot outside Virginia, and never wanted to. That a country, however, or climate, or people, or scenery existed that could be mentioned in the same breath with the old Cavalier colony, never for one moment was accounted within the bounds of possibility by that good and simple soul.

And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the Doctor was proud of his descent from pure English stock. “None of Scotch or Irish, or Scotch-Irish, for me. No, I thank you, sir.” “My folks,” he was fond of relating, “were real English stock, who came over ’way back in early colonial days, and settled on the York River. They were kin to the nobility.” Whatever may have been the accuracy of this last claim, the Doctor’s patronymic in Virginia genealogy was above reproach, and would have secured him an *entrée* (had he owned a dress-coat, and had he felt a hankering after Eastern cities) into those small exclusive coteries in transatlantic society that still recognise birth as superior to wealth and even intellect. I should not like it to be supposed that my dear Doctor, of whom I am excessively fond, was given to blustering about either his State or his descent. Your fire-eating, blowing, swaggering Southerner belongs either to a lower social grade, to the more frontier States of the South, or, to a greater degree perhaps than either, to the fertile imagination of Yankee edi-

tors and dime novelists. The Doctor was a Virginian. His thoughts and his habits, which were peculiar and original, were simply those of Virginians of his class and generation somewhat strongly emphasised. He was just and unassuming, kindly and homely. There was about him a delightful old-fashioned, if somewhat ponderous sauvity of manner, that the rest of the Anglo-Saxon race have long, long outgrown. To even hear a married female that was not black addressed as otherwise than "Madam" positively pained him. As for the children, the Doctor had a separate greeting for every one of them, let his host's quiver be ever so full. Ay, and generally something more than that; for the Doctor's capacious pockets were known by the little ones to be almost as inexhaustible in the way of chincapins, hickory-nuts, and candy, as his well-worn saddlebags were of less inviting condiments.

The Doctor's belief in his country (and by his country of course I mean Virginia) was the religion in which he was born. He would never have dreamt of intruding it on you. International comparisons he could not make, for he had never been out of the State. I feel perfectly sure, however, if the Doctor had travelled over every corner of the earth, that his faith was of that fundamental description which was proof against mere sights and sounds. He would have returned to the shade of his ancestral porch, temporarily staggered, perhaps, but still unconvinced that any land or any people could compare with old Virginia.

The average American in London is a spectacle which has in it nothing inharmonious; on the contrary, in these days it is sometimes

hard to distinguish him from the native. To picture the Doctor in London, however, requires an effort of imagination from which the intellect shrinks. Of one thing I am sure, and that is, he would be very miserable. He would call in vain for glasses of cold water like that from the limpid spring under the poplar-tree at home, of which the Doctor consumes about a horse-troughful a-day. He would hang over the apple-stalls, and groan over the deficiencies of a country that could do no better than that. He would get up two hours before the servants, and prow about disconsolate and hungry till breakfast. What an apology, too, for a breakfast it would be without an "old Virginia hot-beat biscuit"! In his despair of getting a "julep," he might take a whisky-punch before his early dinner. But here, again, how could the emblazoned wine-card, with its, for him, meaningless contents, supply the want of that big pitcher of foaming buttermilk for which his simple palate craves? The pomp and wealth, the glitter and glare of a great capital, would be simply distasteful to our patriarch. In his own land he and his have been for all time aristocrats—after their own fashion, it is true, but still aristocrats. They have been strongly inclined to regard themselves as the salt of the earth—and perhaps they are: a good sturdy British foible this, intensified by isolation and the mutual-admiration atmosphere which such isolation creates. At any rate, gold lace and liveries and coronets are not indispensable adjuncts of honour and breeding. The Doctor, however—if we can imagine him gazing on the stream of carriages rolling past Hyde Park Corner on a summer evening—would be sensible, for the first time

in his life, to a feeling somewhat akin to insignificance creeping over him. He would hate and despise himself for it, but still it would make him uncomfortable, and he would want to get away home. A depressing suspicion would come over our good friend that the haughty squires and dames knew no more of Virginia's history, or of Pages and Randolphs, and Pendletons and Byrds, than they knew of the obscure Elijahs and Hiram and Aarons that tilled the stony fields of New England. I fear, moreover, that the suspicion would be too well founded. As a Cumberland squire in the eighteenth century might have been disillusioned by a visit to the capital, so to a much greater degree would our good Virginia friend have in all probability suffered by a similar transportation. Once home again, however, I can safely affirm of the Doctor, that these uncomfortable sensations would have vanished in no time. Once more in his cane-bottomed rocking-chair on the shady porch; once more within sight of the blue mountains, the red fallows, and the yellow pine-sprinkled sedge-fields of his native land, he would quickly recover from the temporary shocks that had irritated him. The sublime faith in "the grand old Commonwealth" would return, and he would thank God more fervently than ever he was a son of Virginia: not because of her present or her future—for he considered the Virginia he belonged to died with slavery—but on account of her people and her past. The Doctor, happily, had been spared all these trials, and his faith remained pure and unimpaired. The only capital he had ever visited was the charming little city of Richmond, where every third man or woman he met was

his cousin; where most of society call one another by their Christian names, dine in the middle of the day, and sit out on chairs in the street after supper. Richmond is delightful, and so are its people; but its atmosphere would tend to confirm, not to shake, the Doctor's homely faith.

Perhaps the Southern States was the only part of the world where the practice of medicine has ever been looked upon as an honourable adjunct to the possession of considerable landed estates and an aristocratic name. As in England there are squire-parsons, so in Virginia there were squire-doctors—men of considerable property (as things go there) both in land and slaves—regularly practising in their own neighbourhood. The slaves that constituted the bulk of their wealth have gone, but the lands and the practice remain—for those who still survive and are able to sit upon a horse.

The Doctor is one of these survivals—and may he long flourish! He had only a moderate property—two farms—of which we shall speak anon. But then he was a Patton; and as everybody south of the Potomac knows, the Pattons are one of the first families in the State,—none of your modern and self-dubbed F.F.V.'s are they, but real old colonial people, whose names are written on almost every page of their country's history. Besides, this Judge Patton, the Doctor's father, was one of the greatest jurists south of Washington—"in the world," Virginians said; but as a compromise we will admit he was one of the first in America, and quite distinguished enough to reflect a social halo over his immediate descendants, supposing even they had not been Pattons.

The original Patton mansion was burnt down in 1840. Nothing

was left but the office in the yard, where in those days our friend the Doctor pursued his youthful medical investigations and entertained his bachelor friends. The Judge was a busy man, and much absent. He was always "laying out to build him a new house;" but death "laid him out" while the scheme was still in embryo. The Doctor, who, as only son, became proprietor, had his hands too full, what with negroes, and farming, and physicking, and fox-hunting, to carry it out till the war was upon him, and with its results put an end, as he thought at the time, to everything which makes life sweet.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Doctor and his father had gone houseless or camped out since 1840. Not at all. From the old brick office, whose isolation had saved it from that memorable conflagration, there had grown—I use the word advisedly, as applicable to Virginia architecture—there had grown a rambling structure, whose design, rather than whose actual weight of years, gave it an appearance venerable enough to command the respect and admiration of summer tourists from New York and Philadelphia. It was not often such apparitions passed that way, and when they did, it was generally in pursuit of filthy lucre suppositiously concealed in the fields or the forests. Nor are mining prospectors as a rule sentimental, but sometimes they are in America. When such *rare aves* came by the Doctor's front gate, they would almost always pull up and gaze through it with that admiration and respect that Northerners are inclined to pay to anything in their own country that recalls the past.

"Oh, isn't that too quaint for

anything!" the ladies that sometimes accompanied them never failed to remark. "That's a real old ramshackle Virginia house, by thunder! and a pretty heavy old fossil inside it, you bet!" said the more observant of the gentlemen.

The Doctor would have gloried in such criticism had he heard it. He hated Yankees; he hated your new-fangled houses; he hated railroads; he hated towns; he hated breech-loading guns: sights and sounds and things that he was not familiar with at five-and-twenty, he would have none of when he was between sixty and seventy.

The Doctor's house was unconventional to be sure, while weather and neglect of paint or whitewash had given it an air of antiquity to which it had no real claim. It lay a hundred yards back from the road, and appeared to consist of four or five small houses of varying dimensions, and occupying relationships towards one another of a most uncertain kind. Two of these leaned heavily together, like convivial old gentlemen "seeing one another home." The rest lay at respectful distances from each other, connected only by open verandahs, through which the summer breeze blew freshly, and lovingly fanned the annuals that spread and twined themselves along the eaves. Almost every style of Virginia rural architecture found place in this homely conglomeration of edifices which even "old man Jake," the negro, who has for twenty years looked after the Doctor's horses and stolen his corn, described as "mighty shacklin', and lookin' like as if they'd bin throwed down all in a muss."

It was, however, a real old characteristic Virginia house of its kind. There were squared chestnut-logs, black with rain and sun,

against which the venetian shutters of the windows banged and thumped in gusty spring days as against walls of adamant. These same logs were got out of the woods and squared, the Doctor would tell you, in days "when men had plenty of time and plenty of 'force' (i.e., slaves) to do those things properly." Then there were walls of pine weather-boarding, erected at a period when, the same authority would inform you, "people began to saw and season their lumber five or ten years before they started to build." There were roofs of wooden shingles slanting and sloping in every direction—black, rotting, and moss-grown here, white and garish there, where penetrating rains had forced the slow and reluctant hand of repair. Dormer-windows glared out at you, patched as to their shattered panes with local newspapers of remote date, and speaking of stuffy attics behind, where hornets, yellow-jackets, and "mud-daubers" careered about in summertime over the apple-strewn floors. Then there was the old brick office—relic of a distant past: of a period when the Virginia planters, though surrounded by the finest clay, were so absorbed in tobacco that they sent to England for their bricks. It is probable, however, that these particular bricks were produced upon the spot. At any rate, their comparative antiquity and presumably mellow tone have been ruthlessly effaced, for this is the only part of the Doctor's mansion that he has selected for a coat of whitewash. It is used for professional purposes, and is known by the Doctor's patients as the "surgery." I know it is hopeless to try, by a bald description of timber and bricks and mortar, to give any idea of how the Doctor's rambling homestead

appealed to the sense of the picturesque, and to the affections of those of us who were familiar with it and with its inmate. No doubt, however, the latter had something to do with this. Nor should the surroundings be forgotten. The stately oaks that towered high above the quaint low buildings, and covered with leaves and *débris* the greater portion of that domestic enclosure which in those parts was known as the yard. The straggling branching acacias that grew close to the house, and spread their tall arms above the roof, littering it in autumn with showers of small curly leaves, and choking the wooden gutters (for the Doctor considered tin piping as a modern heresy) with fragmentary twigs. The fresh green turf that had matted and spread for 150 years around this house and the more stately one that preceded it. The aged box-trees that had once, no doubt, in prim Dutch rows lined some well-tended gravel path, but now cropped up here and there upon the turf, like beings that had outlived their time and generation. The clustering honeysuckles, bending their old and rickety frames to the ground. The silver aspens before the door, whose light leaves shivered above your head in the most breathless August days. The slender mimosa, through whose beautiful and fragile greenery the first humming-birds of early June shyly fluttered; and the long row of straw hives against the rickety fence, where hereditary swarms of bees—let well alone—made more honey than the Doctor and all his neighbours could consume.

Yes! these objects are, and all and many more are, twined around my heart, but the Doctor's front gate occupies no such position at all. It was all very well for the

people who stopped in the road and looked through its bars at the fine old oaks, the green lawn beyond, and the quaint straggling structure, and then drove on their way. For those, however, whose duty or pleasure compelled them to penetrate that barrier, it was entirely another matter. It was a home-made gate—a real “old Virginia” gate—put up at the close of the war as a protest, it would almost seem, against Yankee notions of hurry. To look at that tremendous portal, you would have supposed that the Doctor was the most defiant recluse, instead of the most hospitable of men. It was, however, a typical Virginia gate strongly emphasised, just as the Doctor was a typical Virginia gentleman strongly emphasised. I couldn’t speak accurately as to its dimensions, but I have often had to jump for life as it fell, and from the way in which it hit the ground, I should say that it must have weighed nearly a thousand pounds. Its weight would have been a matter of no importance whatever to any one but the Doctor and the posts which supported it, had it been properly hung with two hinges and a latch. No doubt it had commenced life with these advantages; but during all the years I struggled with it, there was no latch, and only a bottom hook hinge. It was kept in its place by two ponderous fence-rails being leaned up against it. The most elementary mathematician will at once arrive at the result which ensued on the removal of these rails (a herculean task in itself) and the opening of the gate, unless extraordinary skill was exercised. It was really a performance beyond a single man; so most visitors, unless they were “riding for the Doctor”—in the most serious business sense—holloaed

for assistance, or rode about till some of the hands came up to the rescue. It must not be supposed that the Doctor’s establishment, though strongly typical in a sense, resembled to any extent the real old Virginia mansion. The Pattons, it will be remembered, had been burnt out, and the present pile had been originally intended only as a makeshift; but it was such a makeshift as would perhaps be seen nowhere out of Virginia. Of the more substantial family mansions there were plenty crowning the hills in the Doctor’s neighbourhood. Square blocks of brick, some many-windowed and green-shuttered, with huge Grecian porticoes supported by rows of white fluted pillars stretching along their face. Great big wooden barns, others with acres of roof and rows of dormer-windows, and crazy crumbling porches, and stacks of red-brick chimneys clambering up outside the white walls at the gable-ends, or anywhere else where they come handy for that matter. There were plenty of these within range of the Doctor’s house and the limits of his practice, and to the proprietor of every one the Doctor was related. The stages of this relationship varied from the unquestioned affinity of cousins and nephews, to that which is described in Virginia by the comprehensive and far-reaching appellation of “kin.” To be kin of the Pattons, moreover, was in itself a desirable thing in Virginian eyes. Though the Doctor lived in such an unpretentious residence, and worked day in and day out as a country practitioner, there were people in the neighbourhood holding their heads pretty high, who were always pleased to remember that their father’s first cousin had married the Doctor’s mother’s brother.

With all the Doctor's quaint ideas and strong prejudices, I have said that he was a thorough gentleman. He was of the kind meant for use, and not for show. Good heavens! what would your dashing British *Æsculapius*, in his brougham or well-appointed dog-cart, have said to my old friend's appearance when setting out for a long winter's day's work? I can see him now, riding in at the gate on some wild January day, bringing hope in his kindly face, and good conservative time-honoured drugs in his well-worn saddle-bags. A woollen scarf is drawn round his head, and on the top of it is crammed an ancient wide-awake. A long black cloak, fastened round his throat with a clasp, and lined with red flannel, falls over the saddle behind. His legs, good soul, are thickly encased in coils of wheat-straw, wound tightly round them from his ankles upwards. In his hand, by way of a whip, he carries a bushy switch plucked from the nearest tree, and upon one heel a rusty spur that did duty at Bull's Run.

Now do not suppose that the Doctor on such occasions was regarded as a scarecrow, or that his neighbours looked upon him as eccentric or even careless of attire; on the contrary, this was a good old Virginia costume. The Doctor's appearance as above described was not the desperate expedient of a frontier and transitory condition—not at all. It was a survival of two hundred years of a peculiar civilisation; a civilisation that had been wont to look inside the plantation fence for almost every necessary; a patriarchal dispensation whose simplicity was to a great extent the outcome of exclusiveness; a social organisation wherein each man's place was so absolutely fixed, that

personal apparel was a matter of almost no moment, and personal display, such as engages the well-to-do of other countries in mischievous rivalry, was hardly known.

The general shabbiness of Virginia was not the temporary shabbiness of a pioneering generation—that condition everybody can understand—but the picturesque and almost defiant tatterdemalionism of quite an old and thoroughly self-satisfied community, unstimulated by contact with the outer world. It was a mellow, time-honoured kind of shabbiness of which Virginians are almost proud, regarding it as a sort of mute protest, though an extreme one, against those modern innovations which their souls abhorred. The Doctor had been a widower since the first year of the war. In accordance with local custom, he had buried his wife in the orchard. A simple marble shaft in that homely quarter spoke of her virtues and her worth to the colts and calves that bit the sweet May grass around her tomb, and to the inquiring swine that crunched the rotting apples as they fell in autumn from the untended trees. Neither had the Doctor been blessed with sons or daughters. Who he would “‘ar [heir, as a verb] his place to” was a common subject of discussion among the negroes on the property. The Doctor's profession, no doubt, was his first care; but his heart was with his farms and his fox-hounds. The Doctor had practised over, or, as we used to say there, “ridden” the south side of the country for nearly forty years. He had studied medicine with the intention only of saving the doctor's bill in his father's household of eighty negroes. He had soon, however, dropped into a regular practice, and for the last five-and-twenty years at any rate, no birth or

death within a radius of ten miles would have been considered a well-conducted one without his good offices. The Doctor's income, upon the well-thumbed scroll of hieroglyphics that he called his books, was nearly three thousand dollars a-year. He collected probably about fifteen hundred. A considerable portion, too, of this fifteen hundred was received in kind payments, not conveniently convertible, such as bacon, Indian corn, hams, wheat-flour, woollen yarns, sucking-pigs, home-made brooms, eggs, butter, bricks, sweet-potato slips, sawn plank, tobacco-plants, shingles, chickens, baskets, sausage-meat, sole-leather, young fruit-trees, raw hides, hoe-handles, old iron. To utilise these various commodities, it would have been necessary for the Doctor to have had a farm, even supposing he had not already been the fortunate proprietor of two. Indeed, a farm to a Southern Doctor is not only necessary as a receptacle for the agricultural curiosities that are forced upon him in lieu of payment, but for the actual labour of those many dusky patients who can give no other return for physic and attendance received. You could see a bevy of these Ethiopians almost any day upon the Doctor's farm, wandering aimlessly about with hoes or brier-blades, chattering and cackling and doing everything but work.

The Doctor might have been called a successful physician. He had no rivals. There were two inferior performers in the district, it is true, who were by way of following the healing art—small farmers, who were reported to have studied medicine in their youth. One of these, however, had not credit sufficient to purchase drugs, and the other was generally drunk. So it was only their near rela-

tions, when not dangerously indisposed, who patronised them—or some patient of the Doctor's now and again, perhaps, who took a fancy the latter was too "aristocratic," till he got badly sick, and returned with alacrity to his allegiance. There is no doubt, I fear, but that the Doctor practised on the lines of thirty years ago. Tory to the backbone in every other department of life, it was hardly to be expected that he should have panted for light and leading in that branch of learning in which he had no rival within reach. Papers or magazines connected with the healing science I never remember to have seen inside the Patton homestead; and yet, after a great deal of experience of the good old man's professional care, I have a sort of feeling that I would as soon place my life in his hands as in the hands of Sir Omicron Pie!

What time the Doctor had to spare from physicking, I have said he devoted to farming and to fox-hunting. I should like to follow him for a bit on his long professional rounds, and listen to his cheery talk in homestead and cabin; to help him fill his long pipe, which he draws out of his top-boot when the patient has settled down to sleep or quiet; to hear him once again chat about tobacco and wheat, politics and foxes. I should like, too, to say something of the Doctor's farming—heaven save the mark!—on his two properties; the one "‘ard" him by his father, and the other one, the quarter place near by, that "cum to him with his wife, ole Cunnel Pendleton's daughter."

I must only pause to remark, however, that the Doctor farmed, as he did everything else, in the good old Virginia fashion—or in what is now irreverently known as the "rip an tar [tear] princi-

ple." He didn't care anything about acres or estimates; and as for farm books, his professional accounts pestered him quite enough. Of rotations, he neither knew nor wanted to know anything. His great idea was to plough and sow as much land as he could scuffle over with all the labour he could scrape together. Of manuring, clovering, or fertilising he took little account. If he "pitched" a big crop only, he was a proud and happy man. When each recurring harvest brought results more insignificant than the last, a temporary disgust with the whole business used to seize on my old friend, and he would swear that the wheat crops had been of no account since the war; that tobacco had gone to the devil, and that he'd quit fooling with a plantation for good and all. In the eyes of those who knew him, however, such tirades meant absolutely nothing. A Virginian of his description could no more have helped farming than he could have altered any other of the immutable laws of nature. A younger generation, and many indeed of the older one, have learned wisdom and prudence in the management of land since the abolition of slavery. The Doctor, however, and the few left like him, will be land-killers of the genial good old sort till they lie under the once generous sod they have so ruthlessly treated.

The Doctor's first care was of necessity his patients; but there is no doubt, I think, that his real affections were divided between his farms and his fox-hounds. That he did his duty by the former was amply testified to by the popularity he enjoyed. That he signally failed in the treatment of his lands was quite as evident. For while he healed the sores

and the wounds of his patients, the sores, the wounds, the storm-rent gullies, the bare galls in his hillsides, grew worse and worse. The maize-stalks grew thinner, the tobacco lighter, the wheat-yield poorer, year by year. One has heard of famous painters, who perversely fancied themselves rather as musicians—of established authors, who yearned rather to be praised as artists. So the Doctor, who certainly had no local rival in his own profession, seemed to covet fame rather as the champion and exponent of a happily departing school of Southern agriculturists. In this case, the income derived from the profession just sufficed to make good the losses on the farm. So, though the Doctor, in spite of his household expenses being almost *nil*, could never by any chance lay his hand on a five-dollar bill, he managed to keep upon the whole pretty free from debt. With a scattered practice, and an agricultural hobby extending over 1000 acres, including woods and old fields "turned out" to recover, it may be a matter of surprise that our old friend had leisure for a third indulgence, especially one like fox-hunting, which is connected in the British mind with such a large consumption of time. Nevertheless the Doctor, like most of his compeers, was passionately fond of the chase, and in spite of the war and altered times, had kept hounds round him almost without a break since he was a boy. It will be seen, however, that fox-hunting, as understood and followed by the Doctor, was by no means incompatible with his more serious avocations.

Now, if the fashion in which the Doctor pursued the wily fox was not orthodox from a Leicestershire point of view, it was for all that none the less, perhaps indeed so

much the more, genuine. Around New York and Philadelphia, it is true, the sport is pursued by fashionable bankers, brokers, and lawyers in a style the most approved. All the bravery and the glitter, ay, and much of the horsemanship of the British hunting-field, is there. But, like polo and coaching, it is there as a mere exotic, transplanted but yesterday, to the amazement and occasionally indignation of the Long Island rustics and the delight of the Society papers. Everything is there—hounds, huntsmen, whips, red coats, tops, splendidly mounted hard-riding ladies and gentlemen, sherry-flasks, sandwich-boxes, &c., &c.,—everything, in short, but the fox. So far, however, as I can learn, such an omission is of no great importance under the modern conception of hunting. That wouldn't be the Doctor's way of thinking at all, though; for I must here remark, that that worthy sportsman's love of hunting is entirely on hereditary principles and of native growth. Fox-hunting for two centuries has been the natural pastime of the Virginia gentry. They imported the chase of the fox and its customs from the mother country at a period when such things were conducted in a very different style from what they are now.

The hunting of the fox, as carried on in England early in the last century let us say, offered, I take it, a very different spectacle from that seen in the elaborate and gorgeous cavalcades and the rushing fleet-footed hounds that race to-day over the trim well-drained turf of the shires. No foxes were killed in those days in twenty-five minutes, I'll warrant. Men started their fox at daybreak, and potted along, absorbed in the performance of their slow hounds, over the

rushy, soppy, heathy country, from wood to wood, for hours and hours. They were lucky then, no doubt, if Reynard succumbed in time to admit of their punctual appearance at that tremendous three-o'clock orgie, which the poet Thomson has so graphically laid before us.

Amid the glitter, the show, the dash, the swagger of modern fox-hunting, Englishmen who are not masters of hounds or huntsmen are apt to lose sight of the original ends and aims, the craft, and the science of the sport. It seems to me that fox-hunting nowadays, with the vast mass of its devotees, is simply steeplechasing over an unknown course. This is unquestionably a manly and a fine amusement, and far be it from me to breathe a word against it. I only wish to anticipate the sneers of your sporting stockbroker if he were to catch sight of the Doctor and his hounds upon a hunting morning.

With the average Nimrod of modern days, I venture then to assert that fox-hunting is only a modified form of steeplechasing. With the Virginian, who is simply a survival of other days, it is nothing of the kind. The Doctor knew nothing of bullfinches or double ditches, of post and rails or five-barred gates, in a sporting sense; but what he did not know about a fox was not worth knowing at all. As for his hounds, he could tell the note of each at a distance when the music of the whole pack was scarcely audible to the ordinary ear.

As far as I remember, the Doctor generally used to keep about five couple of hounds. It is needless to say he always swore they were the "best stock of fox-dogs in the State." Jim Pendleton, his cousin across the hill, and

Judge Massey, on the north side of the county, who also kept hounds, were quite prepared to take an affidavit of the same kind with regard to their own respective packs. The Doctor's hounds lived as members of the family. A kind of effort was spasmodically made to keep them from appropriating the parlour, and so long as the weather was mild, they were fairly content to lie in the front porch, or in one of the many passages which let the air circulate freely through the Patton homestead.

If the weather was cold, however, and the Doctor had a fire in the parlour, the older and more knowing dogs seldom failed to eventually gain a lodgment. By persistently coming in at one door, and when kicked out by the long-suffering M.F.H., going round the house and slyly entering at the other, they invariably conquered in the long-run, and established themselves on the warm bricks of the hearth before the great white-oak logs which blazed on the bright brass andirons.

Of course it was not often that the Doctor and his hounds were all at home together on a winter's day. If the latter were not hunting with him, they were out upon their own account, for, be it noted, they were absolutely their own masters, as is the way with Virginia fox-hounds. If the Doctor chose to accompany them and do a great deal of tooting and some holloaing, I have no doubt a certain amount of satisfaction animated the breasts of the pack. But it made no difference whatever to the sporting arrangements they had planned among themselves, or to their general programme. Whatever happened, they were bound to have their hunt. As the Doctor's pride and joy was not in his own performances in the pigskin

—for he never attempted any—but in the achievements of his dogs, this want of discipline and respect was no drawback whatever to his satisfaction.

I have said the Doctor could combine his favourite sport with the exercise of his profession. That is to say, if he were going out in any likely direction, he would manage to keep his hounds around him till he had despatched his lamp-light breakfast, and they would all start together. The pack, moreover, was easily increased, for the Doctor had only to step round to the back porch, which looked across the valley to Cousin Jim Pendleton's place, and to blow lustily on his tremendous cow-horn.

A very little of this music was sufficient to bring the greater part of the rival pack scrambling in a half-guilty way over the garden-fence. After a little growling and snarling and snapping, the strangers would settle down among the Doctor's hounds as if they had been raised on the place.

See the Doctor attired for the chase emerging with his hounds from that awful front gate of his, which is being held up and open by the combined efforts of two stalwart negroes. It is a mild and soft February morning, at about the hour when the sun would be seen mounting over the leafless woodlands to the east of the house, if it were not for the dark banks of clouds chasing one another in continuous succession from the south-west. The Doctor is not quite such a scarecrow to-day. The weather is mild, and he has left the coils of straw behind, having his stout legs encased in grey homespun overalls, which he calls leggings. The long Bull's Run spur is on his left heel. The black cloak with the red lining is on his

back. The slouch hat upon his head, and spectacles upon his nose. A high stand-up collar of antique build and a black stock give the finishing touch to a picture whose "old-timiness," as the Americans say, would have thrown a Boston novelist into convulsions of ecstasy.

The Doctor this morning is combining business with pleasure. He has to visit the widow Gubbins, who fell down the corn-house steps the week before, and broke her leg. But he has had word sent him that there is a red fox in the pine-wood behind the parsonage, hard by the Gubbins domicile. I need not say the saddle-bags and the medicine-bottles are there; but besides these, there is the great big cow-horn which the Doctor carries slung round him, and blows long blasts upon as he goes "titupping" down the muddy lane. These blasts are rather with a view of personal solace than from any definite aims. The Doctor loves the horn for its associations, and goes toot-tooting down the soft red road, and waking the echoes of the woods and fields solely for his own personal benefit and refreshment. Hector and Rambler, Fairfax and Dainty, and the rest—little wiry lean fellows of about two-and-twenty inches—hop over the big mud-holes, or creep around the dry fence-corners waiting for the first bit of unfenced woodland to trot over and commence the day's operations.

The Doctor, however, is determined, if possible, to keep them in hand till they reach the haunt of that aforesaid red fox who is said to be lurking in the parson's wood. He hopes to be able to exercise authority sufficient to keep these independent dogs of his from getting on the trail of a ringing, skulking grey fox in the first ivy thicket or

open bit of forest they come to. It is no manner of use, however. The rutty, soppy road, soon after it leaves the Doctor's estate, straggles unfenced through half a mile of mazy woodland. Though it is a historic turnpike of old coaching fame—a road the memory of whose once bustling gaiety well-nigh brings tears to the eyes of the old inhabitants—it is scarcely visible to the rare waggoner or horseman in these degenerate times, from the wealth of autumn leaves that hide its rugged face. Into the wood plunge the eager and undisciplined hounds, the dry leaves crackling and rustling under their joyous feet as they scamper and race amid the tall oak and poplar trunks, and one by one disappear beyond the very limited horizon. The Doctor toots and toots till not only the forest but the hills and valleys beyond echo to the appeals of the familiar cow-horn. Mighty little, however, care the dogs for such tooting. They look upon it as a harmless sign of encouragement, a pleasant accompaniment to the preliminaries until the more serious work begins. Nor do they care in the least when the Doctor drops his horn and begins to holloa and shout and storm—not they. He might as well shout and storm at the wind. The Doctor gets very mad. He doesn't swear—Virginians of his class and kind very seldom do—but he uses all the forms of violent exhortation that his conscience admits of, and that belong to the local vernacular. He calls the whole pack "grand scoundrels and villains." In a voice grown husky with exertion, he inquires of their fast-fading forms if they know "what in thunder he feeds them for?" He roars out to little Blazer, the only one left within good speaking distance, that he'll "whale the life

out of him ;" whereupon little Blazer disappears after the rest. So he finally confides to the sorrel mare, who is ambling along under him at the regulation five-mile-an-hour gait of the Southern roadster, that those dogs of Cousin Jeems (the Doctor says "Jeems," not because he doesn't know any better, but because it is a good old Virginia way of pronouncing the name) are the hardest-headed lot of fox-dogs south of the Potomac river.

But hark ! there is a boom from the pine-wood, the deep green of whose fringe can be seen far away through the naked stems and leafless branches of the oaks. The Doctor pulls up ; he "concludes he'll wait a while and see what it amounts to, anyway." The scoundrels are probably fooling after a rabbit, or, at the best, struck the trail of a grey fox" (the most common native breed, that won't face the open or run straight). The Doctor draws rein at the edge of the wood, where the straggling forest road once more becomes a highway, fenced in from fields of young wheat, pasture, and red fallow. He thinks the widow Gubbins can wait a bit, and that old red fox at the parson's can lay over for another day.

"That's old Powhatan, cert'n and sure ; and that's a fox of some sort, I'll sw'ar," remarks our old friend to the sorrel mare, who pricks up her ears as another deep note comes echoing from the valley below.

It is late in February ; and though February in Virginia is practically the same dead, colourless, leafless, budless, harsh winter month it is with us, yet there are sometimes days before it closes that seem to breathe of a yet distant spring with more witching treachery than the greatest effort

that period can make in our more methodical clime. And this is one of them. The soft and balmy air is laden, it is true, with no scent of blossoms or opening buds. The odour of smouldering heaps of burning brush and weeds, or of tardily burnt tobacco-plant beds, is all that as yet scents the breeze. But after a month of frost and rain and snow and clouds, the breath is the breath of spring, and the glow of the sun, now bursting through the clouds, seems no longer the sickly glare of winter. The soft Virginia landscape, swelling in gentle waves of forest, field, and fallow to the great mountains that lie piled up far away against the western sky, is naked still and bare, save for the splashes of green pine-woods here and there upon the land. But there is a light in the sky and a feel in the air that seems almost to chide the earth for its slow response. The blood courses quicker through the veins of even easy-going Virginia farmers at the thoughts of seeding-time. The negro's head comes up from under his shoulders and his hands from his pockets, where they have each respectively spent most of the winter, and the air becomes laden with those peculiar dirges that mark the Ethiopian's contentment of mind at the prospect of warm weather and of his limbs once more becoming "souple." The soft breeze begins to coat the tops of the damp furrows with a thin powdery crust that in a few days' time will be converted into that March dust so universally beloved of farmers. The young wheat, smitten and scorched and beaten almost out of recognition, lifts its head once again and spreads a carpet of tender green to the sun. The early lambs, beginning to think that after all they were not sent into the world to shiver

behind straw-stacks, frisk and gambol in the fields. The blacksmiths' shops at the cross roads and the Court-house villages are thronged with coloured labourers and tenants, whose masters, now seeding-time is upon them, have suddenly remembered that every plough in the place is out of fix, and not a harrow has its full complement of teeth. The light breeze from the south-west moans softly in the pines; but among the deciduous trees not a withered shred of foliage is left for it to stir, and the silence is complete. The freshly awakened sunlight streams softly down between the leafless branches and the rugged trunks of oak and chestnut, hickory and poplar, and plays upon the golden carpet of wasted leaves that hides the earth beneath them.

The Doctor, as he stands at the edge of the forest, would ordinarily upon such a day be deep in agricultural reveries of a most sanguine nature. But he is now waiting for one more note of evidence that there is a prospect of what he would call "a chase"—hesitating as to the widow Gubbins.

Suddenly there is a great commotion in the wooded valley beneath, and in a few seconds you might be in Leicestershire spinny, so busy and joyful are the little pack with their tongues. "That's a fox, any way," says the Doctor to the sorrel mare; "and, likely as not, a red." Two small farmers, jogging down the road, pull up their horses and yell with the peculiar shrill scream that is traditionally as much a part of Virginia fox-hunting as the familiar cries of the British hunting-field are with us. The Doctor, though his voice is not what it was thirty years ago, catches the infection, and, standing up in his wooden leather-capped stirrups,

hallooes at his hounds in what he would call "real old Virginia fashion."

"By G—d! it's a red," says one of the small farmers, who has perched himself on the top of the fence, so as to look down over the sloping tree-tops on to the opposite hill.

"The dogs are out of the wood, and are streakin' it up the broom-sedge field yonder—dawg my skin if they ain't!"

This is too much for the Doctor.

"Pull down the fence, gentlemen, for God's sake! and we'll push on up to the old Mathew's graveyard on top of the hill. We shall see right smart of the chase from there. I know that old fox; he'll go straight to the pines on Squire Harrison's quarter place."

The four or five top rails are tossed off the snake fence; but the Doctor can't wait for the remaining six. The long spur is applied to the flank of the sorrel mare, the apple switch to her shoulder. Amid a crashing and scattering of rotten chestnut-rails, the Doctor, cloak and spectacles, saddle-bags, pills, medicine-bottles, and overalls, lands safely in the corn-stalk field upon the other side. The two farmers follow through the fearful breach he has made, and they may soon all be heard upon the opposite hill cheering and yelling to the hounds, which by this time are well out of reach of such encouraging sounds. Neither the country, nor the horse, nor the Doctor is adapted for riding to hounds; nor, as I have before intimated, has the latter any idea of doing so. The good man wants to hear as much as possible—to see as much as possible—of the chase; but when he neither sees nor hears a great deal—which, when a strong red fox goes straight away, is generally

the case—he will still take much delight in collecting the details from other sources.

If his hounds eventually kill their fox half-way across the county, friends and neighbours, who became accidental witnesses of various stages of the chase, and each of whom did their share of hallooing and cheering, will send round word to the “old Doctor,” or “call by” the next time they pass his house, and cheer his heart with praises of his dogs. The Doctor will probably have bandaged Mrs Gubbins’s leg, and be half-way home by the time the death-scene takes place, in some laurel thicket possibly miles and miles away from the corner where we left our friend bursting through the fence. Not more than half-a-dozen, probably, of the fourteen or fifteen hounds with which the Doctor started, will assist at the finish. Two or three of the puppies will have dropped out early in the day, and come home hunting rabbits all the way. Three or four more are perhaps just over temper, and will fall in their tracks, to come limping and crawling home at noon. Rambler and Fairfax, however, having assisted at the finish, and being perhaps the most knowing old dogs of the lot, will have trotted round to old Colonel Peyton’s close by. They are mighty hungry—for Virginia hounds won’t touch foxes’ flesh—and they succeed in slipping into the log kitchen in the yard, while Melindy the cook is outside collecting chips, and abstracting from the top of the stove an entire ham. The said ham was just prepared for the Colonel’s supper; but in fox-hunting all is forgiven. So after a little burst of wrath he reckons they are the old Doctor’s dogs, shuts them up in the granary, and gives them a cake of corn-

bread apiece. The following day is Saturday, and the Colonel’s son, home from school for a holiday, thinks it an opportunity for a rabbit-hunt in the pines behind the house not to be missed. So Rambler and Fairfax are introduced to the proposed scene of action in the morning. After condescending to an hour of this amusement, they hold a canine consultation, and start for home, where they finally arrive about sundown, to be made much of by the Doctor, who has already heard of the finish from a negro who was was splitting rails close by.

The Doctor’s satisfaction is quite as great as if he had cut down a whole Leicestershire field in the fastest thing of the season. His heart warms towards those undersized, harsh-coated, slab-sided little friends of his as he stands watching the negro woman breaking up their supper of hot corn-bread with buttermilk as a treat — on the back porch. They have all come in by this time, and scuffle and growl and snap around the board as the food is thrown to them.

The knowing ones take advantage of such an evening as this to assert, with more than usual assurance, their right of entry to the house. The Doctor has had his supper, and hopes that no ominous shout from the darkness will, for this night at any rate, call him to some distant sick-bed. He has drawn up his one-armed rocking-chair to the parlour fire, and by the kerosene-lamp is poring over the last oration on free trade by that grand old Virginia gentleman and senator, Mr Jefferson Randolph Beverly Page. Conscious, as it were, that some extra indulgence is deserved on this night, the dogs begin to crawl in. One by one, beginning with the oldest and wildest and ending with the timidiest puppy,

they steal into the room and become grouped in the order of their audacity from the glowing bricks of the hearth outward to the door.

Nor to-night has the Doctor kicks or cuffs or anathemas for the very worst of them.

The great oak logs blaze and crackle and roar in the wide chimney, and the light of the flames flicker over the quaint low-ceilinged room with its whitewashed walls, black wainscoting, and homely decorations; over the antlers on the door, that recall some early exploit of the Doctor's in West Virginia wilds; over the odds and ends of old silver on the sideboard, that have been saved from the wreck of the Patton grandeur; over the big oil-painting of the famous jurist, and the dimmer, smokier visages of less distinguished but remoter ancestors, who believed in the divine right of kings and knew nothing of re-

publics and universal suffrage. Here, however, surrounded by his dogs, we must take leave of the Doctor. There are few like him left now in Virginia, and fewer still who have clung to the good and bad of a departed era with the same uncompromising tenacity as our old friend. They were a fine race—deny it who will—these old Virginia squires; provincial and prejudiced perhaps, but full of originality and manly independence. Their ideas, it is true, are not those of the latter half of the nineteenth century, but the men themselves are passing rapidly away, and their ideas with them. Those who have known them can only regret that a strong, picturesque, and admirable type of Anglo-Saxon has disappeared for ever from the ranks of our great family, unpainted by a single master-hand of contemporary date.

A. G. BRADLEY.

CATHAY AND THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE.

FLANKED on the west by the glorious Irawadi, and on the east by the Hoang-ho, a number of noble rivers rush forth from their unknown sources in the hitherto unexplored tracts of the Eastern Himalaya—the ethnical influence of which, in what is known as the Tonic region, is of great importance when considering the directions of emigration and connection of the peoples of Cathay and the Golden Chersonese, as no doubt they were the primeval highways by which the latter came from their original dwelling-places in the great plateau of Central Asia. The portion of the earth's surface dominated by this river-system is inhabited by offshoots of the archaic Mongolian race, differing doubtless in their mental and physical characteristics, in linguistic affinities as well as in manners and customs, yet having many striking features in common, and developing a homogeneity sufficiently marked to warrant us including them in one family, when speaking generally of the world's inhabitants.

The inevitable absorption by China of the trans-Gangetic peoples, checked as it is, and indefinitely delayed though it may be, by the predominance of Western civilisation, must needs be a potent factor in the question of immigration from the over-crowded provinces of Cathay to the sparsely populated regions of the Golden Chersonese. But before venturing to offer a few suggestions on a subject of such paramount importance to our future prospects, we propose, by way of

preface, to indulge in a brief retrospect of the relations that have for centuries existed between our recent inheritance and the great empire of China. To begin with their rulers—the happy possessors of numerous titles indicative of their great glory and power, but who for all practical purposes may be referred to as the “Great Chief of Righteousness” and “Sun of Heaven”—the distinctions they most affected—condescended to address each other as “Younger Brother” and “Elder Brother” respectively. And as is the case with other brothers we wot of, who, though they may occasionally quarrel, are nevertheless the best of friends, so these brethren of the Golden Chersonese and Far Cathay, notwithstanding many a sharp tussle and stand-up fight, on the whole cordially fraternised. Their people never allowed the wars, in which they were occasionally plunged by their rulers, to disturb for any length of time their reciprocal feelings of goodwill.

Though the Burmese consider themselves ineffably superior to all other peoples, next in the scale of humanity they admit the Chinese, whom they honour with a distinguishing cognomen, while they rather superciliously dispose of all other nations, excepting themselves, under a single generic title. With prodigious indifference to ethnic diagnosis, “a well-read Burman, who,” according to Dr Mason, “has a mind like a schoolman of the middle ages, a repository of obsolete metaphysics and exploded science,”¹ is content

¹ Mason's *Burmah*. 1860.

to divide the inhabitants of the world into three great families: themselves, including cognate races in Further India, they call Bumá; those west of them, such as Europeans, Americans, Africans, Indians, &c., they designate Kulá; and the Chinese and all east of them they style Tarop or Taruk—an appellative given to the peoples of the Flowery Land after the Mongol invasion of Burma in the thirteenth century, apparently equivalent, says Sir Arthur Phayre, to Turk, as probably Nusruddin, the commander, and certainly several of the soldiers of the invading army were Turks.¹

From the very earliest times the Chinese visited Burma and other parts of the Golden Chersonese, both by sea and by land, and received a cordial welcome from their inhabitants. The practical results of this intercourse have not, however, been so pronounced as might have been expected. There are reasonable grounds for believing that a comparatively advanced maritime civilisation existed on the seaboard of Further India from ancient times, and that a few people, favourably placed, became important nations. It was no doubt partly influenced by the Chinese—famous for maritime enterprise—and also by the Phœnicians and King Solomon's servants, who went thither in search of gold and precious stones, apes, peacocks, ivory, and almug-trees. These seaboard races were exposed at intervals to the irruption of inland tribes distinguished for chronic proneness to mutual hostilities, who were impelled by the pressure of others behind them, not only from the bleak and arid regions of the north, but also by the overflow of

the congested populations of Mid China. The Mons or Talaings have been almost obliterated by the Burmese. The latter, again, have been pressed forward by the Shans, who, displaced in turn from their original dwelling-places by the onward movement of the Chinese, have influenced the whole of the Menam basin and the upper portion of the Mekong, just as the former have dominated the lower valley of the Irawadi.

Monsieur Terrien de Lacouperie, commenting on the fact that the ancient history of the Indo-Chinese peoples is completely interwoven with that of the Chinese, whose civilisation, according to his account, emanated from Babylonia some twenty-three centuries before Christ, quotes as a striking example the Shans, the cradle of whose race was in the Kinlung Mountains, north of Sechuen. This enterprising and industrious people are to be found all along our Eastern frontier in Farther India. In the early part of the Christian era, all the country stretching from the mountains on the south-eastern boundary of the Assam valley down to the twenty-second parallel of latitude was included in the Shan kingdom of Pong, which, after long enjoying a dominant influence in this region, was destroyed by the Burmese in the beginning of the eleventh century. Since then the Shans, excepting in Siam, have been broken up into small States, and bereft in consequence of all feelings of patriotism, would doubtless gratify the proclivity towards emigration which has distinguished them for generations, if we offer them sufficient inducements to take up their abode in our territory. The population of Lower Burma increased

¹ Phayre's History of Burma. London: 1883.

threefold in thirty years, in consequence of the superior attractions offered by us; and it is only by similar tactics we can hope to be equally successful in encouraging the Shans, who are not only the best colonists we can hope to obtain, but are quite ready to come to us if we meet them half-way by making Burma a pleasant place to live in. The career of the Shans since they left their ancient habitat in the basin of the Yang-tsi-Kiang has been marked by strange vicissitudes. Driven out of Yunnan by the Chinese, they seemed to have taken fresh heart when they arrived in the upper valley of the Irawadi, where they founded a kingdom whose glories have been handed down to us by historical and traditional lore, to be subsequently divided into small principalities, yet preserving their homogeneity in spite of contact with other races—keeping touch, as it were, by means of language and religion. Though the ancient glories of the kingdom of Pong have departed, let us hope that this genial people may find a *solatium* for their former misfortunes under the auspices of British rule.

The Shans afford a good example of the Chinese ethnic influence in the Golden Chersonese, which was by no means so paramount in the case of some of the aboriginal tribes. The Lolos, who inhabit a mountainous region on the left bank of the Yang-tsi, are a case in point, and a like anomaly is afforded by the Karens in connection with the Mongoloid races in the Golden Chersonese. Mr Colborne Baber, identifying the Lolos as the Colomon of Marco Polo,¹ describes them as an “indigenous tribe or people, completely enveloped by a Chinese population, which has

successfully resisted the wave of Chinese encroachment.” So completely independent are they of Chinese influence and jurisdiction, that they confine themselves to their mountain fastnesses, and levy black-mail from the Chinese with little or no impunity, but have no social intercourse with them whatever. The Karens of Burma are similarly exclusive. Preferring to live far from the turmoil of cities and towns, they hover round the outskirts of civilised life, but keep themselves entirely aloof from the hitherto dominant race.

China may be termed rather a congeries of States than a single homogeneous empire, as some of the viceroys of her distant provinces are practically independent; but railways and the telegraph will soon remedy this, and support her claim to be considered a nation and not merely an agglomeration of peoples. History proves that some three thousand years ago the true Chinese occupied only a fractional part of what is now known as the Celestial Empire, and were surrounded by indigenous tribes whose external characteristics they effaced by their superior energy and civilisation. The same influence is still progressing in Farther India, a process of absorption defining the movement, which is fast removing differences between peoples who have hitherto played as prominent a part in its history as the English, French, and Germans have done in the history of Europe, and who would eventually become as much Chinese as the inhabitants of Yunnan, Sechuen, and other border provinces now are, were it not for the counteracting influence of Western civilisation already referred to.

¹ Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, August 1883.

In the interests of these sparsely populated regions, the pronounced proclivities of the Chinese in accommodating themselves to quasi-cognate races ought to be encouraged rather than checked; for experience proves that the mingling of Celestial blood with that of the Mongoloid races in the Golden Chersonese has been as satisfactory as like intercourse of Europeans and natives of India with the same people has been the reverse.

As the author of an able article in the 'Times' of 28th December 1886 truly remarks—

"When the road to China is open there will be a rush of immigration, which appears likely to have a very marked effect on the indigenous population of the country. There is no hard-and-fast line of demarcation between the Burmese and Chinese races. Cognate alike in descent and religion, they will readily blend into one people; and the Chinese, as the more energetic and intelligent element, will absorb the Burmese."

The prospect then is, he goes on to say, that Burma

"will, in the not very remote future, be mainly populated by a sturdy race of Chin-Burmese origin—a vast improvement on the present inhabitants of the country."

The Chinese who come from the littoral districts of the Middle Kingdom are practically as much temporary sojourners as the English. Though very useful members of society, they cannot be rated as altogether satisfactory immigrants. They spend as little as possible in the country of their voluntary exile, hoarding nearly all their earnings to take back to their own land; and inoculating the people with whom they sojourn with their vices of gaming and opium-smok-

ing, leave these accomplishments only as a parting legacy—for even their bones, in case of death, are sent back to the Flowery Land. Most of them, being traders, do not affect the labour-market at all, and consequently do not give rise to the heartburnings so rife in other countries where they drive the whites out of the field. Baron Hubner¹ remarks that "the last war of England and France with China was of incalculable importance, because it destroyed the real 'Great Chinese Wall' which from time immemorial had separated four hundred millions of souls from the rest of mankind"—in other words, it gave an impetus to Chinese emigration, which has been progressing with enormous strides ever since, especially in the United States, Australia, and the Pacific States of America. "With wonderful natural gifts"—he goes on to say—"the Chinese competes with the white man wherever he meets him, and is checking, conquering, and ousting him, not indeed by force, but with the weapons of labour and thrift." It is no wonder, then, that a violent prejudice exists against Celestials in the minds of white men thus handicapped.

Antagonism of this kind neither exists now nor is likely to obtain in the Golden Chersonese, where they come in contact with homogeneous peoples; and therefore it is to be earnestly hoped that we may be able to attract men such as those who constructed the Pacific railway, in order to obtain the requisite labour for utilising the vast areas of waste land which are eminently adapted for tea-cultivation, and as such offer promising investments for capital. For permanent residents, however, their

¹ Through the British Empire. London: 1886.

compatriots, who have for ages been pressing towards the Irawadi valley, are a more important factor for consideration in the immigration problem. If the movement be discouraged, as some recommend, its satisfactory solution must be relegated to a very distant future.

Though the generally received notion that Marco Polo introduced the mariner's compass into Europe from China has long exploded, no doubt the instrument was known to the Chinese ages before it was used in Europe—some say as early as the twelfth century before Christ. When the greater part of Europe was in a state of barbarous ignorance, this enterprising people, probably navigating by the magnet, are known to have pushed their explorations and carried on an extensive commerce throughout the eastern hemisphere; and judging by their annals, their historians and geographers of the early part of the Christian era spoke of the Irawadi and the Ganges as naturally as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society does now. When Vasco da Gama, after his discovery of the route to India by the Cape, first encountered the Arabs, they had their charts, astrolabes, and astronomical tables, but as yet no compass. The Chinese, however, had, centuries before this, acquired a maritime influence in the East which put the vaunted supremacy of the Arabs into the shade.

History records the Phœnician feat of having sailed round Africa 604 B.C., and the still more wonderful exploit achieved by them four hundred years before, when, with King Solomon's stewards, they went to the Golden Chersonese to fetch him materials for building, enriching, and beautifying the Temple. We also know that the

navies of Solomon and Hiram, manned by the mariners of Zidon and Arphad, and piloted by the wise men of Tyre, freighted with embroidered fine linen from Egypt; blue and purple from the isles of Elishu; emeralds, corals, and agates from Syria; oil and palm from Judah; rich wares, wine of Helbon, and white wool from Damascus; iron, cassia, and calamus from Dan and Javan;—for Ezekiel, speaking of the Tyre which was of perfect beauty and glorious in the midst of the seas, says, "Thy wares went forth out of the seas, thou filledst many peoples; thou didst enrich the kings of the earth with the multitude of thy riches and thy merchandise." But none of these ancient mariners, so far as we know, were aided in any way by scientific appliances. It will be seen, therefore, that the Chinese, by their knowledge and application of the magnet, possessed advantages long denied to the rest of the world.

From Marco Polo we learn that, in the thirteenth century, during the reign of the famous Emperor, Kublai Khan, the Chinese—far from exhibiting their traditional characteristics of exclusiveness—asserted themselves in a very pronounced fashion both by sea and by land. Graphic accounts handed down to us by the celebrated traveller prove that the physical difficulties of intercourse between China and Farther India, which modern travellers assure us are so appalling, were of no account with the Great Khan, who practically proved his faith in being able to remove mountains, by despatching across the alleged almost impracticable alpine barriers efficiently equipped armies, powerful enough to overrun and completely conquer Burma. The reports of the celebrated Venetian further demon-

strate the great capacity for ship-building, as well as the aptitude for maritime enterprise, which distinguished the Chinese of his time—worthy of Fohi or Noah, their reputed founder, the first and most eminent shipbuilder ever known.

If we are to depend on tradition, one hundred years or so before the Christian era, India appears to have exercised as great a fascination for the Celestial imagination as it did in Europe fifteen centuries afterwards.¹ For we learn that the Emperor Woo Te of the Hans dynasty sent an expedition by the west and south in search of Shintoo or India. His commissioners, however, were baffled in their endeavour to acquire information as to its whereabouts, and had to return discomfited. His successors were, however, more fortunate; for Chinese annals tell us that, during the Woo dynasty, or in the third century of our era, the king of Foonan—now Tonquin and Cambodia—sent an embassy to India, which went by the mouth of the Irawadi *via* the Bay of Bengal to India, to the great astonishment of the king of the country, who gave the envoys Scythian horses to take back to their sovereign. A perusal of curious details, placed on record by these and other Chinese travellers, proves that the Celestials were then better informed about India than might be expected. At a very early period, China exercised such an influence in India that several ambassadors came therefrom charged with friendly letters and presents, which by Celestial euphony—as is the case to this day—were termed tribute. There was some excuse for the arrogance of the Flowery

Land, for at a remote age she had achieved a position entitling her to be considered the most powerful nation among the States of Central Asia; and it is very possible that Indian princes, who had been conquered and oppressed by Scythian hordes, may have hoped to rid themselves of the yoke by endeavouring to ingratiate themselves with the paramount Power, which had already extended its conquests beyond the Caspian Sea and as far as Bengal. In the seventh century China added much to her prestige² by invading India to punish a refractory tributary, and accomplished her object by the aid of the kings of Tibet and Nepaul. After this it is recorded that the kings of the Five Indies sent ambassadors to offer homage to the Sun of Heaven.

From very remote times, embassies passed to and fro frequently, and if Chinese history be correct, it would appear permanent ambassadors were occasionally accredited as representatives of the Flowery Land; for we read that, in the middle of the seventh century, the Emperor sent an envoy to the King of Magadha “in order that the principles of humanity and justice which had been diffused in that country should have a permanent protector and representative there.”³ It is almost needless to say that such diplomatic amenities were not then even dreamt of, much less in vogue in Europe. Marco Polo was often employed in various embassies by Kublai Khan, when he ascertained that his zeal, courage, and discretion could be relied on, and that his reports, instead of being confined to the four corners of his instructions—as was the

¹ Chinese Account of India, Journal Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. vi.

² Yule's Cathay, and the Way Thither. 1886.

³ Ibid.

case with the despatches submitted by his own subjects—were replete with interesting particulars of the countries and peoples he visited. Not the least interesting of his adventures was when, with his father Niccolo and his uncle Maffeo, he was commissioned by the Great Khan to return with three barons sent to his Court as ambassadors from Argon, Lord of the Levant,¹ to fetch as his bride a lady belonging to the family of Queen Bologna, his late consort. It appears that the Khan called the Italians into his presence, and intrusted them with golden tablets of authority, which gave them the right of passage through all his dominions, and secured them facilities for procuring all that they might require. Thirteen ships were commissioned for the use of the embassy, escorting Queen Coachin, Lord Argon's bride-elect, and her companion, the daughter of the King of Manu. The capacity of these vessels may be imagined when they are described as having had four masts, and often hoisting as many as twelve sails, with some sixty or seventy private cabins, provided with closets and other conveniences, as well as public rooms for the use of merchants and other first-class passengers, besides ample accommodation for two hundred or more sailors, who sometimes had their families with them, and also managed to find space for small kitchen-gardens in spare ship's buckets. These arks, though larger than any ships afloat in Europe, were, according to Marco, smaller than the Chinese possessed before that period. The fleet put forth to sea with the envoys and a goodly company, and first touched at Java, and loosing

thence, it proceeded to the different ports in the Indian seas, the voyage lasting about two years, and thus enabling our Venetians to give most interesting accounts of their novel experiences, as well as an idea of the extent of Chinese influence at that time. Suffice it to say, the envoys arrived at their destination in due course, and handed over the ladies to Casan, who, owing to the death of his father Argon, had not only become Lord of the Levant, but in accordance with the custom of the country, had also inherited his father's right to the young lady in Marco's charge.

This incident in Kublai Khan's remarkable career shows that the Chinese naval heroes of that period were animated with the same spirit of enterprise that stimulated Drake, Frobisher, and other English worthies. Like them, the Great Khan was not a little aggressive, for he sent numerous expeditions against Japan and Java, which, though not always successful, prove that he had vast resources at his disposal, in the shape of ships, mariners, troops of various kinds, as well as abundance of war *matériel*. No wonder, then, that he insisted on all intercourse with the Flowery Land resolving itself into the form of homage; for he had learned from the annals of his country that, for several centuries previously, the kings of India and the Golden Chersonese had been in the habit of sending embassies to China for the payment of tribute. At the time of Marco Polo's voyage, the prestige of China as a maritime Power seems to have arrived at its zenith.² It subsequently waned; and in the beginning of the fifteenth century the Emperor felt himself

¹ Yule's Marco Polo. 1871.

² Yule's Cathay, and the Way Thither. 1866.

constrained to send a large fleet with a military force to India and the Golden Chersonese, to coerce those that wavered in their allegiance, and encourage the loyal by the bestowal of honours and imperial gifts.

The Great Khan was as enterprising by land as by sea. Far from being content with his own enormous territory, he had an inveterate craze to be acknowledged suzerain of all the States on his borders; hence arose endless difficulties with Burma, which may conveniently be referred to now. With the political sagacity which used to distinguish Chinese statesmen in connection with the administration of the south-western provinces of the empire, he determined first to conquer Yunnan; for, holding it, he knew he could dominate the trade as well as political affairs pertaining to the peoples who have their habitat on and near the rivers flowing to the south. Kublai first made his reputation as lieutenant of his brother Mangu, who reigned at Karakoram as the Great Khan in the thirteenth century. He had command of the Mongol armies, which for thirty years had been fighting to subdue the Chinese empire, and in person directed the preliminary arrangements for the conquest of Yunnan, leaving them to be carried out by his second in command. According to Burmese history, this officer, adopting his master's policy, sent a deputation to Mien or Burma, and demanded recognition of the Khan's suzerainty in the shape of tribute. The Burmese king scouted the notion, and caused the envoys to be decapitated for alleged insolence. Kublai Khan was not slow to avenge this outrage, and sent a vast army to attack Mien. A Burmese force for three months

successfully resisted the invaders, but was then obliged to retreat to Malè, where they made a creditable stand, but were eventually routed, and forced to retreat on the capital, which they found had already been abandoned. It appears that preparations had been begun for the defence of the city, in the shape of a huge wall composed of the *débris* of numerous pagodas which had been destroyed for the purpose, but were arrested owing to the verification of an ominous prediction, setting forth that the city would be captured by the Chinese, which was found inscribed on a copper plate discovered in the process of dilapidation. The superstitious king lost all heart when he read the inscription, and, collecting his valuables, fled in all haste to Bassein. The Mongol army pursued the king and his retinue as far as a place some thirty miles below Prome, known to this day as Taruk-hmaw—Turk or Chinese point. Straitened by want of provisions, they here abandoned the pursuit, and, after returning again to the capital, plundered it, and went back to their own country. The Burmese, thoroughly disgusted with the cowardice of their king, nicknamed him Taruk-pyè-men—the king who fled from the Chinese—a title which has stuck to him ever since.

There is no allusion in Burmese history to collisions on the frontier at this time; and their improbability is evidenced by the pusillanimous disposition of the Burmese monarch, who was very unlikely to have attacked a more powerful country than his own. Yet, according to Marco Polo, the Great Khan sent an army into the kingdoms of Carajan (Yunnan) and Vochan (Yung Chang), to protect his subjects from the attacks of

unruly people. The King of Mien, "a very puissant prince, with much territory, treasure, and people,"¹ taking umbrage, it is said, at this manœuvre, considered it incumbent on him to give the Khan such a lesson, that he would never again dare to molest his frontier. He accordingly prepared a force consisting of 2000 elephants, each carrying 12 to 16 well-armed warriors, besides cavalry and infantry amounting to 60,000 men, and caused it to march against the Tartars. The commander of the Tartar host naturally "waxed uneasy" when he considered he had only 12,000 horsemen to encounter this vast army. "Nathless he was a most valiant and able soldier, of great experience in arms, and an excellent captain;" and having troops on which he could implicitly rely, as well as confidence in himself, he felt equal to the occasion, and made his dispositions accordingly. To this end he advanced his troops to meet the enemy, and halted them in the plain of Vochan, hard by a forest. The Burmese king made a counter-demonstration with skill, and advanced to the attack. The Tartar horses could not be got to face the elephants, to the dismay of their riders. Their commander had, however, foreseen this dilemma, and ordered his men to dismount, fasten their horses to the trees of the forest to which they had retreated, and ply their bows and arrows. This they did so deftly and strenuously as to cause the elephants to turn tail and fly, with the fighting men on their backs. "They sped with a noise and uproar that you would have trowed the world was coming to

an end! and then, too, they plunged into the wood and rushed this way and that, dashing their castles against the trees, bursting their harness, and smashing and destroying everything that was on them."² Suffice it to add, the Burmese, in spite of a gallant resistance, were routed with great slaughter.

The fame and glories of Mien, with its gold and silver towers, or Pugan, as it was subsequently known, extended far beyond the limits of the Golden Chersonese, and even reached Karakoram, the Court of Kublai Khan. The Great Khan, foiled in his ambitious attempts to conquer the comparatively warlike Japanese on the east of his dominions, was fain to turn his attention to his western neighbours, on hearing marvellous accounts of the richness of their country, and the probabilities of its easy conquest. The splendours of Mien or Pugan have departed, and yet it is one of the most interesting places in Burma, though now it does not contain more than a dozen inhabited houses.

"A jolly place," he said, "in times of old,
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."

Its magnificent ruins excite the wonder of all beholders, as far more elaborate than anything of the kind the Burmese have attempted before or since, baffling archaeologists to this day. Prefacing a description of the most notable of these temples, which, as he truly remarks, suggest strange memories of southern Catholic Europe, Colonel Yule³ says: "The impression on us as we again and again paced the dim and lofty cor-

¹ Yule's *Marco Polo*. 1871.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Mission to Ava*. 1858.

ridors of the Ananda, was that of traversing some sombre and gigantic pile appropriated to the cabals and tortures of the Inquisition."

The fall of the Pagan monarchy inevitably followed the Mongol invasion; yet it appears Burma stubbornly refused to acknowledge Celestial suzerainty, though many attempts were made to make her bow her neck to the yoke. One of these, in 1416, might have been critical to her destiny, as the time chosen for attacking her was when her hands were full with Pegu. It appears some Shan chiefs revolted, and a few of them were sent as prisoners to Ava. The others invoked the aid of China, which responded willingly by sending an army, and demanding the release of the prisoners. The point as to whether they were to be surrendered or not was left to be decided by the result of single combat between champions. Suffice it to say, the Burmese representative slew his antagonist, and, according to agreement, the Chinese army retired. The Celestials could not, however, remain quiescent very long, and in 1444, backed by an army, revived the demand for tribute from Taruk-pyè-men in 1281. The Burmese refused to acknowledge the claim, which was not pressed; but later on, in lieu thereof, the Chinese insisted on the surrender of the chief of Moganny, who had taken refuge at the Burmese capital. The Burmans accepted battle rather than give up the man, and completely defeated the invaders. They were again threatened with serious trouble in the seventeenth century, when a certain Yunhli, who had assumed the title of the Emperor of China, when driven from his capital, Nankin, established himself in Yunnan, and not content

with levying taxes from the people of that province, attempted to do likewise with tribes subject to Burmese suzerainty. The Burmese resented this assumption by force of arms; but sundry awful portents, such as earthquakes, storms, and the appearance of two suns in the sky, caused the superstitious monarch, in abject terror, to fancy that he had no alternative excepting to acquiesce in Yunhli's pretensions. Accordingly, in compliance with an ancient custom, he built a temporary palace, wherein he placed his eldest marriageable daughter, in the hope of appeasing the wrath of the conqueror. It so fell out, however, that the pseudo-Emperor was driven out of Yunnan by the Tartars, and took refuge in Burma, where he became a naturalised subject. To the lasting disgrace of the Burmese, this adventurer was surrendered on the demand of a Manchu general.

Leaving collateral, though doubtless important, issues aside,—such as anarchy, which paralysed our trade and injuriously affected our administration—French intrigues, the shoe question, and other matters of high politics,—the final dismemberment of the Burmese empire was primarily due to the impracticability of King Theebaw, in the matter of complaints on the part of an English commercial company. So, just twelve decades ago, the inevitable would have been precipitated by similar perversity on the part of one of his Majesty's predecessors, in connection with the remonstrances of a Chinese trader, were it not for the infinite resource, strategic knowledge, and determined spirit evinced by the Burmese generals, confronted though they were by apparently overwhelming numbers.

In consequence of a series of

misunderstandings in matters connected with the frontier between Burma and China, the Emperor Kienlung, in 1766-69, invaded Burma four times.¹ Though a competent civil administrator, he was no warrior, and owing to his selection of incompetent commanders, who grossly mismanaged the campaigns, his army was twice obliged to retreat to China. In no way discouraged, the Emperor was determined not to allow what he considered a petty barbarian power to successfully defy the Sun of Heaven, and in 1767 despatched a stronger force, which also had to retire precipitately from Burmese territory. Notwithstanding all these reverses, he determined on again invading the country, with even a more powerful army than before, selecting a time when the Burmese monarch was distracted by omens in the shape of earthquakes, which rent the great national temples, and seemed to portend coming disaster. His Majesty was, however, quite equal to the occasion, for he despatched an army commanded by capable officers to encounter the invaders, whose success so discouraged the Chinese general that he was constrained to solicit permission to return unmolested to his own country, when he found his forces surrounded "like cows in a pond," and entirely at the mercy of the Burmese. The Burmese commander summoned a council of war, the members of which unanimously gave it as their opinion that no quarter should be given to the Celestials. He overruled this advice, on the ground that undue severity would only perpetuate ill feelings, to the mutual and lasting disadvantage of both countries; and that there-

fore it was more politic to arrive at a friendly settlement, rather than exasperate a very powerful nation. Accordingly, it was arranged that peace and friendship should be established between the two great countries as of yore; and that the "gold and silver road" of commerce should remain open. Presents were exchanged between the parties to the settlement, and it was agreed that envoys bearing friendly letters and gifts should be sent every ten years by each sovereign to the other. The Chinese claim for decennial tribute is based apparently on what took place at the end of this war. Logically, it would tell against the suppliant Celestials; but as a matter of fact, owing to the tact of the Burmese general, both sides were satisfied, and marched off, as it were, with drums beating and colours flying.

In the recent controversy regarding the alleged suzerain rights of China in Burma, this incident, as related in Sir Arthur Phayre's carefully authenticated 'History of Burma,' was relied on by those opposed to the Chinese claims, their opponents ridiculing it as the fond imaginings of the Burmese Court historiographer, differing from the account given by Crawford and by Chinese historians. Crawford's version is certainly not in accord with most of the recognised authorities on Burmese affairs; but it was admittedly founded on Court gossip, while the *dicta* of Celestial historians is not quoted. The truth probably is, as Sir Arthur Phayre suggests, the campaigns of Chinese armies in Burma from 1765 to 1769 are noticed very briefly in the histories of China, Gutzlaff alone telling the truth

¹ See Phayre's *History of Burma*. London: 1883.

without disguise of the discomfiture of the Chinese armies. Gutzlaff's account, by the way, is almost word for word identical with that given by the despised Burmese historian, excepting that he merely contents himself with recording that a treaty was made, without entering into particulars with regard to its details.

The most amicable relations have ever since existed between the two countries, in spite of not a little provocation to misunderstanding, owing to overtures made by the pseudo-King Suleiman of Talifu to his Majesty of the Golden Foot. The late King Mengdoon, staunch in his loyalty to his "Elder Brother," denounced Suleiman as a rebel. Not so the English, who, according a warm reception to Panthay envoys in 1872-73, in defiance of their obligations to China, incensed the latter against England, and caused her, by measures short, sharp, and decisive, to reassert her power and make a clean sweep of the Panthays. Thus, by British intrigues, China was awakened to a sense of her responsibilities as regards Yunnan, just as French intrigues influenced England in precipitating the inevitable as to Upper Burma.

Though a profound peace has characterised the relations between the Burmese and Chinese since 1769, they have both been involved in various wars with powerful European States, with results affecting the fortunes of both very differently; for Younger Brother was dismayed to find his patrimony wrested from him, and himself an exiled prisoner—while Elder Brother was elated at the notion that he had successfully withstood, and actually defeated, the flower of an

army belonging to one of the most warlike nations in Christendom. In spite of wars with neighbouring States, the empire of Burma may be said to have remained intact till the year 1824, when the arrogance of Burmese statesmen led them to invade territory under British protection, and thus compelled England to wage war against Burma, resulting in the cession to the former of the provinces of Arakan and Tenasserim. Suffice it to say, similar causes led to the wars of 1852-53 and 1885-86, causing first the loss of Pegu, her fairest province, and ultimately all that remained to his Majesty of the Golden Foot. Burmese history, as detailed in the *Maha Raja Wen* or *Great Chronicle of Kings*, it must be admitted, tells a different tale: "Prosaic, and perhaps biassed Western writers affirm that no defeats are recorded in those courtly pages; reverses are charmed into acts of clemency; armies as vast as those that people dream-land march through its chapters; its heroes are of the old ballad type."¹ With the fall of Mandalay, or the City of Gems, the Court historiographer, like Othello, found his occupation gone, so that the records of recent events, as seen through Burmese spectacles, will probably never see the light.

The Chinese, however, as already hinted, were satisfied with the results of their encounters with a European foe, especially as they were not to blame for the disturbance of the peace in that portion of the Golden Chersonese belonging to the Sun of Heaven. Really they were the victims of an insatiable earth-hunger, as well as a morbid political ambition, which, of late years, has distinguished the

¹ The Burman. By Showay Yoe. 1882.

French, whose twofold object—as they cynically admit—was to acquire a new colony in Tonquin and supplant the English as the dominant power in Farther India. So long as France confined herself to Cochinchina and Annam, China contented herself with a policy which she found convenient in the case of the British annexation in Burma, remaining quiet while the latter absorbed the maritime provinces, but asserting her alleged suzerain rights when they approached nearer to her. When the French, however, under the flimsiest of pretexts, ventured to occupy Tonquin, China very naturally demurred to part with a province which undoubtedly belonged to the Celestial Empire, and in support of her contention was obliged to appeal to arms—a challenge accepted by France with a light heart. After a weary campaign, which taxed the resources of both sides to the utmost, and caused a terrible loss of life, each side emerged from the conflict, loudly asserting it was the victor. It is unnecessary to our present purpose to decide this knotty point; but the fact that raw levies, consisting of peasants, robbers, and ragamuffins of all kinds, armed, 'tis true, partly with weapons of precision, but which were worse than useless owing to their want of practice—cheated by commissariat officers and paymasters, and led by officers, who, considering discretion the better part of valour, took up their positions a day's march or so from the front—should more or less be able to hold their own against well-disciplined French troops, commanded by experienced officers, offers food for serious consideration. For if the Chinese should take the lesson

to heart, and utilise the enormous rough material they possess, by subjecting it to proper discipline and organisation, as well as centralised administration and control, by the aid of railways and the telegraph—there is no reason why they should not be able to defy the world. Baron Hubner, in his very interesting work,¹ declares he is frightened at the results of Chinese emigration, which in a comparatively short space of time has flooded three-quarters of the globe, and indulges in the following reflections: “Two enormous reservoirs; two rivers are issuing from them, the white river and the yellow river—the one fertilising the lands through which it runs with the seeds of Christian civilisation, and the other threatening to destroy them. Already at several points these rivers are meeting and contending for the mastery. What will be the final issue? the twentieth century will determine it in its annals.” If there be substantial grounds for the Baron's misgivings, how truly appalling would be the prospect if the Celestials should take it into their heads to carry fire and sword into the countries they now overrun in the interests of peaceful industry!

Agreeably to the convention entered into at the close of the war of 1769—already noticed—embassies have since been despatched by both countries at irregular intervals. Judging by the light brought to bear on these events, by persons behind the scenes, both sides have practised the most glaring deceptions on each other in the matter of the ambassadorial *personnel* and the treatment of the envoys accredited to their Courts. Laughing in their sleeves, as it

¹ Through the British Empire. London: 1886.

were, at their own knavish tricks, they never dreamt that they themselves were hoodwinked by precisely similar tactics. Neither, for instance, deemed it incumbent on them to select men of high rank to represent them.

Anomalous as it may appear, no effort was spared on either side to welcome envoys with becoming honour, and to make their official reception as brilliant and imposing as the requirements of ancient custom demanded. The traditionary canons as to the barbaric pomp inevitable on such occasions were adhered to most religiously. Yet, with all this, the officials of both Courts seemed to take a childish pleasure in offering every conceivable slight to their seemingly highly honoured guests, endeavouring to mortify them in every possible way, under the mistaken impression that by so doing they exalted themselves at the expense of their friends. What is now known as the shoe question was, as an engine of oppression, a never-failing source of delight to the Burmese, for the process of unbooting within the palace precincts was as abhorrent to the Chinese as to Europeans. This infatuation would have caused the loss of their country in the thirteenth century, had Kublai Khan chosen to take it, and doubtless had not a little to do with the final catastrophe. Causing misguided foreigners to perform unnecessary obeisance was a practical joke of perennial flavour, the most stiff-necked being unwittingly forced to become victims thereto by being led through doorways so low that they necessarily bowed their heads! But the plan of all others for humbling strangers which pleased them most, was to induce them to attend the great annual *kadaw* or levee, held at the

end of the Buddhist Lent, when all the official and great men of the country, as well as the tributary chiefs, were bound to do homage at the Golden Foot, presenting gifts as tokens of allegiance to the Lord of the White Elephant.

Burmese envoys deputed to Peking were apparently paid back in their own coin by the Chinese, who, by way of relieving the monotonous existence of the former, caused them to stand in the streets with the gaping crowds, and dance attendance on the Emperor when he chose to go out for an airing, to visit monasteries and tea-gardens, or besport himself on the ice. With exquisite though mayhap unconscious irony they also insisted on their putting in an appearance at the Emperor's annual levee, identical with the Burmese *kadaw*. The most barefaced imposition on the Chinese part was when the Viceroy of Yunnan practised on the well-known amorous propensities of Mentaragyi, King of Burma, by sending in charge of his own subordinates three Yunnan women, whose inferior social position was evidenced by their normally shaped feet, and palming them off as princesses escorted by envoys from the Sun of Heaven.

When the English obtained practical sway over the magnificent highways of the Brahmaputra and the Irawadi, and a glance at the map proved that the traditionally rich and densely populated south-western provinces of China were far nearer British territory than the sea-coast of the Flowery Land, the desirability of tapping them in the interests of direct commerce was apparent to the meanest comprehension. As it was well known that from time immemorial Chinese caravans had done this, the natural inference

was that we ought to be equally successful. But it appears to have been based on wrong premisses in supposing that our administrators were endowed with the political and commercial sagacity of former Chinese rulers, which recognised the free intercourse between Cathay and the Golden Chersonese as of the utmost importance to both, and in believing that our merchants and others interested in the question possessed the indomitable and well-disciplined energy which successfully overcomes obstacles sufficient to deter less enterprising people.

Several projects have been mooted for developing our trade with south-western China, with whose details it is unnecessary to weary our readers, as very lately they have been fully discussed at meetings held by various Chambers of Commerce and in the public press. The records of the heroic attempts made by numerous travellers from both starting-points to bring these plans to a practical issue were extremely interesting but confessedly abortive; for after all we have not advanced farther, beyond realising the fact that the object in view is not nearly so easy as it looks on the map. The same may be said of the notable French expedition, culminating in one of the most brilliant geographical exploits of modern times, in which the disappointment was enhanced by the discovery that the Mehkong was by no means a second Irawadi. The subsequent failure by which, at vast cost of lives and treasure, it was found that the alternative route by the Soukoi or Red River was also impracticable, is similarly a case in point.

By the strange irony of fate, it happens that the project so ably and persistently advocated by the

indefatigable Captain Sprye, which was ridiculed by an Under-Secretary of State in his place in Parliament as a myth, is now approved by many experts, and has practically been adopted by Messrs Colquhoun and Holt Hallett. The 'Times' and other newspapers held it as a good sign that the most important Chambers of Commerce in the United Kingdom should, after hearing what these gentlemen had to say about the trade routes, recommend for the favourable consideration of Government that their valuable services should meet with suitable recognition; forgetting, perhaps, that scarcely two decades ago the gallant Sprye could boast of exactly similar experience, and that, consigned to neglect and oblivion, he ultimately died of a broken heart.

In a leading article in the 'Times' of the 4th April 1885, pointing out the futility of endeavouring to rouse the official world to appreciation of the importance of new railways, new markets, and new political relations, declaring "it is the nature of officialism to go on like 'melancholy smooth Meander, gently purring in a round,'" and bemoaning the defects of a "parliamentary system that provides no motive power to force officialism into any more fruitful kind of activity," it is suggested that if plans of this kind are good for British commerce, British merchants should take the initiative without relying on Government assistance. This reasoning would be sound enough if the projected routes were entirely in British territory; but, when leading to far Cathay, they are destined to traverse regions more or less free from control by any responsible Government, involving conditions wherein the considera-

tion of the political elements are inevitable, even the most reckless speculator might reasonably hesitate. But if both England and China prove that they are fully determined to act up to the spirit of the convention executed at Peking on the 24th July last, Article III. of which binds both to protect and encourage trade between China and Burma, there will be no excuse for the mercantile world hanging back any longer—indeed it will be to blame, if together with both they do not rise to the level of the situation.

Without wishing to harass our readers with the details of the recent controversy regarding the relations between China and Burma, we cannot very well avoid reference to a matter of paramount interest and importance to the regions we are now discussing. We allude to Lord Rosebery's convention, which practically acknowledges the Sun of Heaven as suzerain of a country which not many months ago was declared, by royal proclamation, to be part and parcel of the British empire. Its inherent weakness, as noted by Mr Demetrius Boulger, "is that it leaves China precisely in her old position—that is to say, with the option of choosing whether she will have trade intercourse with Burma or not."¹ If Mr Boulger unhappily reflects Celestial opinion, it would be impracticable in this matter, for he declares the Chinese "instinctively dread the prospect of unrestricted trade between British territory and Yunnan, and that nothing is further from their wishes than that 'opening of south-western China,' which has set all the factories of Lancashire and Birmingham alive, at least

with expectation."² That the Chinese should go heart and soul with us is, of course, much to be desired, for by mutual co-operation great results may be expected; but even passive indifference or actual obstruction on the part of officials will not avail in the long-run. For if we, alive to our manifest duty, bring home to the minds of intending settlers that our territory is a safe, pleasant, and profitable country in which to reside, and in this way offer sufficient inducements to traders and agriculturists to emigrate to the Irawadi valley, they will come, and if we would, we could not stop them; the more so if, by improving the communications between the two countries, we practically prove that the easiest and most convenient outlet for the pent-up trade of the south-western provinces of the Middle Kingdom is through British territory. The Chinese Government at one time successfully managed to put an embargo on emigration; but this craze soon developed proportions which defied control. A like result is inevitable in reference to the development of the trade of, and emigration from, this region. When once they have been fairly started, even the ukase of the Sun of Heaven will be as ineffectual to arrest their progress as was the bidding of King Canute in the case of the obstinate waves of the sea.

Let us look at the situation frankly. If Lord Rosebery's convention does not prove a dead letter, these results may be accepted as a foregone conclusion. It will be, therefore, useless to deprecate, as some do, the natural pressure of Chinese immigration to the valley of the Irawadi, which

¹ Asiatic Quarterly Review, Oct. 1886.

² Ibid., April 1886.

has been going on for centuries, and which, though rudely checked for twenty years and more by the Mohammedan revolution in Yunnan, will doubtless reassert itself sooner or later. Mr Logan, in his valuable contributions to the ethnology of south-eastern Asia, declares that no other part of the world presents such an instance of the advance of a civilised race, under the pressure of population, from the plains into the heart of a vast alpine region. The combination of enterprise with well-disciplined energy, which distinguishes the Chinese, gradually overcomes, he avers, all physical impediments, for wherever any other race can find a footing, they can flourish.

In order to do our duty by a country whose sparseness of population prevents us from utilising its vast natural resources, the impolicy of reducing the number of its inhabitants, or discouraging settlers—which coercive measures must involve—is sufficiently obvious.¹ Let us hope, however, that a more sympathetic policy may commend itself to our authorities, provocative of the cordial goodwill rather than the bitter enmity of our new fellow-subjects, and also that Upper Burma may be made more attractive as a place for residence than it is now. The natural forebodings in regard to the advent of Celestials, indulged in by white races, are untenable in the case of homogeneous peoples; and the supposed difficulty of governing the former would indeed be a sorry plea for refusing to welcome people who, if properly managed,

would before long justify us in referring to our possessions in Farther India by their old name of the Golden Chersonese. *Apropos* of these remarks, we would quote the opinion of an eminent authority, expressed in a letter lately received:—

“The one thing needful,” he says, “to make the Chinaman useful, is to govern him firmly and fairly. The traders, pure and simple, will probably not stay. The landholder will, if he is governed fairly, as I trust we shall govern; but, as the Straits Settlements have proved, he must also be governed firmly, or he will be troublesome. He is very clannish, and clan-feuds are petty wars. The Straits Settlements, it is true, are supplied mainly from the populations of the confines of Fuh Kien and Kwang Tung, who are eminently clannish and rebellious. Their land is the cradle of political affiliations. In Yün Nan we have a different people—just now fearfully impoverished, and I cannot say what their temper may be.”

In conclusion, it will be seen, from what we have already said, the astute statesmen of the Flowery Land, in bygone days, considered the possession of Yunnan of paramount importance to the empire, because it dominated the trade as well as political matters connected with the peoples of Farther India. Further, it will be noticed that, in spite of encountering great physical difficulties, large Chinese caravans have for centuries, at regular intervals, visited the Irawadi basin, without being encouraged by the least reciprocity. There is absolutely, therefore, no valid reason to imagine that Celestial

¹ There are many reasons for believing that some three centuries ago Burma had a much larger population than it has now. She has never recovered the results of the terrible internecine wars of the sixteenth century, graphically described by Purchase in his *Pilgrimage*, published 1610.

statesmen of the present day will reverse the policy of their predecessors, or that the merchants of the south-western provinces will abandon the old trade routes, unless they happen to find a better outlet for the produce of these countries, which necessarily remains undeveloped, owing to the serious difficulties of export. Our obvious duty in connection with this dilemma has already been briefly sketched; and unless we prove ourselves equal to the occasion, we cannot with propriety denounce the alleged impracticability of the Chinese—as we sometimes are wont to do—when by our own *lâches* our pet schemes have miscarried.

Of the four great Asiatic Powers, Russia, Turkey, China, and England, the first only is aggressive. Like a great octopus, she stretches forth her claws on every side to grasp the other

three. These have interests in common, which tend to the necessity of an alliance as a counterpoise to the attacks of the common enemy. Possibly some such arrangement may have been in contemplation to induce Lord Rosebery to pay—what appears to outsiders—an extraordinarily high price for the goodwill of China. Be that as it may, our present relations with the Court of Peking seem all that can be desired. There are reasons also for believing that the Sun of Heaven is as kindly disposed to the successor of his Younger Brother, the Great Chief of Righteousness, as he was towards his Golden-Footed Majesty; and that he hails with pleasure the prospect of the closest relations existing between the people of Cathay and the Golden Chersonese.

A. R. MACMAHON,
Major-General.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Donna Tullia quitted the Palazzo Astrardente her head swam. She had utterly failed to do what she had expected; and from being the accuser, she felt that she was suddenly thrust into the position of the accused. Instead of inspiring terror in Corona, and causing Giovanni the terrible humiliation she had supposed he would feel at the exposure of his previous marriage, she had been coldly told that she was mad, and that her pretended proofs were forgeries. Though she herself felt no doubt whatever concerning the authenticity of the documents, it was very disappointing to find that the first mention of them produced no startling effect upon any one, least of all upon Giovanni himself. The man, she thought, was a most accomplished villain; since he was capable of showing such hardened indifference to her accusation, he was capable also of thwarting her in her demonstration of their truth—and she trembled at the thought of what she saw. Old Sarracinesca was not a man to be trifled with, nor his son either: they were powerful, and would be revenged for the insult. But in the meanwhile she had promised to produce her proofs; and when she regained enough composure to consider the matter from all its points, she came to the conclusion that after all her game was not lost, seeing that attested documents are evidence not easily refuted, even by powerful men like Leone and Giovanni Sarracinesca. She gradually convinced herself that their indifference was a pre-

tence, and that they were accomplices in the matter, their object being to gain Corona with all her fortune for Giovanni's wife. But, at the same time, Donna Tullia felt in the depths of her heart a misgiving: she was clever enough to recognise, even in spite of herself, the difference between a liar and an honest man.

She must get possession of these papers—and immediately too; there must be no delay in showing them to Corona, and in convincing her that this was no mere fable, but an assertion founded upon very substantial evidence. Del Ferice was suddenly gone to Naples: obviously the only way to get at the papers was to bribe his servant to deliver them up. Ugo had once or twice mentioned Temistocle to her, and she judged from the few words he had let fall that the fellow was a scoundrel, who would sell his soul for money. Madame Mayer drove home, and put on the only dark-coloured gown she possessed, wound a thick veil about her head, provided herself with a number of bank-notes, which she thrust into the palm of her glove, left the house on foot, and took a cab. There was nothing to be done but to go herself, for she could trust no one. Her heart beat fast as she ascended the narrow stone steps of Del Ferice's lodging, and stopped upon the landing before the small green door, whereon she read his name. She pulled the bell, and Temistocle appeared in his shirt-sleeves.

"Does Count del Ferice live

here?" asked Donna Tullia, peering over the man's shoulder into the dark and narrow passage within.

"He lives here, but he is gone to Naples," answered Temistocle, promptly.

"When will he be back?" she inquired. The man raised his shoulders to his ears, and spread out the palms of his hands to signify that he did not know. Donna Tullia hesitated. She had never attempted to bribe anybody in her life, and hardly knew how to go about it. She thought that the sight of the money might produce an impression, and she withdrew a bank-note from the hollow of her hand, spreading it out between her fingers. Temistocle eyed it greedily.

"There are twenty-five scudi," she said. "If you will help me to find a piece of paper in your master's room, you shall have them."

Temistocle drew himself up with an air of mock pride. Madame Mayer looked at him.

"Impossible, signora," he said. Then she drew out another. Temistocle eyed the glove curiously to see if it contained more.

"Signora," he repeated, "it is impossible. My master would kill me. I cannot think of it." But his tone seemed to yield a little. Donna Tullia found another bank-note; there were now seventy-five scudi in her hand. She thought she saw Temistocle tremble with excitement. But still he hesitated.

"Signora, my conscience," he said, in a low voice of protestation.

"Come," said Madame Mayer, impatiently, "there is another—there are a hundred scudi—that is all I have got," she added, turning down her empty glove.

Suddenly Temistocle put out

his hand and grasped the bank-notes eagerly. But instead of retiring to allow her to enter, he pushed roughly past her.

"You may go in," he said in a hoarse whisper, and turning quickly, fled precipitately down the narrow steps, in his shirt-sleeves as he was. Madame Mayer stood for a moment looking after him in surprise, even when he had already disappeared.

Then she turned and entered the door rather timidly; but before she had gone two steps in the dark passage, she uttered a cry of horror. Del Ferice stood in her way, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, a curious expression upon his pale face, which from its whiteness was clearly distinguishable in the gloom. Temistocle had cheated her, had lied in telling her that his master was absent, had taken her bribe and had fled. He would easily find an excuse for having allowed her to enter; and with his quick varlet's instinct, he guessed that she would not confess to Del Ferice that she had bribed him. Ugo came forward a step and instantly recognised Madame Mayer.

"Donna Tullia!" he cried, "what are you doing? You must not be seen here."

A less clever man than Ugo would have pretended to be overjoyed at her coming. Del Ferice's fine instincts told him that for whatever cause she had come—and he guessed the cause well enough—he would get a firmer hold upon her consideration by appearing to be shocked at her imprudence. Donna Tullia was nearly fainting with fright, and stood leaning against the wall of the passage.

"I thought—I—I must see you at once," she stammered.

"Not here," he answered, quickly. "Go home at once; I will join you in five minutes. It would ruin you to have it known that you have been here."

Madame Mayer took courage at his tone.

"You must bring them—those papers," she said, hurriedly. "Something dreadful has happened. Promise me to come at once!"

"I will come at once, my dear lady," he said, gently pushing her towards the door. "I cannot even go down-stairs with you—forgive me. You have your carriage of course?"

"I have a cab," replied Donna Tullia, faintly, submitting to be put out of the door. He seized her hand and kissed it passionately, or with a magnificent semblance of passion. With a startled look, Donna Tullia turned and went rapidly down the steps. Del Ferice smiled softly to himself when she was gone, and went in again to exchange his dressing-gown for a coat. He had her in his power at last. He had guessed that she would betray the secret—that after the engagement became known, she would not be able to refrain from communicating it to Corona d'Astrardente; and so soon as he heard the news, he shut himself up in his lodging, pretending a sudden journey to Naples, determined not to set foot out of the house until he heard that Donna Tullia had committed herself. He knew that when she had once spoken she would make a desperate attempt to obtain the papers, for he knew that such an assertion as hers would need to be immediately proved, at the risk of her position in society. His plot had succeeded so far. His only anxiety was to know whether she had mentioned his name in connection with the subject, but he guessed that she

would not do so, from his knowledge of her character: she would respect her oath enough to conceal his name, even while breaking her promise; she would enjoy taking the sole credit of the discovery upon herself, and she would shun an avowal which would prove her to have discussed the means of preventing the marriage with any one else, because it would be a confession of jealousy, and consequently of personal interest in Don Giovanni. Del Ferice was a very clever fellow.

He put on his coat, and in five minutes was seated in a cab on his way to Donna Tullia's house, with a large envelope full of papers in his pocket. He found her as she had left him, her face still wrapped in a veil, walking up and down her drawing-room in great excitement. He advanced and saluted her courteously, maintaining a dignified gravity of bearing which he judged fitting for the occasion.

"And now, my dear lady," he said, gently, "will you tell me exactly what you have done?"

"This morning," answered Madame Mayer, in a stifled voice, "I heard of the Astrardente's engagement to Don Giovanni. It seemed such a terrible thing!"

"Terrible, indeed," said Don Ferice, solemnly.

"I sent for you at once, to know what to do: they said you were gone to Naples. I thought, of course, that you would approve if you were here, because we ought to prevent such a dreadful crime—of course." She waited for some sign of assent, but Del Ferice's pale face expressed nothing but a sort of grave reproach.

"And then," she continued, "as I could not find you, I thought it was best to act at once, and so I went to see the Astrardente, feeling that you would entirely support

me. There was a terrific scene. She sent for the two Sarracinescas, and I—waited till they came, because I was determined to see justice done. I am sure I was right,—was I not?”

“What did they say?” asked Del Ferice, quietly watching her face.

“If you will believe it, that monster of villany, Don Giovanni, was as cold as stone, and denied the whole matter from beginning to end; but his father was very angry. Of course they demanded the proofs. I never saw anything like the brazen assurance of Don Giovanni.”

“Did you mention me?” inquired Del Ferice.

“No, I had not seen you: of course I did not want to implicate you. I said I would show them the papers to-morrow at the same hour.”

“And then you came to see me,” said Del Ferice. “That was very rash. You might have seriously compromised yourself. I would have come if you had sent for me.”

“But they said you had gone to Naples. Your servant,” continued Donna Tullia, blushing scarlet at the remembrance of her interview with Temistocle,—“your servant assured me in person that you had gone to Naples——”

“I see,” replied Del Ferice, quietly. He did not wish to press her to a confession of having tried to get the papers in his absence. His object was to put her at her ease.

“My dear lady,” he continued, gently, “you have done an exceedingly rash thing; but I will support you in every way, by putting the documents in your possession at once. It is unfortunate that you should have acted so suddenly, for we do not know what has become of this Felice Baldi, nor have we

any immediate means of finding out. It might have taken weeks to find her. Why were you so rash? You could have waited till I returned, and we could have discussed the matter carefully, and decided whether it was really wise to make use of my information.”

“You do not doubt that I did right?” asked Donna Tullia, turning a little pale.

“I think you acted precipitately in speaking without consulting me. All may yet be well. But in the first place, as you did not ask my opinion, you will see the propriety of not mentioning my name, since you have not done so already. It can do no good, for the papers speak for themselves, and whatever value they may have is inherent in them. Do you see?”

“Of course, there is no need of mentioning you, unless you wish to have a share in the exposure of this abominable wickedness.”

“I am satisfied with my share,” replied Del Ferice, with a quiet smile.

“It is not an important one,” returned Donna Tullia, nervously.

“It is the lion’s share,” he answered. “Most adorable of women, you have not, I am sure, forgotten the terms of our agreement—terms so dear to me, that every word of them is engraven for ever upon the tablet of my heart.”

Madame Mayer started slightly. She had not realised that her promise to marry Ugo was now due—she did not believe that he would press it; he had exacted it to frighten her, and besides, she had so persuaded herself that he would approve of her conduct, that she had not felt as though she were betraying his secret.

“You will not—you cannot hold me to that; you approve of telling the Astrardente, on the

whole,—it is the same as though I had consulted you——”

“Pardon me, my dear lady; you did not consult me,” answered Del Ferice, soothingly. He sat near her by the fire, his hat upon his knee, no longer watching her, but gazing contemplatively at the burning logs. There was a delicacy about his pale face since the wound he had received a year before which was rather attractive: from having been a little inclined to stoutness, he had grown slender and more graceful, partly because his health had really been affected by his illness, and partly because he had determined never again to risk being too fat.

“I tried to consult you,” objected Donna Tullia. “It is the same thing.”

“It is not the same thing to me,” he answered, “although you have not involved me in the affair. I would have most distinctly advised you to say nothing about it at present. You have acted rashly, have put yourself in a most painful situation; and you have broken your promise to me—a very solemn promise, Donna Tullia, sworn upon the memory of your mother and upon a holy relic. One cannot make light of such promises as that.”

“You made me give it in order to frighten me. The Church does not bind us to oaths sworn under compulsion,” she argued.

“Excuse me; there was no compulsion whatever. You wanted to know my secret, and for the sake of knowing it you bound yourself. That is not compulsion. I cannot compel you. I could not think of presuming to compel you to marry me now. But I can say to you that I am devotedly attached to you, that to marry you is the aim and object of my life, and if you refuse I will tell you

that you are doing a great wrong, repudiating a solemn contract——”

“If I refuse—well—but you would give me the papers?” asked Donna Tullia, who was beginning to tremble for the result of the interview. She had a vague suspicion that, for the sake of obtaining them, she would even be willing to promise to marry Del Ferice. It would be very wrong, perhaps; but it would be for the sake of accomplishing good, by preventing Corona from falling into the trap—Corona, whom she hated! Still, it would be a generous act to save her. The minds of women like Madame Mayer are apt to be a little tortuous when they find themselves hemmed in between their own jealousies, hatreds, and personal interests.

“If you refused—no; if you refused, I am afraid I could not give you the papers,” replied Del Ferice, musing as he gazed at the fire. “I love you too much to lose that chance of winning you, even for the sake of saving the Duchessa d’Astrardente from her fate. Why do you refuse? why do you bargain?” he asked, suddenly turning towards her. “Does all my devotion count for nothing—all my love, my years of patient waiting? Oh, you cannot be so cruel as to snatch the cup from my very lips! It is not for the sake of these miserable documents: what is it to me whether Don Giovanni appears as the criminal in a case of bigamy,—whether he is ruined now, as by his evil deeds he will be hereafter, or whether he goes on unharmed and unthwarted upon his career of wickedness? He is nothing to me, nor his pale-faced bride either. It is for you that I care, for you that I will do anything, bad or good, to win you that I would risk my life and my soul. Can you not

see it? Have I not been faithful for very long? Take pity on me—forget this whole business, forget that you have promised anything, forget all except that I am here at your feet, a miserable man, unless you speak the word, and turn all my wretchedness into joy!”

He slipped from his seat and knelt upon one knee before her, clasping one of her hands passionately between both his own. The scene was well planned and well executed; his voice had a ring of emotion that sounded pleasantly in Donna Tullia's ears, and his hands trembled with excitement. She did not repulse him, being a vain woman and willing to believe in the reality of a passion so well simulated. Perhaps, too, it was not wholly put on, for she was a handsome, dashing woman, in the prime of youth, and Del Ferice was a man who had always been susceptible to charms of that kind. Donna Tullia hesitated; wondering what more he could say. But he, on his part, knew the danger of trusting too much to eloquence when not backed by a greater strength than his, and he pressed her for an answer.

“Be generous—trust me,” he cried. “Believe that your happiness is everything to me; believe that I will take no unfair advantage of a hasty promise. Tell me that, of your own free will, you will be my wife, and command me anything, that I may prove my devotion. It is so true, so honest,—Tullia, I adore you, I live only for you! Speak the word, and make me the happiest of men!”

He really looked handsome as he knelt before her, and she felt the light, nervous pressure of his hand at every word he spoke. After all, what did it matter? She might accept him, and then—

well, if she did not like the idea, she could throw him over. It would only cost her a violent scene, and a few moments of discomfort. Meanwhile she would get the papers.

“But you would give me the papers, would you not, and leave me to decide whether— Really, Del Ferice,” she said, interrupting herself with a nervous laugh, “this is very absurd.”

“I implore you not to speak of the papers—it is not absurd. It may seem so to you, but it is life or death to me: death if you refuse me—life if you will speak the word and be mine!”

Donna Tullia made up her mind. He would evidently not give her what she wanted, except in return for a promise of marriage. She had grown used to him, almost fond of him, in the last year.

“Well, I do not know whether I am right,” she said, “but I am really very fond of you; and if you will do all I say——”

“Everything, my dear lady; everything in the world I will do, if you will make me so supremely happy,” cried Del Ferice, ardently.

“Then—yes; I will marry you. Only get up and sit upon your chair like a reasonable being. No; you really must be reasonable, or you must go away.” Ugo was madly kissing her hands. He was really a good actor, if it was all acting. She could not but be moved by his pale delicate face and passionate words. With a quick movement he sprang to his feet and stood before her, clasping his hands together and gazing into her face.

“Oh, I am the happiest man alive to-day!” he exclaimed, and the sense of triumph he felt lent energy to his voice.

“Do sit down,” said Donna Tullia, gaily, “and let us talk it all

over. In the first place, what am I to do first?"

Del Ferice found it convenient to let his excitement subside, and as a preliminary he walked twice the length of the room.

"It is so hard to be calm!" he exclaimed; but nevertheless he presently sat down in his former seat, and seemed to collect his faculties with wonderful ease.

"What is to be done first?" asked Donna Tullia again.

"In the first place," answered Del Ferice, "here are those precious papers. As they are notary's copies themselves, and not the originals, it is of no importance whether Don Giovanni tears them up or not. It is easy to get others if he does. I have noted down all the names and dates. I wish we had some information about Felice Baldi. It is very unfortunate we have not, but it would perhaps take a month to find her."

"I must act at once," said Donna Tullia, firmly; for she remembered old Sarracinesca's threats, and was in a hurry.

"Of course. These documents speak for themselves. They bear the address of the notary who made the copies in Aquila. If the Sarracinesca choose, they can themselves go there and see the originals."

"Could they not destroy those too?" asked Donna Tullia, nervously.

"No; they can only see one at a time, and the person who will show them will watch them. Besides, it is easy to write to the curate of the church of San Bernardino to be on his guard. We will do that in any case. The matter is perfectly plain. Your best course is to meet the Astrardente to-morrow at the appointed time, and simply present these papers for inspection. No one

can deny their authenticity, for they bear the Government stamp and the notary's seal, as you see, here and here. If they ask you, as they certainly will, how you came by them, you can afford to answer, that, since you have them, it is not necessary to know whence they came; that they may go and verify the originals; and that in warning them of the fact, you have fulfilled a duty to society, and have done a service to the Astrardente, if not to Giovanni Sarracinesca. You have them in your power, and you can afford to take the high hand in the matter. They must believe the evidence of their senses; and they must either allow that Giovanni's first wife is alive, or they must account for her death, and prove it. There is no denial possible in the face of these proofs."

Donna Tullia drew a long breath, for the case seemed perfectly clear; and the anticipation of her triumph already atoned for the sacrifice she had made.

"You are a wonderful man, Del Ferice!" she exclaimed. "I do not know whether I am wise in promising to marry you, but I have the greatest admiration for your intellect."

Del Ferice glanced at her and smiled. Then he made as though he would return the papers to his pocket. She sprang towards him, and seized him by the wrist.

"Do not be afraid!" she cried, "I will keep my promise."

"Solemnly?" he asked, still smiling, and holding the envelope firmly in his hand.

"Solemnly," she answered; and then added, with a quick laugh, "but you are so abominably clever, that I believe you could make me marry you against my will."

"Never!" said Del Ferice, earnestly; "I love you far too much."

He had wonderfully clear instincts. "And now," he continued, "we have settled that matter; when shall the happy day be?"

"Oh, there is time enough to think of that," answered Donna Tullia, with a blush that might have passed for the result of a coy shyness, but which was in reality caused by a certain annoyance at being pressed.

"No," objected Del Ferice, "we must announce our engagement at once. There is no reason for delay—to-day is better than to-morrow."

"To-day?" repeated Donna Tullia, in some alarm.

"Why not? Why not, my dear lady, since you and I are both in earnest?"

"I think it would be much better to let this affair pass first."

"On the contrary," he argued, "from the moment we are publicly engaged I become your natural protector. If any one offers you any insult in this matter, I shall then have an acknowledged right to avenge you—a right I dearly covet. Do you think I would dread to meet Don Giovanni again? He wounded me, it is true, but he has the marks of my sword upon his body also. Give me at once the privilege of appearing as your champion, and you will not regret it. But if you delay doing so, all sorts of circumstances may arise, all sorts of unpleasantness—who could protect you? Of course, even in that case I would; but you know the tongues of the gossips in Rome—it would do you harm instead of good."

"That is true, and you are very brave and very kind. But it seems almost too soon," objected Donna Tullia, who, however, was fast learning to yield to his judgment.

"Those things cannot be done

too soon. It gives us liberty, and it gives the world satisfaction; it protects you, and it will be an inestimable pleasure to me. Why delay the inevitable? Let us appear at once as engaged to be married, and you put a sword in my hand to defend you and to enforce your position in this unfortunate affair with the Astrardente."

"Well, you may announce it if you please," she answered, reluctantly.

"Thank you, my dear lady," said Del Ferice. "And here are the papers. Make the best use of them you can—any use that you make of them will be good, I know. How could it be otherwise?"

Donna Tullia's fingers closed upon the large envelope with a grasping grip, as though she would never relinquish that for which she had paid so dear a price. She had, indeed, at one time almost despaired of getting possession of them, and she had passed a terrible hour, besides abasing herself to the fruitless bribery she had practised upon Temistocle. But she had gained her end, even at the expense of permitting Del Ferice to publish her engagement to marry him. She felt she could break it off if she decided at last that the union was too distasteful to her; but she foresaw that, from the point of worldly ambition, she would be no great loser by marrying a man of such cunning wit, who possessed such weapons against his enemies, and who, on the whole, as she believed, entirely sympathised with her view of life. She recognised that her chances of making a great match were diminishing rapidly; she could not tell precisely why, but she felt, to her mortification, that she had not made a good use of her rich widowhood: people did not respect her much, and as this touched her

vanity, she was susceptible to their lack of deference. She had done no harm, but she knew that every one thought her an irresponsible woman, and the thrifty Romans feared her extravagance, though some of them perhaps courted her fortune: many had admired her, and had to some extent expressed their devotion, but no scion of all the great families had asked her to be his wife. The nearest approach to a proposal had been the doubtful attention she had received from Giovanni Sarracinesca, during the time when his headstrong father had almost persuaded him to marry her, and she thought of her disappointed hopes with much bitterness. To destroy Giovanni by the revelations she now proposed to make, to marry Del Ferice, and then to develop her position by means of the large fortune she had inherited from her first husband, seemed on the whole a wise plan. Del Ferice's title was not much, to be sure, but, on the other hand, he was intimate with every one she knew, and for a few thousand scudi she could buy some small estate with a good title attached to it. She would then change her mode of life, and assume the pose of a social power, which as a young widow she could not do. It was not so bad, after all, especially if she could celebrate the first day of her engagement by destroying the reputation of Giovanni Sarracinesca, root and branch, and dealing a blow at Corona's happiness from which it would not recover.

As for Del Ferice, he regarded his triumph as complete. He cared little what became of Giovanni—whether he was able to refute the evidence brought against him or not. There had been nothing in the matter which was dishonest, and properly made out marriage-certificates are not easy

things to annul. Giovanni might swim or sink—it was nothing to Ugo del Ferice, now that he had gained the great object of his life, and was at liberty to publish his engagement to Donna Tullia Mayer. He lost no time in telling his friends the good news, and before the evening was over a hundred people had congratulated him. Donna Tullia, too, appeared in more than usually gay attire, and smilingly received the expressions of good wishes which were showered upon her. She was not inclined to question the sincerity of those who spoke, for in her present mood the stimulus of a little popular noise was soothing to her nerves, which had been badly strained by the excitement of the day. When she closed her eyes she had evil visions of Temistocle retreating at full speed down the stairs with his unearned bribe, or of Del Ferice's calm, pale face, as he had sat in her house that afternoon grasping the precious documents in his hand until she paid the price he asked, which was herself. But she smiled at each new congratulation readily enough, and said in her heart that she would yet become a great power in society, and make her house the centre of all attractions. And meanwhile she pondered on the title she should buy for her husband: she came of high blood herself, and she knew how such dignities as a "principe" or a "duca" were regarded when bought. There was nothing for it but to find some snug little marquisate—"marchese" sounded very well, though one could not be called "eccellenza" by one's servants; still, as the daughter of a prince, she might manage even that. "Marchese"—yes, that would do. What a pity there were only four "canopy" marquises—"marchesi del baldacchino"—in

Rome who rank as princes! That was exactly the combination of dignities Donna Tullia required for her husband. But once a "marchese," if she was very charitable, and did something in the way of a public work, the Holy Father might condescend to make

Del Ferice a "duca" in the ordinary course as a step in the nobility. Donna Tullia dreamed many things that night, and she afterwards accomplished most of them, to the surprise of everybody, and, if the truth were told, to her own considerable astonishment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Giovanni, you are the victim of some outrageous plot," said old Sarracinesca, entering his son's room on the following morning. "I have thought it all out in the night, and I am convinced of it."

Giovanni was extended upon a sofa, with a book in his hand and a cigar between his lips. He looked up quietly from his reading.

"I am not the victim yet, nor ever will be," he answered; "but it is evident that there is something at the bottom of this besides Madame Mayer's imagination. I will find out."

"What pleases me especially," remarked the old Prince, "is the wonderful originality of the idea. It would have been commonplace to make out that you had poisoned half-a-dozen wives, and buried their bodies in the vaults of Sarracinesca; it would have been *banal* to say that you were not yourself, but some one else; or to make out that you were a revolutionary agent in disguise, and that the real Giovanni had been murdered by you, who had taken his place without my discovering it,—very commonplace all that. But to say you actually have a living wife, and to try to prove it by documents, is an idea worthy of a great mind. It takes one's breath away."

Giovanni laughed.

"It will end in our having to go to Aquila in search of my supposed better half," he said. "Aquila, of

all places! If she had said Paris—or even Florence—but why, in the name of geography, Aquila?"

"She probably looked for some out-of-the-way place upon an alphabetical list," laughed the Prince. "Aquila stood first. We shall know in two hours—come along. It is time to be going."

They found Corona in her boudoir. She had passed an uneasy hour on the previous afternoon after they had left her, but her equanimity was now entirely restored. She had made up her mind that, however ingenious the concocted evidence might turn out to be, it was absolutely impossible to harm Giovanni by means of it. His position was beyond attack, as, in her mind, his character was above slander. Far from experiencing any sensation of anxiety as to the result of Donna Tullia's visit, it was curiosity which she most felt to see what these fancied proofs would be like. She still believed that Madame Mayer was mad.

"I have been remarking to Giovanni upon Donna Tullia's originality," said old Sarracinesca. "It is charming; it shows a talent for fiction which the world has been long in realising, which we have not even suspected—an amazing and transcendent genius for invention."

"It is pure insanity," answered Corona, in a tone of conviction. "The woman is mad."

"Mad as an Englishman," asseverated the Prince, using the most powerful simile in the Italian language. "We will have her in San Spirito before night, and she will puzzle the doctors."

"She is not mad," said Giovanni, quietly. "I do not even believe we shall find that her documents are forgeries."

"What?" cried his father. Corona looked quickly at Giovanni.

"You yourself," said the latter, turning to old Sarracinesca, "were assuring me half an hour ago that I was the victim of a plot. Now, if anything of the kind is seriously attempted, you may be sure it will be well done. She has a good ally in the man to whom she is engaged. Del Ferice is no fool, and he hates me."

"Del Ferice!" exclaimed Corona, in surprise. As she went nowhere as yet, she had, of course, not heard the news which had been published on the previous evening. "You do not mean to say she is going to marry Del Ferice?"

"Yes, indeed," said Giovanni. "They both appeared last night and announced the fact, and received everybody's congratulations. It is a most appropriate match."

"I agree with you—a beautiful triangular alliteration of wit, wealth, and wickedness," observed the Prince. "He has brains, she has money, and they are both as bad as possible."

"I thought you used to like Donna Tullia," said Corona, suppressing a smile.

"I did," said old Sarracinesca, stoutly. "I wanted Giovanni to marry her. It has pleased Providence to avert that awful catastrophe. I liked Madame Mayer because she was rich and noisy and good-looking, and I thought that, as Giovanni's wife, she would make the house gay. We are such

a pair of solemn bears together, that it seemed appropriate that somebody should make us dance. It was a foolish idea, I confess, though I thought it very beautiful at the time. It merely shows how liable we are to mistakes. Imagine Giovanni married to a lunatic!"

"I repeat that she is not mad," said Giovanni. "I cannot tell how they have managed it, but I am sure it has been managed well, and will give us trouble. You will see."

"I do not understand at all how there can be any trouble about it," said Corona, proudly. "It is perfectly simple for us to tell the truth, and to show what they say is a lie. You can prove easily enough that you were in Canada at the time. I wish it were time for her to come. Let us go to breakfast in the meanwhile."

The views taken by the three were characteristic of their various natures. The old Prince, who was violent of temper, and inclined always to despise an enemy in any shape, scoffed at the idea that there was anything to show; and though his natural wit suggested from time to time that there was a plot against his son, his general opinion was, that it was a case of singular madness. He hardly believed Donna Tullia would appear at all; and if she did, he expected some extraordinary outburst, some pitiable exhibition of insanity. Corona, on the other hand, maintained a proud indifference, scorning to suppose that anything could possibly injure Giovanni in any way, loving him too entirely to admit that he was vulnerable at all, still less that he could possibly have done anything to give colour to the accusation brought against him. Giovanni alone of all the three foresaw that there would be

trouble, and dimly guessed how the thing had been done; for he did not fall into his father's error of despising an enemy, and he had seen too much of the world not to understand that danger is often greatest when the appearance of it is least.

Breakfast was hardly over when Donna Tullia was announced. All rose to meet her, and all looked at her with equal interest. She was calmer than on the previous day, and she carried a package of papers in her hand. Her red lips were compressed, and her eyes looked defiantly round upon all present. Whatever might be her faults, she was not a coward when brought face to face with danger. She was determined to carry the matter through, both because she knew that she had no other alternative, and because she believed herself to be doing a righteous act, which, at the same time, fully satisfied her desire for vengeance. She came forward boldly and stood beside the table in the midst of the room. Corona was upon one side of the fireplace, and the two *Sarracinescas* upon the other. All three held their breath in expectation of what the Donna Tullia was about to say; the sense of her importance impressed her, and her love of dramatic situations being satisfied, she assumed something of the air of a theatrical avenging angel, and her utterance was rhetorical.

"I come here," she said, "at your invitation, to exhibit to your eyes the evidence of what I yesterday asserted—the evidence of the monstrous crime of which I accuse that man." Here she raised her finger with a gesture of scorn, and extending her whole arm, pointed towards Giovanni.

"Madame," interrupted the old Prince, "I will trouble you to select your epithets and expressions

with more care. Pray be brief, and show what you have brought."

"I will show it, indeed," replied Donna Tullia, "and you shall tremble at what you see. When you have evidence of the truth of what I say, you may choose any language you please to define the action of your son. These documents," she said, holding up the package, "are attested copies made from the originals—the first two in the possession of the curate of the church of San Bernardino da Siena, at Aquila, the other in the office of the *Stato Civile* in the same city. As they are only copies, you need not think that you will gain anything by destroying them."

"Spare your comments upon our probable conduct," interrupted the Prince, roughly. Donna Tullia eyed him with a scornful glance, and her face began to grow red.

"You may destroy them if you please," she repeated; "but I advise you to observe that they bear the Government stamp and the notarial seal of Gianbattista Cالداني, notary public in the city of Aquila, and that they are, consequently, beyond all doubt genuine copies of genuine documents."

Donna Tullia proceeded to open the envelope and withdraw the three papers it contained. Spreading them out, she took up the first, which contained the extract from the curate's book of banns. It set forth that upon the three Sundays preceding the 19th of June 1863, the said curate had published, in the parish church of San Bernardino da Siena, the banns of marriage between Giovanni *Sarracinesca* and Felice Baldi. Donna Tullia read it aloud.

Giovanni could hardly suppress a laugh, it sounded so strangely. Corona herself turned pale, though she firmly believed the whole thing to be an imposture of some kind.

"Permit me, madame," said old Sarracinesca, stepping forward and taking the paper from her hand. He carefully examined the seal and stamp. "It is very cleverly done," he said with a sneer; "but there is only one letter *r* in the name Sarracinesca. Very clever, but a slight mistake! Observe," he said, showing the place to Donna Tullia.

"It is a mistake of the copyist," she said, scornfully. "The name is properly spelt in the other papers. Here is the copy of the marriage register. Shall I read it also?"

"Spare me the humiliation," said Giovanni, in quiet contempt. "Spare me the unutterable mortification of discovering that there is another Giovanni Sarracinesca in the world!"

"I could not have believed that any one could be so hardened," said Donna Tullia. "But whether you are humiliated or not by the evidence of your misdeeds, I will spare you nothing. Here it is in full, and you may notice that your name is spelt properly too."

She held up the document and then read it out—the curate's certificate that on the 19th of June 1863 Giovanni Sarracinesca and Felice Baldi were united in holy matrimony in the church of San Bernardino da Siena. She handed the paper to the Prince, and then read the extract from the register of the Civil marriage and the notary's attestation to the signatures. She gave this also to old Sarracinesca, and then folding her arms in a fine attitude, confronted the three.

"Are you satisfied that I spoke the truth?" she asked, defiantly.

"The thing is certainly remarkably well done," answered the old Prince, who scrutinised the papers with a puzzled air. Though he knew perfectly well that his son

had been in Canada at the time of this pretended marriage, he confessed to himself that if such evidence had been brought against any other man, he would have believed it.

"It is a shameful fraud!" exclaimed Corona, looking at the papers over the old man's shoulder.

"That is a lie!" cried Donna Tullia, growing scarlet with anger.

"Do not forget your manners, or you will get into trouble," said Giovanni, sternly. "I see through the whole thing. There has been no fraud, and yet the deductions are entirely untrue. In the first place, Donna Tullia, how do you make the statements here given to coincide with the fact that during the whole of the year 1863 and part of 1864 I was in Canada with a party of gentlemen, who are all alive to testify to the fact?"

"I do not believe it," answered Madame Mayer, contemptuously. "I should not believe your friends if they were here and swore to it. You will very likely produce witnesses to prove that you were in the arctic regions last summer, as the newspapers said, whereas every one knows now that you were at Sarracinesca. You are exceedingly clever at concealing your movements, as we all know."

Giovanni did not lose his temper, but calmly proceeded to demonstrate his theory.

"You will find that the courts of law will accept the evidence of gentlemen upon oath," he replied, quietly. "Moreover, as a further evidence, and a piece of very singular proof, I can probably produce Giovanni Sarracinesca and Felice Baldi themselves to witness against you. And I apprehend that the said Giovanni Sarracinesca will vehemently protest that the said Felice Baldi is his wife, and not mine."

"You speak in wonderful riddles, but you will not deceive me. Money will doubtless do much, but it will not do what you expect."

"Certainly not," returned Giovanni, unmoved by her reply. "Money will certainly not create out of nothing a second Giovanni Sarracinesca, nor his circle of acquaintances, nor the police registers concerning him which are kept throughout the kingdom of Italy, very much as they are kept here in the Pontifical States. Money will do none of these things."

While he was speaking, his father and the Duchessa listened with intense interest.

"Donna Tullia," continued Giovanni, "I am willing to believe from your manner that you are really sure that I am the man mentioned in your papers; but permit me to inform you that you have been made the victim of a shallow trick, probably by the person who gave those same papers into your hands, and suggested to you the use you have made of them."

"I? I, the victim of a trick?" repeated Donna Tullia, frightened at last by his obstinately calm manner.

"Yes," he replied. "I know Aquila and the Abruzzi very well. It chanced that although we, the great Sarracinesca of Rome, are not numerous, the name is not uncommon in that part of the country. It is the same with all our great names. There are Colonna, Orsini, Caetani all over the country—there are even many families bearing the name of the Medici, who are extinct. You know it as well as I, or you should know it, for I believe your mother was my father's cousin. Has it not struck you that this same Giovanni Sarracinesca herein mentioned, is

simply some low-born namesake of mine?"

Donna Tullia had grown very pale, and she leaned upon the table as though she were faint. The others listened breathlessly.

"I do not believe it," said Madame Mayer, in a low and broken voice.

"Now I will tell you what I will do," continued Giovanni. "I will go to Aquila at once, and I daresay my father will accompany me——"

"Of course I will," broke in the old Prince.

"We will go, and in a fortnight's time we will produce the whole history of this Giovanni Sarracinesca, together with his wife and himself in his own person, if they are both alive; we will bring them here, and they will assure you that you have been egregiously deceived, played upon and put in a false position by—the person who furnished you with these documents. I wonder that any Roman of common-sense should not have seen at once the cause of this mistake."

"I cannot believe it," murmured Donna Tullia. Then raising her voice, she added, "Whatever may be the result of your inquiry, I cannot but feel that I have done my duty in this affair. I do not believe in your theory, nor in you, and I shall not, until you produce this other man. I have done my duty——"

"An exceedingly painful one, no doubt," remarked old Sarracinesca. Then he broke into a loud peal of laughter.

"And if you do not succeed in your search, it will be my duty, in the interests of society, to put the matter in the hands of the police. Since you have the effrontery to say that those papers are of no use, I demand them back."

"Not at all, madam," replied

the Prince, whose laughter subsided at the renewed boldness of her tone. "I will not give them back to you. I intend to compare them with the originals. If there are no originals, they will serve very well to commit the notary whose seal is on them, and yourself, upon a well-founded indictment for forgery, wilful calumny, and a whole list of crimes sufficient to send you to the galleys for life. If, on the other hand, the originals exist, they can be of no possible value to you, as you can send to Aquila and have fresh copies made whenever you please, as you yourself informed me."

Things were taking a bad turn for Donna Tullia. She believed the papers to be genuine, but a fearful doubt crossed her mind that Del Ferice might possibly have deceived her by having them manufactured. Anybody could buy Government paper, and it would be but a simple matter to have a notary's seal engraved. She was terrified at the idea, but there was no possibility of getting the documents back from the old Prince, who held them firmly in his broad brown hand. There was nothing to be done but to face the situation out to the end and go.

"As you please," she said. "It is natural that you should insult me, a defenceless woman trying to do what is right. It is worthy of your race and reputation. I will leave you to the consideration of the course you intend to follow, and I advise you to omit nothing which can help to prove the innocence of your son."

Donna Tullia bestowed one more glance of contemptuous defiance upon the group, and brushed angrily out of the room.

"So much for her madness!" exclaimed Giovanni, when she was

gone. "I think I have got to the bottom of that affair."

"It seems so simple, and yet I never thought of it," said Corona. "How clever you are, Giovanni!"

"There was not much cleverness needed to see through so shallow a trick," replied Giovanni. "I suspected it this morning; and when I saw that the documents were genuine and all in order, I was convinced of it. This thing has been done by Del Ferice, I suppose in order to revenge himself upon me for nearly killing him in fair fight. It was a noble plan. With a little more intelligence and a little more pains, he could have given me great trouble. Certificates like those he produced, if they had come from a remote French village in Canada, would have given us occupation for some time."

"I wish Donna Tullia joy of her husband," remarked the Prince. "He will spend her money in a year or two, and then leave her to the contemplation of his past extravagance. I wonder how he induced her to consent."

"Many people like Del Ferice," said Giovanni. "He is popular, and has attractions."

"How can you say that!" exclaimed Corona, indignantly. "You should have a better opinion of women, than to think any woman could find attractions in such a man."

"Nevertheless, Donna Tullia is going to marry him," returned Giovanni. "She must find him to her taste. I used to think she might have married Valdarno—he is so good-natured, you know!"

Giovanni spoke in a tone of reflection; the other two laughed.

"And now, Giovannino," said his father, "we must set out for Aquila, and find your namesake."

"You will not really go?"

asked Corona, with a look of disappointment. She could not bear the thought of being separated even for a day from the man she loved.

"I do not see that we can do anything else," returned the Prince. "I must satisfy myself whether those papers are forgeries or not. If they are, that woman must go to prison for them."

"But she is our cousin—you cannot do that," objected Giovanni.

"Indeed I will. I am angry. Do not try to stop me. Do you suppose I care anything for the relationship in comparison with repaying her for all this trouble? You are not going to turn merciful, Giovanni? I should not recognise you." There was a sort of mournful reproach about the old Prince's tone, as though he were reproving his son for having fallen from the paths of virtue. Corona laughed; she was not hard-hearted, but she was not so angelic of nature as to be beyond feeling deep and lasting resentment for injuries received. At that moment the idea of bringing Donna Tullia to justice was pleasant.

"Well," said Giovanni, "no human being can say they ever prevented you from doing whatever you were determined to do. The best thing that can happen will be, that you should find the papers genuine, and my namesake alive. I wish Aquila were Florence or Naples," he said, turning to Corona; "you might manage to go at the same time."

"That is impossible," she answered, sadly. "How long will you be gone, do you think?"

Giovanni did not believe that, if the papers were genuine, and they had to search for the man mentioned in them, they could return in less than a fortnight.

"Why not send a detective—a *sbirro*?" suggested Corona.

"He would not accomplish anything," replied the Prince. "He would be at a great disadvantage there; we must go ourselves."

"Both?" asked Corona, regretfully, gazing at Giovanni's face.

"It is my business," replied the latter. "I can hardly ask my father to go alone."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the old Prince, resenting the idea that he needed any help to accomplish his mission. "Do you think I need some one to take care of me, like a baby in arms? I will go alone; you shall not come even if you wish it. Absurd, to talk of my needing anybody with me! I will show you what your father can do when his blood is up."

Protestations were useless after that. The old man grew angry at the opposition, and, regardless of all propriety, seized his hat and left the room, growling that he was as good as anybody, and a great deal better.

Corona and Giovanni looked at each other when he was gone, and smiled.

"I believe my father is the best man alive," said Giovanni. "He would go in a moment if I would let him. I will go after him and bring him back—I suppose I ought."

"I suppose so," answered Corona; but as they stood side by side, she passed her hand under his arm affectionately, and looked into his eyes. It was a very tender look, very loving and gentle—such a look as none but Giovanni had ever seen upon her proud face. He put his arm about her waist and drew her to him, and kissed her dark cheek.

"I cannot bear to go away and leave you, even for a day," he said, pressing her to his side.

"Why should you?" she murmured, looking up to him. "Why should he go, after all? This has been such a silly affair. I wonder if that woman thought that anything could ever come between you and me? That was what made me think she was really mad."

"And an excellent reason," he answered. "Anybody must be insane who dreams of parting us two. It seems as though a year ago I had not loved you at all."

"I am so glad," said Corona. "Do you remember, last summer, on the tower at Sarracinesca, I told you that you did not know what love was?"

"It was true, Corona—I did not know. But I thought I did. I never imagined what the happiness of love was, nor how great it was, nor how it could enter into every thought."

"Into every thought? Into your great thoughts too?"

"If any thoughts of mine are great, they are so because you are the mainspring of them," he answered.

"Will it always be so?" she asked. "You will be a very great man some day, Giovanni; will you always feel that I am something to you?"

"Always—more than anything to me, more than all of me together."

"I sometimes wonder," said Corona. "I think I understand you better than I used to do. I like to think that you feel how I understand you when you tell me anything. Of course I am not clever like you, but I love you so much that just while you are talking I seem to understand everything. It is like a flash of light in a dark room."

Giovanni kissed her again.

"What makes you think that I shall be great, Corona? Nobody

ever thinks I am even clever. My father would laugh at you, and say it is quite enough greatness to be born a Sarracinesca. What makes you think it?"

Corona stood up beside him and laid her delicate hand upon his thick, close-cut black hair, and gazed into his eyes.

"I know it," she said. "I know it, because I love you so. A man like you must be great. There is something in you that nobody guesses but I, that will amaze people some day—I know it."

"I wonder if you could tell me what it is? I wonder if it is really there at all?" said Giovanni.

"It is ambition," said Corona, gravely. "You are the most ambitious man I ever knew, and nobody has found it out."

"I believe it is true, Corona," said Giovanni, turning away and leaning upon the chimney-piece, his head supported on one hand. "I believe you are right. I am ambitious: if I only had the brains that some men have, I would do great things."

"You are wrong, Giovanni. It is neither brains nor ambition nor strength that you lack—it is opportunity."

"They say that a man who has anything in him creates opportunities for himself," answered Giovanni, rather sadly. "I fear it is because I really have nothing in me that I can do nothing. It sometimes makes me very unhappy to think so. I suppose that is because my vanity is wounded."

"Do not talk like that," said Corona. "You have vanity, of course, but it is of the large kind, and I call it ambition. It is not only because I love you better than any man was ever loved before that I say that. It is that I know it instinctively. I have

heard you say that these are unsettled times. Wait; your opportunity will come, as it came often to your forefathers in other centuries."

"I hardly think that their example is a good one," replied Giovanni, with a smile.

"They generally did something remarkable in remarkable times," said Corona. "You will do the same. Your father, for instance, would not."

"He is far more clever than I," objected Giovanni.

"Clever! What passes for cleverness? He is quick, active, a good talker, a man with a ready wit and a sharp answer—kind-hearted when the fancy takes him, cruel when he is so disposed—but not a man of great convictions or of great actions. You are very different from him."

"Will you draw my portrait, Corona?" asked Giovanni.

"As far as I know you. You are a man quick to think and slow to make a decision. You are not brilliant in conversation—you see I do not flatter you; I am just. You have the very remarkable quality

of growing cold when others grow hot, and of keeping the full use of your faculties in any situation. When you have made a decision, you cannot be moved from it; but you are open to conviction in argument. You have a great repose of manner, which conceals a very restless brain. All your passions are very strong. You never forgive, never forget, and scarcely ever repent. Beneath all, you have an untamable ambition which has not yet found its proper field. Those are your qualities—and I love them all, and you more than them all."

Corona finished her speech by throwing her arms round his neck, and breaking into a happy laugh as she buried her face upon his shoulder. No one who saw her in the world would have believed her capable of those sudden and violent demonstrations—she was thought so very cold.

When Giovanni reached home, he was informed that his father had left Rome an hour earlier by the train for Terni, leaving word that he had gone to Aquila.

THE HORSE-SUPPLY IN INDIA.

THE clouds still lower threateningly on the frontiers of our Eastern empire, and however firmly and securely settled that empire may appear to be, there are many influences beneath its smooth and quiet surface which, though quiescent at present, still prove, by sufficiently distinct signs from time to time, that they are only sleeping, and may, if they ever have an opportunity of breaking forth, show themselves with dangerous if not fatal effect. Physical power has formed and established the vast sovereignty which England wields over the most civilised, fertile, and wealthy portion of Asia; and it is only by maintaining that power unimpaired in force and efficiency that she can hope to be able to await with calm confidence a possible breaking storm on the borders of her dominions, or an upheaval and convulsion in their centre. Physical power in the East means essentially military force; and the necessity of maintaining in India an army complete in all its parts, and strong in its organisation and means of supply, has always been fully recognised, and never more so than it is to-day. Many of the best soldiers who are now in their country's service are devoting all their talents and energy to securing their country's dominions and maintaining its assured supremacy in that distant land; and every lesson that has been taught by late struggles in all parts of the world has been by them eagerly learned, and its teaching is being carefully applied.

One of the greatest difficulties which arises when the question of maintaining our Indian army is

considered, is the fact that the greater part of its most important constituents are not native to the land in which that army has to operate, but have to be drawn from distant, and, if the command of the seas was interfered with at any time, precarious sources of supply. It is well known to every one what a constant expenditure there is of the European officers and men who form the indispensable backbone of the armed forces of the three Presidencies; and possibly it may be generally partially realised how elaborate are the arrangements which have to be carried out to fill the gaps which, even in peace-time, show themselves yearly in their ranks, and to keep them duly supplied with the complicated and scientific instruments of modern war. Our business at present, however, is not with these points; but we would wish to direct attention to a matter less known, and almost equally important—viz., the means at our disposal for supplying, in sufficient numbers and of sufficiently good quality, the horses which are to mount our cavalry, British and native, and which are to take their places in the teams of the Royal Artillery.

Asia is, more than any other, the land of mounted warriors, and in all its historic struggles and conquests crowds of horsemen have ever taken a distinguished part. If in the future we are compelled to guard our frontier or to maintain our internal dominion by force of arms, masses of cavalry and numerous batteries of well-horsed artillery will play a most important and perhaps decisive part in the contest; and if it is

remembered what enormous distances have to be traversed, both to arrive at and to occupy any possible theatre of war, the physical difficulties which in addition are always presented by the conditions of climate and country, and the enormous demands which are consequently made for the expenditure of purely animal force, it may be conceived with what magnitude the question of horse-supply shows in the eyes of the military chiefs and organisers of India.

In our Indian army it is the general custom to arrange all the horses which are found in its ranks under five heads—as Arabs, Persians, Northerns, country-breds, and Australians or *Walers*; but these again include a very large variety of classes and many distinct breeds. In days not long since gone by, many excellent horses, which knew no superiors for military purposes, were imported from the Cape of Good Hope; but this source of supply has now been given up, and though many horses are still to be procured in that colony, it is very doubtful whether any animals of the old and specially valuable stamp are now to be found.

Whatever our opinion may be as to the actual value of the Arab for military or other purposes, we must still regard him with the amount of veneration that is due to old and unsullied descent, and the halo that surrounds centuries of great deeds and noble traditions. The pure blood of the desert flowed in the veins of the sires of all the best horses in the world, and the characteristics of the various breeds in different hemispheres are only the results of country and climate on offshoots from the stock, which is still found among the wandering

tribes which pitch their black horse-hair tents in the vast district of Najd in Arabia, and in the lands on both sides of the Tigris and Euphrates.

For many years Arabs were sought for and prized above all other horses for use in sport and war in India, and it may be worth while here to quote the description of an exceptionally perfect animal, such as—

“Every sportsman, they say,
In his lifetime has one that outrivals
the rest,

The gentlest, the gamest, the boldest,
the best.”

Major Shakespeare thus details the points of the “pearl of his casket” in his book on the wild sports of India:—

“She was the most beautiful mare I have ever seen, of pure Najd blood, grey, with flea-bitten spots, eyes too large for her head, nostril thin and expanded, the throat of a game-cock, the hair of her mane and tail so fine and soft that the most beautiful woman might have been proud of such texture, and her skin so thin and soft that the thorn-bushes through which I rode her used to tear it; and after many of my runs through the jungle, I have had her, bleeding from the thorns, looking as if she had been practised upon with a light sabre. She was what you would consider in England a pony, 14 hands 1½ inches high; but she was as broad almost as a dray-horse, and her tail was set up so high, that, as she moved about her loose-box, you could, stooping, walk between it and the ground. Her feet were black and hard, and the tendons below her hocks and knees were like harp-strings. Add to this that her head was so lean that you might have boiled it without obtaining any flesh from it, and you have a picture of what this desert-born mare was.”

Till comparatively recent times, a very large number of the horses

required for the army in India were Arabs, and the great mart to which they were brought was Bombay. Here the wants of the Bombay and Bengal armies were provided for by purchasing-committees. The horses destined for the Madras army and the south of India were landed at Mangalore, and from there were marched by the native dealers to the remount depot at Husur, near Bangalore. The remount agent then took his pick according to the requirements of the service which he represented, paying an average price of Rs. 425 to Rs. 500 per horse, and the remainder were taken to Bangalore, where they found a ready sale. Many animals also found their way to Hyderabad and Madras, and some went south to Ceylon. The ample horse-supply which thus came to the south of the peninsula has, however, entirely ceased, on account of the action of the Government of India, which a few years ago ordered that all army purchases of Arabs should be made in Bombay itself, thus striking a fatal blow at the enterprise of dealers, who had been quite contented to run the risks of the long journey to Bangalore, with the certainty of both a military and civil market, but who would not undertake it when the military wants were provided for in Bombay, and they were tempted by the civil market alone. The present state of affairs is this, that Government has to pay as much at Bombay for the Arab horses required by the Madras army as it formerly used to do at Husur; and it has, in addition, to meet the expense of moving the horses many hundred miles to the military centres, while the whole civil population of the south of India is entirely deprived of any chance of purchasing Arab

horses, except the very few stray animals which are brought by individuals from the dealers' stables at Bombay. Melancholy indeed is it to stand in the great open space at Bangalore, where the horse-dealers used to congregate with their stock, which is still called the Arab Lines. The cry of the place is Ichabod. Of all the bargaining crowd only one feeble old man is left, who realised a competency in the business, and still creeps about in turban and *caftan*, and still tells tales of the brave days of old, when he was one of those who provided horses for soldiers and civilians whose names are history.

The general run of Arabs are no doubt first-rate horses, as far as they go, for military purposes, but they are too small to mount satisfactorily any but native cavalry. There are, of course, exceptional animals which have size and power enough for anything, but they are so few that they may be left out of the general estimate which we take of the race. For any soldier whose weight is such that he can be mounted on an Arab, he will be found the hardiest, soundest, and most docile of war-horses. He will do an enormous amount of work on very little and very indifferent food, and will always bear himself well and handsomely. In one point only is he, more than other horses, susceptible of disease, and that is his eye, which is liable to cataract. His great characteristic is his undaunted pluck, which is never more clearly shown than when by any chance he is ill, when all veterinary surgeons will allow that he is a most admirable patient, resisting and throwing off the effects of illness or treatment in a way that no horse of another race can equal.

Persian horses have always been found among the most generally

useful remounts in India, and they take their place both in the ranks of cavalry and in gun-teams. They have more power and size than Arabs, with much of the same constitutional good qualities, and—a matter of great importance to the State—they are generally cheaper in price. The available supply, however, is small, and it is only in the Bombay army that they are found in any number. There, besides filling the ranks of the cavalry, the batteries are generally provided with Persians as the centre and lead horses; but these have not sufficient weight to be placed as wheelers, and the severe work of the teams in that position is done by the more solid and weighty Australians.

The name "Northern," though an official Indian term in horse classification, is vague. The Northern horses really come from either Herat or Cabul, which were formerly the two great markets for Asiatic horses; and to these two places horses from all parts were sent for sale—from Biluchistan and Turkistan, from the valleys between Herat and Cabul, and from beyond the Hindoo Koosh.

Many people think that the Government of India or their responsible agents have made a mistake in discontinuing, to so large an extent as they have done, the use of this source of supply. In the days when Northern horses were bought freely, and when a great proportion of the cavalry in India (both British and native) were mounted on them, there was no lack of them. Dealers went annually to Herat and Cabul, marched their purchases down to Kurrachee, and shipped them to Bombay and Mangalore. There was a temporary check in this trade, no doubt, at the time and on account of the Afghan war; but it might very

easily have been encouraged and again developed into a most valuable source of horse-supply, if the Government of India had seen fit to do so.

One of the breeds of horses which are classed as "Northerns" deserves special notice; and it must always be with a feeling of deep regret that we see the Turcomans, "that splendid and enduring race of Arabs, which, from the peculiarities of the soil, now equal English thoroughbreds in size and resemble them in appearance," permanently in the hands of a rival Power. All travellers in Turkistan have agreed in the opinion that, for war service, the horses of the Tekke Turcomans know no equals. Colonel Baker (now Lieutenant-General Valentine Baker Pasha) was especially struck by their excellence, and used the words which have been quoted—adding, that "it is singular that the magnificent breed which is to be found in such numbers among the Turcomans, has never made its way on any large scale into Hindostan."

Few indeed, and comparatively indifferent in quality, are the Turcomans which we have seen in our ranks; but few as they are, they have well maintained the character of the steeds which have rendered the rapid and far-reaching Tekke *chapaoul* or raid, a name of dread to the dwellers in the heart of Persia. In very recent times, before the Russian dominion had made such enormous forward strides in Central Asia, the Turcoman tribes were the strongest bulwark which resisted its onward wave; and experienced politicians advocated the idea that England should not only cherish the friendship of Afghanistan, but that the Tekke tribes should be encouraged to attach themselves to that Power as a semi-independent state, a com-

bination that would have delayed indefinitely Russia's acquisition of Merv, and prevented her from assuming the threatening position which she now holds. A magnificent force of over 200,000 of the finest light cavalry in the world would have operated with instead of against us in our next great struggle in the East; and lastly, by establishing friendly relations with those wild tribes, we should have had a practically limitless source of supply from which to draw remounts for our own horsemen.

The term "country-bred" includes all the horses which are produced in the peninsula itself—the distinct races Kattyawars, Decanees, &c.—the horses bred under the encouragement and by the assistance of native rulers, and the supply which owes its existence to the initiative and liberality of the English Government. Of the old distinct races of the country, probably the Kattyawars were among the best, as they were marked by extraordinary powers of endurance; but the breed has not been maintained in its original purity, and as there were never very many of them, they may almost be considered to have ceased to exist. The same may be said of the old stout and compact Deccanee horses—on which, in times gone by, so many warriors in the clouds of Mahratta horsemen were mounted—and of the minor distinct strains of blood throughout India.

To replace these practically extinct races, some of the native rulers have made considerable efforts, and the Nizam especially has been conspicuous for the money and energy which have been expended in his dominions. It is understood that he has bred some very good horses, but not in sufficient numbers to be worth consideration in connection with the gen-

eral question. If success in horse-breeding in India is to be looked for on any great scale, it must be due to the efforts of the English Government—and it is no new thing that this subject should be considered of the highest importance; and the power of providing in the country to a great extent for the wants of its own army has always been looked upon as a most desirable object to be attained.

It has been far too much the custom to decry the old system of breeding carried on by the stud department, which cannot fairly be said to have been a failure. The horses which it provided were very good, of great endurance and blood, and sufficient numbers were produced to mount British cavalry and artillery in the North-west Provinces. Some of these horses were among the best in the service; and as a proof of their good qualities, it may be recorded that, as late as 1870, there were still to be found efficient animals in artillery teams, which had taken their part, and done their duty well, in the long marches and severe work of the Mutiny campaigns. The operations of the stud department were abandoned on account of the very expensive system which was allowed to be carried on, under which each remount cost an enormous sum—sometimes as much as Rs. 3000—before it entered the service; but there can be no doubt that the errors and defects of the old department might have been removed or amended, without finding it necessary entirely to sweep away an organisation whose final results presented so much that was good and satisfactory.

It is very doubtful whether, under present Government arrangements, horse-breeding in India will ever produce the desired result of

a permanent and trustworthy supply of good animals.

Many sires, chiefly thoroughbreds, Norfolk trotters, and Arabians, have of late years been imported and distributed in various districts; but the great difficulty that arises is, that very few of the zemindars can afford to keep the young stock for four or five years, when they would become available for Government use; and those that are kept suffer in their development and action from insufficient food and injudicious treatment. There is some diversity of opinion also with regard to the young stock itself, particularly the issue of the Norfolk horses, whose produce, as the sires are of mixed blood, will more than probably be of uncertain quality—some good and some bad.

Horse-breeding has been carried on in the Mysore state with satisfactory results as far as producing horses fit to carry native cavalry is concerned; but the farm at Coongul, where the experiment was carried out, had not sufficient space to make it entirely successful, nor were the original mares large enough to hope for any very high results. Here as elsewhere, horse-breeding has suffered from the constant changes of supervision which are inevitable to Anglo-Indian life. Horse-breeding is, or ought to be, the work of a man's life; and no institution for the purpose can hope for more than a moderate success when the vicissitudes of service remove a superintendent in the middle of his work, before he can see more than one generation of produce come to maturity, and before he has gained sufficient experience to be able to take advantage of one strain of blood rather than another. In one particular, however, the useful lesson was taught

at Coongul that horse-breeding is not necessarily a matter of serious outlay, as the stock were reared and cared for at an expense of seven or eight rupees per month; so that, at five years old, the remount only had cost the very moderate sum of Rs. 480.

The most important source of horse-supply for the present army of India is Australia; and there can be no doubt that, taking them all round, the Australians, or *Walers*, are now the best horses in India. The peculiar advantage of the race is, that animals of all classes and sizes are equally produced, from the heavy powerful horse suitable for an artillery wheeler, to the small well-bred animal of 14 hands 2 inches to 15 hands for the sowar of native cavalry. We are not concerned at present with the magnificent *Waler* thoroughbreds, sprung from parents of the best blood in the English stud-book, which compete on Indian race-courses, and which take such a high position for objects of sport and luxury, though it is obvious how far the demand for these, both in Australia and India, must influence for good the quality of the general supply.

The importation of horses from Australia into India only dates back about thirty years, or perhaps a little more, and the present and still increasing excellence of the shiploads which are annually disembarked at Calcutta and Madras is a matter of very recent memory. When the trade was in its infancy, though no doubt good horses were to be found among those shipped, the *Walers*, as a rule, bore rather a bad character. Their principal defects were coarseness and wildness; and it may easily be imagined how unfavourably these ragged-looking, long-legged animals, with curiously exaggerated powers of

bucking and otherwise discomposing their riders, compared with the handsome, compact, and docile Eastern type to which Anglo-Indian soldiers and civilians had previously been accustomed.

The reasons for the bad qualities of the first shipments are not far to seek, however. The speculation was still a doubtful one, and the dealers did not make a large outlay in gathering and conveying their stock. It is probable that, on an average, not more than £1 apiece was given for the mobs of horses which were driven down to the coast like wild animals, without any previous tending or handling. The rough usage on the journey and on embarkation, which was their only experience of man, dwelt painfully in their memory, producing every form of what men call vice; and the long sea-passage in sailing-ships reduced for a considerable time, and sometimes irretrievably, their stamina and condition. All this has now been altered. As the trade developed, better horses have been sent, and more attention has been paid to breaking and handling them before shipment. Of late years, in order to supply the trade, a class of middlemen has sprung up in Australia who are graziers only, but not breeders. These men have large runs in good grass-countries like Gipp's Land. They purchase the young stock from breeders, keep them for some time on their good grass-lands, handle them, and then sell them to shippers for the Indian market.

The breeding of horses is carried on to a greater or less extent in all our Australian colonies,¹ Tasmania,

and New Zealand, but by far the largest proportion of those that find their way to India are shipped at Melbourne, and therefore presumably are bred in southern Australia. The supply of western Australia has been very little drawn upon; and this, *prima facie*, would appear to be a reversal of the proper order of things—as, the west Australian ports being nearer to India, the transport voyage would be shorter, and as the climate of the colony more nearly resembles that of India, it might be supposed that the stock bred there would require less acclimatisation before being constitutionally serviceable in their new home across the seas. As a matter of fact, also, there have been more pure Arabian sires in western Australia than in any of the other colonies in the great island; and their descendants may therefore pretend to peculiar qualities of endurance and soundness, and in this respect have the advantage, for military purposes, over animals whose immediate progenitors were of English blood.

There are many shippers who are engaged in the horse trade between Australia and India, some of whom take their stock to Calcutta, and others to Madras. Among the former, the best-known names are Weekes, Baldock, Warren, Vanrenen, Cavanagh, and Hunter; and among the latter are Kcrouse, Madden, Learmonth, Gidney, and others. The necessary supplies for the Government of India form a very large portion of their business; but some of them specially provide a great many

¹ In New South Wales alone, the returns for the close of 1885 give the number of horses as 344,697, being an increase of 7000 or 8000 on the previous year. In that year 787 horses were said to have been sent to Sydney, and 636 horses to Melbourne, to be shipped to foreign countries; but these numbers are probably below the mark.

horses for the private market, and thoroughbreds for racing and other purposes. The sea-transport is very effectively done, as might be supposed from the long experience that has been gained in the many years during which it has been practised. Formerly sailing-vessels were employed, and if these met with contrary winds and rough weather, much loss was the result, from the long additional time spent on shipboard, and from the severe knocking about in the Indian Ocean. Steamships are now more used, and the extra expense involved is more than compensated by the rapidity and safety of the voyage. The ships are fitted up for horses by taking out the internal fittings, and putting up stalls on the upper as well as the main and lower decks. In some ships the hold is used for sick horses, sawdust being laid down to form a bed. In fine weather it is generally possible to take certain horses out of their stalls and allow them to lie down, which otherwise they are unable to do. The principal food given is bran and what is called oat-hay, which is oats cut by a machine with the straw and grain together. Very little hard food is made use of. A good load for a ship is about 300 horses, but many shipments are of much smaller numbers; and the good management that prevails, and also the very hard work which has to be done by all concerned, may be realised when it is added that only four or five men are shipped for the care of every hundred horses.

The actual average price which the shippers pay for their horses in Australia is of course, to a great extent, a trade secret, but owing to the great local demand in the big colonial towns, there is no doubt that the price of horses

there has increased in late years; so that, taking into consideration the expenses of collecting horses, conveying them to the coast, shipment, and the inevitable casualties and losses on the voyage, it is probable that, unless they can be purchased in the first instance at from £15 to £20 all round, it must be impossible to make a reasonable profit on the speculation. The limit of price now paid in India on account of Government for any horse purchased is £50 sterling, though of course the purchasers do not give this full sum for all horses. The limit some years ago was Rs. 575, which was reduced to Rs. 550, and has again been raised to £50, partly to meet the constantly depreciating value of the rupee, and partly as a substantial improvement on the profit offered to the shippers. It is a moot question whether the price has not been prematurely increased by the Indian Government, and whether certain minor concessions to the shippers, which would have cost little, might not have ensured an equally good supply without advancing the value paid to a sum from which it will be impossible in the future to recede.

Of all the horses imported from Australia, few comparatively are destined to pass into the ranks of the native cavalry. Practically unlimited as is the supply of small and light animals, it is very little drawn upon, and the shiploads are for the most part made up of horses whose substance and weight-carrying powers adapt them to the needs of artillery and European cavalry, which would otherwise be but ill provided for by the light Asiatic breeds which in India are the alternative resource. To carry the sturdy English dragoon, or to take their places in the teams of

horse or field artillery, it would be hard, even in Europe, to find animals more suitable; and, to a soldier's eye, nothing can be finer than the appearance of the batteries and the cavalry regiments which are to be found in all our great military centres in the East. But, with his magnificent appearance and many good qualities, the *Waler* has his weak points, which must be carefully considered and provided for if we would keep him at his best and reap the full advantage of his service. First and most important, it is to be remembered that in India he is an exotic, and that, before his powers can be drawn upon for hard work, he should go through a slow and careful process of acclimatisation. It may safely be said that the constitution of no *Waler* troop-horse has adapted itself to Indian conditions of service in a less period than one year; and in many, nay, most cases, two years are more likely to be the time necessary. During this period he is peculiarly susceptible to liver derangement and tropical fever, disorders of the digestive organs, and to inflammation caused by the coarse fodder used in India. The *Waler*, in comparison with other races, is always, and especially during this time of acclimatisation, marked by a lack of stamina in resisting and throwing off disease, and he has not the constitutional courage which so especially distinguishes the Arab. He must at all times, also, be well and regularly fed, and he will fall away rapidly in strength and condition if he is reduced to the coarse and scanty supplies on which the Asiatic horse will thrive comparatively well. When his period of probation is over, however, he is, as far as the effects of climate are concerned, as hardy as the Arab

or country-bred, and will equally well withstand the influences of heat or cold.

In many ways, in fact, the *Waler* is to the Asiatic horse what the European is to the Asiatic man. After he has been accustomed to the conditions of life in the country, and so long as he is well fed and well cared for, he is superior in power, energy, and endurance; but, immature, unacclimatised, or cut off from the supplies which are necessary to his different constitution, he very rapidly loses his superiority, and falls into weakness and ill health.

In order to give to the *Walers*, after they have been purchased at Calcutta or Madras, the advantages of the acclimatisation on which so much stress is laid, most of them are transferred to remount depots, where they have also an opportunity of recovering from the debility caused by the long sea-voyage, and also from the injuries which very many of them have received while on board ship and in the process of landing. The Government arrangements differ somewhat at the two great ports of debarkation. At Calcutta, some horses (those required for the troops in lower Bengal) are kept at the depot there for a short time, and are thence sent direct to their destination, while the remainder are sent to the depot at Saharunpore, north of Meerut. The depot at Calcutta has very limited available space, and is really only a series of stables, which receive all the horses as they are landed, and where they can be kept until they are disposed of.

The real depot for the Bengal army is Saharunpore, where the supplies for the batteries and corps in the North-west are kept for some time, until they are distributed according to requirements.

The arrangements for the horses purchased at Madras are framed on what is, in many details, a preferable system. There the ship-loads are landed between August and the following February or March, and are from there at once sent to the remount depot at Husur, where they are kept as a general rule until the succeeding September, when they are issued to corps. Whilst they are at Husur they not only have the advantage of quiet and the most careful feeding and supervision, but—a feature peculiar to the place—they are handled, backed, and partially trained.

The horses which go to the troops in lower Bengal are thus the only Australian remounts arriving in India which do not have the advantage of a time at a depot for rest and acclimatisation before they join their corps; and every officer who has there received these horses almost straight from the ship, will agree in allowing what an unfortunate arrangement it is both for the animals and the service, and how great is the eventual loss to Government.

It may here be mentioned that the whole remount department of India consists of a director of remounts under the Government of India, a superintendent of depot at Saharunpore, who has also an assistant, a superintendent of depot at Husur, and a remount agent at Calcutta. Veterinary surgeons are also attached to the depots, and in no employment are their professional skill and the best resources of science more useful or more required. Of course the maintenance of this department, with the various depots and offices, with their subordinate officials and attendants, involves a considerable outlay of public money, and adds very sensibly to

the value of each troop-horse before he finally joins the service; and it has been more than once proposed that the depot system should be done away with, and that all horses should be directly forwarded to their future corps from the port where they have been purchased. But this is a most mistaken view, and it is devoutly to be hoped that such false saving may never be practised. The time passed at the remount depot, and the care which is there given to the young horses, is practically a piece of the greatest economy on the part of Government. Not only is the constant supervision of the newly landed horses, and the partial training before joining the service, of the highest value to each of them, but it saves the lives of many which would otherwise succumb to the hard life, exposure, and in many cases reckless treatment, without reference to their condition, which they would receive if sent direct to the service. Horses after a long voyage are, even if they have remained in fair condition, in an extremely low state of vitality, and if exposed to weather, or injudiciously fed or worked, would soon fall away, and probably die. It is to be remembered also, that the state of nervousness of all fresh *Walers*, from the entirely new sights and associations which they encounter, requires much more careful treatment than they would be likely to get, or indeed it would be possible to give them, in the lines or stables of a service corps.

Let us follow a batch of young Australians which the superintendent of the Husur depot, who has come to Madras for the purpose, has just purchased from the shipper, after the most rigidly careful selection, and which are *en route* to Husur. A journey by

train, finally ascending from the low-lying country round Madras on to the cool Mysore table-land, brings them to Mallur, a small roadside station, from which they march the eighteen miles to the depot. There they find themselves in an establishment whose snug buildings, wide green paddocks, carefully cultivated fields, and closely trimmed hedges, recall all the ideas of an English farm; and there they find every arrangement made to enable them to pass such a halcyon period as falls into few equine lives. The depot is divided into lines, each of which is under the charge of a European conductor, with a number of native employees under him. In addition to these lines, there is the sick-horse department under the veterinary surgeon and his staff, and there is also the farm under European supervision. The remounts, on arrival, are distributed to these lines, the establishments of which vie with each other in endeavouring to improve and quiet the horses committed to their charge in the shortest possible time.

In each of the lines, besides the European conductor in charge—who is a selected and specially qualified non-commissioned officer from a mounted corps—there is a native subordinate officer, and for every two horses a syce or native groom. A proportion of these syces are employed as sowars or riders, and they handle and gradually break-in and exercise each remount in the riding-school. The remounts are ridden in plain snaffles and *cogeers* (or native saddles); and the quiet, cool, gentle handling and very good horsemanship of the sowars have most excellent results, and by this admirable system each remount gets a steady piece of education on three days in the week. It is very remark-

able how successful these natives are in managing, both in the lines and in the riding-school, the most difficult-tempered and refractory animals. The power and dominant force of the European rough-rider, which is necessary before the military training is complete, are wanting; but the preliminary handling of the immature animal could not be in better or gentler hands. The on-looker is tempted to compare the horse-drill at the depot to the teaching of a nursery governess which a boy receives before he is sent to the rougher, sterner, and equally necessary treatment of a public school.

In the horse-lines at the depot there is stabling accommodation for about 400 horses, and there is besides ample room for picketing those for which there is not covered shelter. Till within the last few years, there was always retained at the depot a reserve of 100 to 150 horses in excess of the year's requirements; and this kept the lines always fully occupied, and gave an opportunity of saving all backward and weakly horses till they had had the advantage of another year's quiet and nourishment. Now, however, that by a very doubtful economy barely enough horses are kept to supply the wants of the year, the full accommodation is not made use of, and much space is left vacant. The total amount of ground covered by the depot is rather more than 700 acres; but this includes the native village, tank, wells, roads, gardens, and bungalows occupied by the officials. The whole place is to a great extent self-supporting. Many supplies in grain, forage, &c., have necessarily to be procured outside; but its farm furnishes a great part of its requirements in hay, guinea-grass, lucerne, and oats. Unfortunately,

for several months in the year there is a prevailing strong west wind which dries up everything, and, with the precarious rainfall, interferes much with successful cultivation, except where artificial irrigation can be carried out by means of channels led from the tank and wells.

Such as it is, the Husur depot makes the appointment of its superintendent one of the most valued prizes in the gift of the Governor of Madras. To any man who has the taste for country life and the love of horse-flesh so common amongst Englishmen, nothing can be more charming, and assimilate more to English life, than to occupy the cool and picturesque superintendent's bungalow, which stands wreathed in a veil of the most lovely and gorgeously blossoming creepers, surrounded by garden and paddocks studded with stately trees, and to find his daily duties comprised in the charge of several hundred horses, which he has himself selected and bought, and for whose improvement and development he alone is responsible. The appointment has always been held by a soldier, but there is nothing in its nature to make this necessary; and gossip says that so much is it desired, that on one occasion when it was vacant, there was no single profession which did not furnish a representative among the numerous candidates who aspired to fill it.

After the horses have been at the depot for some months, the superintendent is able to class them according to the arms of the service to which they will finally be issued. This has necessarily been already partially done when the horses were bought; but some do not develop as much as has been expected—while others, under the influence of care and good

food, grow and throw out muscle to a surprising extent; and it is an interesting study to watch whether an animal will grow into the somewhat coarse and heavy type which is suitable to a field-battery, remain sufficiently light and active to mount European cavalry, or show the combination of strength, size, and breeding which will qualify it for horse-artillery. Some of the most difficult horses to provide are the short, thick, and very active animals which are furnished to the artillery in Bombay, to go as wheelers in teams otherwise made up of Persians. There is so great a demand for horses of the same class for the tram-cars and omnibuses in the big towns in Australia, that comparatively few leave that country; and, though taller or lighter horses may be had in sufficient numbers, the supply of these well-bred, free-actioned, pony cart-horses does no more than meet actual wants.

It has been said above, that, in order to keep the *Waler* horse at his best, he must be well and regularly fed. And this leads to the consideration of the feeding of horses in general, one of the most important questions and one of the gravest difficulties in connection with the maintenance in the field in India of any considerable mounted force. Every one is familiar with the usual practice of feeding horses in England with a proportion of grain, generally given in the form of oats, and a proportion of fodder, given as hay. The system followed in India is very different. Hay is made throughout the land in very small quantities, and is in consequence extremely scarce and with difficulty procurable. In order to supply its place, and to give to horses that amount of bulk in

their food which their constitution demands, grass is cut daily in the vicinity of the stations and brought in for immediate use. For every horse in India a grass-cutter must be kept, whose sole duty is the collection of the necessary fodder; and the horses in Government service must, like all others, have these attendants. And here the practice differs in various parts of India.

In Bengal and the North-west the grass-cutters attached to mounted corps are men provided with ponies, on which they can convey the grass when it is cut, and which enable them to go to considerable distances to procure the best herbage. In the south of India the grass-cutters are women, generally the wives of the syces or native grooms; and they may be seen daily sallying forth from the native lines of the cantonment, and returning after their long and weary day's work—how long and weary it is in the dry season may well be supposed—bearing on their heads the bundles which represent the tale of their allotted task. As in most districts there are no Government lands where grass may be procured, and the grass-cutters must seek their supplies in waste places, by the roadside, or on the ground of some farmer who permits their incursion, it follows that the quality of fodder which is received is very variable, and that if the greatest care be not taken in supervision, it is generally indifferent, and often positively bad. The particular grass which is most sought for and most valued as an article of food, is the one known as Hariali in the south of India, Doob grass in northern India, and is the same as the couch-grass of Australia and America. But this useful grass, though fortu-

nately a hardy and prolific plant, is not always easily procurable; and the grass-cutters make up their bundles with coarse, rank herbage, and with useless and frequently unwholesome weeds. In order to make up the tale of weight which they are bound to supply, they are cunning enough, if allowed, to wash their bundle before bringing it in, nominally for the purpose of removing the dust and dirt which adhere to the plants, but practically doubling its weight by the added moisture. As they are not particular where this washing is done, and generally do it in the nearest filthy stream or puddle, it may be conceived what a probability there is of so conveying noxious spores or organisms to the animals which are to consume the food thus provided. It is a curious and interesting sight, at the stable-hour of a mounted corps in the south of India, to see the grass-cutters standing in rows, each with the results of her day's work before her, while the officer or non-commissioned officer goes round inspecting and weighing each bundle before it is passed into the lines. Here a bundle is short weight; there another has been dressed up with good Hariali grass on the outside to make a respectable appearance, and would pass muster if a searching hand did not dive into its centre and disclose the rubbish with which it is made up; while a third too evidently owes its gravity to undue soaking in the barrack ditch. As each is rejected, the unhappy owner pours forth a voluble and incomprehensible stream of complaint and remonstrance, while all her companions join in the chorus in tones like the screaming of a flock of sea-gulls disturbed. The offending bundle is removed, and

is replaced after a time by another, which is probably only the same material rearranged and dressed up, and too often manages to pass into the stables when supervision is accidentally relaxed.

The grain used for feeding horses in the greater part of India, and the whole of the north, is what is generally known as gram. It is produced by a small plant of the pea tribe, with a purple or violet-coloured flower. Before it is eaten it has to be crushed or ground; and large and weighty stones for its preparation form part of the equipment of all mounted corps. In the Madras Presidency another grain is made use of, called *coolthi*—a small grey or brown bean; and this also, like gram, has to go through an elaborate process of preparation before it can be eaten. It is not ground, but must be carefully boiled for at least two hours; and the necessary huge metal boilers, with their large requirements of fuel, are an even greater encumbrance and anxiety than the grinding-stones of the other Presidencies.

There is no occasion to indicate the weak points of these systems of feeding horses—they are only too evident; and no one will require to be told how fearfully mounted troops must be hampered on a campaign when rapid movement may at any time be essential, by the alternative evils of deficient and ill-prepared food for their horses, or the slow progress that is entailed by the following of a crowd of grass-cutters and pack-animals or carts carrying the material for preparing the horses' grain.

The subject long has been, and still is, under careful consideration in India, but no real improvement in the system can be carried out unless the Government accepts the

necessity for a considerable expenditure. In the first place, all grass-cutters employed with troops, both in the north and south, must be men, who should be provided with reasonably good ponies, purchased by Government, and under military control and supervision—not, as is at present too often the case, any wretched animals which can be provided by the natives themselves, so weak and uncared for that they are in cantonments the probable originators of contagious disease, and would certainly break down if required to accompany a corps on a campaign. Then, in the neighbourhood of all military stations, tracts of country should be set aside for the supply of really good and nourishing grass, which tracts might also well receive, and would most surely well repay, a certain amount of cultivation. But the necessary bulk in forage, of reasonable quality, may generally be procured, even without additional elaborate and expensive organisation, in any country in which mounted troops are likely to be employed. The grain question remains the grand difficulty, and the getting rid of the necessity of preparing the horses' food on service is the great desideratum. If such could be found, some species of grain food which could be compressed and carried on the horse, would add a hundredfold to the efficiency of the mounted portion of our army; and any man who is successful in solving this problem will have done much to ensuring our success in the campaigns of the future.

The whole question of horse-supply in India is, as we began by saying, one of exceptional importance. It has been shown that very nearly all our present war-horses are imported across the seas, which fact in itself involves

not only great delay and possible insecurity in transit, but also a lengthened time of inefficiency and recuperation before the animals supplied are fit for work. Some possible sources of supply are not opened up and made use of as much as might be the case; and above all, it cannot be said that any great success has attended the present system of horse-breeding in the peninsula, or that we can hope to find in the country itself any sufficient provision of remounts in case of sudden emergency.

There can be little doubt that no army in the world is better mounted than that of India is, in its normal condition. But if a time of pressure arose, and great and exceptional expenditure of animal-power was required, what have we to depend upon to keep our regiments and batteries in an efficient state? We fear that the answer would be most unsatisfactory. No doubt, if war broke out, and the seas were still open to us, horses would be poured into the country, but for a long time they would be absolutely useless, and if they were placed in the field they would die like rotten sheep. The only resource which Government would have would be to purchase at high prices the animals now in private hands, and this would be a most uncertain and unsatisfactory way out of the difficulty. Until the time comes, if it ever does come, when the results of breeding in India are such that there is always available in the country a fair number of stout and seasoned horses whose

constitutions are those of natives of the soil, the only plan that commends itself appears to be that a number of horses equal to one year's requirements should always be kept in reserve at the depots, in addition to the remounts for the current year. The only real additional immediate expense to be calculated on in such an arrangement is that of feeding the horses, and this would be made up to a very great extent in the long-run by the increased condition and strength which they would gain by the prolonged time of acclimatisation and coming to maturity. We might certainly anticipate also a great decrease in the general annual average of sick, weakly, and prematurely broken-down animals in the ranks of the army, and a sensible addition to the number of years for which they might be expected to serve. If, further, our war-horses could be fed both in peace and in campaigning service on a more practical and simpler system, the mounted troops of our great Eastern army would find themselves able to take the field in any future struggle for the defence of their country's interests and influence, with a greater certainty than they have at present of preserving their numbers complete amid all trials and inevitable losses, and being able to perform all the duties which may be demanded from them, with that decided, rapid, and unwavering vigour, the possession of which ought to be regarded as the *sine quâ non* of their existence.

"THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS," LATINE REDDITUM.

REX, Rex amoris, ut Pastoris
Consiliis est me rector :
Sim Tuus, Deus : adsis meus :—
In ævum non sum periturus.

Quâ lymphæ rivi fluunt vivi,
Me secum ducit, liberatum :
Et quâ per prata virent sata,
De cœlo confert cibum gratum.

Me, jam vagantem, jam peccantem,
Amore tamen me quærebat :
Et lene stringens, manu cingens,
Quam lætus ! domum referebat.

Cum, Mortis valle, vagor calle,
Impavidus, Te sequar ducem :
Sceptro confidens, Teque videns,
Prospiciam æternam Crucem.

Mihi parabis mensam : dabis
Divinam Tuam unctionem :
Sit Calix pura effusura
Supernam benedictionem !

Sic, sic per vias, semper fias,
O Deus ! Pastor bonus, gratus :
Sic, sic per vitam infinitam
Ad laudes Tuas sim paratus !

THE PICTORIAL ART OF JAPAN.

THE fact that the Trustees of the British Museum have lately given £3000 for a collection of Japanese prints and drawings, is evidence of the interest which has been aroused in England in the pictorial art of Japan. It is not too much to say that no event in the artistic world has of late years attracted so much attention as the discovery of the wonderful skill in painting possessed by the people of that strange empire in the western Pacific. Before the conclusion of our treaty with Japan, little or nothing was known of the productions of the native studios. The few picture-books which found their way into Europe through the Dutch settlers at Decima, were only specimens of the coarser kind of popular albums; and it was not until Sir Rutherford Alcock revealed, at the Exhibition of 1862, a glimpse of the treasures to be met with, that the public generally learned that any other art than that we are accustomed to associate with the Malayan archipelago existed in Japan. Then it was that the strange beauty of form, the exquisite colouring, and the extraordinary purity of outline, to which we are now becoming habituated, came like a revelation to the lovers of art in this country. In proportion to the surprise evoked by the discovery, was the admiration expressed at the unparalleled skill of the artists both as draughtsmen and colourists. There was a grace and warmth in their pictures which were unlike anything that had been seen before in Europe; and in the first maze of astonishment, it was supposed that everything Ja-

panese must necessarily be beautiful. By degrees, however, as our eyes became accustomed to the glare of this new light from the East, it was made obvious that their paintings, as all their other art productions, were very unequal; and little by little, as collections were formed, we were able to distinguish the styles of the different schools, and to trace back the art to the source of its inspiration.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, Mr Frank Dillon, Sir Edward Reed, M. Gonse, Messrs Audsley, Bowes, Cutler, and others, have done much to instruct us on the nature and beauties of Japanese painting; but none of these writers has succeeded in throwing so comprehensive and satisfactory a light on the whole history of the art as has the author of the work under review. For some years Mr Anderson was attached to the English Legation at Yedo, and when there he made, with the assistance of Mr Satow, the Japanese Secretary of Legation—who, in addition to being the first Japanese scholar of the time, was a *persona grata* with all the cultured classes in the capital—the splendid collection of prints and drawings which has now, as stated above, become the property of the nation. Using these exceptionally well-chosen works of art to elucidate and illustrate the history of painting in Japan, Mr Anderson has been able to compile a work which is beyond comparison the most full and trustworthy that has as yet appeared on the subject in any European language.

Like every one else who has made

a study of Japanese pictorial art, Mr Anderson has been led to the irresistible conclusion that it is essentially Chinese in all its branches. This is the first fact connected with the subject that it is necessary should be constantly borne in mind, and the second flows naturally from it—viz., that drawing is a branch of calligraphy. This last truth is the one with which every Chinese text-book on drawing starts, and its accuracy becomes apparent when the conditions of the calligraphic and pictorial arts both in China and Japan are examined and compared. In the first place, it must be remembered that a large proportion of Chinese characters are of the nature of hieroglyphics,—we say of the nature of hieroglyphics, because, though such as we speak of were originally pure hieroglyphics, they have, through the course of ages, lost much of their pictorial character,—and that every school-boy in both countries is trained from his earliest youth to draw these with grace and accuracy. His eye becomes thus trained from his infancy to observe and reproduce on paper objects placed before him, while the brush with which he is taught to write is especially fitted to enable him to execute with ease the light, supple, and lithesome strokes which are necessary to the formation of Chinese characters. The position in which the brush is held also—perpendicularly between the second and third fingers, with the arm supported by the elbow—gives a freedom and power which are unknown in our use of the pen and pencil. In these circumstances it is readily conceivable how slight is the transition from writing a hieroglyphic representing a horse, to sketching the outline of the living animal; while the fact that lines drawn in Indian ink are ineras-

able, imposes the necessity on the student of precision and accuracy.

In tracing the history of Japanese pictorial art, we have then to go back to China, where we find, among the sculptured remains of the later centuries before Christ, prototypes of the earliest efforts of the Japanese to depict figures and landscapes. Considering the impermanent nature of ordinary drawings, and how very little is known of the art-treasures which are preserved in private collections, it need not surprise us that nothing of this period on less durable material than stone has become known to Europeans. History tells us, however, that on the revival of literary culture at the establishment of the Han dynasty (B.C. 206), collections were made of the existing drawings, and buildings were especially constructed for their custody and preservation. On this followed a general renaissance not only of learning but also of the national life. Communications were opened with foreign countries, and the influence of foreign ideas became observable in the literature and art of the people. A series of very remarkable sculptures of the second century A.D., which have lately become known to us in Shantung, show a very decided correlation of ideas with those current in Assyria and Egypt; and with the later introduction of Buddhism came also an influx of Indian art. It is somewhat remarkable that the Buddhists, whose first article of faith was a complete contempt for the human form, should have been the means, as they eventually became, of promulgating a style of art in which the human figure formed so prominent a feature as in the earlier Buddhist pictures of China and Japan.

The movement thus begotten in the literary and artistic world of

China was not long in reaching Japan. An apostle of painting in the person of one Nanriu visited the islands in the fifth century, and so captivated the susceptible Japanese by his skill, that they at once established an "Imperial Academy of Art," with a full staff of officials. The subsequent introduction of Buddhism enriched their knowledge by acquaintance with the Chinese Buddhistic school of drawing, which, like the earlier phase of the art, at once found a home on their hospitable shores. But they did more than receive it gladly; they improved upon it, and so skilfully applied their artistic instincts to it, that under their influence the purely conventional figures of Boddhisatwas and Rishis became living beings, with distinctive features and attributes. The languor, however, which set in in China as regarded all matters of culture, during the first years of the seventh century, was reflected in Japan by the decay of pictorial art, which appears to require for its permanence in that country a constant supply of inspiration from the source of its being, and which revived only two hundred years later, when the effect of the intellectual vigour resulting from the enlightened rule of the sovereigns of the Chinese T'ang dynasty gave new life to the masters of the brush in Japan. Then it was that Kanaoka, whose name is revered by every Japanese connoisseur, painted his masterpieces. And later again, Hirotaka, upon whose shoulders his master's mantle fell, earned a deserved reputation for his Buddhist pictures. Among these the most wonderful was one before which, when it was on the point of completion, the artist fell dead. The subject of the picture was the tortures of the damned in Hades.

"As the design progressed, he became inspired by a mysterious fore-

boding of his approaching death. The melancholy thought, however, only urged him on in his labour, and he worked unceasingly, with the same strange perseverance that sustained Mozart in the composition of his Requiem, until at length a few touches only were needed for the completion of the ghastly subject; but with the final strokes his overstrained energies collapsed, and the artist, brush in hand, fell dead in front of his ill-omened masterpiece."

But the Japanese are too clever a people to follow in every detail for many generations the narrow and conventional style of any branch of Chinese art; and thus, side by side with the school founded by Kanaoka, there grew up in the early part of the eleventh century a succession of artists who devoted their brushes to the representation of native scenes, and incidents in the lives of famous scholars, priests, and heroes. A comic element, the natural offspring of the joyous character of the people, showed itself in many of their drawings, which, so far as genial and unconstrained fun is concerned, will bear comparison with the most racy of the modern productions of Hokusai and his school. This particular characteristic of these men was taken up and improved upon by a certain "Toba Priest," who was both an artist and a wit, and who, throwing off the shreds of Chinese formality which clung to the new school, produced a comparatively national art. Mr Anderson gives us several specimens of his style. One represents an attenuated coolie carrying a bottomless tub, who is mistaken by two travellers for a revived corpse rearing its head above the perambulating coffin. The sight has so terrified the wayfarers that they fall over each other in their attempt to escape. Though the figures are grotesque, they are instinct with life, and their faces

are expressive of the most lively astonishment and alarm.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the wonderful development of art which characterised the Sung and Yuen dynasties of China produced a corresponding revival in Japan, and it was then that two great artists, Chō Densu and Josetsu, arose to reawaken in their countrymen that naturally artistic taste which had been allowed to become dormant. Chō Densu, following his priestly instincts, devoted himself to representing Buddhist scenes and sages. His skill in preserving the religious bearing of the numberless members of the Buddhist Pantheon, at the same time that he individualised each in a marked and distinct manner, is nothing short of marvellous; while his excursions into the realms of heterodox faiths, such as Taoism for example, are signalised by the same vigour of treatment and originality of design. Josetsu, on the other hand, drank deeply at the fount of Chinese arts—so deeply, indeed, that doubts have been cast on his nationality, and it has been suggested that he was one of the Chinese immigrants who at this time brought their skill and learning to the Land of the Rising Sun. At least, if he were not so, he succeeded in becoming even more Chinese than the Chinese themselves; for not only were his landscapes the landscapes of China, but the figures he introduced into them were those of China men and women.

Among Josetsu's reputed pupils were three notable geniuses—Shiubun, Sesshiu, and Kano Masanobu, whose names have been for three centuries household words among collectors in Japan, and have lately become so among the confraternity in England, France, and America. All three were ardent students of Chinese art, and

Sesshiu even made a voyage to China to inspect the works of the old masters, and to familiarise himself with the scenery which had inspired their brushes. It is said of him, that when, as a lad, he was placed under the instruction of a priest, he was so neglectful of his acolytic duties that his tutor on one occasion tied him as a punishment to a pillar of the temple. At the time for his release, the priest went to unbind him, and was startled to see a number of rats at the boy's feet. "The good man ran to drive away the intruders, and found that they were pictures which the little artist, using his toe for a pencil and his tears for ink, had drawn upon the floor." After such a display of his skill, it was obvious even to his priestly preceptor that his natural home was in the studio rather than in the cloister, and he was thenceforth allowed freely to follow the bent of his genius.

After having touched the source of inspiration in China, he established according to Japanese notions a school of painting, and produced himself a number of pictures which are more precious than rubies in the eyes of native connoisseurs. He commonly painted either in monochrome or in ink outline, and landscapes were his favourite subjects. He was possessed with an extraordinary power of expressing in a few lines the features of a landscape, in which distance and atmosphere were suggested with vivid accuracy. But in his finer and more elaborate works he was equally successful. A beautiful little picture representing a weary traveller leaning against a tree, while his horse stands ready-saddled by his side, has been reproduced in a Japanese album; and for grace, suggestiveness, and feeling, it is unsurpassed. The native historians

tell us that Sesshiu always played an air on the flute before beginning a picture, and that he died in 1507, at the ripe age of eighty-seven. His careful and powerful style of painting was worthily imitated by some of his pupils, notably Shiugetsu, an attributed specimen of whose work Mr Anderson gives us in the likeness of Vimalakîrti, an Indian priest. It is difficult to know what to admire most in this picture. The pose of the figure, the powerful delineation of the features, and the wonderful harmony of the colouring, are all equally excellent.

Sesshiu's fellow-student, Kano Masanobu, adopted a more caligraphic style of art, and was followed in it by a number of disciples, who, while preserving the traditions of Chinese design, gained the most extraordinary mastery in the use of the brush. With a few strokes they produced effects which rival, if not surpass, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the best Chinese artists, and they possessed the subtle power of suggesting "colour in monochrome and chiaroscuro without true shadow." Mr Anderson reproduces several specimens of their skill, and amongst others the portrait of the Chinese magician Le T'iehkwei in the act of dismissing his spiritual self to the mountain of the immortals. This is a favourite subject with Japanese artists, and it is instructive to compare this work of Kano Motonobu with those of artists of the so-called other schools. A later follower of this school, by name Tanyu (died 1674), departed to a great extent from the caligraphic style of his associates, and adopted an impressionist manner, which, while extremely effective, laid him open to the charge of apostasy from the school of Masanobu. He was one of the most prolific and

original artists of Japan, and won a fame which would have been better worth achieving had the time in which he lived not been singularly barren in artistic talent. But in all he did, as well as in all the works of his fellow-Kanoists, the Chinese influence was paramount. The subjects of their pictures were the sages, landscapes, divinities, animals, and flowers which we find produced over and over again in Chinese paintings. But though originality of design must thus be denied them, they deserve unqualified praise for their mastery over the caligraphic art, their unquestioned skill in the composition of their designs, and the harmonious splendour of their colouring.

While the Kanoists were thus reproducing Chinese landscapes and figures with what would have been wearisome iteration, if it were not that their genius introduced variation and added graces, there sprang up a number of artists, headed by one Matahei, and two generations later by Hishigawa Moronobu, who strove again to interest their countrymen in native scenes and surroundings. These men cut themselves free from the well-worn subjects of the Chinese masters, and turned to depicting the things of common life which passed before their eyes. The new style readily found favour with the people, who were delighted to recognise their superstitious legends, the scenes they were accustomed to see in their streets, and the incomparable beauties of their native land, in the works of first-rate artists. It was during this period—the end of the sixteenth century—that the art of engraving, which had already been practised in China for more than a century, was first employed to any extent by native artists.

As with all other innovations adopted by the Japanese, this one was no sooner brought into notice than it became general; and to it we owe the dissemination of the art-treasures of the country, which without it must have remained beyond the reach of all except a chosen few. One of the most famous artists of this "school" was Hanabusa Itchō, who rang the changes on every subject of popular interest—from the manners, customs, and, it must be added, failings of the Buddhist priesthood, to the "vulgar amusements provided by the peripatetic showmen and mountebanks" in the streets of the great cities. As an example of his style, Mr Anderson reproduces a sketch in which we see

"a travelling priest, who, earnest in belief, has prepared fire, pan, knife, and even seasoning, and lacking only the meat, now extends his hands, rolling the beads of his rosary with holy fervour, towards a plump goose that flies overhead. The bird, however, yearning not after the glory of martyrdom, wings its way unheeding, and leaves the good suppliant to lament the degeneracy of the animal world since the days when Buddha was incarnate as the Pious Hare."

As a comic painter Itchō was inimitable, and there exists in the British Museum Collection an engraving of a painting by him, which is a masterpiece of vigorous fun, and in which a hawk is carrying off a fish, while the owner with every gesture of dismay and anger follows in pursuit. It is interesting to compare this sketch with one representing the same subject by Hokusai. In this comparison the advantage is all on the side of Itchō, who has thrown infinitely more freedom and life into his portraiture than has been achieved by his successor.

It is in virtue of his paintings in these directions that Itchō is claimed as a disciple of the so-called

"Popular school"; but when we turn to his paintings of classical and purely Buddhist subjects, we cannot fail to recognise that he was a disciple of every school, and a painter for every age. Another artist associated by fame with the same confraternity was Morikuni, who earned his reputation mainly by illustrating story-books. But beyond question the most prolific and original painter of the "school" was Hokusai, who at the beginning of this century put new life into the fading glories of his associates, and took the favour of his countrymen by storm. As Mr Anderson has well said—

"His works demonstrate not only the versatility and range of his artistic genius, but convey a vivid impression of his moral and intellectual qualities, of his keen but kindly powers of observation, wit untainted by malice, strongly marked individuality free from self-consciousness, and an art-loving industry that never permitted him to save labour by repetition or plagiarism, or to mar his conceptions by carelessness of hand or thought. He was a cyclopædia of folk-lore and legend, and has left untouched few motives that were worthy of his pencil."

It is not too much to say of him, that for dramatic force, freshness of fancy, and skill as a colourist, he has few equals in the long roll of Japanese artists. Mr Anderson reproduces one of his most notable pictures, in which a mad woman, "clad in tattered finery, and happy in the delusion that she is a brilliant ornament of the Imperial Court, parades the streets with mincing steps and affected gestures, apparently filling the part to her own entire satisfaction, as well as to that of the little urchins who are bearing an old straw sandal above her head, as a mocking emblem of a royal canopy." Another work forms one of the collection of his en-

gravings at the British Museum. In this an injured husband is in the act of stabbing his guilty wife, while a female companion in a defiant attitude exposes her breast, and invites him to wreak the same vengeance on her. The subdued and concentrated fury of the man, the helplessness of his wife, and the taunting recklessness of her companion, are all represented with a vivid power which it is impossible to surpass.

It is the fashion among Japanese connoisseurs to speak lightly of Hokusai as an artist. They call him the artisan artist, and affect to consider him little more than a vulgar caricaturist. They base this opinion on the fact that as a calligraphist he lacked much of the power possessed by many of those who preceded him. If he wrote Chinese characters as he painted, he would, they hold, be deemed a very sorry penman. This is no doubt true; and if we were to reduce ourselves in our estimate of art to the level of Japanese *savants*, we should doubtless agree with them. But we are not called upon to be bound by any canons of art but those of our own; and judged by this standard, Hokusai stands head and shoulders above many whom the native coteries delight to honour.

Before, however, Hokusai rose to fame, a tendency towards greater realism in painting was brought into vogue by Ōkio (1733-1795), who, according to a native work, "invented a new style, painting birds, flowers, grasses, quadrupeds, insects and fishes, from nature." Many stories are told of the extraordinary fidelity to nature which he observed in his paintings. Among these it is related that a patron,

"having expressed a desire for a picture of a wild boar, the artist, true to his principles of drawing only from

nature, requested a farmer who lived in an adjoining district where the animals were sometimes seen, to send him word should he ever find one asleep. In due time a message came to say that the opportunity had arrived; and Ōkio, hastening to the spot, found his model stretched upon the ground in sound repose, and after having taken a careful portrait, withdrew without disturbing him. Some months later he seized an occasion of submitting his drawing to the opinion of a person who was extremely intimate with the appearance and habits of the boar. This practical critic, after examining the picture closely, at length said, that although it had an exact resemblance to the animal, it was rather like a sick than a sleeping boar, and explained that the latent power of limb always evident in the healthy animal, even during sleep, did not appear in his representation. Ōkio saw the truth of the remark, and in vexation tore up his sketch. He thought no more of the matter, until one day, happening to be in the neighbourhood of the farmer who had sent him the summons, it struck him to inquire what had become of the boar. The man was eager to tell him a curious circumstance in connection with the incident—that the animal had never moved from the place in which it was first seen, and the next morning was found dead."

Whether this story, or any part of it, is true or false, it illustrates the style of art for which Ōkio and the so-called Shijō school which he founded are most famous. For exquisite finish and minuteness of detail, some of Ōkio's works are masterpieces; they are full of grace, and have the exact precision of miniatures. But he was more than a carefully minute painter; he was an impressionist and a calligraphist of great range and power. In a well-known volume of his engravings, there are some beautiful effects produced by mere blotches of colour. One of the best of these is the drawing of a water-wagtail—for, like all Japanese artists, Ōkio

reached his highest excellence in portraying birds. In this case the water-wagtail is instinct with life, and almost cheats the spectator into the belief that it is in the veritable act of walking. Some storks, also, in the same volume, are eminent examples of his skill.

Goshun (died 1811), whose name is associated with that of Okio, was even more conspicuous than his companion for the beauty of his designs and the delicacy of his style. Among his engraved pictures is a moonlight scene representing a couple of rabbits sitting in a field, which is startling in the realistic nature of its effect. Many of his other works are marked by a grace of composition and a charm of colouring which are little short of marvellous. By some of Okio's followers the naturalism which was his avowed aim, was held to embrace far other subjects than those which occupied his brush; and in marked contrast to the dainty and delicate objects depicted by the master, we find street and domestic scenes, somewhat after the style of the illustrations in the '*Petit Journal*,' classed among the products of his "school."

An offshoot from the Shijō school was established by an artist named Ganku (died 1838); but it is difficult to distinguish between the works of his pupils and those of the followers of Okio, unless it be that the landscapes of some of the former are wonderful examples of the impressionist school. A good specimen of the work of one such painter—a charming view of the Yodo river in spring-time—is reproduced by Mr Anderson, in which are depicted, with surpassing skill and beauty, "the soft, changeful vapours of early morning gently drifting before the rising breeze, lingering to kiss the rippled surface of the stream, and half

veiling the blossoming gardens of the bank and the undulating perspective of the fertile hills."

In speaking of the different styles of painting in Japan, we have followed Mr Anderson, who gives in his work a certain sanction to the native division into schools of the artists of each age. But no one who approaches the subject with an unprejudiced eye can fail to observe that the differences which are said to constitute the characteristics of the various "schools" are in the main trifling, and are quite insufficient to justify, or at least to call for, any such separation. The Japanese have a genius for subdividing; and the people who possess a sufficient analytical power to divide the extremely simple Japanese verb into fifty-one tenses and seventeen moods, are quite capable of classifying their paintings into any number of schools. For every one not imbued with this Japanese proclivity, it would be sufficient, should it be even necessary to make a division into schools, to classify the paintings into the Buddhist school, the Chinese school, and the Sinico-Japanese school. This becomes obvious when it is recognised that there is absolutely nothing which is original in the principles of Japanese art. The inspiration is entirely drawn from China. Their painters have improved upon Chinese art; but there is not a picture quoted by Mr Anderson, nor is there a painting among those lately acquired by the British Museum, which does not bear on the surface the impress of Chinese influence. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we find that all the art students' text-books reproduce and insist on the Chinese laws of drawing, and that each revival of art in Japan has been the result of the appearance of renewed artistic activity in China. Precisely the same se-

quence is to be observed in the outbreaks of poetic fire in Japan. In each case the impetus and keynote came from China, and it was necessary that the Chinese bards should first restring their lyres before the Japanese songsters could sound a note. So it has always been with their paintings. The artists of the T'ang, the Sung, the Yuen, and the present dynasties, gave birth to the art-renaissances of the ninth, the twelfth, the fifteenth, and eighteenth centuries; and the laws which they laid down have formed the guiding principles of their Japanese followers. But it is often in the failures as well as in the successes that we are able to trace the history of art; and it is especially noticeable, as helping to establish the oneness of Chinese and Japanese art, that Japanese painters exactly fall short where their models have been in fault. For instance, Chinese artists have never, with very rare exceptions, been able to paint horses, cows, dogs, or deer, and these are precisely the subjects in which Japanese artists fail so signally.

A careful survey of any large collection of Japanese pictures exposes at once the illogical nature of the native divisions into schools. If we take, by way of example, the Buddhist school, which is more distinctive than any other, we find that followers of the so-called Chinese, Tosa, Sesshiu, Kano, Popular, Kōrin, Shijō, and Ganku schools all painted Buddhist subjects, and all treated them in precisely the same manner, though with varying skill. An illustration of this may be found in the portraiture of the Rishi Tekkai, which is a recognised subject of the Buddhist school. In the Anderson collection, we find the well-known incident of his breathing forth his inner Self, painted by Kano Keiho of the Kano school,

by several artists of the Popular school, by the Chinese artist Yen Hwuy, and others; and in each and every case the treatment is so similar that they might all have been painted by the same brush. In like manner the caligraphic style of the Sesshiu and Kano schools reappears through all the history of the art, from the studios of every school; and the same may be said of the impressionists, and of each and all of the other styles of painting.

In estimating the value of Japanese paintings, it is necessary to place ourselves on quite another level to that from which we are accustomed to survey Western art. One prime difference between the two schools unquestionably is, that whereas the principal aim of the best European painters has ever been to suggest lofty thoughts, and to teach great and inspiring truths, Japanese artists strive only to inspire that keen sense of the beautiful in which they themselves revel and delight. Important as this worship of the beautiful is, it has the mitigating effect of blinding their eyes to all but the objects of admiration which they desire to depict; and hence we find that most of their pictures are sent out into the world without foreground, background, or even shadow. If we take as an example the poppy painted by Ogata Kōrin, in the Anderson collection, which is not only an exquisite piece of art, but is singularly true to nature, we see it growing on nothing, surrounded by nothing, and casting no shadow. So also is it the case with birds, which are, for the most part, represented absolutely alone, as though the painter was fearful of introducing accessories, lest the attention of the spectator should be diverted from the central point which it is desired to impress upon the mind.

It is true that occasionally the artist succeeds in suggesting an incident, and in some cases—notably in Itchō's and Hokusai's paintings—in giving a highly dramatic character to a picture; but this is not esteemed by native connoisseurs as the highest branch of art, which is, in their opinion, merely the portrayal of some object or objects of beauty. This almost exclusive appeal to the eye rather than to the intellect, makes the study of a large collection of Japanese pictures a tiring task, however much one may admire individual specimens of the art. Beauty of form palls upon the eye when there is nothing beyond it to relieve the weight of admiration due; and effects which at first sight surprise and delight, lose part of their charm by repeated and lengthened study.

Nothing strikes the student of the art more than the extremely limited number of subjects at the command of the masters, with the exception of Tanyu, Itchō, Hokusai, and one or two others, and consequently the numerous repetitions of the same motives in every large collection. The well-recognised Buddhist saints and episodes; conventional landscapes without perspective; birds—such as cranes, sparrows, hawks, pheasants, pigeons, and poultry; mammalia—of which the favourites are horses, dogs, monkeys, and cattle; and endless reminiscences of vegetable life,—form the stock-in-trade of the majority of Japanese artists. In less skilful hands these subjects would be worn threadbare, but a true Japanese draughtsman never fails to give fresh grace and beauty to even the tritest motives. Their treatment of cranes, the most popular of all subjects, is a wonderful instance of this. Almost every artist in Japan has painted these birds either on the wing or on the ground, and yet it would be diffi-

cult to find two which by any possibility could be considered to be replicas. In the portrayal of the human figure they are not so successful as with birds; but still they are able to infuse into it a life, vigour, and naturalism which cannot be surpassed—although, at the same time, they are plainly without that knowledge of the symmetry of form which was taught us by the Greeks. As caligraphists and colourists they are without rivals; and though their best works show defects of detail, there are observable in them brilliant effects and harmonious graces which testify that their right hands have been touched with live coals from the altar of genius. In the words of Mr Anderson, the art in its present form

“must be judged by itself, with a generous appreciation for its merits, and a liberal indulgence for such shortcomings as result from errors of teaching. We must recollect that the Japanese painter, fettered as he has been for centuries by traditions of practice that exaggerated the importance of caligraphic skill and excluded the study of chiaroscuro, perspective, and anatomy, has nevertheless succeeded in revealing to us a wealth of grace and suggestiveness that might induce the sternest critic to forgive all the faults of his system, though it may not justify the ardent admirers who cite those very faults as models for imitation.”

In conclusion, we will only add that Mr Anderson's masterly and eloquent treatment of the subject is worthy of all praise; that his criticisms are marked by a true artistic feeling and a judicial discrimination; that as a specimen of typography the text is well worthy of the admirable illustrations furnished by Wilhelm Greve of Berlin; and that, taken altogether, the work forms a splendid monument of a beautiful art.

THE OLD SALOON.

CHRISTMAS is over and gone, and there are few, we think, beyond childhood, or at least youth, who are not relieved to be free of that clamour of general merrymaking which, whether real or not, is certainly a kind of human necessity in the midst of the frosts and chills of a northern winter. Christendom does not universally treat the feast according to English usage. We in Scotland are perhaps in the majority of nations when we make New-Year's Day the centre of friendly demonstration. But at all events a "festive season," a moment of protest against the dreary enveloping cold, the long succession of dark days, the monotone of winter, especially amid insular fogs and mists, is a necessity:—and we are all glad when it is well over. The usual reflections on such a subject are trite enough. Those thoughts that we give to the empty chairs, to the faces disappeared, to the hands that will clasp ours no more: every one expresses, and many people feel these inevitable recollections; but they are soothing in comparison with the pressure of Christmas presents, Christmas provisions, Christmas cards—that woful invention of recent times—and all the conventional apparatus of the season. We have got over it more or less bravely, thank heaven! and now settle down again to the consideration of a steady-going year, newly established in harness, and fit for all we can get into it, or which Providence, or fate, if you prefer the word, may get into it—of which, heaven help us! we know little enough. Anyhow, the light of the

common day comes back, always steady, whatever may interrupt it, whether a gust of gaiety or the gloom of mourning, a wedding or a funeral. None of the interruptions are half so wonderful as the steady pertinacity of human living, which goes on unwavering through them all.

The end of the year brought us so many books, which are our staple commodity in the Old Saloon, that we can scarcely expect the new-born year to produce already such an overflow; but yet there are enough for all comers in the red and blue and brown volumes that arrange themselves in a comely row upon the table, and offer us every kind of mental entertainment, from the solid food of thoughtful history to those fiery *hors-d'œuvres*, most justly named, which stimulate and pique the appetite when it fears to encounter more substantial fare. Mr Lowell's¹ little book is neither one nor the other. If we were to continue the metaphor, we might compare it to the soup, thin, but clear and most carefully compounded, with suggestions of all manner of fine savours, and the most intelligent cookery, which preludes a *dîner soigné*, on the table of all refined and cultivated feeders. It is not of the nature of oxtail or hare, or—prince of soups—of that homely but delightful broth, on which, north of the Tweed, we were all brought up in an older age—the *pot au feu*, but more substantial than anything with a French name, of Scotland. On those vigorous productions of the insular kitchen, a man could make

¹ Democracy, and other Addresses. Macmillan & Co.

By James Russell Lowell. London:

his dinner with satisfaction both to the inner man of inclination and the physical necessities of being. But it is to quite a different category that Mr Lowell's fine concoction belongs. The rude appetite might reject it as washy ; the refined accepts its fine combination of lightly flavoured essences as the fit beginning of a feast.

The writer is one of those Americans—nay, is perhaps the American *par excellence* who has wrought that change in public opinion in respect to his country which, to an observer who has lived long enough to be aware of it, is one of the most curious things in recent history. When Dickens crossed the Atlantic, and produced those 'Notes' which are now antediluvian, the Yankee was still an object *pour rire*—always a comic figure wherever produced, and with a sharp prejudice attached to him, probably derived from the days of Repudiation, which many an English household then remembered keenly, but which now most people, and above all the sinners themselves, have forgotten. It was a kind of revelation to the superficially judging, slightly informed masses when the war broke out, and there was displayed to us, through the smoke and clouds, a glimpse of something like society—rural families of established position, in a word, the gentlemen whom we had not hitherto discovered in America. This, more than anything else, we believe, engendered that English leaning to the cause of the South, which puzzled and exasperated so many people both on this side of the Atlantic and on that. Probably it is for our sins in this description that the American gentleman—that all-cultured and accomplished being, the last and finest type of *dilettante*, for whom all the ages have laboured—has been

evolved among us with such completeness in these later days. Mr Lowell is himself the fine type of which that image is the exaggeration. The peculiar development which has in it so much of the recoil from over-practical surroundings, and the fastidious individualism in which a number of educated men shut out from public life are so apt to take refuge—is softened in him not only by a native geniality always delightful to encounter, but by the only practical touch which seems possible to the highest class of lettered American—the uses of the diplomatic service, which give more consistency and solidity than mere literature imparts. More especially during his last tenure of office, Mr Lowell has been the darling of polite society, which has not only loved and prized him as is his due, but has been highly amused by the occasional rougher lick, as of a Republican tongue, with which it has pleased him to season that over-refinement which is the special quality of his race. No man has been in such request for those elegant little essay-speeches which have become a necessity of the times—speeches which, without taking the place of the more general after-dinner article, has *devancé* that heavier performance and improved upon it, as it is the mission of the graceful American to do.

Address on unveiling the bust of Fielding—Address on unveiling the bust of Coleridge—Address as president of the Wordsworth Society,—such are some of the components of which this little book is made up, all of them felicitous, pleasant to hear, just enough to accentuate the mild enthusiasm of such occasions, when all was thin and fine and delicate, and any special vigour of sentiment or opinion was unnecessary. We ask ourselves, however, whether it was

worth the trouble to reprint them? A book is a book, whether it is much worth keeping on our shelves or not. We have heard of an expedient employed by the owner of a number of books—whom we will not call, however, a book-lover—who burns his superfluous volumes at the end of the year, and makes ghastly mirth over the pleasantness with which they consume away into solid redness like a block of wood. Our soul shrinks from the thought. Burn a book! as well almost burn a man; nor would we have the mind be moved by the badness or smallness of the book, any more than we could with safety allow that an ugly, petty, or deformed man might be given up to the flames. The principle in this case is everything. Therefore there lies a great responsibility upon the head of him who adds unnecessarily to the number of books. We excuse with the warmest fellow-feeling the man who has no other means of utterance, and must publish or die. But Mr Lowell had already got, hot and hot, that incense of human praise which is so sweet to most men. He had already been applauded, caressed to the echo, and, no doubt a motive still more present with him, had already done all the good he was likely to do, in respect of Fielding and the poets. Why, then, reprint these genial and pretty addresses, which had served their purpose so well? Every principle in our soul rises up against the suggestion of burning: but we know what will happen. We will keep this little volume on our shelves in a dusty corner until that end of time which comes to all men arrives to us: and then it will be carted away with a shoal of other such and sold as waste paper. Why put this burden upon a respectful critic's soul?

It ought to be interesting, however, to hear what such a writer has to say upon the subject of Democracy. Who so well qualified to judge of the results of such a *régime*, and the advantages of it, as one of the most highly trained representatives of the greatest democracy in the world? It is true that Mr Lowell, like so many more of his countrymen, makes his appreciation of the systems of government of his native country apparent, by spending as little of his time as is practicable under their immediate sway. But, on the other hand, a democratic Government has the wit to employ his services, which is something in its favour, although not to leave him, as would have been better still, to represent his country permanently at the Court of St James's, where he was so entirely a *persona gratissima*. The short address on this subject which gives its name to this little volume was delivered at Birmingham, not an inappropriate place in which to discuss such a problem; and it is rather in the character of an apologist of democracy, making out that it is not so bad as it seems, and that it has not at all done the harm that might have been expected from it—which is a thing that may be said of all systems of government—that Mr Lowell speaks. And also that it is a system of which, since we cannot stem the advancing tide of it, it is expedient to make the best. "There is no good," he says, "in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your greatcoat."

"To the door of every generation there comes a knocking; and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor and his wife, have been doing a deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to get in out of the cold. The porter

always grumbles, and is slow to open. 'Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?' he mutters. Not a change for the better in our human housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it—have not prophesied, with the alderman, that the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave-trade, abolition of slavery, trade-unions—at all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured, 'Ichabod.' But the trade-unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation."

It is a whimsical comment upon these words to read in the last number of the 'Century,' one of the best-known of American magazines, a stern attack upon the valuable institutions last commended, under the title of "A Tyranny that cannot live in America." The anonymous writer who makes this attack speaks somewhat big about "the people's instinctive perception of the fact that equality of opportunity brings a differentiation of natural abilities, and secures to the State the best results of the greatest powers." "All classes of society," he adds, "with a single exception, have learned the lesson thoroughly and applied it: organised labour alone refuses to admit its truth, and strives to resist its application." We wonder which is right: and whether it will be found that the trades-unions which Mr Lowell amiably commends for debating instead of conspiring, are a tyranny which America will not endure.

Mr Lowell's plea, however, is both dignified and genial, though his arguments in favour of democ-

racy are all of the palliative kind. There is no doubt perfect reason in his ironical complaint of "the paupers whom some European countries are good enough to send over to us, who have not attained to the same skill in the manufacture of them;" but it is perhaps a more doubtful conclusion when he boasts that—"We have taken from Europe the poorest, the most ignorant, the most turbulent of her people, and have made them over into good citizens, who have added to our wealth, and who are ready to die in defence of a country and institutions which they know to be worth dying for." We most earnestly hope it may prove so, and we have great faith in at once the assimilating power and the uncompromising logic of that strong American character which is a new fact among the nations. But there is no doubt that to absorb all that scum of Europe, and reduce it to harmlessness, is no easy task. Mr Lowell is full of epigrams, as might be expected. "Nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial r," he says. "Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come." It is always pleasant to meet with those winged little sayings which attach themselves to our memories.

There is one thing, however, on which we may take this occasion to say our say. "People are continually saying that America is in the air," Mr Lowell tells us; "and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent." It may mean that, though we scarcely think so; but it does assuredly mean a confusion of magnitudes and a false impression of greatness, which the present half-

amused complacency of the English mind towards America, and friendly desire to humour and please the kindred nation, confirms and realises. By what right, for instance, has Longfellow his place in the spot sacred to the flower of English genius? Because he is an American!—not, surely, nobody will pretend it, because he is a great poet, fit to stand in the presence of Shakespeare and Milton, of Dryden and Pope, of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The most fervid American cannot claim that place for the gentle and facile writer, whom simple minds love, but who has no more claim to the rank of the Sovran Poet than a hundred minor songsters. Our good-nature, and that desire to be gracious to our big cousin which is characteristic of the time, betrays us into the most insincere flattery, and betrayal of all standards of excellence in this way. Longfellow is no more the equal of our glorious dead than Washington Irving and — oh, bathos! — Mr N. P. Willis, are fit to be placed on the level of Addison and Montaigne. We will go further and say, that instead of chiming in with these absurd claims as it is now usual to do, out of an equally absurd amiability, we will not even admit the plea that though these heroes are not very great, they are great comparatively, as the product of so young a country. No, we do not allow it. It is the more shame to America, in all her greatness and strength, and freshness and youth, with everything that ought to inspire, and enlarge, and give size and splendour to her genius, that she has nothing greater to produce than these. And England, her old mother, is to blame for echoing the crow of satisfied vanity with which they are presented to us. Mr Lowell himself gives a specimen of this kind of

grandiloquence, which is no honour, but rather a wrong in its unreality, to persons and things which deserve all esteem and sympathy. He is speaking of the death of General Garfield, a most touching event, which moved all nations, and especially Britain, with interest and sympathy of the deepest and purest kind. But yet we cannot but feel an uneasy touch of exaggeration almost ludicrous in the terms which are used.

“That death-scene was more than singular; it was unexampled. The whole civilised world was gathered about it in the breathless suspense of anxious solicitude—listened to the difficult breathing—counted the fluttering pulse—was cheered by the momentary rally, and saddened by the inevitable relapse. And let us thank God and take courage, when we reflect that it was through the manliness, the patience, the religious fortitude of the splendid victim, that the tie of human brotherhood was thrilled to a consciousness of its sacred function. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that the profoundly touching spectacle of womanly devotedness, in its simplicity, its constancy, and its dignity, has moved the heart of mankind in a manner without any precedent in living memory.”

This might all be genuine enough in a moment of deep feeling, and the sight of the good plain man, who had no pretension to be a “splendid victim,” fighting for his life through so many weeks, and of his wife’s faithful nursing, did indeed touch everybody’s heart; but not because of the unexampled sight: rather because it appealed to the fellow-feeling of humanity—to men who knew what it was to hold head against danger and death, and women who had nursed their husbands not less faithfully or long, without any applause, or thought of it. And, after all, these fine words, which were perhaps justified by the emo-

tion of the moment, ring false now. General Garfield was not a splendid victim offering himself for his country: he was a brave and good man, the victim of one of those appalling accidents which sometimes make our human life appear as if it were the sport of fate or malignant demons. We gave our sympathy, our anxious hopes and fears, to the daily recorded struggle. But we cannot give now our assent to these swelling words. The French archbishop who died upon the barricade was far more obviously a splendid victim; but no one employed such a phrase in respect to him. And it is really necessary, with America so much in the air, to make a protest on the subject. We are not going to be made to translate mediocre verse into deathless poetry, or honest excellence into greatness sublime, even to please America. The laws of magnitude and littleness are unalterable. They are not to be changed because the competitor belongs to a new country, any more than because he himself is young. The fate of young Kirke White was as touching as that of young Keats, but we do not put them in the same class; neither can we put Longfellow by the side of even Lord Tennyson, not to speak of his great predecessors—or General Garfield among those heroes and martyrs whose fame belongs to the civilised world.

To step down a great deal lower in the scale—a descent from Mr Lowell which is like a tumble from the stars—here is a bundle of three tolerably-sized volumes, produced in very nice print and binding by Messrs Douglas of Edinburgh, a firm of publishers who have done very good work by the

series of pretty small books in which they have presented various American novelists to this country. The book before us is entitled 'Humorous Masterpieces.'¹ There are some two hundred of these or more, and they are all the production of American writers of the present century—nay, of half of the present century. Two hundred (or more) humorous masterpieces! Imagine the exuberance of this new literature! We in the Old World could count our humorists capable of producing masterpieces upon the fingers certainly of both hands—perhaps of one, to be rigid: and in America they have already got fifty-five! This is a thing bewildering to the slower-going intellect on this side of the Atlantic. We have had two in our generation, and we think ourselves very well off: and in America we are aware there are doubts whether even these two have much claim to the name. But the great Republic, in this as in so many other ways, beats creation. True, the humour is not always of a very exquisite kind. There is a good deal about the vagaries of the "help," Irish and black, which could not perhaps appear in a more carefully formed selection by the side of Sir Roger de Coverley; and several contributions concerning the difficulties of gardening, a mild subject which scarcely comes up to the 'Sentimental Journey,' and domestic incidents of various descriptions—courtships, bets, debts, oddities, and perplexities—none of which (though Mr Howells does not think so very much of him) could, we fear, stand competition even with those 'Sketches by Boz,' which were a poor introduction of Dickens. Now we have not the

¹ Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature. Arranged by Edward T. Mason. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

least objection to allow that American humour has a most distinct and racy flavour, and sometimes is admirable. The 'Luck of Roaring Camp' was a very fine and original contribution to our knowledge of the kinds of living that are possible in our own day, and had touches in it to produce both laughter and tears; and 'Uncle Remus' is exceedingly funny and worth trying to understand, which is saying a good deal: but does any man, even if he is an American, believe it possible that there are two hundred masterpieces of humour in the crude and voluble literary productions of any generation, much less one that lives from hand to mouth, and publishes and republishes, and selects and collects, as if they were jewels, the sketches of magazine and newspaper, the froth of the moment, which may swim upon the top of the stream for that moment, but should certainly die there, like the foam on the fountain and the bubbles on the river? Our complacency must stop here. We are very glad to give America credit for all she can do that deserves it. Many of her novels are admirable; she has produced some fine criticism and good historical compositions; and Mr John Bright recommends Bancroft's 'History of the United States,' we believe, as the best reading for the intelligent working man. But above all, her humour, when it is genuine and not made to order, is often at once quaint and brilliant, full of distinctive character. The satire and sparkle of the Biglow Papers, and some other productions of a similar character, only want a completer understanding of their allusions to take as high a place—as is possible to any permanent literary work in

which local allusions require to be understood. But she must understand that we cannot adopt all her little provincial names into the universal bead-roll; or believe that, if she were to burst in the effort, she could produce right off two hundred masterpieces of any kind. Let her produce one great, really great writer. Let us reason together: why now, oh why should it not be a Shakespeare? She has *tout ce qu'il faut*, and the principle of evolution to help her. Does not everybody who is worth listening to tell us that a great poet is, like every other great thing, the development of a chain of influences, the end of processes of development? *Tocca à te*, we cry: it is your turn, great Republic. Don't send us any more groups of nobodies, to be taken as great upon your word. Send us something like a poet, and we will fall down and worship. Why in the fulness of the ages, and with such a full tide of power and vitality flowing, you should not startle us with a big Soul really of the Sovran class, instead of all these little persons, we are unable to divine.

Talking about American literature, however, before we change the subject, here is a very delightful little book from the hand of a lady who has done some fine and some doubtful things, which is, in its way, a little gem.¹ It is the story of a fisherman and his family, and of his loss and recovery, and all the little tragedy of a temporary quarrel nearly turned into a great one. But for the interposition of a "summer boarder," that curiously and vulgarly fine, *banal*, and unmeaning person, who so often comes in to spoil the natural scene in American romances, the

¹ The Madonna of the Tubs. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.

story of the hard-working wife, so tender and true, but with her spark of temper and quick impatience, and the rough but loving sailor-husband and all their brood, is at once charmingly told and full of pathos and humour, worth a hundred of the 'Masterpieces.' The rough little house, so clean and bright when all is well, so forlorn under the pressure of sorrow; the mother with her children, so faulty, and tender, and human; the big fisherman, with his rough ways and superstitions; the salt keen atmosphere of the sea, and even the special Americanism of "the instrument,"—are all delightful, natural, and true. We should have preferred to escape the inevitable fine lady, so superior to the other summer boarders in the ineffable fineness of Beacon Street, Boston; but that, perhaps, was too much to be hoped. We do not pretend that Miss Phelps's little book is a masterpiece, but it is very pretty, natural, and true.

The name of Mr Andrew Lang has recurred frequently in the publishers' lists for some time past, and we are always glad to meet that charming, graceful, and easy literary workman. We cannot, however, help feeling that when we meet him, as it were, in the dark, with his fencing-mask upon his intelligent countenance and his foil in his hand, he is more vigorous and ready than when he comes before us under his own name and character, with, perhaps, a little hesitation and less confidence in himself than becomes a person so accomplished. Nothing can be more admirable than Mr Lang's style—his wealth of allusion, his learning, his high culture, and what is not always associated with these fine gifts, his graceful wit and easy touch, make up a total of qualifications

not often to be met with. Whatever he has to say he says in the most agreeable and delightful way. The drawback is that he has not very much to say. What he wants is a subject. He is like an admirable piece of mechanism without fit use, turning its delicate wheels vainly in the air, and working weft and shuttle, which should spin us the finest of fabrics, without anything to fill the loom. It is a thousand pities, both for himself and us, for the faculties that have not sufficient exercise, and for the audience which is most willing to listen, but which is practically wasted by the absence of any object. The latest little book¹ which this accomplished writer has put forth, has a title which seems to mean something, and which, somewhat disappointed by the last little book but one, we turned to with some eagerness, hoping to hear many pleasant things about books and the men that love them from one who is not only a maker of books, and an authority in literature, but a book-collector and bibliomaniac. Well—yes: there is a little instruction, a little information, a good deal of pretty writing. There is, indeed, a collection of pleasant short magazine articles, very agreeable for their first and natural use. But, bless us all! is this everything we are to get out of one of the most accomplished of literary men, one of the leaders of opinion and guides of public taste? Mr Lang tells us very nicely how we are to distinguish an Elzevir, how wonderfully the prices of cherished editions have risen, with what daintiness the connoisseurs of a past generation bound their treasures: which is all very pleasant, but scarcely worth making a book of, to hand down his name to genera-

¹ Books and Bookmen. By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans & Co.

tions to come; unless, indeed, it had some curiosity of printing, some special excellence or singularity, like the Elzevirs of the good dates which he loves; but this Messrs Longmans have not taken any pains to provide him with. That the reader may see how pleasantly the information is given, and may judge how much it is likely to profit him, here is Mr Lang's account of what an Elzevir worth calling by that name really is:—

"Meantime, and before we come to describe Elzevirs of the first flight, let it be remembered that the 'taller' the copy, the less harmed and nipped by the binder's shears, the better. 'Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is,' says Shelley; and we may say that most men hardly know how beautiful an Elzevir was in its uncut and original form. At the Beckford sale there was a pearl of a book, a 'Marot,'—not an Elzevir, indeed, but a book published by Wetstein, a follower of the Elzevirs. This exquisite pair of volumes, bound in blue morocco, was absolutely unimpaired, and was a sight to bring happy tears into the eyes of the amateur of Elzevirs. There was a gracious *svelte* elegance about these tomes, an appealing and exquisite delicacy of proportion, that linger like sweet music in the memory. I have a copy of the Wetstein 'Marot' myself,—not a bad copy, though murderously bound in that ecclesiastical sort of brown calf antique which goes well with hymn-books, and reminds one of cakes of chocolate. But my copy is only some 128 millimetres in height, whereas the Beckford copy (it had belonged to the great Pixérécourt) was at least 130 millimetres high. Beside the uncut example, mine looks like Cinderella's plain sister beside the beauty of the family. Now the moral of this is, that only tall Elzevirs are beautiful, only tall Elzevirs preserve their ancient proportions, only tall Elzevirs are worth collecting. Dr Lemuel Gulliver remarks that the King of Lilliput was taller than any

of his court by almost the breadth of a nail, and that his altitude filled the minds of all with awe."

There is a good deal of writing of this pleasant kind, full of whimsical enthusiasm mocking itself, in Mr Lang's last book. The last but one¹—which, indeed, is not so much older, perhaps, as might be natural in two members of the same family—consists of a number of stories made up with considerable care, and told in the same lucid, delightful style which we have already remarked upon, but all suffering from the same want of subject. The 'End of Phæacia' may indeed be supposed to have an object, in the way of conveying graphic impressions of the real aspect of life among the Greeks (as near as a nineteenth-century imagination can realise it)—but we doubt if this laudable and instructive intention was in Mr Lang's mind; or it may be intended to show that such a writer as Mr Rider Haggard can be matched with finer weapons in his own field—but neither do we suppose that to be Mr Lang's intention. May not we suggest to him tenderly that his intentions are too timid; that it is a pity he should be swayed by current suggestions; and that it would be a great deal better for us, and perhaps also for himself, if he would shake off this interesting timidity, and step out on his own legs? We feel forewarned that the boldness of this advice of ours is but too likely to bring us within reach of the exterminating sweep of a certain lash which has already played lightly, premonitorially, round our devoted head. If a distinguished organ of public opinion took the trouble to chastise our impudent style on behalf of a bystander, what will it not do to us when we thus gently and respect-

¹ The End of Phæacia. By Andrew Lang.

fully but firmly admonish one of its own brilliant band? But we will be bold, and take the consequences. Perhaps our masters of the press will this time pass us over with silent contempt; perhaps they will give us a practical example of the art of rollicking, in which they incorrectly assume us to be making essays. Nay: but taking lessons, if perhaps we may learn that difficult art; for to rollick wisely and well is a fine thing in its way. It is an art that has passed out of the ordinary *moyens* of the critic. Time was when a member of that craft would pick up a startled author upon the point of his spear, and flourish him forth in mid air to the admiration of all beholders. It was not kind, for the contortions of the poor wretch were sometimes painful to behold; but it was as clever, and probably as exciting, as that fine art of playing a salmon which men of fine feeling hope does not hurt the fish. The critic, we fear, is less benevolent, and does not hope that his victim is incapable of feeling. It is painful to think of the hook which will presently transfix our innocent jaw; of the wild fluster of darting hither and thither, to which in our rage and anguish we will presently be exposed. Conscious, however, of this so possible penalty, and preparing for the worst, we still gently but decidedly repeat that Mr Andrew Lang must get him a subject if he would ever do justice to the fine-pointed pencil which he possesses. We wish that the subject may not be our mangled body, which would be an affair of a moment—exactly the sort of thing from which we are endeavouring to wean him. Let it be something of his own. The world is wide,—room there is in it for everybody who possesses the

necessary weapons. So have we seen a timid bather stand tremulous upon the edge—let us say of that rock called the Step, upon a certain stormy opening of the Northern seas—making little runs as if to take the final spring, jostling the bolder bather, who rushes at a bound into the cold, blue, dancing waves. The sea is cold: but that keen east wind which whistles about the undefended limbs is in reality colder. One spring, and the wholesome shock will make the blood dance. The metaphor is perhaps defective, but the proceeding most desirable; and we hope that the accomplished writer to whom we wish so well will follow our advice.

We may remark in passing, though the book in question is not a new one (comparatively), that in one case with which we are acquainted, Mr Lang did make this spring. 'The Mark of Cain'¹ was but to outward semblance a shilling dreadful, and, as such, never, so far as we are aware, reached that extraordinary audience whose tastes are never to be calculated or predicted, who carried 'Called Back' to the heights of fame. But it is at the same time a great deal more. It is one of the finest bits of good-humoured satire with which we are acquainted. It has been read we don't doubt by hundreds of innocent people, to whom it was a sensational story of somewhat recondite flavour, and no more; but in fact, had the English reading public been as sharp-witted as it once was, had it been a public of finer apprehensions, this little book would have been the apotheosis at once and explosion for ever and ever of sensational dreadfuls, as much as Defoe's 'Short Way with the Dissenters' was the

¹ The Mark of Cain. By Andrew Lang. Arrowsmith, Bristol: 1886.

deathblow in literature of fanatical Anglicanism in the seventeenth century. Never was a Massacre of the Innocents more daintily and enjoyably done. Mr Lang outdid all the prodigies of those who, like the old conjurers, "with their hair on end at their own wonders, wonder for their bread." His villain was more unutterably villainous, his expedients more delightfully impossible, than anything that ever had come from the press of Arrowsmith. There is a certain episode concerning some Jaffa oranges which has always chilled our blood. The operator in this case intends to get rid of the heroine, who is in his way. She is recovering from a fever, and apt to be thirsty, as is not unusual. Mr Crawley takes advantage of his opportunity, and prepares for her under the following unlikely form the final dose. First, he buys a basket of very fine Jaffa oranges; then a small phial marked POISON,—"which it may be as well," says the romancer, careful of possible consequences, "not to name"; then a hypodermic syringe,—all at different places and under different pretences. Coming in, he draws down the blinds, stuffs his pocket-handkerchief into the keyhole, lays the hearthrug "across the considerable chink which, as is usual, admitted a healthy draught under the bottom of the door," and proceeded with his preparations.

"He set them out on the table in order—the oranges, the phial, and the hypodermic syringe. Then he carefully examined the oranges, chose half-a-dozen of the best, and laid the others on a large dessert-plate in the dining-room cupboard. One orange he ate, and left the skin on a plate on the table in company with a biscuit or two.

"When all this had been arranged to his mind, Mr Crawley chose another orange, filled a wine-glass

with the liquid in the phial, and then drew off a quantity in the little syringe. Then he very delicately and carefully punctured the skin of one of the oranges, and injected into the fruit the contents of the syringe. This operation he elaborately completed in the case of each of the six chosen oranges, and then tenderly polished their coats with a portion of the skin of the fruit he had eaten. That portion of the skin he consumed to dust in the fire; and observing that a strong odour remained in the room, he deliberately turned on the unlighted gas for a few minutes. After this he opened the window, sealed his own seal in red wax on paper a great many times, finally burning the collection, and lit a large cigar, which he smoked through, with every appearance of enjoyment. While engaged on this portion of his task he helped himself frequently to sherry from the glass, first carefully rinsed, into which he had poured the liquid from the now unlabelled phial. Lastly, he put the phial in his pocket with the little syringe, stored the six oranges, wrapped in delicate paper, within the basket, and closed the window. Next he unlocked the door, and without opening it, remarked in a sweet voice, 'Now, Alice, you may come in.'

It has curdled our blood, as we have said, many times since, to think, *What became of these Jaffa oranges?* Are they still about the world, or have they in the course of time gone bad, and passed innocuously away? There is no answer to this thrilling question, neither will we inform the reader what was the final outcome of these preparations. Let him get the 'Mark of Cain,' and read for himself: or if it is not to be had, let him make the life of his bookseller a miserable one, until pressure is put upon the mysterious headquarters of so much murder and miracle at Bristol, and another edition is forthcoming. He will not easily find a more delightful piece of literary mystification.

There is no mystification about

Mr Rider Haggard. He is the new *avatar* of the old story-teller, with a flavour of the nineteenth century and scientific explanation, but at the same time a sturdy and masculine force of invention which disdains these helps even in employing them. 'King Solomon's Mines' was a strong pull upon the wholesome curiosity of the race, and their interest in the wonderful; but 'She'¹ is a stronger. We were all disposed to account for our excitement over the former book by a half-apologetic inference that it was intended for "the boys," and therefore required to be inspected with a benevolent anxiety to know whether it was good for them—an excuse also sometimes put forth to explain the breathless interest with which Mr Louis Stevenson's finer workmanship and equally bold effects have been received by most people. Mr Rider Haggard is not an exquisite workman like Mr Stevenson, but he has a great deal of power in his way, and rougher qualities which are more likely, perhaps, to "take the town" than skill more delicate. And then he has a distinct sphere which is his own. He "talks of Africa and golden joys" with a knowledge and certainty that few possess, and is able to thread an unknown river for us as if it were in all the maps, and make the dismal swamps as recognisable as Princes Street.

There is, inevitably we suppose, a certain amount of resemblance between this wonderful tale and its predecessor. There was a map to guide the investigators in the one case; there is a potsherd with a Greek inscription in the other. In 'King Solomon's Mines' the motive was stronger, for it was the recovery of hidden treasure and of a kingdom

to one of the invaders; but in 'She' it is more romantic, being all mixed with a very weird and uncanny kind of love-making. It is no doubt a sort of resurrection that has taken place in this new writer. The fancy of the public has been lately turned, by one of those impulses which periodically sway human sentiment, to the art of the story-teller, which, perhaps, had fallen a little out of repute, dimmed by the modern art of character-painting and analysis. We need scarcely inquire, for we could give no satisfactory answer, what has brought it back. Something entirely inadequate, no doubt, after the use and wont of human things: for neither Mr Rider Haggard nor Mr Stevenson can claim to have been the instrument of the change. It was there before those who were born to supply it. As likely as anything it was Mr Hugh Conway who first struck the rock, though by what right no man can tell; certainly he was no prophet that he should do this thing. But whatever the means, the thing has been done; and now it is not the fine discussion of means and motive, the portrait long-drawn out and endless of internal doubts and fears, but a lively outside story, which is the best charm to conjure withal. It cannot be pretended that Mr Rider Haggard has either the grim force of Gulliver, or that amazing calm matter-of-fact reality with which Defoe impresses himself upon us, with an unimaginative power almost more telling than imagination. The methods of the new *raconteur* are not refined, nor his inspiration of any more ethereal kind than that of mingling experience and invention into a stirring tale. Neither satire nor criticism of life is in the strain. His object is to

¹ She: A History of Adventure. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

work in as many marvels as possible, with so many realities as to make the whole look as if it might have been, which is an effort much more difficult than that of the writer who flings himself into the person of his hero, and feels and lives with him. Mr Rider Haggard has not proved as yet that he has anything that can be called imagination at all; but invention he has of the most robust kind, such as may afford a certain amount of pleasure to everybody who reads, and which probably impresses the masses more than the most poetic fancy.

'She' is one of the wildest of prose-fiction conceptions. She is an enchantress who has established an empire in the interior of Africa, unknown to history or tradition, unsuspected by the geographers, a mysterious region which contains the central fountain, or rather fire, of life, in which having bathed she is immortal—or rather comparatively immortal, for there are limits to all things; and up to the time at which the story begins, this personage has lived and reigned only a trifle over 2000 years. Notwithstanding this respectable period of duration, she is still as full of all the arts of coquetry as if she were a young lady of the nineteenth century: although we are given to understand that she has been supported during the whole of the double millennium by a desperate passion, the love of a man whom she herself killed 390 B.C., and for whose return to this world she has been all the time waiting. If the reincarnation of souls is accomplished only at such long intervals, and if the second life is to be lived in the same or an exactly similar person to that which embodied the first, the doctrine of Pythagoras becomes of less difficult acceptance; and this, so far as he means it at

all, would seem to be Mr Rider Haggard's theory. For when the young hero, directed thereto by the vengeful instructions of an Egyptian ancestress, daughter of one of the early Pharaohs, forces his way into the kingdom of the enchantress, he is received by her with impassioned delight as the very Kallikrates whom she stabbed several centuries before the Christian era. Naturally this brings about certain complications; for the mission upon which the youth was sent, following many unsuccessful ventures on the part of his remote ancestors from that period downwards, was to kill the sorceress and avenge his great-grand-papa. But instead of doing this he falls instantly in love with her, as does his friend and guardian, the teller of the tale: and if nothing had intervened, instead of vengeance there must have followed only an ecstatic honeymoon, and the reunion of the two souls which were severed by the rash act of the lady 2300 years before. But this, of course, could not be permitted to be.

The reader will easily perceive that, for a strong and daring inventor, without the aid of a poetic imagination, the situation is a very startling one. It would not, perhaps, have been less difficult had he been a poet, but the difficulties would have been of a different kind. No fine web of fate or tragic impossibility comes between. The old siren, who all through looks very much like an actress in a *féerie*, instead of being arrested by some subtle action of the unseen powers, or stayed by an irresistible destiny at the moment of her apparent triumph, only makes a ludicrous mistake, and perishes in a sort of explosion of fireworks in hideous decrepitude and disgust, shrivelling up into the semblance of an

old monkey,—she who had been the most beautiful of all women ever seen. Everything about the catastrophe is *manqué*. The journey to the centre of life is attended by horrors which suggest stage carpentry more than anything real; and the plank which is carefully carried all the way to be placed over a gap in a tremendous chasm, where the wind is always raving, and where that prosaic bridge has to be thrown between a spur of unsteady rock and a loggan-stone, has surely been invented with some idea of future use in a pantomime. Only once in the twenty-four hours does a ray of sunshine penetrate the blackness of this too awful gulf, and that moment, of course, has to be taken advantage of for the crossing. We recommend it to the attention of Mr Irving. It might be wrought up into an unparalleled stage effect: but it is rather a failure in pen and ink. The more fearful and wonderful such circumstances are intended to be, the more absurd is the failure of them. We are, alas! not at all alarmed by the plight of Messrs Holly and Vincey, even when they return alone from their sublime adventure. It excites our interest much more to hear how they are to fare at the hands of their savage escort when they come back without the queen, who alone has kept these savages in order. That commends itself to us as a real danger: the other is mere pasteboard and fireworks.

But the shipwreck of the dhow; the sudden wild squall in the midst of the fierce tropical moonlight; the escape across lines of breakers to the savage unknown coast; the voyage up the river into the wild solitudes and dismal swamps,—are a very different matter. The one may not, perhaps, so far as we can tell, be any more real than the other; but it looks like truth—

and truth most picturesquely and vividly set forth. The pilgrims have been enjoying the coolness of the night on the deck of the dhow, when they are roused, in the midst of a doze, by the following incident:—

“I remember no more, till suddenly a frightful roar of wind, a shriek of terror from the awakening crew, and a whip-like sting of water in our faces. Some of the men ran to let go the halyards and lower the sail, but the parrel jammed, and the yard would not come down. I sprang to my feet and hung on to a rope. The sky aft was dark as pitch; but the moon still shone brightly ahead of us, and lit up the blackness. Beneath its sheen a huge white-topped breaker, twenty feet high or more, was rushing on to us. It was on the break: the moon shone on its crest and tipped its foam with light. On it rushed beneath the inky sky, driven by the awful squall behind it. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, I saw the black shape of the whale-boat cast high into the air on the crest of the breaking wave. Then—a shock of water, a wild rush of boiling foam, and I was clinging for my life to the shroud,—ay, swept straight out from it like a flag in a gale. We were pooped.

“The wave passed. It seemed to me that I was under water for minutes—really it was seconds. I looked forward. The blast had torn out the great sail, and high in the air it was fluttering away to leeward like a huge wounded bird.”

After they have managed (quite miraculously, we should say) to get into the attendant whale-boat, with its air-tight compartments, further dangers arise:—

“The furious tempest drove over and round us, flinging the boat this way and that; the winds and the storm-wreath and the sheets of stinging spray blinded and bewildered us; but through it all we worked like demons, with the wild exhilaration of despair—for even despair can exhilarate. One minute, three minutes, six minutes! The boat began to lighten, and no fresh wave swamped

us. Five minutes more, and she was fairly clear. Then suddenly, above the awful shrieking of the hurricane, came a duller, deeper roar. Great heavens! it was the voice of the breakers!

"At that moment the moon began to shine forth again—this time behind the path of the squall. Out far across the torn bosom of the ocean shot the ragged arrows of her light, and there, half a mile ahead of us, was a white line of foam; then a little space of open-mouthed blackness, and then another line of white. It was the breakers, and these grew clearer and yet more clear as we sped down upon them like a swallow. There they were boiling up in snowy snouts of spray, smiting and gnashing together like the gleaming teeth of hell!"

We will venture to add that in real adventure Mr Rider Haggard will find his best field. Truth is stranger than fiction even there, and it is hard to fit such a personage as 'She' to the uses either of poetry or grammar. 'She' is a sham, and not a pleasant one.

We have given enough, perhaps too much, room to the lighter literature. Here is something which is, in contrast with all this froth, perhaps a little heavy, serious instruction, and worth preserving. Mr Maxwell Lyte¹ deceives us a little to begin with, though we do not suppose he had any such intention. His book, which is in reality only the first volume of a history, is put forth more or less as a companion book to the 'History of Eton,' which he published several years ago; but the Eton book had many and very good illustrations, and the present volume has none, which is a disappointment to begin with. It is, however, very well worth the attention of those to whom Oxford is the *Alma Mater* of intellectual life, as well as to the many more who are interested

in the great University, and eager to know all about it without being able to claim that relationship. "I would give my right arm," we once heard an enthusiastic American poet say, flinging forth that member as he spoke, "to have been educated at Eton and Oxford!" Alas! there are many who have possessed these privileges who make but small use of them. The history of the University, Mr Lyte tells us, has never before been written. (Another shorter work of the same kind, by the Warden of Oriel, has, we believe, just come from the press, but has not yet reached us.) Oxford has furnished plenty of antiquarian "bits," and plenty of florid descriptions. The vagaries of its youthful inmates have called forth many a volume, and traditions of all sorts have been vaguely afloat, and done service as history in popular publications. But none of her many literary sons has till now gathered documents and legends into the sieve of genuine and continuous historical research. Mr Lyte has no doubt destroyed a good many pleasant beliefs, and cut down cherished delusions into the bare outline of fact; but he has thrown a great deal of real daylight upon the beginnings of those stately and venerable corporations which give individuality to English universities. Even in this respect we are perhaps a little disappointed by the result of his investigations; for it had been a sort of accepted conclusion that the distinctive feature of English university life, the existence of its many separate Colleges, each with a band of scholars, united by close ties of fellowship and propinquity, was characteristic and fundamental—in short, that Oxford was born so, as a child is

¹ History of the University of Oxford. By Maxwell Lyte. London: Macmillan & Co.

born with its legs and arms complete, and fingers and toes developed. The Scotch imagination (being slow, as everybody knows) at first refuses to believe that the time ever existed when there was no Master in Balliol, although Snell scholarships, we allow, had an ascertainable beginning; but when we are called upon to ascend into remote antiquity, and concede that there was once no Balliol at all, the blood almost refuses to flow in our startled veins.

Yet such it appears was really the case. "For those who are acquainted with the Oxford of the present century alone," says Mr Lyte, "it may be difficult to realise that the University was a large and flourishing body long before it contained a single college of secular students. The collegiate system did not take its rise until the second half of the thirteenth century, and at least three more centuries elapsed before it became predominant,"—so that, in fact, the university in England was at its beginning not much more dignified than in other places, but consisted of the same busy crowd of young men, the same untitled groups of lecturers and teachers, as in France or Germany, or even Scotland. Even the first founders did not do much more than establish "chests" (in fact, as well as in title) containing certain moneys, to be given or lent to poor scholars to help them through their studies. The Sea Chest, or Kist, by the by, an institution of last century in seaboard parishes, to help poor mariners to their salt-water equipment, hands on this simple title. The first thing that looks at all like the foundation of a College was, what we should call in Scotland the "mortification" of certain funds made by John Balliol, which does not, however, seem to have had the grace of a voluntary act.

"It was in or before the year 1260 that he incurred the censure of Walter Kirkham, Bishop of Durham, by some serious offence against ecclesiastical order, and he was not pardoned until he had submitted himself to be publicly scourged by the bishop at the door of the cathedral church, and had vowed to set apart a certain sum of money for the perpetual maintenance of poor students at the University. In fulfilment of this vow, an establishment known as the 'house of Balliol' was ere long opened at Oxford for the reception of poor scholars, the patron granting to each of them a weekly allowance of eightpence for 'commons,'—that is to say, for a share of the food at a common table."

From such small beginnings do the greatest results spring! Devorgilla, the revered patroness to whom that learned corporation now looks back as upon an open-handed princess, "continued to pay the weekly allowances" after her husband's death, and a considerable time afterwards the community was constituted under the external supervision of two proctors, members of the university, and a Principal elected by the students. The Master, that name of awe, was a later institution. The College began its career in a hired house near the Church of St Mary Magdalen, about which spot it acquired various dwellings, never moving from the vicinity of that corner, now so fully filled up by the long extending line of building which forms the present very modern college.

Mr Lyte disposes almost contemptuously of the fond fiction of University College—that its corporation was founded by Alfred. And his account of how, one after another, these little centres of life and learning were formed, or formed themselves, with their chest or coffer full of odd moneys for the help of poor scholars, is very interesting.

On more than one occasion, how-

ever, the very being of Oxford was in danger. After a great outburst of the immemorial town-and-gown quarrel, the University in a body abandoned that scene of tumult, migrating in one case to Northampton, in another to Stamford, to the great alarm and horror of everybody concerned. So great was the impress produced by the later secession, that an oath to the following effect,—“You shall swear that you will not give or attend lectures at Stamford as in a university seat of learning or general college,”—to be taken by all candidates for a degree, was not abolished until 1827. A still more tremendous riot, which took place in 1354, and in which the inns and halls of the newly formed communities were sacked, and the scholars cut to pieces, brought an interdict upon the townsmen. After one of these tumults, in which the Pope’s legate interfered, improvements were introduced which will go to the heart of every parent. “He decreed that for the next ten years to come they should pay only one-half of the rent agreed on by them and their respective landlords before the secession, and that for ten years more they should pay according to their own valuation.” Admirable legate! he must have been an Irishman. We may add, in order to supply that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, that affairs in the University town in those days betray some familiar features known to all of us. “The wine sold to the scholars by the Oxford vintners was denounced as being at times unfit for human consumption, and exorbitantly dear. The townsmen were frequently accused of rapacity and illegal conduct, in charging higher prices for certain articles of food than were sanctioned by Act of Parliament.” Even in our own days, unprotected as we are by any

Acts of Parliament, such things have been known.

No one of all the Colleges, however, had so large and magnificent a beginning as that intended by Wolsey, the great and splendid Cardinal College, which he had planned and partially built on the site of the present Christ Church. Everybody who has ever visited Oxford knows the staircase, with its airy and high-springing pillar and delicately carved roof, which leads to the great hall, both of them built by the Cardinal. It is curious to hear that it was the great Churchman who began the seductive practice of suppressing monasteries, afterwards so powerfully followed up by his king whom he had served better than his God, and who abandoned him so remorselessly. The Cardinal, however, was able to carry out this spoliation with every legitimate sanction. He procured from Pope Clement VIII. “a bull authorising him, with the royal consent, to suppress the Priory of S. Frideswyde, and to transfer the canons to other houses of the Augustinian order, so that their dwelling and their revenues might be assigned to the proposed college.” The same Pope, some time after, explaining “that divine service could not be properly maintained in monasteries containing less than seven professed members,” gave permission to his legate in England to suppress an unspecified number of such small religious houses, provided that the inmates should be transferred to other monasteries, and that their revenues to be taken for the new college should not in all exceed the yearly value of three thousand gold ducats.” This was indeed the thin end of the wedge—a suggestion supplied to a most ready scholar. The Pope—for Wolsey did not live to share that sorrow—must have deeply regretted the

initiative which showed Henry such an easy way of money-getting, and one so much to his royal mind.

In all probability, however, it was Wolsey's fall which saved to us the venerable Church of S. Frideswyde, which now serves at once as the Cathedral of Oxford and the chapel of Christ Church. The magnificent Cardinal, could he have carried out his intention, would no doubt have replaced that noble old sanctuary with a fine church in highly decorated perpendicular architecture, than which, however, there are worse things. The reader will find not only a great deal of information, but also most interesting reading, in Mr Lyte's book.

Few people who take a serious interest in Scottish history can open quite calmly a volume that is entitled '*The Scotland of Mary Stuart.*'¹ The present work, however, brings with it a certain disappointment in the discovery that Mr Skelton has only given us an instalment, a first volume, which, dealing as it does with many things of importance, yet leaves the chief objects of interest for the next volume. It is rather hard on readers, this custom of issuing books of such interest bit by bit, breaking off like a penny serial at the most interesting part, with a promise "to be continued in our next." No period of Scottish history has been more voluminously, and often more unfairly, discussed than this of Queen Mary; the mere name of Mary Stuart seems even now to arouse as much party feeling as that of Mr Gladstone, if we may hope to be forgiven for mentioning the two names in the same sentence. But the history of this period has been hitherto

undertaken by men who belonged to one or other of two classes, neither fully capable of dealing with it in the most efficient way. They have been either determined partisans like Mr Froude, or scholars like Dr Hill Burton, — for whose valuable work we can have no word but of praise, but whose views were rather those of the student than the man. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we welcome even an instalment of the history of these times from Mr Skelton, a writer who—though in a question like this every one must take a side—is neither an enthusiastic partisan nor blindly dependent upon chronicles.

An author who, as he himself says, writes his book "in the evenings of busy days," has advantages which may almost counter-balance the patent disadvantage of restricted leisure—a man of the world having means of understanding and divining the motives and modes of working of other public men, even at a distance of centuries, such as are seldom possessed by the mere student. For, with all due allowances for circumstances and customs, which differ from age to age, human nature three hundred years ago was not very much unlike the human nature of the present time. The difference of circumstances, however, between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries must be allowed to be very great. In a confused and tumultuous kingdom, in which there was no solid and efficient balance of a middle class, but which was torn asunder by the great houses, which an unscrupulous statesman could always pit against one another, and disturbed by the tremendous outburst of religious feeling, which nowhere took such an impassioned

¹ Maitland of Lethington; and the Scotland of Mary Stuart. By John Skelton. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

character as in Scotland, all ordinary rules are pushed aside: and between the rude Barons and the fervid Reformers, the place held by a highly trained diplomatist and statesman could not be other than a difficult one.

Mr Skelton has chosen as his hero the one statesman of the time, in Scotland, who occupied this remarkable position,—a man who has not received from all his critics the praise which is, doubtless, his due. Sir Walter Scott makes one of his characters speak of him as “the crafty Lethington”; Aytoun, also, in his ‘Bothwell,’ characterises him as the “crafty Lethington, that alchemist in wile”; and Mr Froude makes him out an unutterable villain, ready for all kinds of iniquity; but we must remember that Lethington was on the Queen’s side, and that is, in Mr Froude’s opinion, *prima facie* evidence of his being either a knave or a fool, the former most likely in this case, for foolishness, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not one of Maitland’s characteristics. The fact that Mr Skelton has selected him for the chief part in the story of the time is, at the very outset, an assurance that, so far as the volume before us goes, Mr Skelton thinks very differently of Maitland.

Our author goes far back into the history of the Maitlands, as indeed he does into that of every great family that he has cause to mention, though the Maitlands of that time were hardly a great family in comparison with the Stuarts, Scotts, Douglasses, Hamiltons, Gordons, or Campbells. Much, however, must be permitted in this way to a writer who complains of the present age that it has, “wisely or unwisely, made a clean sweep of the past,” and whose subject is the representative of an old Scottish family; al-

though those records of previous ages are perhaps more interesting to the antiquarian or the genealogist than to the ordinary reader, who goes through the first part of the volume with a certain amount of impatient anxiety for the time when Maitland is to be heard of in connection, not with his ancestors, but with Mary of Scotland; for, in spite of the name which Mr Skelton has given to his work, nine readers will take it up for Queen Mary for one who peruses it for Lethington. The more exciting part of his subject can be fully entered upon only in the next volume. But we are fully compensated for the preliminary character of this by the remarkable and brilliant sketches of the country and the manners of the time—the Scotland of Mary Stuart. Edinburgh, all astir with its animated and picturesque crowd, shut up within its walls, no new town thought of in those high houses all piled upon each other on the top of the ridge, or descending in a noble line,—“the fairest and goodliest street,” says Taylor the Water-poet,—to the gates of Holyrood, and crowded with all the forces that represented and dominated the national life, seems to have held the place rather of Paris than of London, in a land still thinly populated, and subject to local more than to imperial sway. But the country in its strongly marked divisions—the Lowlands, the limited centre of peace and industry and possible prosperity, with the fringe of seaboard towns that already aimed at trade—of which it is delightful to hear Queen Mary of Guise’s testimony that between Fife Ness and St Andrews (hurrah for the Kingdom of Fife!) she had never seen, “in France nor no other country, so many goodly faces in so little room as she saw that day in Scotland;”

the wild, rieving, riding Borders, in all the recklessness of a district swept by perpetual feud ; the dark depths and heights of the Highlands, so imperfectly known, —is set before us with the pictorial skill for which Mr Skelton is well known. Nor is it only the background of national scenery which is prepared before the rising of the curtain for the great action of the piece. The touching sketch of Mary's mother ; the truculent figure of Knox—about whom, with the veneration which we think every patriot should feel for that great man, we may hereafter pluck a crow with Mr Skelton ; the fine and subtle picture of Lethington himself,—are all, from the author's point of view, most important and worthy of attention ; while the portrait of Mary, indicated so delicately by contemporary pens in Mr Skelton's skilful framework, will delight all Mary's lovers, and move even the most prejudiced on the other side. Mr Skelton is very severe upon Elizabeth, but that, perhaps, was to be looked for. Lethington, his hero, he compares, to some extent, with the late Lord Beaconsfield. The chief points of resemblance appear to be subtlety, charm of manner and language, tact, and steadfast adherence to his purpose. *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*. Mr Skelton does not seem to lay much stress upon the first adjective, and perhaps he is right.

Altogether we have here a volume quite worthy of the writer's high reputation. We may grumble because we have not got the whole book at once, but there are more unhappy states of mind than that of looking forward to a good thing, and perhaps for the second volume hope will give us patience to wait.

The 'Dictionary of National Biography'¹ was introduced to the world with a good many flourishes and trumpeting to all the echoes ; but we can scarcely say that the promise of its prospectuses has been carried out. The scope is no doubt large, and the process of production laborious. Mr Leslie Stephen speaks with heartfelt sympathy of Carlyle's troubles when he "first began serious work in the autumn of 1840. He was now making acquaintance with 'Dryasdust' for the first time. He had never been enslaved to a biographical dictionary ; and the dreary work of investigating dull records provoked loud lamentations, and sometimes despair." These words are probably but an echo of the accomplished editor's personal sentiments. There has certainly been no lack of hard work in the preparation of the 'Dictionary.' It is to the outside spectator a goodly and an inspiring sight to behold Mr Stephen and his merry men gathering in the Reading-room of the British Museum, poring over catalogues with a zeal and enthusiasm which do equal honour to their heads and hearts, and wrestling with mighty tomes even until evening. The fare provided by these literary bees is no doubt nourishing food, but it is not always appetising. It is true that the 'Dictionary of National Biography' is not a book which is meant to be read as one would read a novel of M. Gaboriau or Mr Louis Stevenson. Dr Wendell Holmes tells an amusing story of a man whose fragmentary acquaintance with many wide subjects was remarkable, and who showed minute knowledge on some points, together with extraordinary ignorance on other

¹ The Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Smith, Elder, & Co.

cognate matters; a mystery explained by the discovery that he had closely studied the first volume of a new encyclopædia, which unfortunately only went as far as "Araguay." Thus it happened that, while well up in all the facts concerning the Alps and Andes, he was wholly destitute of information regarding Mount Ararat; and though thoroughly grounded in agriculture, was ignorant of the very rudiments of gardening. Such students, however, are rare. It may be that some devout readers of the 'National Biography,' become acquainted with Cardonnel, while Marlborough is to them as yet an unknown quantity; that others grow into knowledge of Queen Caroline, to whom George II. is still an indistinct and almost mythical personage; or follow the fortunes of Carstares before they have begun to connect any definite idea with the locution "William of Orange." But this is a case which it is scarcely necessary to take into account. As a book of reference, the present work is no doubt trustworthy and full of sound information. But the same may be said of other works of the same description: and in justification of its existence, it ought to have been something more.

The volume before us, though as a whole deficient in interest, contains, however, as the previous volumes also do, some biographical articles of undeniable merit from a literary point of view. It goes without saying that Mr Leslie Stephen's own essays will be found thoroughly worth reading. To the present volume he contributes, besides two less important articles, a short account of Carlyle, which is chiefly remarkable as a wonderfully brilliant and lucid piece of precis-writing; for it is no small feat to condense Carlyle's life, with all its controversies, into a compass suitable

for a work of this kind. Still, what man can do towards such an object Mr Leslie Stephen has done; and, though we could point out a few slight inaccuracies, and lament a slightly unsympathetic tone, his "Carlyle" is a masterpiece of clear, terse, and concentrated writing. We are glad to perceive that Mr Stephen does not end his minute account of the greatest prose-writer of our day without expressing his opinion in respect to Mr Froude's interpretation of the trust left in his hands—a condemnation which is decided, although very mild in tone. Mr Stephen's other articles deal with Henry Carey, the poet, the author of "Sally in our Alley," and possibly of "God save the Queen"; and with Christopher Cartwright, a Puritan divine.

Another literary great gun is Mr Goldwin Smith, who has been engaged for this occasion only to supply personal recollections of the late Lord Cardwell, whom he has honoured with a panegyric which is neither tedious nor fulsome. A weighty historical authority has been secured in Dr S. R. Gardiner, dear to the student who loves exactitude, and knows that in this author he has found a historian far too ponderous to be inaccurate. Dr Gardiner presents us with an account of Carr, the unworthy favourite of James I., which is, no doubt, as true as gospel, and certainly as prosy as any commentary. It is strange, indeed, that a historian can so rarely be entertaining if he is accurate, or accurate if he is entertaining. Perhaps it is better so; perhaps if we had any one writer who combined the entertaining qualities of Mr Froude with the exactitude of Dr Gardiner, our excessive good fortune would excite the envy of the gods. In the meanwhile, we must be content to admire those excellences

which the latter historian does show in this biography. The style thereof is unattractive ; but there is a *naïve* absence of all false modesty in the manner in which Dr Gardiner refers to his own works. Hardly a statement is brought forward which is not supported by a reference to Gardiner's 'History of England,' which valuable work is also mentioned at the end as almost the only authority to be consulted on the subject. Dr Gardiner is, of course, perfectly right. No doubt his history is about the best authority upon the period it describes, and there is absolutely no reason why a man should not admire his own works, especially when they deserve it : but they don't usually say so.

A more entertaining writer, and yet one to whose exactitude very little exception can be taken, is Mr James Gairdner, who is naturally intrusted with the biographies which fall in the period of Henry VIII. The chief of these is his account of Catherine of Arragon, which, we are sure, will be read with great interest both by those who know anything about it and those who don't. Mr Gairdner writes, not as an indifferent historian to whom all these matters long by-past are only interesting inasmuch as they throw light on the manners and customs of the time ; but with a vivid personal interest in the destiny of that unfortunate princess, which affects the reader with a like sympathy. The case of the queen is simply and plainly stated, and conveys in itself such an indictment against Henry as the bitterest partisan historian is rarely able to bring. We have from the same hand a sketch of Catherine Howard and one of Catherine Parr, both sharers in the fatal dignity of the English Crown-matrimonial in these stormy days. Queens,

indeed, are to be found as thick as blackberries in this volume. Besides the three we have already mentioned, we have a brief and unpleasant account of Catherine of France, the queen of Henry V., from Mr S. L. Lee ; and a lengthy one of Catherine of Braganza, by Professor Tout. More worthy of attention is the life of Queen Caroline of Anspach, by Professor A. W. Ward, who gives a striking narrative of the life of a queen who, in personal political power and ability, was hardly inferior to Queen Elizabeth, and sets clearly before us the queer *modus vivendi* between a couple who seem to have only been really agreed upon one point—their common detestation of their eldest son. The history of the unfortunate Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, is also presented to us by the same authority in as lifelike and interesting a narrative, though the erring queen gets scant grace from her cruelly precise biographer. The list of unfortunate queens is completed by Caroline, Princess of Wales, who is described with a kind of unconscious irony as "queen of George IV.," while her predecessor and namesake figures as "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland." Her case is fairly enough stated by Mr John Ashton. It is singular that of all these queens, there is not one who seems to have had any but the most transient gleams of happiness. Of the remaining biographies, few are more interesting than the accounts of William Carstares by Dr Æneas Mackay ; while some praise is due to Mr Hunt's 'Life of Canute.' The latter warmed our heart in its beginning by the discovery of the name of Canute spelt with an *a*, as it used to be in our innocent childhood ; but in a few lines we discovered our mistake, and found the familiar name reduced into an abom-

inable amalgamation of consonants, alike unpronounceable and unsightly. To be sure, as a true disciple of the gospel according to Mr Freeman, it was perhaps necessary that the biographer should speak of the Danish hero under the uneuphonious appellation of Cnut. Would this were all! After the number of centuries during which St Chad has been held in monosyllabic veneration, is it not hard that he should be obliged to return to the original uncouthness of Ceadda? or is there any man among us who can lay his hand upon his heart and say, with truth, that he can pronounce such extraordinary names as Ceolfrith or Cenwalh? It is really absurd that, after the thorough exposure to which Mr Frederic Harrison subjected this ridiculous affectation in a contemporary a short time ago, people should go on requiring us to break our jaws over Anglo-Saxon names, which seem to be adopted really for no other reason than that they were not used before,—for the studious Anglicising of all names in Latin languages is another essential principle of the same school.

We have spoken of certain biographies in the volume before us as deserving of high praise; and that articles which would be remarkable in any collection are to be found also in the preceding volumes, is no doubt the case. Yet this is not enough to render the work a unique one, as was proposed and expected. It contains a greater number of biographies of all kinds of persons than any work yet published? Probably it does. Certainly there are lives of all kinds of persons, of all ages and all classes, and we might almost say all countries. From

the abstruse researches of Professor Creighton into the history of St William de Carilef, or the still earlier antiquarian "howkings" which have produced Mr Shuckburgh's article on Caractacus, down to the lives of Lord Frederick Cavendish and the fiendish leader of his murderers, James Carey; of Dr Carpenter and Sir Louis Cavagnari, which seem to have been chiefly compiled from the 'Pall Mall Gazette' and the 'Illustrated London News,'—the roll of personages to be mentioned is full and complete. Saint or sinner, no one is too high or too low. Ben Caunt occupies as important a place as St Chad; and proper mention is made of Bampfylde Moore Carew. Even the Dutch scholar Casaubon and the French rebel Cavalier must be mentioned, because they had some connection with England. But with all this it is scarcely a satisfactory work. Considerable information is vouchsafed to us concerning the great unknown of our country. We shudder when the kind hand of the biographer points out to us the atrocious blunder committed by some Heaven-forsaken ignoramus who confused Nicholas Carvell with James Calhill. But we doubt whether the labours of all these gentlemen will succeed in producing anything more than a very ordinary book of reference, with a good article here and there,—exactly as all previous compilers of such works have done before them.

We look forward, not without trepidation, to the flood of "Jubilee" literature that will overflow our table during the year on which we have happily entered. One of the first, and one that will not be the last in importance, is Captain Trotter's 'History of India under Queen Victoria'¹—may she live to

¹ History of India under Queen Victoria. By L. J. Trotter. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1886.

celebrate her jubilee as Empress of Hindustan ! Captain Trotter is already well known as an Indian historian. His new work is, however, the most ambitious to which he has put his hand. The fifty years during which the Queen has ruled over India cover more history than any preceding century in the East of which we have record. Events of the highest import succeed each other as rapidly as the scenes are shifted in a theatre. Beginning with the lurid glories, not unmixed with dishonour, of our earlier Afghan wars, Captain Trotter leads us from annexation to annexation—Sindh, the Punjab, Oudh—until we find ourselves struggling for life in the death-grips of the Mutiny; and then to the wonderful re-establishment of British influence, and that renaissance of Indian progress which is destined to end no one can tell where, and carry ourselves no one knows whither. The events which have happened in India under Victoria's reign are of sufficient interest to make their bare recital interesting; and when a writer who is as much master of his subject as is Captain Trotter records them, the result cannot fail to be readable.

There are peculiar difficulties in writing Indian history, and though we fully admit the excellence of Captain Trotter's 'India under Victoria,' we are not quite sure that he has succeeded in completely mastering them. Fortunately for the Indian Viceroy, no officious member of his Legislature can "beg to ask" for any information about what is going on; and although inquisitive members of the Opposition at home may succeed in eliciting statements, or even drawing out a Blue-book, still it is a "far cry to Lochow," and the real sources of Indian history generally remain

entombed in Viceregal bureaux and secretariat pigeon-holes. Fifty years from his death was the time prescribed by the great Marquis of Dalhousie during which his papers were to be sealed from the gaze of biographer or historian. Only seven-and-twenty years of this period have already expired; but when the seals are broken, we confidently expect that even such a complete account as Captain Trotter gives of the annexation of the Punjab and Oudh will have to be rewritten, while we shall be much surprised if his opinions regarding these transactions are not considerably modified. We may say once for all, that though we can trust to Captain Trotter's facts, we generally find ourselves out of sympathy with his views. Our previous acquaintance with his writings scarcely prepared us to find in him a eulogist of the Ilbert Bill, or of Lord Ripon's pro-native, sentimental administration; and we trust, by the time when he comes to expand the postscript in which he dismisses the career of the late Governor-General, he will have reconsidered the subject. It is not every Anglo-Indian who, when he returns to settle in his native country, can maintain unweakened the impressions which he formed in the East. Nor would it be well if it were so, for Anglo-Indians have a tendency to grow narrow and illiberal, as become members of the small white oligarchy who rule two hundred millions of dusky skins. But we see too often that a remarkable—indeed we may say a miraculous—conversion overtakes many old Indians when they find themselves once more at home. Their ayes become noes, their noes ayes; they surrender all the convictions which personal knowledge and experience had wrought in them, in favour of the too often

sentimental ideal about Indian affairs held forth by those whose sole acquaintance with India has been derived from the map and the newspaper. Mr Trotter's views are, of course, intelligent, and, we are sure, conscientious, but we must conclude that he has lost touch of Anglo-Indian feeling; and when he can assail the Indian Government or a Viceroy on any point that is unpopular in this country, he does not spare his censure. His judgments are often incomplete, so as to mislead. We quite agree with his estimate of the misconduct of the first Afghan war, but its results were not without value. But for the impression our avenging army made upon the Afghans, there is every probability that they would have swooped down on India when the Mutiny broke out, and rendered our position altogether untenable. Nor can we agree with Captain Trotter in many of his views regarding the economics of Indian administration. He is all in favour of the ryot, and pronounces a very unmerited condemnation of Lord Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement, which, more than any other measure of civil polity, tended to give the British a firm foothold on India; and he warmly approves of the concessions which the Government has subsequently forced the zemindars to make — concessions which may be compared, in a mild way, to those forced upon landlords by Mr Gladstone's Rent Bill. In the same way the Talukdari settlement of Oudh, effected by Lord Canning and Sir Charles Wingfield, comes in for an undue amount of

severe criticism, while Sir John Lawrence's measures in favour of the cultivators are praised at some expense to the faith of the pledges of the Indian Government. We yield to none in our admiration of Sir John Lawrence, nor can his services to India be easily overrated; but these services were performed before he took his seat on the Vice-regal *gaddi*. His career as Governor-General failed to realise the expectations which had been based upon his past; and, with the previous case of Sir Charles Metcalfe, went far to establish an argument that the Indian Civil Service is not the best training-school for the guidance of the Supreme Government.

We are not going to deal in detail with the more recent chapters in Captain Trotter's History, for we fear we should be compelled to differ from him at every other point where he forms a judgment. We would rather give testimony to the value of his work as a record of facts clearly and graphically told; and where the reader will be obliged to vary from his conclusions, he will not fail to do justice to the generous and liberal spirit which animates the writer. A pretty close test of Mr Trotter's two volumes satisfies us that he has left almost nothing out which deserves to find a place in history. Does he omit the Bombay riots of 1874? or, like Mr Justice Stareleigh, have we not got them "in our notes"? But no event that has had any bearing on Indian policy or affairs has been overlooked in Captain Trotter's interesting volumes.

THE POSITION.

THE recess, although of short duration, has been pregnant with important events. Lord Salisbury's Government meets Parliament deprived of two of its most distinguished and influential members, at a moment when that loss can ill be endured. According to the common opinion of men, the Earl of Iddesleigh and Lord Randolph Churchill were held to represent the two different schools of Conservatism which acknowledge the leadership of Lord Salisbury. That both should quit the Government immediately before the reassembling of Parliament would, under ordinary circumstances, have struck a severe blow at the Administration thus weakened at a critical moment; and it is only on account of the innate and inherent strength of the foundation upon which it rests, that the blow will probably be found to have fallen with comparatively little effect. The subject cannot be mentioned, nor the events of the moment discussed, without allusion, in the first instance, to the loss which the country as well as the Government has sustained by the death of the elder of the two statesmen to whose resignation we have called attention.

Sir Stafford Northcote (for so we love still to call him) had been for many years before the public. He had held high office, and had led the Opposition in the House of Commons in troublous times. Yet, despite his occupancy of positions which brought him constantly into conflict with other men, no man ever lived who made fewer enemies—no statesman ever imported less of personal acerbity into political warfare—no politician ever discharged par-

liamentary duties with more inflexible honesty and uprightness, and yet with a courtesy and kindly appreciation of opponents which well maintained the best traditions of English public life. The ripe experience, the cultivated mind, the refined tastes, and the genial temper of Sir Stafford Northcote, all combined to enhance his value to those with whom he was associated, and no one ever passed away from among us more truly respected and more sincerely regretted by the general voice of his contemporaries. It is not our purpose to refer more particularly to the circumstances which invested the decease of this lamented statesman with a peculiar and melancholy interest, nor to say a word which could possibly cause pain or appear to impute blame to others. We cannot, however, avoid the remark that, in our judgment, no Conservative Cabinet would have been complete without the man who had so ably and faithfully led the party in the House of Commons in dark and dangerous days; and that, had his life been spared, we are confident that we should ere long have seen him once more side by side with Lord Salisbury, assisting the Government with his matured and proved ability.

Of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation we feel bound to speak with reserve, seeing that at the time of writing we are not in possession of the whole case, nor of the reasons which led to so unexpected an event. There can be no doubt of the courage and ability of Lord Randolph, of the immense value of his services to the Conservative and Unionist cause, and of the large share he can fairly

claim in the successes of the general election. Lord Randolph has done more than any one else to popularise the "Tory party," and to disabuse men's minds of the idea that it is the "party of reaction," from whom no progress is to be expected. He has obtained an influence with "the masses" which is possessed by hardly any other public man of the day, and is regarded by many men as the link between the "Constitutional" and the "Liberal" party—the pioneer to lead the former forward to a point at which the moderate and rational portion of the latter may be able to join and unite with them against the revolutionary programme of some of those who aspire to lead them. The departure from the Government of such a man cannot but be counted as a loss, and we must not for a moment forget that his was the sharpest sword that was waved aloft in the recent electoral contests—his the keenest lance that was couched against our Separatist foes. We must, however, confess to a feeling of regret that Lord Randolph has not felt it his duty, at the present crisis, to postpone every other political desire or ambition to the one great necessity of preserving unimpaired the strength and unity of the Government which was formed for the main object of resisting the disunion of the empire. However honest, able, and eminent, Lord Randolph was still one of the youngest of the Cabinet; and it appears to us that there is no subject, of however great importance, the consideration of which might not have been postponed, and every possible difference of opinion laid aside for the moment, until the power of the Separatist party had been completely shattered, and their policy abandoned. We say this in all respect to Lord

Randolph, and in the full belief that he has acted from the highest and most conscientious motives; but there are moments when sacrifices of individual feeling must be made in the interests of the public, and real sacrifices sometimes betoken a more real and unselfish patriotism than even that forfeiture of position and power to which Lord Randolph has submitted, sooner than abandon or postpone for the moment his personal convictions.

The loss of Lord Randolph Churchill has not been entirely without its compensations, especially as we are convinced that his independent support will still be rendered to the constitutional Government. Mr Goschen, who has long been Conservative in his opinions, and as such has encountered the full force of Radical denunciation and abuse, has joined the Conservative Cabinet as a "Liberal Unionist," and thus conferred upon the Government the double advantage of his own personal weight and ability, and the assurance which his action affords the country that the tie between the Liberal and Conservative Unionists is as firm and unbroken as ever. Whilst congratulating the Government upon Mr Goschen's accession to its ranks, we cannot but offer our congratulations to that gentleman himself upon his extrication from a painfully false position. The number of so-called Liberals has of late years not been few who have constantly condemned in private the measures for which party exigencies compelled them to give their votes, and to support by their public actions; the truth being palpable to unprejudiced observers, that for some time past there has been an assimilation and approximation between moderate men of both po-

litical parties which has rendered the old party watchwords and combinations practically absurd and obsolete. If Mr Goschen has not voted for measures which he condemned, he has done that which in the eyes of thick-and-thin partisans is actually worse; for, sitting on one side of the House, he has spoken strongly against the measures and policy of those who were the accepted leaders of that side. In truth, the logical mind, the strong common-sense, the reasonable Liberalism of Mr Goschen, have all tended to show him the illogical and unreasonable position of those latter-day Liberals who have gradually discarded the former and vital principles of the old Liberal party. Mr Goschen may rely upon it that, for a man of his keen intellectual powers and unquestioned ability, there is far more scope in the "Tory" than in the "Radical" party: the one he may hope to "Liberalise," because circumstances and the lessons taught by time have caused them to become a progressive party; the latter he can never moderate, because it is immoderate, and because of the revolutionary spirits who influence and guide that "advanced" section of their supporters, upon whom they depend for success at the polls, and who year by year more absolutely control their policy as a party. The right place for Mr Goschen—and not only for Mr Goschen, but for Lord Hartington and his followers—is in the ranks of the party now led by Lord Salisbury, by their union with which they would form and consolidate one strong and irresistible party upon a national and constitutional basis. The necessity for such a party must appear more obvious than ever to those who consider the position of the country at the present moment.

So far as foreign affairs are concerned, prudent and patriotic men of every party will rejoice to see the seals of the Foreign Office in the firm grasp and strong hands of Lord Salisbury. No statesman who has of late years occupied the position of Foreign Secretary has inspired more general confidence; and the influence of Great Britain in continental Europe is tenfold that which was formerly the case during the days of the old 1880 Gladstone Government, now happily passed away. It is impossible to view the affairs of the Continent without uneasiness; and circumstances beyond our control may cause the occurrence of events likely to result in grave complications, and to require the greatest amount of nerve and prudence at the British Foreign Office. Should such be the case, the country will feel greater reliance upon Lord Salisbury than upon any other of our statesmen; and we cannot but congratulate ourselves upon his resumption of the office for which he is so well fitted, and which he has already filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to his country.

But whatever may be the interest attaching to foreign affairs in the coming session, it is abundantly evident that the same question which engrossed the attention of Parliament and the country in 1886 will again force itself forward in 1887, and will require the best efforts of our statesmen for its solution. The state of Ireland has, indeed, occupied the time and tried the patience of the British Parliament for the last six years in a remarkable manner. Be it remembered that this monopoly of parliamentary attention by Ireland has been coincident with the reopening of the land question by Mr Gladstone in 1880-81, and

his continued legislative attempts thereupon. As soon as it became known that the agitation of the Irish Land League had induced that impressionable statesman to revise his own Act of 1870 (by which he had hoped "to close and seal up the subject for ever"), new hopes were kindled in the breast of every Irish tenant who was dissatisfied with his position, and of every National Leaguer who had been taught that the soil of Ireland really belonged to those fictitious beings who are called the "children of Ireland," as distinguished from those "rack-renting" landlords who have inherited or bought it according to the legitimate practice of ordinary law. A new impetus was given to agitation, and the idea became firmly engrafted upon the Irish mind, that the "rattle of slugs along the road," or, in other words, well-sustained and unscrupulous opposition to the law, would frighten a Gladstonian Government into concession to any demands upon which the "Nationalist" leaders might insist. We are but too well acquainted with the history of these six years, nor is it our duty to recapitulate the events which led to the wondrous change of front in Mr Gladstone at the close of the year 1885. The statesman who had always avowed his adherence to the example and policy of Sir Robert Peel, repudiated the teaching of that great leader; the Prime Minister who had passed stronger measures of coercion than any of his predecessors, suddenly condemned as iniquitous the coercion which he himself had practised; the head of a Cabinet by whose action many hundreds of Irishmen had been imprisoned for their Home Rule opinions, avowed himself a Home-Ruler, and not only so, but with a perversity of in-

genuity which would be ludicrous if the matter were less grave, endeavoured to prove that even when he was imprisoning Home-Rulers he had never said a word or held an opinion against Home Rule. Then followed the wondrous strife which we have witnessed within the bosom of the Liberal party. Besides the consistent Home-Rulers, those whose politics were personal, and whose political belief was Gladstone-worship, as well as those to whom office was their creed, and whose only hope of office was in Gladstone, followed their chief with ready alacrity, and discovered that the Parnellite "juice" in which they were about to "stew," was nourishing and invigorating to their political frame. Nobler spirits, however, and men who cherished the old and fundamental Liberal principle as to the right of private judgment, dared to think for themselves, and to separate from the leader who had thus stepped aside from the old paths of constitutional Liberalism. Against these men was poured forth the full vial of that leader's wrath, and his utmost exertions were used to ensure their political extinction. If they now survive—and their parliamentary strength has been scarcely diminished—it is because they have found upon the Tory side, and among the Tory party, a frank recognition of their honourable consistency, and an earnest and honest desire to co-operate with them in the maintenance of that great principle which at present binds together Tory and Liberal Unionist in a bond so strong as to overshadow and exclude all minor points of difference. If, however, such a bond is to be made as strong and enduring as all true patriots must desire, it is very necessary that we should at

the present moment clearly understand what it is we intend, upon what ground we take our stand, and what is the great and essential difference between ourselves and our opponents. It is all the more necessary on account of the new phase of the question upon which we have recently entered.

During the last general election, no term was too harsh to be applied by the Gladstonians to those Unionists whom they designated by the title of "Dissentient Liberals." From the ex-Premier himself down to the humblest of his followers, the Liberal Unionists were made the target for scorn and the object of their bitterest opposition. But things have changed. Just as the fact that the Tories and Nationalists, if voting in the same lobby, constituted a majority in the Parliament elected in 1885, created in Mr Gladstone's mind a reason for declaring that adhesion to Home Rule which, up to that moment, he had so carefully concealed from his nearest and dearest political friend; so, in the minds of reflective Gladstonians, arose the necessity of an alteration in their demeanour towards "Liberal Unionists," so soon as it appeared, after the election of 1886, that the presence of the latter in the Tory lobby would afford a majority over the combination of Radicals and Parnellites who would follow Mr Gladstone. Therefore it is that a milder tone has been adopted towards at least a portion of the Liberal Unionists: "Liberal re-union" has been whispered in their ears as something not altogether incompatible with that "unity of the empire" to which they are pledged, and a readiness has been avowed to modify any and every detail—if not any and every principle—which could stand in the way of so blessed a consummation.

Two objects are evidently in the Gladstonian mind—first, to win back some of the revolted subjects; secondly, even if this project should fail, to sow seeds of discord between the Whig and Radical Unionists. We speak with respect of the Knights of the Round Table who have lately met in fraternal discussion, but we do not believe that their conference can do anything else than accentuate the differences which divide them. It cannot be so, indeed, without a loss of political character on one side or the other; because those differences, as we understand them, are essentially differences of principle, and not of detail. The real fundamental question which divides men upon this Irish matter is the question whether or no the Irish—or, to put it more fairly, the Queen's subjects resident in Ireland—are to be considered as a separate nation, or as part and parcel of the thirty-six or thirty-seven millions who form the population of Great Britain and Ireland. It must not be forgotten that up to the very moment of Mr Gladstone's declaration in favour of Home Rule, the leaders of the "Nationalists" had been loudly advocating separation from Great Britain, the banishment of the "Saxon" from Ireland, the raising of the "green flag" instead of the Union-jack, and the right of Ireland to "take her place among the nations of the earth." We repeat that this must not be forgotten; because, although these sentiments are now disavowed, and we are as loudly told by the same men that Ireland does *not* desire separation from England, we must use our own judgment as to whether we will believe these gentlemen's speeches before or after December 1885, and must remember that if, after all, the

first and earlier speeches contained the true expression of their feelings, they would stand on vantage-ground from which hereafter to carry out their intentions, if they had a subservient Parliament and an executive (as proposed by Mr Gladstone) under their control. But granted that they do *not* wish for separation. In that case, if Ireland is still to be joined with us, and if the people of the four countries—England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales—are still to be considered as one, surely the question of their government by one or more Parliaments becomes a question of convenience, to be decided according to the feelings and wishes of the whole, and not only of one part of the population. If we are to be, as we have been, a united people, and if the convenience of the whole people is to be considered, surely it would be, as Mr Bright says, “an intolerable mischief” to have two Parliaments in one country; and we are further inclined to agree with him that “no sensible man can wish for the two within the limits of the present United Kingdom, who does not wish the United Kingdom to become two or more nations entirely separate from each other.”

We take, then, the one great and essential difference between Unionists and Separatists to be the question whether there shall or shall not be a separate Parliament for Ireland. Everything hangs upon the word Parliament. The question of a separate executive is immensely important, but that of a Parliament is still more so; and for this reason. If this demand be steadily refused, local relief may be given, the development and extension of self-government essayed, and institutions freely altered to meet Irish wishes and Irish requirements. So

long as the sanction of the Imperial Parliament (the Irish being always fully represented therein) is required, no harm can be done to imperial unity, and the balance will be fairly held between the different Irish interests and creeds. But once given an Irish Parliament, and the groundwork is laid for innumerable further demands and interminable difficulties which it will be found impossible to prevent. If the control of the executive is not also given, an immediate and powerful agitation will accompany the calling into existence of the Parliament. Then it will be asked why the financial power permitted to “Grattan’s Parliament” is to be removed from the newly constituted Irish Legislature? As time goes on, there will be continual efforts (and natural efforts beyond doubt) to remove this and that restriction—continual attempts to enlarge the powers and increase the area of action prescribed for the Irish Parliament; and such attempts will in all probability be followed by agitation such as that to which Mr Gladstone has taught British Governments to yield. It will be remembered, too, that as all these demands will be made in the name of Liberty and Justice to Ireland, backed by the cry of equality for the four countries, and supported by the native eloquence in which Irishmen are so proficient, they will undoubtedly be popular with Irish constituencies, and will in all probability command a majority in the Irish Parliament. If there is a separate Irish Government, how is it to exist save by concession to Irish demands? And hence arises another question.

At present the “Irish nation” is fully represented in the Parliament of Great Britain. If, upon any Irish question, they are out-

voted, they go away grumbling, and declare that "a parcel of British ignoramus" have defeated them. But suppose that upon any question passed by the Irish Parliament the Legislature of Great Britain should feel bound to take adverse action, the anger and bitterness will surely be much greater and more intense when a decision of their own Parliament has been reversed, than it now is when Irish representatives are simply outvoted in an assembly wherein they are fully represented, and after the question under discussion has been well debated, with every opportunity afforded them to urge and impress their views upon their colleagues. That this might easily happen may be supposed from the language we read of as employed with regard to the land question in Ireland. Only the other day Mr Dillon boldly stated that the land had been "robbed from the children of Ireland" by the fathers of the present landlords, from whom they "would take it." These words, taken with others, and considered together with the action of the League, and the intentions expressed to "abolish landlordism," indicate a feeling among those who are likely to exercise great influence over the people of Ireland, which bodes but little good to the ordinary principles of common justice and legality which prevail in this country. Yet if these principles are to be set at defiance in Ireland, it will be the bounden duty of Great Britain to interfere, and hence may and probably will arise complications of which no man can foresee the end.

If the present Government have erred at all, it has not been on the side of severity in enforcing the law in Ireland. The law *must* be enforced; such iniquities as

"the Plan of Campaign" must be faced and repressed; and the Government may confidently rely upon the support of public opinion in their efforts to do so. If we should unfortunately live to see an Irish Parliament and an Irish executive in Dublin, the duty of the British Government would still remain, but its difficulty in the performance of that duty would be enormously increased. It is, then, this idea of a Parliament which must be resolutely opposed, and which constitutes the first great difference between us and our opponents. It is idle to reiterate the old, old question, "Why not let the Irish manage their own affairs?" The plain and simple answer is, that the Irish have no more affairs of their own, requiring parliamentary management, than the inhabitants of any English or Scottish county; and those which *do* require such management must be managed by the United Parliament as long as we are a united country. There is no one argument in favour of a separate Irish Parliament which does not logically and legitimately lead to the demand for complete separation. Take, for instance, Sir Charles Russell's grandiloquent expression, that what the Home-Rulers demand is "government for the people by the people." No such thing. If we are a united people, what Sir Charles Russell demands is that the four or five millions in Ireland should set up a Government *for* themselves *by* themselves, which may, and probably would be, a Government very much at variance with the wishes and opinions of the vast majority of the united population. Of course, if Ireland is to be considered a separate people, the demand would assume another complexion; but this is what is indignantly denied. Again,

take Lord Rosebery's somewhat supercilious question, "Is there any geographical limit to representative institutions?" Certainly there is, in the sense in which the question is applicable to the demand for an Irish Parliament. If Ireland is united with Great Britain, and part of our home empire, we do not require two Parliaments therein, and a similar demand might as well be made from Lancashire or Yorkshire. If Ireland is a separate nation, the question is of course to be answered after a different fashion.

We have thus endeavoured to point out, in a few words, what seems to us to be the great rallying-point of the Unionist party. Much more might be written, and many other arguments adduced upon the subject, but we have said enough to show how clear and how great is the difference between us and our opponents, and how fair and just a ground we have upon which Liberal and Tory Unionists may stand shoulder to shoulder in the combat before us. For we must not delude ourselves with the belief that the

battle is over. We have powerful adversaries with whom to contend; and inasmuch as self-interest is a potent motive with mankind, we must not forget to take into account that there are many Liberal Unionists who will be strongly tempted to accept any compromise which may restore them to the comfortable position of members of a united Liberal party. There can be little doubt that such compromises will be attempted and offered. They can best be defeated by keeping before the eyes of the public generally, and the Liberal Unionists in particular, the special issues to which we have adverted, and the great principles which form our legitimate bond of union. During the recess, we may be well satisfied that we have held our own. Orators of different calibre have delivered addresses upon both sides of the question in many different parts of the country; but, so far as we have seen, in oratory as well as in literature, the Unionist cause has had decidedly the best of it. The historical case of the Separatists has practically disappeared;¹

¹ Although this is undoubtedly true, it is unfortunately the fact that many errors as regards the history of the past are still to be found in quarters in which accuracy would be expected, and such errors, if uncontradicted, become accepted as facts. For instance, in Whitaker's Almanack for the present year, p. 303, under the heading, "The Kingdom of Ireland," we find it stated that, "Although Ireland was annexed in 1170, it was not properly brought under English rule until the time of William III., and even then was permitted to retain a certain amount of apparent independence, one of the most cherished forms of which was the native Parliament which existed for more than three hundred years, and was extinguished at the time of the Union in 1801." It is partly upon the supposed existence of a "native" Parliament that the demand is now made for a separate Parliament for Ireland, and therefore it is important to bear in mind that it is absolutely untrue that such a Parliament ever existed. Up to the time of James I., the only thing resembling a Parliament was the convention of *British settlers* within "the Pale," summoned at the pleasure of the British sovereign; then came the Parliament established by James I. to consolidate his own power; and the Parliament subsequent to the accession of William III. was still so contrary to a "native Parliament," that it was confined exclusively to Protestants, and the Catholics, who numbered at least three-fourths of the population, could not sit in that Parliament, nor (until 1793) even vote at the election of its members. To speak of a "native Parliament" having existed in Ireland for upwards of three hundred years, is therefore to state that which is contrary to historical

the arguments to be drawn from the past are incontrovertibly against them; and as regards their present position, it must be confessed that they depend rather upon the personal following of one eminent man, than upon any support which their cause has won from the public upon its intrinsic merits. Their popular catchwords, addressed to the democratic ear, may here and there secure approval, the eloquence of some of their advocates may gain support, and the power of party discipline and organisation may

enable them to carry on the contest for a while; but if the Unionist party will keep in view the justice of their cause and the simple principles upon which it rests, we do not for a moment doubt that they will be able to repel all the assaults of their opponents, and to secure the confidence and the support of the great body of their countrymen. In this spirit and in this belief we bid the Government "God speed" at the commencement of that which promises to be an important session.

truth, and to convey to the public an inaccurate account, which, in the case of so valuable a publication as that to which we allude, is clearly the result of accident, but an accident much to be regretted in the interests of historical truth.

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LOVE THAT LASTS FOR EVER.

A JUBILEE LYRIC

BY

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

TO

THE QUEEN

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HER ACCESSION

AND

PUBLISHED BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY.

LOVE THAT LASTS FOR EVER.

I.

THERE is a Word,
A Linnet lilting in the grove,
Keen as a sword,
And pure as Angels are above;
This little Word good men call Love!

II.

It bears a Name,
Unsullied by the taint of wealth;
Careless of Fame,
And bright with all the hues of health,
It shrinks from praise, to bless by stealth.

III.

I join it now
To Thine, Victoria! Thou hast seen
With clear eyes, how
To win it: blessed hast Thou been
With Love, as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

IV.

Love bathed in Tears,
To Love cemented, ever brings
And ever bears
A chastened spirit, that in Kings,
Is noblest among earthly things.

V.

Come lasting Love !
For Sweetness in a moment dies,
And all things prove,
That Beauty far too quickly flies
From blue, or black, or hazel eyes.

VI.

Youth is a snare ;
Like an awakening dream it speeds,
Nor cries, *Beware !*
A dream of unaccomplished deeds,
A hope of undetermined creeds.

VII.

Is it Friendship then ?
The Tyrant of a summer day,
The boast of men
Who loiter idly on life's way,
A band who neither work nor play.

VIII.

Nay! Friends, though dear,
Pass on their way—change—turn aside;
A transient tear
Dims friendship's light—or some pale bride—
For Love was born when Friendship died!

IX.

Thou, Grey or Gold,
Alone, Great Love, survivest all,
All else grows old;
Their birth, their growth, their rise, their fall,
Immortal only at Thy call.

X.

Love conquers Death,
And is Life's portal, and the Soul
Whose Heavenly breath
Inspires all Life, and ages roll
To ages, and yet leave it whole.

XI.

Come then Great Love,
To whom none ever plead in vain,
Come from above—
Where are no sighs, no tears, no pain—
And make us pure from selfish stain.

XII.

Come, fresh as morn,
When golden sunrise laves the land,
And gilds the corn;
Come smiling—come with open hand—
That brooks no chain—owns no command.

XIII.

Thy voice sounds best
When faint the weary toilers sigh,
And long for rest;
The tone is clear, but not too high,
With just one touch of mystery.

XIV.

Come, calm as night,
When Dian, with her stars, looks on
A wondrous sight—
A sleeping world:—Endymion
Slept thus for thee, pale Amazon!

XV.

Be with us now;
Illume our pleasures, soothe our woes,
And teach us how
Thy sweet encircling spirit knows
The heart's unrest—the heart's repose.

XVI.

Be with us now ;
A Day of many-sided thought
That curves the brow
With lines of memory, interwrought
With hope, and gratitude unbought.

XVII.

O Queen! this Day
Thy People, generous and just,
As well they may,
Confirm anew their sacred trust
Enshrined in half a century's dust.

XVIII.

For fifty years
Thy People's love has been content
(In spite of tears,
And bitter sorrows sadly blent)
To raise to Thee Love's monument.

XIX.

A Trophy, based
On duty done, on faction quelled,
No deed defaced
By broken word, or faith withheld,
No foe by stratagem compelled.

XX.

Not stone or brass,—
These perish with the flight of Time,
And quickly pass;
But Love endures in every clime,
Eternal as the Poet's rhyme.

XXI.

Not brass or stone,—
These will corrode, and some day die,
But Love alone
Laughs at decay, and soars on high—
In fragrant immortality.

XXII.

Thy Royal Robe
Is starred by Love: its purple Hem
Surrounds the Globe:
But true Love is the fairest Gem
Of Thy Imperial Diadem.

XXIII.

Queen of the Sea!
What prouder title dignifies
A Monarchy?
The Orient owns it, and it lies
Amidst Thy countless Colonies;

XXIV.

A wayward realm,
Yet ruled in Love for the world's gain;
Thou guid'st the Helm
That brings our commerce o'er the main,
And makes us rich without a stain.

XXV.

The Sisters Nine
Were all Thy friends; a willing guest
Each one was Thine,
In turn to cheer, or give Thee rest,
Thy choice, they knew, was always best.

XXVI.

And Science came
To meet Thee, and enrich Thy store
With Heaven-sent flame,
To burn—like Vesta's lamp—before
A sacred altar as of yore.

XXVII.

Thy welcome gave
New impulse to her, and each day,
Like a freed slave,
She worked in Love such deeds, her ray
Shed light and truth around Thy way.

XXVIII.

No tongue can tell
Thy peaceful triumphs; mighty War
Has his as well,
But Peace has greater, nobler far
Than the chained victims of his Car.

XXIX.

Thy Jubilee
Is marked by Love; 'tis all Thine own,
And given to Thee
By all—a sweet flower fully blown,
The grace and grandeur of Thy Throne.

XXX.

'Tis Thy just meed
For fifty years of righteous reign;
No heart doth bleed
In all Thy kingdom, but the pain
Throbs in Thine own, and not in vain!

XXXI.

I pray Thee take,
In some exchange for all the good
That Thou dost make,
The troubles Thy brave heart withstood,
Thy temperate yet undaunted mood,

XXXII.

These grateful lines ;
As the sweet myrtle wreathes the bay
And intertwines
The classic leaf, e'en so I may
Entwine my chaplet with this Day.

XXXIII.

'Tis a poor song,
By one whose heart has ever been
Loyal and strong,
And who, like Simeon, now has seen
His hope fulfilled :—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

THE DOUGLASES.

"WE do not yet know them fully," cries Master David Hume of Godscroft, speaking of the Douglasses in his History; "we do not know them in the fountain but in the stream; not in the root but in the stock and stemme, for we know not who was the first mean man who did, by his vertue, raise himself above the vulgar." Tradition points out to us Sholto Dhuglas, the dark-grey man, whose valour turned the tide of battle in favour of the royal army of King Solvathius, and against the rebels under Donald Bane. This was in the year 767; and heaven forbid that we should venture to gainsay it. We willingly accept Sholto as the "first mean man" of the house of the Douglas until a more remote progenitor has been produced, as we accept the hero of Luncarty as the founder of the fortunes of the Hays; John the Scot who killed the buck in the "cleuch" as the ancestor of the "Rough Clan"; or the warrior who dared to rescue the body of King Kenneth's cousin from the Pictish gibbet, as the father of all who call themselves Dalzell, and bear the motto "I dare." Our modern historians brush these heroes too lightly aside. But we are of Godscroft's way of thinking. Doubtless there was some first "mean man" even in the lofty line of the Douglasses, and Sholto will serve well enough for the eponym until direct historical evidence is forthcoming that he did not live in the reign of Solvathius, or until his presence at the battle in question is refuted by a

satisfactory *alibi*. And we dare say, if we were to put a fine point upon our criticism, it would be easy to show that Sholto's claims to rank as a historical character are not less weighty than those of Solvathius himself.

In post-Solvathian days, when, by the aid of actual history, we first distinctly discern the Douglasses, they occupy a position among the nobles of Scotland which could scarcely have been enhanced by the efforts of the herald or the genealogist. Minerva-like, the first authentic Douglas steps into Scottish history armed at all points with feudal power, landed possessions, and an assured rank among the notables of the country. However far back he might trace his lineage, we are justified in believing that the place held by William of Douglasdale in the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century, must have been secured for him by generations of ancestors of distinction and importance. The "stream" of which Godscroft speaks was already touching high-water in the time of William "the Hardy," during the second half of the thirteenth century; a few generations more saw it flowing "from bank to brae"; a little later still and it has become an impetuous torrent—

"Frothing white with many a plume,
Dark-blue with many a spear,"

sweeping everything before it, until checked by the confines which a growing Reign of Law was compelled to impose upon its course.

Apart from the consequence which the house of Douglas derived from its old descent, extensive possessions, royal and noble alliances, and the multitude of its vassals, no other Scottish family can boast of the same number of members who individually, by force of character, have made themselves famous in their generation and in the annals of the chroniclers, or who have contributed so many names to the household words of their countrymen. Few of the Lords of Douglas or of Angus who flourished before the Union of the Crowns are without some familiar and graphic epithet attached to their names, indicative of the frequency with which these were repeated by the tongues of the vulgar, and of the deep impression which the personalities of these barons must have made upon the popular imagination. A first glance at the Douglas tree rests upon Sir William "le Hardi," the companion-in-arms of Wallace and Bruce, the "Good Sir James," "Archibald the Grim," the "Dead Douglas of Otterburn," "Tineman," "James the Gross," the proud "Fair Maid of Galloway," the "Great Earl of Angus," and on the "homely name of Archibald Bell-the-Cat." All these have furnished prized themes for the arts of both poet and minstrel. There is no injustice in Godscroft's remark that—

"So many so good as of the Douglasses have been,
Of one surname were ne'er in Scotland seen."

But we must read it with this qualification, that their eminence in the virtues of their age was only transcended by the prominence of their vices, especially those of pride and ambition.

A race like the Douglasses could only flourish in its original lustre

during an age of feudalism and chivalry. Those qualities which had raised the house of Douglas to the highest place of honour in its own country, and had made its name famous throughout Christendom, lost their value as feudalism gave place to legalism; and though its lords had frequently combined statecraft with military prowess, yet their natural sphere was the field and not the Cabinet. They "loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." When we perceive that in the person of the Regent Morton the diplomatist is preponderating over the warrior, we are conscious the changed times have set their mark upon the Douglas character, and that it has entered upon an age to which it will with difficulty adapt itself. All the distinct characteristics of the Douglasses were, if not a direct product of the feudal system, at least fostered by it; and with the extinction of feudalism all the sources of their pre-eminence are closed up. They henceforth take the place assigned to them in the ranks of their order, now in the van, now in the rear, as the case may be; but they cease to specially influence the national life and to interest the national sentiment as the earlier barons of their house had done.

The annals of the Douglasses must combine within themselves all the elements of the highest literary interest. The name of the "Black Douglas" found its way into the lullaby of English mothers. The most picturesque pages of our earlier chronicles are those which describe the Douglas exploits. Poets and novelists have alike delighted in twining the threads of their history with the strands of imagination, and have presented us with such picturesque and strik-

ing portraiture of Douglasses, that history vainly seeks to supplant their ideals. But even when shorn of all legendary accretions the Douglas records still preserve the higher charms of romance. The bold and powerful lords, more than a match for the Crown itself; the fair and haughty dames of the race; the battles, forays, treasons, conspiracies, bitter feuds, and splendid friendships,—need no effects of art to fix them upon the mind. Nor are the darker dramatic qualities wanting. Though proverbially “tender and true,” the Lords of Douglas were ruthless and implacable foes, fettered by few scruples when either their interest or their ambition was to be gratified. A history of the Douglasses would therefore be an eloquent volume, even though it came from the pen of a less accomplished writer and less authoritative historian than Mr William Fraser.

Mr Fraser’s magnificent series of family histories, of which ‘The Douglas Book’ is the most important both by subject and treatment, may be said to be unique in literature. Embodying the results of the closest and most painstaking research, such sumptuous volumes as the ‘Scotts of Buccleuch,’ the ‘Red Book of Menteith,’ the ‘Stirlings of Keir,’ the ‘Book of Carlawerock,’ the ‘Lairds of Grant,’ or the much-criticised ‘Lennox,’ want only a larger circulation to entitle them to rank as national as well as family muniments. But Mr Fraser does not write for that general public, which will, however, in the end, reap the benefit of his researches. His histories are privately printed for the families to which they relate; the editions are limited—rarely, we believe, exceeding a hundred and fifty or a couple of hundred copies; and when one of these by chance

falls into the hand of a bookseller, the bibliophile has generally to look at the balance at his banker’s before venturing on an attempt at purchasing. As a family historian, Mr Fraser handles his subjects with an evident consciousness that the select audience whom he is addressing desiderate kindly and courteous treatment of their ancestors; but we cannot accuse him of neglect of the wider object to which his work is subservient—the establishment of historic truth. We can justly say of these family histories, especially of ‘The Douglas Book,’ that they are not merely additions of the highest value to the general history of Scotland, but that they render it necessary that much of our history as generally received should be reconsidered if not rewritten.

Of the four large volumes which Mr Fraser has devoted to the Douglas family, the first two are concerned with the histories of the houses of Douglas and Angus, the “Black” and “Red Douglasses”; the third contains charters; and the fourth, correspondence extending over a period of about five hundred years; and all these volumes are beautifully illustrated with facsimiles of charters and signatures, engravings of seals, and plates of the principal sepulchral memorials of the Douglasses. While claiming for Mr Fraser the credit due for the execution of the work, it would be unjust to omit commendation of the Earl of Home, the representative of the Lords of Douglas—*pace* his Grace of Hamilton—to whose spirited munificence the printing of ‘The Douglas Book’ is due.

It may be easily imagined that, under Mr Fraser’s searching scrutiny, many of the traditions with which the Douglasses are usually associated pass away into the regions of myth. Sholto Dhuglas is

not the only familiar member of the family whose existence is called in question. The authorities for Sholto are "truth delivered from hand to hand" and a "certain manuscript" seen by the tenth Earl of Angus, as mentioned by Godscroft, in the north of Scotland in 1595, perhaps a transcript of Boece's History. The rebellion of Donald Bane, against which Sholto distinguished himself, took place some four hundred years after the assumed era of Solvathius; and it is contemporaneously with this occurrence that William of Douglas, "the earliest recorded ancestor," is met with. Might not this William have been the legendary "Sholto"? Might he not have been distinguished by a popular cognomen as well as "Bell-the-Cat" or "Tineman"? Mr Fraser observes in a note that the name of Sholto does not appear in the families of Douglas or Angus until quite recent times—"which," he remarks, "is not what usually occurs. Respect for the name of the founder of a great family generally ensures that his Christian name at least occasionally appears when he has a long line of descendants." This is true so far; but we need go no further than 'The Douglas Book' for an instance which proves that Christian names are not always a safe basis for genealogical evidence. The Gledstones were the hereditary bailies of the Douglas on his barony of Cavers, and there is strong presumption made out that the family of which Mr Gladstone is the most distinguished member are the present representatives of that ancient house. The first of the old stock of whom we have any record was Herbert of Gledstones, and we find the same name perpetuated still in the ex-Premier's family. Genealogists some two hundred years after

this, for the satisfaction of future Gladstones, may point to this fact, and from it advance with more assurance than Mr Fraser ventures on the assumption that the great statesman of the Victorian age traced a direct descent from Herbert of Gledstones in the end of the thirteenth century. But the truth is, that Mr Herbert Gladstone derives his Christian name from having been born at the time when Mr Sidney Herbert was his father's colleague; and thus the recurrence of the Christian name is nothing more than a coincidence.

Identity of names has led Mr Fraser to discuss another suggested origin of the Douglasses, which, if not wholly new, is now examined in full detail for the first time. The peculiar name of Freskin appears once, and only once, in the Douglas pedigree, and on it is based a hypothesis that the Douglasses had a common origin with the great house of De Moravia in Freskin the Flemming, who obtained a grant of lands from King David I. in the recently subjugated province of Moray. When most is made of the evidence, the conclusions are not very convincing. Freskin the Flemming died before 1171; and in a charter between 1203 and 1222, we find Brice of Douglas, Bishop of Moray, speaking of his uncle Freskin of Kerdal, a barony presumably lying within Strathnairn. But who was Freskin of Kerdal? The furthest that even Cosmo Innes can go, is to conjecture, from the peculiarity of his name, that, if not a member, he was at least a relative of the family of Moravia. Even the marriage of William of Douglas to the sister of Freskin de Kerdal has no other foundation than the allusion in Bishop Brice's charter, and the fact that William of Douglas had a son called Freskin.

The utmost that this proves is, that the Douglasses in the end of the twelfth century occupied a position which entitled them to intermarry with so high a family as the De Moravias were. But an argument for consanguinity is found in the assertion of identity of arms. The old coat of the Douglasses, we are told, bore three stars, like those of Moray, Sutherland, and Bothwell, but on a line in chief, and not arranged two and one. But even upon this we cannot lay much stress. Our earlier Scottish armorials show, if not limited imagination, a constant tendency on the part of Scottish heraldry to repeat itself; and only on such suppositions can we account for the existence of almost identical coats borne by families, between which no connection is traceable. Scottish heraldry in the days before the War of Independence was not the perfect and discriminative science that it had become in the days of so accomplished a Lord Lyon as Sir David of the Mount. Thus, while the attempts to establish a genealogical and heraldic connection between the Douglasses and the De Moravias are interesting as showing the early importance of the former, we must agree with Mr Fraser that "the chain of evidence is not complete, and no definite conclusion can be drawn."

Other three theories of the Douglas origin remain to be disposed of, but these Mr Fraser does not deem deserving of such elaborate investigation. Chalmers, with characteristic dogmatism, remarks that Godscroft might have seen the "first mean man" of the family, had he opened his eyes to the existence of "Theobald Flammatiscus," who obtained a grant of lands on the Douglas Water between 1147 and 1160. This grant, how-

ever, is now ascertained to have been in Lesmahagow, and not in Douglas; and no link exists to connect William of Douglas, who appears in Douglasdale certainly within thirty years of the last of these dates, and Theobald the Flemming, who with more probability has been assigned as an ancestor to the De Berkelayes—a powerful baronial family in the Mearns and Angus under the earlier Stewart kings. The second theory is, that the Douglas family were natives of the soil from which they took their name, and Lords of Douglasdale, before we find any written record of their existence. This is, to our mind, the most probable hypothesis; and we think that Mr Fraser, evidently carried away by a partiality for the De Moravia theory, hardly gives it the consideration to which it is entitled. Weight is given to it by the fact that the Douglas family, when we first hear of it, was possessed of evident local influence and consequence; for it could procure the Priory of Lesmahagow for Brice of Douglas "in juvenilibus annis," it could contract distinguished alliances, and enjoyed popularity among the people—a further presumption of its being a native or Celtic family, for the Scots were by no means partial to the foreigners whom David I. and his successors settled in the country in such numbers. And lastly, Mr Riddell, the peerage authority, has suggested a Northumbrian origin, which is, however, found to have no better foundation than that the family of Douglas possessed some manors in that county, as at various times they possessed lands in the sister kingdom.

We have discussed this matter at such length, that we must allow Mr Fraser himself to conclude the controversy:—

"It only remains to sum up what appears to be actually proved as to the first member of the Douglas family, though the question of origin, it is to be feared, must remain in obscurity. The evidence adduced is to the effect that William of Douglas, father of Archibald and Brice of Douglas and their brothers, was a near relation of Freskin of Kerdal, a laird in Moray; that the cognisance of the Douglasses, three stars in chief, was similar to that borne by a descendant of Freskin of Kerdal; and the Douglasses and the Freskins (afterwards the family of Moray) were, at an early period, neighbouring proprietors in the south of Scotland, and that the two families were also in Morayshire together; and further, that the traditional ancestor of the family of Douglas is asserted to have fought against Donald Bane, while the first historical Douglas was actually contemporary with the rebel of that name who was slain in Morayshire."

William of Douglas, the first historical Douglas, was succeeded by Archibald, and he had also a younger son Andrew, grandfather of the Black Knight of Liddesdale and ancestor of the line of Morton. Archibald again was succeeded by Sir William of Douglas, who was the father of Hugh and of Sir William "le Hardi." During these three generations the Douglasses increased much in possessions and influence, Bishop Brice apparently being of much service to his family. Brice was evidently a prelate of much weight in his day; and though he did not escape from the tongue of slander, which charged him with unlawfully accumulating money, and that he lavished it upon "wenches, by keeping company with whom he was evil spoken of," he was canonised after his death. But as a prophet has no honour in his own country, so St Bricius does not seem to have been held in special estimation by his own kin,

who continued, from the earliest records we have of them, to range themselves under the special protection of St Bryde.

In William "le Hardi" and his son the "Good Sir James," we are able to recognise clearly those qualities which were soon to raise the Douglasses to the highest rank of Scottish nobility, and to place them in a position in which they overshadowed even the Crown itself. Their assumption of the popular cause in the war of Scottish Independence, the sacrifices which they made in the contest with the English, and the large share which Sir James had in securing the throne for Bruce, naturally marked out the Douglas as the first subject for honour and consideration. The two suffered severely at the hands of the English invaders. William the Hardi had, at an early stage of his career, provoked the enmity of Edward by carrying off and marrying an English widow-heiress, Eleanor of Lovain, who had been wife of Ferrers, Lord of Groby, and who had come to Scotland to secure her dowry out of estates of which her late husband had been possessed in that kingdom. She was not, however, his first wife, for the Good Sir James's mother was a daughter of Alexander the High Steward.

We cannot follow the fortunes of "le Hardi" and his son through the long wars of their generation. Are not their exploits written in the pages of Blind Harry and Barbour? Mr Fraser's less romantic narrative detracts nothing from the renown of these two heroes. It deserves to be noted that though Sir James, as Bruce's first soldier, could doubtless have obtained vast estates from the lands which had been confiscated to the Crown by Edward's partisans, yet Douglas

bore no personal titles save those which indicated inheritance of his own paternal lordship and the simple knighthood conferred upon him in presence of the whole Scottish army arrayed at Bannockburn. This moderation, however, he did not bequeath to his posterity.

Mr Fraser introduces to us a new Douglas, hitherto unrecognised in history, in the person of William Lord of Douglas, a son of the Good Sir James; but the evidence of his succession is quite satisfactorily established. This clears up some historical difficulties which have arisen from confounding William of Douglas with the Knight of Liddesdale, who was a son of Sir James Douglas of Lothian. William, however, enjoyed his lordship for only three years, and fell at Halidon under the banner of his uncle Archibald, who was there taken prisoner. In his seal is displayed a shield on which is a fess surmounted by three mullets in chief, and in base for the first time we meet with the famous bloody heart, which seems thus to have been introduced into the Douglas arms immediately after the Good Sir James's death.

On the death of William, without issue, and probably unmarried, Hugh, brother of the Good Sir James, succeeded to the lordship. He was an ecclesiastic and unmarried, and resigned, after a tenure of eleven years, in favour of his nephew William, son of that Archibald who had been Warden of Scotland and had fallen at Halidon. Archibald was the first "Tine-man," or loser of the family—a name which attached itself with even more fatal associations to Archibald the fourth Earl of Douglas. Mr Fraser is disposed to think that the epithet should be only applied to the latter. But we are inclined to believe that

Bower is right. A nickname in a family is easily revived, but in spite of its reverses the career of the Douglas Duke of Touraine was as a whole too brilliant to have of itself originated the epithet. The names of the different Douglasses were so often in the mouths of minstrels and ballad-mongers, that the frequent confusions which Mr Fraser has now cleared away are perfectly explicable.

Under William, who was created the first Earl of Douglas in 1358, we are conscious that the house of Douglas has now become a preponderating power in Scotland, and is in a position to push its claims to the highest offices and influence in the State. William was the pupil in chivalry of the Knight of Liddesdale, and part of his military education had been acquired in France. He returned to Scotland during the troubled period subsequent to the battle of Durham, when the King was a prisoner, and the people at the mercy of English incursions. The fortunes of Scotland were then at the lowest ebb, and the field afforded favour for a nobleman of energy and talent, such as William Douglas undoubtedly possessed. He began by imitating the example of the Good Sir James, and driving out the English from Douglasdale, and then going warily to work until he found himself at the head of a sufficient power, won back Teviotdale and Ettrick Forest to the Scots. He was one of the commissioners who treated for David's liberation at New-castle in 1351; but Mr Fraser corrects Lord Hailes's assertion that William was a party to the abortive secret negotiations which went on for freeing the King, the William referred to having been the Knight of Liddesdale, who appeared to have been actuated by motives

neither pure nor patriotic. "He entered," says Mr Fraser, "into a solemn agreement with the King of England to be his servant, and to permit the English to pass through his lands at all times without hindrance, in return for which he was set at liberty, with a grant of the lands of Liddesdale and Hermitage Castle, &c., to be held of the English King." But the Scots were rapidly winning back the country, and the Knight's treasonable plans were held in check. His death was a sad one, as he was slain by his pupil and godson, William of Douglas, while hunting in Ettrick Forest. The old legend assigns jealousy as the cause of quarrel, and an old ballad supports the story :—

"The Countesse of Douglas out of her
 boure she came,
 And loudly there did call,
 It is for the Lord of Liddesdale
 That I let these tears down fall."

But there was no Countess of Douglas at that time, and if there is anything in the ballad it must point to a rivalry for Margaret of Mar, whom Douglas married a few years after. Fordoun assigns the cause of the Knight's death as revenge for the murders of Sir Alexander Ramsay and Sir David Berkley, and mutual enmities stirred up by ambition. The last suggestion is probably the real motive, and Mr Fraser thus amplifies Fordoun's statement :—

"The probability is, that the true cause of the deed was that both men laid claim to the same lands, and that Douglas, meeting his rival hunting and trespassing on his territory, challenged him, and the Knight was killed in the encounter. That both Douglas and his kinsman laid claim to the same territory has never hitherto been clearly understood by the his-

torians who have referred to this subject."

This view is strengthened by the fact that the Knight's death was followed by a royal grant of Liddesdale to William of Douglas. To view his character as a whole, the "Flower of Chivalry" comes out the least satisfactorily of all his generation of Black Douglasses.

William soon after fought at Poitiers on the French side, and was knighted by the luckless King John. He was one of the three great lords selected as hostages for King David II., and succeeded in having the restoration of his English estates secured to him by the treaty between the two countries. At the death of David he stood in a position to be a formidable opponent to the succession of the Stewart. Wyntown indeed asserts that William was preparing to advance his claims, based on an alleged descent from the Comyns and Baliols ; but Mr Fraser points out so many inconsistencies in the chronicler's narrative, that we have no hesitation in dismissing the statement. If the Douglasses did ever aim at royal power in Scotland, it was after this period, at a time when their rivalry with the Crown became more keenly accentuated. The Stewart and Douglas had been in the closest alliance, and the latter's accession to the throne was speedily followed by a contract of marriage between the heir of Douglas and the Princess Isabel. He continued to be the bulwark of the country against the English, and his last service was to again clear Liddesdale from their occupation. By his marriage with Margaret of Mar he succeeded to that earldom on the death of her brother Thomas, the last male of the line of ancient Earls. In connection with the vexed ques-

tion about the ranking of that earldom, it is of interest to quote Mr Fraser's remarks with regard to the position held by the Earl of Douglas :—

"The Earldom of Mar, as possessed by Thomas Earl of Mar, was in the time of King Robert II. the premier earldom of Scotland. The dignity of Earl of Douglas was then the most modern dignity with the rank of Earl, and William Earl of Douglas was the first Earl of his family, having been created on 26th January 1357-58. When he received the conjoined titles of Douglas and Mar on the death of Thomas Earl of Mar, he had only been sixteen years Earl of Douglas, yet on every occasion his title of Douglas is invariably placed before that of Mar. He styles himself Earl of Douglas and Mar; his widow also after his death placed the title of Mar after that of Douglas, styling herself Countess of Douglas and Mar, and the same course was followed in Crown charters by the King. The dignity of Earl of Douglas could not have been placed before that of Earl of Mar if Earl William had been entitled in right of his wife to be ranked as and to bear the style of the first Earl of the kingdom. Both of the Earls of Douglas and Mar, William and James, father and son, sealed the legal deeds granted by them with their armorial seals, having Douglas in the first and fourth quarters and Mar in the subsidiary second and third, thus again plainly showing that the title of Mar, as possessed by William Earl of Douglas, was junior to his recently created dignity of Douglas."

William's successor was the hero of Otterburn, and as he died without legitimate issue, the Earldoms of Mar and Douglas parted company—the latter going to Archibald, the grim Lord of Galloway. Earl James was not more than thirty when he fell, but he had crowded many exploits into a short life; and his successful raids across the Border excited the en-

thusiasm of Scottish chivalry, and the deep enmity of "Hotspur," who saw his domains ravaged and his fame eclipsed by the young Earl. An expedition into England on a grand scale having been organised by the Scottish nobles in 1388, Douglas harried the country up to the walls of Durham, and then returned to assail Newcastle. In a hand-to-hand encounter before the walls, Douglas is said to have worsted Hotspur, and to have carried off his pennon. It was when the Scots had broken up the siege, and were encamped at Otterburn, on their way home, that the famous encounter took place, which is celebrated in the ballad of "Chevy Chase." In the night-time Henry and Ralph Percy broke upon the Scottish camp at Otterburn so unexpectedly that Douglas had not time to have his armour fastened, and the "Earl of Moray fought all night without his helmet." Douglas was soon in the thickest of the fight, armed with a mace or battle-axe, "lyke a hardy Hector," says Froissart, "wyllynge alone to conquer the felde, and to dyscomfyte his enemyes." Unrecognised in the *mêlée*, he received three spear-wounds at once, and a blow on the head from an axe as he was falling. His body was recovered when the English were driven back; and, says Mr Fraser, "the scene which followed is one of the most affecting in the annals of chivalry :"—

"When asked how he did, the dying Earl replied, Right evil; yet, thank God, but few of my ancestors have died in their beds. I am dying, for my heart grows faint, but I pray you to revenge me. Raise my banner which lyeth near me on the ground; show my state neither to friend nor foe, lest mine enemies rejoice, and my friends be discomfited."

We need not dwell on the victory that followed the raising of the banner, and the war-cry of "Douglas! Douglas!" And we need not wonder that such an episode should have inspired a deathless lay which moves the heart more than a trumpet.

On the death of Earl James the title and estates went, as we have seen, to Archibald, the grim Lord of Galloway, a natural son of the Good Sir James. Of Archibald it is recorded that he refused the title of Duke when that dignity was first introduced into Scotland; "and when the heralds cried out to him, 'Schir Duk, Schir Duk,' he replied, saying, 'Schir Drake, Schir Drake,' and would accept only the title of Earl."¹ Both by marriage and acquisition the Douglas domains increased largely under Archibald. It was as Warden of the Marches and Justiciar on the Borders that his most notable achievements were performed; and "Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws" formed a code of weighty authority in the ever-recurring collisions on the Border line. The description which Froissart gives of him in the famous contest with Sir Thomas Musgrave is no doubt substantially accurate, although the historian has apparently fallen into some confusion as to the details.

"There began," he says, "a fierce encounter; archers began to shoot, and men-at-arms began to stir. The Scotch were so numerous that the archers could not take heed in every

place. Between the parties there was many a goodly passage of arms, and many a man thrown to the earth; many taken and rescued again. Sir Archibald Douglas was a mighty knight, and much feared by his enemies. When near the English he lighted down on foot, wielding a long sword with a blade two ells in length. Too heavy for any other man to lift easily, this weapon was for him light enough, and with it he gave such strokes that whosoever he hit went to the earth, and not the hardiest of the English could withstand his strokes."

We may note, in passing, that this great physical strength was as much a characteristic of the Black Douglasses as personal bravery, and this endowment contributed in no small degree to the maintenance of their feudal superiority.

Contemporary with Archibald was another renowned Douglas, Sir William of Nithsdale, who won high military honours in Prussia, and who, according to Godscroft, was created Duke of Spruce (Prusse) and Prince of Danskin (Dantzic). It is worthy of note that the Douglas prestige thus worthily established in Prussia five hundred years ago, is still maintained; for only a few months ago a gentleman of the name was enrolled among the Prussian nobles as *Freiherr von Douglas*, on his making good his connection with the house of Angus, for his services in the Franco-German war.

Next to Archibald the Grim came Archibald, Duke of Touraine, and fourth Earl of Douglas, whose

¹ The point of the joke lies in the Scottish pronunciation of "duck," which is "duke." Thus the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, when examined before the House of Lords in connection with the Porteous Mob, incurred the indignation of the Duke of Newcastle, and was like to have been committed for contempt of the peers, by describing the piece with which Captain Porteous fired, "as just such a gun as ye would shoot dukes and fools with" (ducks and fowls).

career was not so uniformly successful as those of most of his predecessors. He was taken prisoner at Homildon, and shared in the rebellion which the old enemy of his house, Hotspur, raised against Henry IV. He is the Douglas of whom Shakespeare gives us a not very happy or probable portraiture. With Sir Archibald the Warden he divides the claim to the uncomplimentary title of "Tineman." In him we first notice the exaggerated form which a taste for feudal magnificence and display was beginning to assume among the Douglasses, and which was amply gratified by the pomp which he was enabled to assume when installed as Duke of Touraine. But the French honours of the family were not destined to last long. Duke Archibald's death in the unfortunate battle of Verneuil, which was unquestionably lost by his indecisive generalship, ended the substantial benefits of the French duchy; and though his two immediate successors bore the empty style and arms of Dukes of Touraine, no French dignity was destined to remain in the house of Douglas, as in that of Lennox or Hamilton, to commemorate the Ancient League between Scotland and France. This Archibald is the Earl who, along with Albany, is inculpated in the murder of the Duke of Rothsay, although Sir Walter Scott, by an anachronism surely intentional, to secure the introduction of the "Grim" personality of the elder Archibald, has made the father figure in the 'Fair Maid of Perth.' We need not reopen here the problem of Rothsay's murder, if murder there was, which Mr Fraser denies. He seems to us, however, to be unnecessarily iconoclastic in rejecting the tradition

which has always associated the Douglas and Albany pillar in St Giles's Church, Edinburgh, with the murder of Rothsay. The coincidence of the Douglas and Albany arms appearing conjointly on a pillar Mr Fraser explains by pointing to the fact that both these noblemen had contributed to the repair of the church. This, however, does not go far enough to shake our belief in the votive character of the pillar, which is, however, quite consistent even with Mr Fraser's theory of the innocence of both Douglas and Albany. They required a special Act of Parliament to clear their fame in the popular estimation; and it is quite possible that, though conscious of their innocence, they may have felt that public sentiment demanded some expiatory act at their hands, as it was by their counsels to the King that Rothsay had been sent into confinement.

The history of the latter lords of the Black line is largely checkered by tragedies and misfortune. The Douglasses were now to pay the penalties of the lofty position into which their talents and ambition had raised them. When the crown was worn by a captive, a minor, or a *fainéant*, it was completely eclipsed by the Douglas coronet; even a strong and resolute king, such as James I. proved to be after his release, could only maintain his authority by evading possible collisions with the Douglasses, and a great proportion of the Scottish nobles were connected either by blood or alliance with the head of the house. The pride which had all along distinguished the Douglas character, culminated in William, the sixth Earl, with an assumption of state and a display of power intolerable in any

subject, and excusable only on account of his youth. Mr Fraser softens down the allegations of history regarding Earl William's pretensions, but enough still remains, even on his own showing, to satisfy us that those to whom the destinies of Scotland were committed, were justified in making a bold effort to curb the Douglas power. His train was never less than a thousand or two thousand horsemen; he dubbed knights with his own sword; his family councils rivalled the Royal Parliaments by the number and importance of those who attended them; and when he sent proxies to France to do homage for the fief of Touraine, which he did not hold, it was with all the importance and state that befitted an embassy from a crowned head. The assassination—for no other term is admissible—of the Earl and his still more youthful brother in Edinburgh Castle was a foul deed; but if the plea of state necessity can condone it, it is supportable by many arguments. The murder of the eighth Earl in Stirling Castle, by the hand of James II., was not less justifiable on the grounds of the aggravated hostility which the Douglasses were now manifesting towards the Crown; but the plot, if plot there was, was still more treacherously conceived than in the previous crime, for the Earl had come to Court on James's own safe-conduct. Yet in a rebellion headed by two such powerful nobles as Douglas and Crawford, the Crown would have been placed in such extremity as to give James a plea of self-preservation to justify his act. These two tragedies following so closely upon each other, shattered the power of the Black Douglasses. James, the ninth and last Earl, could never make head against the Crown, although the greater part of his career was passed

in fighting and intriguing against it; and the result was that his life was only spared by the King's clemency on condition that he should bury himself and his line in the Abbey of Lindores. There is a tradition mentioned by Godscroft, and apparently accepted by Mr Fraser, that James III., when hard pressed by the rebellion of his son, sought the cloistered Earl, and offered the restoration of his dignities and honours if he would put himself at the head of the Royal forces. "The reply of Douglas was sad and sarcastic: 'Sir, you have kept me and your black coffer in Stirling too long. Neither of us can do you any good.'" Much more of the Douglas spirit than the last lord was his wife, "The Fair Maid of Galloway," who had previously been married to William, the eighth Earl, and who is credited with having stimulated a pride which already required no spur to urge it on. Mr Fraser rejects the legend that this lady had her arm shot off by the huge cannon which the Royal troops brought to the siege of Threive, and proudly concealed her mutilation that the enemy might not enjoy the triumph. Another Douglas heroine, that Katherine who barred with her bare arm the door against the assassins of James I., must also, we presume, be relegated to the regions of romance, for Mr Fraser takes no notice of her bravery.

With the death of the ninth Earl the representation of the Douglas family passed to the house of Angus, which descended from George, a younger son of the first Earl of Douglas, who married the Stewart heiress of Mar and Angus. The fourth Earl of Angus, on the forfeiture of his chief, received a grant of Douglassdale in 1457. He

had previously received a charter of Tantallon, the command of which had greatly strengthened the powers of the Earls of the other race. But though the Earls of Angus occupied a position in the kingdom scarcely inferior to their Black kinsmen, they were, taking them as a whole, a much less distinguished race. "Bell-the-Cat" is the most prominent personage in their line. On the poetic character which Scott has portrayed in 'Marmion' of this warrior, Mr Fraser has thrown some important side lights. To most of those who know him as "Bell-the-Cat," the ancient Earl, who

"Leaned his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand,
Which wont of yore in battle fray
His foemen's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray,"

the representative of brute force and feudal power, it will be information that the Earl of Angus was no mean adept in statecraft, and showed much diplomacy in steering his own course through the troubled times of James III. From the record Mr Fraser gives us of him, we are inclined to think that he must have possessed much of the politic wisdom which characterised his great-grandson, the Regent Morton. Of Morton himself Mr Fraser gives only a brief outline, as the Regent was only in the collateral line of Angus, and we would have been glad to have had his memoir treated with the same minuteness as has been bestowed upon those of several Douglasses of much less historical importance. It is evident, however, that Mr Fraser is disposed to take a more lenient view of the guilt which Morton had, according to other historians, incurred in connection with the murders of Rizzio

and Darnley. At the most, he succeeds in minimising, not in refuting, Morton's connection with these crimes; and even accepting, as far as possible, the extenuating view of his character put forth in these pages, we still carry away the impression of the Regent as a man evil in his generation, in whom the arrogance and force of the medieval baron is evolving into the subtlety and craft of the statesman of the Renaissance—a survival in one sense, an embryo in another.

The eleventh Earl of Angus, of the troubled times of the Covenant, became the first Marquis of Douglas. But the Douglasses had now ceased to exercise that influence in Scotland which had belonged to their ancestors. New men, whose statesmanship was more in accord with the shifting character of the times, passed them unopposed in the race for power; their feudal strength was of less importance in the new era; and their native pride kept them for the most part aloof from Court and political intrigues. Henceforth it is among the cadets of the family, who had their own way to push in the world, that we are chiefly able to distinguish evidences of the old Douglas ability. Of the sons of the first Marquis, two made their mark: one as Colonel of the Scots Guard in the service of France; and the other, the first Earl of Selkirk, who was created Duke of Hamilton for life—he had married the Duchess—as one of the statesmen of the Revolution, which he was largely instrumental in effecting in Scotland. Another son was the Earl of Dumbarton, who followed James VII. into exile, and died in the French service.

In the time of the second Mar-

quis, the affairs of the Douglas property became greatly complicated under bad management; and the chief record of his life is the struggles on the part of his friends and advisers to ward off impending ruin. During both marquisesates the Douglas family had been constantly protesting for the ancient precedence due in Parliament and at Court to their family; and on the passing of the Act of Union, a protest was made in the name of Archibald, the third Marquis, who had lately been created Duke of Douglas, "that the treaty should not prejudice his honours and privileges of the first vote in Parliament, carrying the crown, and leading the van in battle;" and the protest was confirmed by an Act before the final dissolution of the Scots Parliament. Archibald was the first and last Duke of his name. There must have been something ominous in the acceptance of a title which had been declined by both Douglas and Angus when at the height of their power, at a time when their descendant was in reduced, if not decaying, circumstances.

Mr Fraser does not devote much space to the Duke of Douglas, and his memoir treats that nobleman with more reserve than frankness. All that Duke Archibald seems to have had in common with his ancestors was their pride, revengefulness, and handsome form. He was ignorant, uneducated, and enormously vain of his position and descent. He seems, however, to have been devotedly attached to his sister Lady Jane, whose beauty and sweetness attracted many admirers, and whom he watched over with jealous care. The breaking off of a marriage-contract between Lady Jane and Lord Dalkeith—

afterwards second Duke of Buccleuch—drew the Duke of Douglas into a duel with the latter; and the lady herself, misled by the silly counsels of her French governess, sought to fly from her sorrows by retiring to France disguised in men's clothes, whither the Duke followed and brought her back. Some years after her return, the Duke became involved, on his sister's account, in a quarrel, which had a much more unfortunate termination. Mr Fraser thus briefly refers to the matter:—

"In 1725 a tragedy occurs which considerably overshadowed the remainder of the Duke's life. This was the death of Captain John Ker, a natural son of Lord Mark Ker, a young man of whom his Grace was very fond, and who was then staying at Douglas Castle. The particulars of the tragedy have been so variously related, that it is impossible to ascertain the exact details; but there seems no doubt that the young man fell by the Duke's own hand, while they were fencing or otherwise. A few days afterwards the Duke went to Edinburgh and sailed for Holland."

Wodrow's '*Analecta*' is the authority which Mr Fraser quotes for the account he has adopted; but we see no reason to reject the version current at the time, supported as it is by very circumstantial details. The Duke's pride had taken suspicion at an attachment between Captain Ker and his sister; and Lady Jane, to speak with all due respect of one whose misfortunes merit our sympathy, certainly did not limit her affections within the exclusive bounds which had been observed by her ancestress the Fair Maid of Galloway. His Grace had accordingly subjected both of them to close surveillance, and had observed Ker, on the night before his de-

parture from the castle, enter Lady Jane's dressing-room to take his leave of her. The Duke, in an ungovernable fury, went to his room, seized a pistol, and entering Captain Ker's chamber, who had then gone to bed, pulled down the clothes, and shot him in the side with a mortal wound. Whether this led to a quarrel between Lady Jane and her brother, or whether she felt apprehensive for her personal safety, she soon after this event quitted the castle, and went to live with her mother in Edinburgh.

Mr Fraser also does something less than justice to the very strongly marked individuality of Peggy Douglas of Mains, whom the Duke married — or perhaps, more strictly speaking, who married the Duke. Perhaps he thinks the numerous anecdotes current with regard to her Grace unworthy of being recorded by the family historian. Still, the traits preserved of her are so indicative of a strong and original spirit, that we would not have them perish. Her reasons for wishing to marry the Duke were three in number: she, like the Fair Maid of Gallo-way, would wed no one but a Douglas, and the chief of the name; she bore a fierce animosity to the Hamilton family, and wished to be instrumental in cutting off their succession to the Douglas titles and estates; and lastly, she wished to be a duchess. She contrived to get access to the Duke, who was then shut up in seclusion at Douglas, by pretending to consult him on some law affair, and soon succeeded in leading him on to matrimony. When some of her friends remonstrated with her regarding the risk she ran in marrying one who was generally looked upon as a madman, her courageous reply was, that when she chose she

could be as mad as he was; and according to all accounts she was as good as her word. She is generally credited with having burned down Douglas Castle to compel her husband to quit his retirement and resume his position in society; but as her own jewels were lost in the fire, we must hold her acquitted of this charge.

Beginning in mystery, the Douglas history ends in romance; what is known as the "Douglas Cause" closes its annals. We have mentioned one adventurous escapade of Lady Jane Douglas. She was, however, destined to be the heroine of more remarkable situations. She certainly did not escape the breath of scandal, and she is made to figure in Mrs Heywood's 'Utopia,' no doubt with as little justice as other ladies of reputation are mentioned in that now happily forgotten work. When the trial of her son's cause was turning, to a very considerable extent, upon the mother's character, all sorts of slanderous charges were bruited regarding her—such, for instance, as that she had had a *liaison* with Lord Mansfield, who afterwards was one of the judges who declared in favour of her son. For our own part, we prefer to accept the estimate of Lady Jane which Mr Fraser offers us, with the qualification that we cannot acquit her of a tendency to gallantry characteristic of the fashionable ladies of her generation. But whatever faults she had were painfully expiated; and no one can read her letters, or the account of her sufferings, without being moved to sympathy on her behalf.

According to the statement of her husband, Colonel Stuart, Lady Jane had refused "the Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleuch, and Athole, Earls of Hopetoun, Aberdeen,

Panmure, *cum multis aliis*." This was, no doubt, a pardonable flight of feminine imagination. She had reached her forty-eighth year when she married Colonel Stuart, "a prodigious fine figure of a man," who had been out in the 'Fifteen, had served under Charles XII. of Sweden, had ventured in the Mississippi Scheme, and was at the time of his marriage in very needy circumstances." The pair were privately united by the Episcopal Bishop Keith, and almost immediately left for the Continent, keeping the marriage secret in case the Duke might cut off Lady Jane's annuity. Singularly enough Lady Jane became the mother of twins, both boys, within two years of her marriage, and the Douglas case—as distinguished from the Douglas Cause—was based upon doubts regarding the maternity of these children. Lady Jane's age, the private life led by her and her husband upon the Continent, their frequent changes of residence, and above all, the stakes involved in the issue, raised suspicions of which those interested naturally did not hesitate to take advantage. On the death of the Duke in 1761, Mr Stuart was served heir of entail and provision to his uncle, the Marquisate of Douglas and Earldom of Angus going to the seventh Duke of Hamilton, the heir-male of the Douglas line. A year after, the Hamiltons assailed Mr Stuart's title to the Douglas and Angus estates, on the ground that he was not the son of Lady Jane. We are not going into the details of the Douglas Cause, which fill numerous bulky volumes, which engaged the Court of Session from 1761 to 1767, occupied the talents of the ablest lawyers in Scotland—and the Bar was crowded by intellectual giants

at the time—rent society into Douglas and Hamilton factions, and had almost led to civil commotions in the country. The decreet of the Court of Session extends in manuscript to ten folio volumes, containing in all nine thousand six hundred and seventy-six pages; and it was adverse to Mr Stuart. When it came before the House of Lords, the contest was conducted under not less heat and excitement, one of the incidents of which was a duel between Thurlow, Mr Stuart's counsel, and Mr Stuart, the agent of the Duke of Hamilton. After two months' pleadings and able speeches from Lord Camden, the Chancellor, and Lord Mansfield, in favour of Mr Stuart, the Peers reversed the decision of the Court of Session. The news was received in Edinburgh with rapturous enthusiasm by the partisans of the winning side. In a private letter to Mr Stuart's father, Sir John of Grandtully, the excitement is thus described:—

"An express arrived here at eight o'clock, Thursday night, with the news of Mr Douglas having prevailed, which was so agreeable to the people in general, that in a few minutes the whole houses were illuminated; all the windows to the street were broke by the mob before candles could be lighted. They began with the President's house, the Justice-Clerk's, Lord Galloway's, &c., &c., upon which the military in the castle were called. Last night the mob were as numerous as ever. The houses were again illuminated last night, and it's thought the mob will continue this evening. The military continue still to patrol the streets; and notwithstanding, I hear of no damage except the breaking of windows, which indeed is general."

Mr Stuart was recompensed for the persecution he had sustained by being created a British peer, by the title of Baron Douglas of

Douglas. Three of his sons in succession bore the title; and as the last Lord Douglas, who died in 1857, left no issue, the peerage became extinct, until it was revived in 1875 in favour of the Earl of Home, who represents the old Douglas line through his grandmother, a daughter of the first peer of the new creation.

We are reluctant to part from volumes which have afforded us so much pleasure and information as 'The Douglas Book' has given us, with any remark implicative of censure; but we cannot forbear referring to one important omission. In the admirable genealogical tables of the Douglas families, so elaborately full in all other respects, no notice is taken of the Marquises of Douglas and Earls of Angus since 1761. These titles are still in existence; and this fact is not affected by the exclusion of those who bear them from 'The Douglas Book.' But the omission might be construed as meaning more than it doubtless implies. The Douglas Cause is

now a matter of more than a hundred years ago.

The history of the Douglasses down to the time when the Stuarts succeeded to the English throne, may be almost said to comprehend within itself the history of Scotland; and the Scottish annals lose in interest and picturesqueness when they no longer occupy the foremost place. For good and for evil they wrote their names deeply in the records of their country. The house of Douglas produced, to quote the 'Hamilton Information,' "a series of heroes whose gallant and martial achievements in the service of their country, however fatal upon many occasions to themselves, has stamped upon the minds of all ranks and degrees of persons indelible characters of esteem, respect, and veneration, which neither length of time nor the degeneracy of later ages has been able to efface." When we have said that 'The Douglas Book' is worthy of its subject, we can bestow no higher praise upon either the work or its author.

DIANE DE BRETEUILLE.

IV.

THOUGH the Countess's letter had been answered in as great a hurry as it had no doubt been written by that charming type of a Parisian fashionable lady of those days, and though Bob's telegram had been replied to without much concern as to its meaning, and with the sole desire on my part to gain time—nay, to give myself one more clear day wherein to develop plans—in other words, to gratify the cravings of my love-sick disposition, still an uncomfortable feeling kept asserting itself that my arguments with the Count had no longer any foundation; that being apprised of Diane's engagement to him by her own aunt, I had perhaps no right to go to this dinner in his absence and after his request; and the conviction that I might be giving the Count some reason for doubting the honourable motives which prompted my conduct, and which I had so loftily paraded to his face, made me naturally reflect whether, after all, I had not better start for England that evening, than get myself into possible disrepute.

I even looked at my watch to see how much time I had before the mail left for Calais; but it being half-past six, and there being only half an hour between the time of seeing once more the girl I loved and an hour and a half before the train could whirl me away from her delightful presence, I of course concluded that I had no time to catch the train, while only just time enough not to miss my dinner.

That watch decided the future, which at least proves that time is

not always a bad adviser. Consult time, and it will tell you to a nicety what you can and cannot do: and time is not only an adviser, but it is a friend; for gain him on your side, and the dark hour rolls into a flood of light; whisper your hopes and aspirations in his ear, and he gives the opportunity so ardently longed for.

I made up my mind that as I was to be absent from Paris shortly, I would make the most of the time left to me, and that, come what might, I would at least reveal myself in my true colours. I would be true to the girl I loved before I were so to considerations of etiquette, false sense of honour, or other social demands upon my reticence. I would know the truth, ask Diane for authority to speak to her parents, ask her parents for permission to supplant the Count, ask the Count to look upon me as his rival, ask the world to judge between us; and if refused that authority by Diane herself, leave Paris on the morrow, and swallow my grief as best I could, but bear my fate like a man.

I became so energetic as I heaped resolve upon resolve that I considerably retarded the progress of my toilet; but it was accomplished at last, and not without some little misgivings, notwithstanding my high resolves.

I arrived punctually at seven, and was ushered into the drawing-room. No one was there; but in a minute or two my hostess came, dressed in a cloud of Valenciennes, and looking for all the world like a fairy, or some beautiful bird suddenly entrapped in a gilded cage. The

room was a wonder of upholstery and a labyrinth of costly stuffs, shawls, old brocades, and cosy nooks. It was redolent of the perfume of flowers; and wherever one stood, some knick-knack of value attracted the eye.

The Countess came up to me, shook hands, and with a look which at once indicated both weariness and some anxiety, said—

“Tell me all about this business, for it appears to be more serious than I thought it. Diane’s parents will be here directly; but I am not sure that Diane herself will be allowed, after all, to accompany them, though I hope she will.”

I was dismayed, and my friend saw it.

“Why could you not tell me yesterday that you were in love with her? It would have saved such an amount of trouble both to yourself, to us, and, I fear, to the poor girl herself, for I strongly suspect that she has a *penchant* for you.”

I brightened up at this.

“She has not said anything to lead me to this conclusion,” quickly added the Countess, “for she is too well brought up to betray her sentiments even when they are strong, when she knows them to be contrary to the wishes of her parents; but I can plainly see that this marriage is distasteful to her, and I can only conclude that it is so from her desire to meet you here this evening.”

“Has she expressed such a desire?” I asked, with a fervour I could not conceal.

“*Pauvre garçon!*” smiled the Countess. “Is it so far gone as all that? But how is it that you fell in love with my niece? where did you meet her?”

I could not for the life of me bring out the fact that it was at a pastry-cook’s shop. It seemed to

me so ridiculous a place for love at first sight to be born in, so I contented myself by assuring her she would hear the whole story from me, as soon as I could secure her attention for a while, and ask her advice in my predicament, while I had just time to beg of her to stand by me as the friend she had ever proved—when the door opened, and ushered in the Marquise de Breteuille, followed—heavens! with what delight I marked the entrance!—by Diane and her father.

The lace fairy went up joyously to her sister-in-law, embraced her on both cheeks, and being kissed on the forehead by her brother, led him by the hand to where I was, and said—

“Thou dost not know my friend here, M. Vere, an Anglo-Frenchman, anxious to learn our ways and our manners, so as to feel with us and for us.”

“I am happy to make your acquaintance, sir,” said the Marquis, stiffly. His wife gave me an equally stiff bow, and Diane, on whose face a blush of untold eloquence spread quickly, in unison with the inward feelings which were agitating her, gave me a little nod of the head, so friendly, so graceful, and so modest withal, that it nerved me to any battle which I might be called upon to wage on her behalf.

Simply dressed as usual, it did not escape me that, tied in her hair in the most captivating manner, and at the same time so cleverly worn as to defy close observation, was a rose de Dijon half faded, which I recognised as the principal flower in the bouquet I had offered her overnight.

We all sat down presently. The conversation was general and somewhat constrained, for we all had so much on the mind that it was almost impossible to hide the

anxiety which was knocking so loudly at the heart.

The Marquis excused himself for not having made my acquaintance earlier, on the ground that he had entirely lost the habits of society, which he now never frequented, and believed I was not a member of the "Cercle" or club to which he generally devoted his evenings.

All this was very polite and required no answer, but presently Raymond de Chantal came in, and brought with him a little breath of activity, refreshing to our overstrained nerves.

"Good evening, Léontine; sorry I am late, but I was detained by Carolus Duran, who showed me his latest picture—a *chef-d'œuvre* of art and good taste.

"Ah, Gaspard, I wish you had been with me this afternoon! never saw such a splendid mare in my life as Bonnefois has just purchased in England.

"*Bon jour, l'ami Anglais. Comment ça va, mon garçon?* And little Diane too! What am I to say? I have heard some wonderful reports of your success."

Finally, turning to his wife—"Why, my dear, is dinner not announced? we are as hungry as wolves."

At that moment the folding-doors of the adjoining room were opened, and a groom of the chamber, irreproachably got up in black silk stockings and pumps, announced that "*Madame la Comtesse est servie.*"

The Count gave his arm to his sister-in-law, the Marquis to his sister, and, thrice-blessed message, I was requested to take in Mademoiselle Diane.

She gave me a sorrowful smile when I offered her my arm, which in its simple eloquence told me of the grief which was gnawing

at her heart, and of the fast friendship she had loyally sworn to me. I felt that above all I must screen her from further trouble, and use all my diplomacy to carry out my intentions.

Happily the dinner-table was a round one, and thus no great distance would separate us, and we could contrive to slip in a word not destined for other ears; while the fact of my sitting on the Countess's left enabled me to escape the direct observation of the Marquis, who sat on her right.

It is true that on the other side of Diane was her mother, but there was quite space enough between them for the girl's words not to be heard if she chose to speak low.

As soon as the soup was over, I said to the Count across the table that, if he were anxious to buy a half-brother to the mare he had so much admired, I would willingly undertake the commission, as Bonnefois had told me of his recent visit to England, and of his regret not to have purchased this horse, which he thought he could have had at a bargain.

"Why," asked Raymond, "are you leaving us?"

I quickly took in an attentive look from all around, and saw my advantage.

"Not for long, I trust; but this evening a telegram has reached me couched in very English brevity."

"From whom?"

"From a friend in a Government Office, who merely says, 'Come over at once'; and were it not that I so particularly wished to dine with you to-night to make M. de Breteuille's acquaintance, I would probably now be on my way to London."

It is singular how often the simplest statements produce the greatest effects. The mere announcement of my probable de-

parture, coupled with my artful disguise of my real motives in coming to this dinner, and the slight compliment to Diane's father I had interpolated, cleared at once the whole atmosphere of gloom which had pursued us till now, and which even Raymond's gay manner had not effectually dispelled.

One little being alone hung her head and said nothing, while the others poured question upon question as to when I would leave or return, what I would or would not do, what the dancing world would or would not think of my deserting them in the midst of the season, and a thousand other queries of the same futile nature, which came tumbling out of their mouths with a rapidity that savoured too plainly to me of that inmost thought I could read, and which said in so many words that my absence was the best ending to a disagreeable matter they could have wished or anticipated.

Not relishing this fact, I happened to drop a napkin, or a fork, or something. When stooping to pick it up, I saw a pearl tremulously hanging to the eyelash of poor Diane; and though the pearl dissolved as does a tear, I rose to the occasion and swore inwardly that before the evening was out her tears would be dried by me, and by no one else.

Presently she mustered a little courage, and in the hearing of her mother asked me whether I intended to leave the next day.

"No, Mademoiselle, not to-morrow—though perhaps it might be well for me if I did—nor even the next day, if I can be of use to my friends by staying."

"You will come and see us before you go," she boldly added. "You have never yet seen our house and our garden, and I have

such lovely roses, which I would like you to remember when you are away. Roses," she added, "are such princes among flowers: they have so much beauty and such sweet scent; and they remind one of so many things, do they not?"

"Diane," said her mother, "you must not detain Monsieur Vere, if he has important business to attend. Official summonses cannot be delayed. And roses are roses all the world over; besides which, I think M. de Maupert intends to bring his mother and sisters to see you to-morrow."

Once more Diane was silent, and I declined to take the hint conveyed in the Marquise's last words.

I talked awhile with the hostess, and then, addressing Diane again, I asked her whether she was weather-wise.

Guessing at my purpose, she smiled and answered, "If you mean whether I can discourse on a cloud or a sky and read the future by it, I think I can."

"What would you say is the colour of the sky this evening?"

"Rather overcast when I came," she said, laughing; "but though I cannot see across these thick curtains, I somehow feel it very blue now."

"How odd!" I said; "that is exactly my feeling; but I have often found many a storm lurking on the fringe of a blue sky."

"What matters the storm if protected against it?"

"So I think; but it is sometimes difficult to find protection at a moment's notice."

"The blue of the sky would give you warning."

"It would if it faded; but sometimes there is no gradual discolouring, but a sudden black cloud that travels faster than thought,

and breaks more speedily than the will."

"It seems to me," said Diane, warming to this conversation, of the covered meaning of which she and I alone possessed the secret, and glowing with radiancy as each hint we conveyed one another brought with it a corresponding understanding as to our future action, while its seemingly unimportant tenor lulled to sleep the vigilance of her parents and restored to her her freedom of talk and gesture—"it seems to me that there is nothing so grand in nature as those sudden storms you speak of, because they are tangible and definite, and when over leave you to repair a disaster or rejoice over an escape, and at any rate make the property which had been in danger all the more valuable in one's eyes."

Had I not had the conviction, which amounted almost to a creed, against which any doubt would have appeared to me profane, that Diane was a deep, loving, earnest, and strong nature, albeit she was gifted with the loveliest human form it was possible to see, I would have set down this speech of hers to an attempt at *coquetterie*, almost reprehensible in one who, speaking purposely in metaphors, knew that by property she meant her own dear self, and by the storm that battle she urged me to fight for her.

I was so struck by this courageous appeal, that looking straight into her clear bright eyes, I pointedly remarked how true was her observation provided the owner of the property knew that property to be his, and neither borrowed nor mortgaged.

She laughed so merrily at this that it attracted the attention of all the others, and we had to repeat our conversation for the ben-

efit of the table generally, which we did, both of us laughing and enjoying the mystification to our hearts' content.

When all we had said had been rehearsed a second time, and no one seemed the wiser, Diane brightly addressed me again, not a trace of care or a shadow of anxiety lingering on her radiant young face.

"*Revenons à nos moutons*," she said; "of course, I referred to a man who, wishing to save his property from the effects of the storm about to break over his head, and" (with an inflexion on the word) "on that property, may deem that property his own and nobody else's."

I was beside myself with joy, and finished our weather talk by assuring her that, were I the man so suddenly threatened, I would defend my property before even thinking of my personal safety.

"You seem to have a good deal of fun between you," said the Marquis, "and you must allow us to share it."

"Would you like, *petit père*," said Diane, with a laugh, "to be our lightning-conductor? for M. Vere and I have agreed that we dislike a storm very much, but will bravely weather it if it cannot be avoided."

I chuckled with delight, and indeed my joy was so great that I was in mental fear lest this last remark of Diane's might be too pointed, and would reveal the drift of our allusions; but fortunately for us, and somewhat oddly, considering the exceptional intelligence of our hearers, our observations and our mirth excited no apparent surprise; and Diane's parents, while warming to the conversation, which became general at this time, seemed to consider me of no account whatsoever, while they relaxed their fixed attention on their daughter's movements.

I knew too well the hold which propriety has over French people of all classes and all ages, to exhibit even to the girl I so passionately loved, and whose love I now felt authorised to win for myself, any other sign or token of my admiration than those which words allowed or the play of the countenance revealed; but with a girl like Diane, whose heart laid bare the warm feelings of her soul, and whose soul was so pure that it could not hide the truth of what she felt, words and looks were ample to convey all I wished, and I can never forget how singularly beautiful was the reception of those messages of love from one young heart to another, and with what rapture I marked in Diane's eyes her appreciation of the love she had resolved to accept and to return.

By the end of dinner we were one in heart, soul, mind, and purpose, without having said one syllable which any one could take up; without on my part having made any formal declaration, or obliged her to give a single expressed answer to any specified request.

But for all that, the electric spark which prepares the storm had been struck; and strong in one another's love, young and inexperienced though we were, we had made up our minds to fight for one another, and to bear cheerfully the evils that would ensue, certain of a heavenly peace on earth when the strong will of our earnest natures had successfully weathered the tempest about to rage upon our devoted heads.

As we rose after dinner, and all returned to the drawing-room in the order in which we had come into dinner, we gave each other but one look—a look so full of deep, passionate love, that any

one who could have seen it would have required no other sign of our determination to settle matters ourselves, and at the same time so infinitely tender, that it amply compensated for the absence of those more usual, but in France less customary, pressures of the hand and arm, which, if they are only natural and excusable, are less respectful to the beloved object before the words have been pronounced which consecrate the engagement.

Soon after the coffee had been served, the Marquise's carriage was announced, and she took her leave with Diane. Happily, M. de Breteuille remained; so I had the satisfaction of seeing Diane to her carriage, while the Count gave his arm to her mother. I then told her I should call on her father next day early, if, indeed, I had not the opportunity of seeing him that very evening; that I trusted she knew for what motives; and that, had I by any misfortune mistaken her sanction to this proceeding, I implored of her to say so.

She smiled one of those maddening smiles, which simply sent all my senses reeling with intoxicated pleasure, and merely said in her ordinary voice, as if she wished her mother to hear—

"Do not forget my roses before you leave for England. Mademoiselle Garoux would be furious if you did not admire them. She is certain there is nothing in the world like them, and I hope you will subscribe to that sentiment."

"I shall certainly call, with your mother's permission," I replied; "though I am already of Mademoiselle Garoux's opinion."

"Mother," said Diane to Madame de Breteuille, "at what time did you say M. de Maupert's family are coming to see you to-morrow?"

"At about three, I believe," replied the Marquise, while her cloak was being put on.

"Then at what time can Mr Vere come and bid us good-bye?"

"Will five o'clock suit him?"

"It is too late for him, mamma," said Diane, "if he has to leave in the evening."

"Would monsieur prefer two o'clock?"

"Could he not come to breakfast at half-past eleven?"

"Diane," said Madame de Breteuille, "what a child you are! Mr Vere knows you are a *fiancée*."

"So I am!" exclaimed Diane, laughing, and looking at me. "*Comme c'est drôle!*" she replied.

"How the part suits you!" I remarked.

"I suppose," she said, "that dinner must have some influence on these things; because, curiously enough, I do feel a *fiancée* now, and I did not before."

"Does a *fiancée* write?" I asked, as her mother stepped into the carriage.

"By the governess's post sometimes," she replied, smiling; and then shaking hands with me, entered the brougham laughing.

As soon as she had disappeared, Raymond de Chantal, who was really an intimate friend of mine—so much so, that we called each other by our Christian names—said—

"You could have married that girl if you had been clever."

"I will marry her, though I am not," I replied.

He looked at me a moment.

"That's well said," he remarked, "but difficult of accomplishment."

"Why?"

"*Parbleu!* because another man has forestalled you."

"Yes—with the father."

"And maybe with the girl."

"I don't think so."

"Certainly with her mother."

"That may be."

"Two parents against you is too much."

"I must bear that evil."

"Come and have a cigar before you commit suicide."

"How?"

"By marrying, or by attempting to defeat a French marriage by English ways."

"I shall be happy to die in either cause."

"Surely your English blood is calmer than that phrase would imply?"

"Its calmness lies in its determination."

"And its determination is to ruin the happiness of a young and beautiful girl, in order to prove that her parents, who love her and have sought her happiness only, may be shown to be in the wrong, because an agreeable young man of twenty-five years of age has chosen to fall in love with their only child."

"My dear Raymond, you quite mistake me. Had I not the knowledge that M. de Maupert was positively distasteful to Mademoiselle Diane, I would never have allowed my own feelings to be known or perceived."

"But," said the Count, "surely you must be aware that there is nothing new in a girl disliking the husband chosen for her. Our French girls are no exception to the rule of humanity, that we all prefer what we select ourselves to what others consider best in our interest; but they get over it in time, and end by wondering how it is that they ever opposed their parents' wish."

"I quite understand what you say; but characters differ, and Diane's nature is not that of an ordinary French girl, and will not submit to that despotic rule which may answer in a few cases, seldom

proves fortunate in most, and results in terrible misery in one out of ten marriages thus contracted."

"My dear friend," replied the Count, "believe me, my niece, of whose character you evidently know more than I do, but for whose beauty I can quite appreciate your admiration, for I never saw her look so well as this evening, comes from too French a family not to be doomed to the traditional fate of French girls. Make your mind easy, and though a short while since I was regretting the necessity of your departure, I rejoice over it now, as it will cure you of a passing and hopeless fancy. You are too young to cope against the position and influence of M. de Maupert, and though I have no doubt the future is bright which looms before you, dismiss my niece from any share in it. Indeed, as your friend, I would recommend your not thinking of marriage at all. Remember the old proverb—

' Marions nous, marions nous,
Mettons nous la corde au cou.' "

"But, Raymond," I said, "I am decided; and if I could feel that you were the friend you always were, I would tell you that your niece is quite as decided as I am."

"Has she told you so?"

"Not in so many words."

"Then how do you know?"

"By a thousand and one tokens."

"*Mon cher!*" he exclaimed, "that is very vague, and, to tell you the truth, not quite complimentary to my niece, for it would seem to imply that she is either a coquette or is deceitful."

"Deceitful!" I screamed—"she deceitful! why, of all the French girls I have ever known she is the only one that I can absolutely call truthful, loyal, and straightforward."

"Not very kind to our girls,"

remarked Raymond, in an amused rather than an unkind tone.

"And as to a coquette," I went on, "if a desire to stand true to her love, and a wish to do so without offending the parents she respects is coquetry, then she need not fear the appellation, for it does her honour."

"*Allons!*" said the Count, good-humouredly, "I see she has a champion, and I wish him success, though I fear Don Quixote has a representative in your person; but go to Madame de Chantalís, she understands these matters better than I do, and will relish having a hand in this romantic business; our union was a very prosaic affair, and our lives have lost nothing by being unpoetical at the commencement."

"You were not forty-two and she sixteen at the outset," I said.

"That is the only sensible remark you have yet made," replied the Count, as he opened the door of his smoking-room.

Hearing us going in, M. de Breteuille and Madame de Chantalís joined us. As they did so, I went up to the former and asked him whether he would allow me to see him on a private matter the next morning. He replied that he would be much honoured by my visit, and would be at my "orders at any hour I pleased to name."

"I have promised to call and take leave of the Marquise at two o'clock, perhaps you would allow me to see you immediately after."

I did this because, as I anticipated his possible answer, I feared I would not be able to see Diane again after receiving it, and this prospect was too painful to contemplate; but in a manner which had much softened since dinner, he made no objection, but on the contrary told me I would find him in his study among a heap of stuffed

animals and papers, engaged in compiling a dictionary of zoology which he thought might be completed if he lived to a hundred, but had little chance of enlightening his generation if he were not accorded a longer life than most men.

"*Il faut bien passer le temps,*" he remarked, "and that is how I spend my time when I am not at the club."

"You will miss Diane," said the Countess; who, I thought, might have spared me the sad reflection the remark entailed.

"Not at all, because she will never leave home," replied the Marquis. "No one who marries my daughter can do so on any other condition."

This I thought was directed to me, but I listened without making any remark.

"Nor," continued the Marquis, "do I think that Diane would care to leave her old father."

"Not so old," remarked Raymond.

"A father always seems old to his child," said the Marquis. "Besides, Diane has my tastes; she is an extraordinary girl. Her fancies are not those of other girls; and her tenacity is perfectly surprising. If she helps me in any of my researches, and I feel inclined to give up a task I sometimes find too wearisome, so as to devote another time to it when I can bring a mind fresher and more lucid to its discovery, Diane will continue it in my absence and greet me at dinner with an 'I have found it, papa,' which puts me to shame and impresses me deeply."

How I drank in these words, and how I gloried in having found favour with such a character!

"De Maupert," continued the Count, "did not like her to dine out this evening, and I told her

so. She asked me whether there was anything wrong in it. I could not say there was. Her mind was made up, and all the entreaties of her mother were absolutely futile. As I could not back up her mother's arguments she has had her way, but" (turning to me), "you must believe, monsieur, that my fatherly weakness alone is the cause of this breach of the rules which guide the conduct of an engaged young person in France."

It was clear that this simple-minded and excellent man was no schemer; it was equally plain that he adored his daughter, and that she could rule him as she pleased. These were important points to note; but I was no less surprised by his talking thus openly before me, as if he wished to convey information for my guidance, than by the apparent ignorance he either affected or entertained of my sentiments for his daughter.

I did not reflect that until I addressed him directly on the subject he would as a matter of course appear wholly ignorant, and would treat me as the most unconcerned being he might casually come across; but for all that, he was slowly turning into that lightning-conductor which Diane had so wittily asked him at dinner whether he would care to be, in order to protect us both from the impending storm.

Looking casually at his watch, the Marquis found it later than he thought, got up, and respectfully kissing his sister's hand, wishing me "*Au revoir à demain,*" and shaking hands with Raymond, took his departure.

I got up also to say good-bye, when the Countess made me sit down, and opened out as to the proceedings of Diane and myself that evening.

Addressing her husband, she said to him, "My dear, we have to stand by these two lovers, for in the whole course of my life I never saw such open love-making on both sides."

"Why, Countess," I said, laughing, "we talked of nothing but the weather."

"I never knew the weather bring such colour, such changes, such mirth, such happiness to two people in a close stuffy dining-room before."

"Surely you cannot blame us for having preserved so correct an attitude?"

"Correct attitude!" shrieked the fairy in lace. "Raymond," she said, "why did you never speak to me about blue skies, thunderstorms, and lightning-conductors when we were engaged?"

"Because," said Raymond, smiling, "we had no British weather in our neighbourhood."

"Is that the way you make love in England?" asked the Countess.

"Before answering that," I said, "I ought to admit that we were making love to one another."

"You cannot blind me to the truth," she said; "it was very evident, but it was original, and I congratulate you. However, tell me how is it that you have bewitched that girl?"

"She has bewitched me," I replied.

"There is no doubt about that," cut in Raymond.

"Nor is it to be wondered at," I replied. "With those eyes, that hair—above all, that mouth, and its divine smile."

"Listen to him," said the Countess; "why, am I of no account, and did you not come to entertain me?"

"No," remarked Raymond, slyly; "he came to make the acquaintance of M. de Breteuille."

"Who," continued the Countess, "is to receive him officially to-morrow?"

"It is a bold step," observed the Count.

"An unusual one," added his wife.

"A necessary one," I said, "because I wish to settle matters before this engagement becomes known."

"All Paris knows it already," remarked Raymond.

"Then," I said, "we shall have to undeceive all Paris."

"Did you hear what Gaspard said about his daughter always living with him?"

"Yes, I did; and as life would not be life where she is not, I care not where she lives, provided I am at her side."

"As earnest as that?"

"Yes, and more."

"To what extent?"

"That of asking you in the name of friendship, which is eternal, to exert yourselves on behalf of our love, which, if but a passing happiness, is too beautiful even in that transitory character not to deserve your powerful aid in bringing about the consummation which our hearts yearn for, and are set upon obtaining. Remember, Countess, those pretty lines—

*'Comme la rose la plus belle,
L'amour n'a qu'une floraison;
Mais l'amitié c'est l'immortelle,
Qui fleurit en toute saison.'*

It may be quite true that our love is young, foolish, unreasonable—that we have neither of us studied each other enough—that we know nothing of the world's troubles and anxieties—that we care less for its comments and its judgment; it may be equally true that our characters are unsuited—that I am weak and she is strong—that I am worldly, and she is pure and art-

less—that we must look at things from different points of view, owing to our different nationalities—that we may possess, though I do not think so, all the elements which go to form an ill-assorted marriage; but we have this in common—we love one another; and if that love, deep, true, and lovely, is like unto the rose that lives but one season of bloom, is it not a worthy task on the part of friendship to help the rose to its blossom, and give it a short season of bliss, which cannot pass away without gratefully presenting its beautiful scent to the scent-

less everlasting flower of friendship?"

"I am a convert," said the Countess.

"Rely on our support," said the Count.

"Come and see me after your visit to the Breteuilles," added the Countess.

"I will indeed, and thank you." I left the room, too excited to say more, and hurried to my lodgings, flying through the streets impelled by my own thoughts, but in a decidedly better frame of mind than I had experienced throughout this eventful day.

V.

In reviewing the events of the last thirty-six hours, which I minutely went through before sleep ever courted my tired eyes and my exhausted frame—I was startled by the rapidity with which events had asserted their influence on the course of my life, and that of the girl with whom I felt that life must hereafter be irrevocably linked and associated.

This was a case of love at first sight with a vengeance, for in the all brief space of a few hours I had seen and had been conquered—while the irresistible passion so suddenly fanned into flame within me had, by means of a distasteful marriage arrangement equally suddenly launched at the head of a noble-spirited and affectionate girl, converted that girl's trust in me as her friend in need into a return of love; fed equally by the knowledge that she had inspired me with love for herself, and that she owed her loyalty and her heart to the man whom she found so ready to befriend her. As I meditated on this point, I never once gave Diane credit for loving me on other grounds; but was every mo-

ment more convinced that that which she so girlishly and impulsively bestowed had foundations too deep and solid not to grow with each obstacle as it arose, and that it would probably develop into that love for my own self which would be productive of the happy existence I dreamed of spending in her sweet company.

I therefore came back upon the resolutions I had previously formed of forcing matters hastily, and determined when I saw Diane's father on the morrow to lay matters truthfully before him; to beg that her present engagement might be broken off, on account of her distaste to M. de Maupert; and to look upon me as a suitor to her hand and heart, should it prove that she were willing to bestow these of her own accord upon myself.

Comforted by these resolves, which I took to be honest and proper, I fell into a refreshing slumber, from which I awoke some hours later both strengthened and happy, in the contemplation of the task that lay before me for the day.

As if to give me greater courage, the sun shone brightly outside.

No clouds obscured a lovely azure sky, and Diane's words, "provided the azure keep its colour," recurred to my mind as proof that the favour I treasured was still a love-token.

Presently the post, to which I looked forward with some impatience, arrived, and brought half-a-dozen letters, two of which only had an interest for me. One was from Bob and the other from Diane.

Bob wrote: "You know best what your interests are. I think you have already injured them by not coming over at once, but am convinced you will lose a good post by delaying another hour. The vacancy was not known generally this afternoon: it will be common property to-morrow, and many a better man than you will be a candidate. Much depends on being first in the field, and still more, old fellow, in not being in love at awkward moments, which I suspect you are, from your wish to delay what at other times you would have precipitated."

Things must take their course, was my only comment on this mis-sive. Then taking up the letter, which I recognised at once to be in the same hand as that which Mademoiselle Garoux had brought me the day before, I fervently kissed it before opening it, and read as follows:—

"Tuesday night.

"MY GALLANT KNIGHT,—I have read many English novels, and if I had seen recorded in any one of them the events which have succeeded each other so rapidly as to take my breath away, I would have had no words strong enough to condemn the seemingly frivolous and unbecoming conduct of the heroine throughout their course.

"But I feel certain that you will not condemn me; for indeed I could not conceive it possible that

your sympathy on my behalf would have matured so quickly into a deeper and dearer sentiment; nor did I ever think that that sympathy to which I had appealed with such guileless confidence and simplicity would have awaked in myself a feeling which I need not say may be called by even a higher and better name than devoted friendship.

"I shall not write to you again, as it is contrary to our French notions of propriety; but as I have myself asked you to be my champion, it is right that I should let you know how much I appreciate your gallant efforts on my behalf—how truly I mark the spirit of devotion to my insignificant self which animates you—how cordially I hail the prospect of your visit to my father—how earnestly I pray we may be successful—and how deeply I would grieve for having brought all this trouble upon you, were it not that I cannot help rejoicing over the delightful discoveries it has been the means of bringing about.

"I can be staunch, and shall be so.—Your happiest of friends,
"DIANE."

This was a letter worth having. It was food, drink, life to me. I must have read it over a dozen times, and each time with greater delight. The letter was so honest and true, and it was evident that Mademoiselle Garoux had conveyed my message, and that it had been understood. I was now sure of Diane as I was of myself, and thought only of the difficulties which the French law might place in the way of our marriage. I still trusted that the father of Diane would give way; and if he did not, I would wait till she was of age, when the usual three "respectful summonses" would have to be addressed to him, and we could marry without his consent.

I impatiently waited for two o'clock; when by appointment I called on Diane's mother.

"Madame la Marquise has been obliged to leave home," said the *concierge* of the fine hotel which I now first saw as the home of the girl I loved, "and has requested me to express her regrets to monsieur that she could not see him."

This was a serious blow, for of course it put an end to any chance of seeing Diane.

"Has Mademoiselle Diane gone out with her mother?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"But have you no message for me?"

"Not any but the one I have delivered."

"I thought there might be a letter," I carelessly remarked.

"Wait," said the *concierge*; "I will ask Madame Bontout, my wife. I say, Madame Bontout," called the *concierge*, "has Madame la Marquise left any written note for Monsieur—Monsieur"—looking at me.

"Vere" I said.

"Ver!" he bawled out.

"Ah, yes," she said, coming out of the lodge; "there is a card with some roses which mademoiselle gave me to send to monsieur; but if monsieur prefers it, he can take them with him."

"There is nothing else?" I said, in an off-hand manner, concealing my pleasure.

"Nothing, monsieur."

"It is singular," I observed, "for Madame la Marquise had appointed this hour."

"But Monsieur le Marquis is in," said the *concierge*, "if monsieur wishes to see him."

"Certainly," I replied.

Whereupon he touched an electric bell, and, walking across the courtyard, I arrived at the house, where a pair of lackeys ushered me into the hall, and a minute

later into the presence of Diane's father.

It may not seem extraordinary if I acknowledge to have felt nervous, and anything but the *preux chevalier* Diane had called me in the morning. I felt impressed by the presence in his own house of the man who, last night, in that of another, I had thought weak and tractable. I also experienced some discomfort from the knowledge that, though I intended to be perfectly fair and straightforward with the Marquis, there were some little points which must remain a secret from him, as I had no power or authority to disclose them.

But all my calculations were upset by the Marquis taking matters in hand at once, and showing himself a man, a father, and a gentleman withal, while I felt, if I did not look, somewhat young and foolish.

"*Mon ami*," said the Marquis, after requesting me to be seated, "and you will let me call a friend of my daughter's by that name, I am aware of the object of your visit. I am further acquainted with the feelings which my daughter entertains for you. I am aware that she did a very unbecoming thing in asking you to dance that cotillon with her the night before last. I know that she sent her governess to apprise you of the choice I had made yesterday morning of M. de Maupert as a husband for her. I am even informed of the very indiscreet visit that gentleman paid you, and I know that Diane wrote to you last evening."

I was thunderstruck, but not angry.

"You see I know everything; and there is no mystery between you and my daughter which she has not disclosed to me, as she was bound. Still, it behoves me, on the other hand, to be fair to her in return, and to inform you that, re-

prehensible as I consider her conduct to have been, and unlike that of a young lady of her rank and position, I am not going to allow it to weigh in the least against her in my mind, while I cordially acquit you of any share I may consider you have had in encouraging so young a person to do that which was wrong."

I was about to make some remark, but the Marquis stopped me. "I have but a few words to add," he said, "and I shall then be happy to listen to you."

"I trust to your honour not to let this affair be bruited about. I rely on your very devotion to my daughter not to encourage a beautiful and ardent nature in rebelling against the will of her parents, who can have nothing but her interest and happiness at heart. And I only regret, seeing how well you and Diane appear to agree, that I should not have had the pleasure of your acquaintance before. A good deal of annoyance to many worthy people would thereby have been avoided."

I was not so much surprised at the Marquis knowing all that had passed between us, feeling, as I did, that Diane was the soul of honour and righteousness, as at the courage shown by the girl in parting with all the mystery which went so far in one of her age to compensate for all the woes that had befallen her, in order that when the question of our own marriage succeeded the one of ending her present engagement, she might stand before her parents and before me, as truthful as she was constant, as good as she was beautiful.

I waited a minute or two before replying, when I requested the Marquis to bear with me if I addressed him at some length.

"Monsieur le Marquis," I said, "a man in love has a power of

words at his command when speaking of his love; but I will not abuse that gift, and will at once allow that much of what you have said has surprised me. Confident that I had been so fortunate as to gain your charming daughter's regard, I was not aware that I had gone so far as to give her the courage of telling you at this stage of affairs all that has passed between us. But her courage gives me courage, for I now know from your own mouth that I possess her esteem and her girlish affection, and I am the more proud of this that you have accompanied the announcement by an expression of regret that we should not have met before.

"Monsieur le Marquis, neither you nor I can command the instincts which the Almighty has planted within us, to be revealed in the time of His choice, and to bring about these ends where and when He has been pleased to decree their accomplishment.

"If you had asked me two days ago whether I had any thought of marriage, I would have laughed the idea to scorn. If you had told me that there existed in the heart of the noble girl who has the privilege of being your daughter the purity of thought, the warmth of affection, and the steadiness of purpose which I have found in her during the briefest of acquaintances, I would have believed in it as I do in miracles—that is, I would not have denied the possibility, but strongly doubted the worthiness of mortality to embody so much excellence all at once.

"The miracle has been wrought notwithstanding, and in my favour. I believe in it so fully, so ardently, and so determinedly, that I am bound to speak to you with the frankness your kind reception of me demands, and with

the honesty you have a right to look to; and Diane has set me an example to copy.

"You may trust my resolve rather than my honour, that the details of this affair will not spread.

"No one possesses them except yourself and myself; and for Diane's sake, if not for any one else's, I am not likely to give publicity to incidents dear to me and to her, but which cannot, must not, be made the subject of idle curiosity.

"That is my answer to your first request. As to the second, I confess that before hearing you, I would not have been disposed to commit myself to the sacrifice you ask of me; but since listening to you, I have resolved that I shall do nothing henceforward to encourage your daughter to disobey your will; and in proof of it, I will start for England this evening."

The Marquis, whose face beamed with satisfaction, was about to make a remark, when I stopped him.

"Pardon me," I said, "I have more to add. I request permission to answer Mademoiselle Diane's letter; and therein to inform her of my conversation with you. I propose sending you that letter, and as Diane trusted you, so shall I rely on your fairness, your justice, and your honour to remit it into her hands."

"Monsieur," said the poor Marquis, with tears in his eyes, "I cannot but be touched by your generosity, your correct judgment of my daughter's character, and your love for her. Poor boy! I am truly grieved for you; but the world is large; and though, as a weak, foolish, and loving father, I am disposed to think like you that Diane has not her equal, still I know the feeling to be selfish and conceited, and I

am sure so high-minded a young man will find his reward, as his great merits deserve."

"Do not, for God's sake, mistake me, Monsieur le Marquis. I am not giving up the thought of marrying Mademoiselle Diane,—I am not likely to think of any one else as long as I live,—but I shall not encourage her to disobey your wishes, because I now have no doubt whatsoever that I occupy in her loyal soul the place she has conquered in one brief second in mine; and that when the hour comes when I can approach you again to beg that you will give us your consent to our union, you may have no cause to reproach me with ungentlemanlike conduct in the past."

Here the Marquis shook my hand violently, and said, "When some day you are a father, and have an only daughter whom you love as much as it is possible to love a being in this world; when, to keep her from harm's way, from the follies of a century too full of temptation for human strength to resist them all, you find an honourable man, of rank, of station, and of fortune, who will make her loved, respected, and prosperous—maybe you will remember what it costs me to see that all my plans for her happiness are set at nought—that all the nights I have spent waking, thinking of her good only, are so many wasted hours—and that suddenly, when all was settled and arranged, you came like a wild element to disturb what it had taken so many anxious hours to arrange."

"Monsieur le Marquis, it will ever be so in France as long as the fire of youth is ignored, or the wisdom of age endeavours to extinguish its flame. I wish you good-bye; but if I am a wild element suddenly introduced into your household to cause evil, follow your daughter's advice last night

—be the lightning-conductor which wards off the storm.”

The Marquis rang the bell, and conducted me to the door.

I walked across the yard to the porter's lodge, where I received a little bouquet of three roses tied together by a blue knot, and pinned to which was a blank card, on one side of which was written my address, and on the other these words: “Cueillies par Diane.”

I hurried home, and at once sat down to write:—

“I have just seen your father, Mademoiselle, and have heard from his own lips that the deep devotion I have sworn to you is returned. The knowledge has filled me with such inexpressible joy, that, trusting in you even more than I do in myself, I have given my word of honour not to press my suit with you any further, relying on the strength of our purpose, our love, and our fate to bring your parents to see the necessity of uniting two lives that were made for one another, and that recognised this necessity from the first hour of their meeting.

“Though I may not call, and may not write, I will be hungry for news of you, and shall try to see your aunt before starting, in a few hours, to beg, during my absence, for the favour of an occasional line from herself to tell me how you are faring.

“May heaven bless you and guide you, as you have blessed and guided my own path in life!”

It was a lover's letter, and no mistake; but I had obtained permission to write it, and I fully trusted the old Marquis to give the letter to his daughter.

That he nobly fulfilled his promise, however much it may have cost him, I heard that very evening, when at the station a message from Diane's governess conveyed to me Diane's adieux; her delight

at receiving my letter; her resolve to be staunch to me; and the announcement that, as she had not been allowed to see me in the afternoon, she had refused to see M. de Maupert's family, by the very simple process of going to bed on the score of a headache.

I called on Madame de Chantalès before starting, and told her of my interview with the Marquis. She approved of it, and promised, now that matters were above-board, and bereft of that mystery which made it, she thought, so unpleasant, to let me know all she could about Diane: “Though,” she added, with a laugh, “your promise not to encourage Diane to disobey her parents appears to me to be somewhat Jesuitical; for you reserved to yourself the right of a parting shot in the shape of a love-note—and you settled to have a regular medium of communication between you through my humble self.”

“Countess,” I said, “the medium is so bright and clever that I could not do better than leave in your hands the management of my affairs, and I am so much in love that it would kill me to be without occasional news of Diane, while I am not at all certain that to be without any news from herself direct is not the greatest martyrdom I have ever heard of. Pray remember what it has cost me to accede to this self-sacrifice.”

“I suppose,” said the Countess, “that, after all, a man in love is not accountable; but frankly, I wish, on your return, you would teach Raymond the way to be in love, for I never saw so matter-of-fact a man in my life; or perhaps you will teach me, which will come to the same thing in the end. Good-bye; *bon voyage!*”

An hour later I was in the train bound for Calais, *en route* for England.

REVELATIONS FROM PATMOS.

DURING a somewhat prolonged stay on the isle which is called Patmos, when my wife and I were the guests of the hospitable monks of the Monastery of St John, I did not, as most who visit Patmos do, devote my attention solely to the reminiscences of the saint who has gained for the island its celebrity. The monastic life, the life of the people who live around the monastery, the island itself, with its legends and its hermitages, afforded us amusement, which we found it hard to exhaust; and the good monks were greatly puzzled at visitors who did not spend all their time plodding over the manuscripts in their celebrated library, or praying in the Cave of the Apocalypse, but who wandered from house to house, took photographs, and studied the customs of the natives.

Patmos is as barren and drear a spot as can well be imagined—mountainous, treeless, and productive of little else but aromatic herbs. Its coast-line is marvelously indented, and at the central harbour the island is divided into two almost equal parts, joined together by a narrow tongue of land. On this isthmus rises a hill, crowned by the ruins of an old Greco-Roman town, hidden by the grain which is grown thereon. This spot must of necessity be more genuinely associated with St John than any other, seeing that it was the only town in the island at the time that he was brought here as a prisoner; but legendary history has preferred to ignore this fact, and the worship of St John, as it exists now on Patmos, is purely legendary.

The monastery itself is a vast

medieval fortress, crowning a height on the southern portion of the island some 1000 feet above the sea, around which the white houses of the inhabitants cluster like limpets on a rock. Patmos at various eras has been colonised by Greeks; but when in the eleventh century a saintly anchorite, Christodoulos by name, founded the monastery, the island had for centuries been uninhabited, and from this fact arose his desire to secure it from the emperor as a fitting spot for the pursuit of an undisturbed religious life. He brought with him fifty workmen and their families, and by so doing formed the nucleus of a new colonisation. The families were obliged to live on the northern portion of the island, and no women or children were allowed across the narrow tongue of land. However, in succeeding ages this village suffered so much from marauders, that, by special indulgence from the Patriarch of Constantinople, they were allowed to build houses under the wing of the monastery. After the fall of Constantinople, a large number of refugees sought an asylum at Patmos; and again, after the capture of Crete by the Turks, large numbers of Cretans came here, so that Patmos, under the favouring wing of religion, was repeopled and grew prosperous. Furthermore, a religious atmosphere is always the most favourable for the conservation of ancient habits; consequently, in their isolation from the world, the Patmiotes live as their ancestors lived, in the possession of charming customs, which even this nineteenth century has not been wholly able to obliterate.

No steamer touches at Patmos,

so he who makes a pilgrimage thither must do so in a sailing-boat. Ours was a capital Samiote *caïque*, which landed us at a flourishing village which has grown up round the harbour in these days of greater security. We determined to set off at once on foot to the monastery, after intrusting our letters of introduction to a funny little deacon, who appropriated us on landing. We were rather ashamed, too, of our luggage, for in the Greek islands it is necessary to travel with food; consequently a frying-pan full of fish, a raw leg of lamb, and a bottle of honey were treasures with which we dare not part, more especially as the Lenten fast was imminent. These articles were confided to the care of an agile boy, whilst a donkey carried our weightier goods; and thus we commenced to toil up the road which leads to the monastery.

Somewhat breathless with our climb, and having been conducted through endless passages and up innumerable steps, we became aware that we had reached the superior's door, and that our procession had arrived in the reverse order to what we had intended, for we found his worship in a towering rage with the agile boy for bringing into the monastery and depositing at his door such things as we had intrusted to his charge. Consequently our reception was an exceedingly cold one, and not until half an hour later, when the deacon arrived with our letters of introduction, did the great man relax his severity. Then, indeed, he grew very benign; his servant was sent for coffee, jam, and *rakki*; the treasurer, the librarian, the ex-superior, and other leading monks were summoned to greet us; and their eyes wandered eagerly from us to our

luggage, to our frying-pan, and our lamb.

"It is a wet cold night; you cannot go outside again," replied the superior, in answer to our inquiries if apartments could be found for us in the village. Then followed a private colloquy amongst the monks, during which they continually looked at my wife, and made frequent allusions to that forbidden thing to monks—woman. What would St Christodoulos, who made such stringent rules for his monastery, have said, if he could have known that a man and wife were to be housed for days within its actual precincts? It was enough to revivify his embalmed body, which now reposes in the monastic church! We were given a cell belonging to an old monk, Gerasimos by name, who was absent just now doing penance in a hermitage. A cell indeed it was only in name; in point of size and convenience it closely resembled a flat. There was a large sitting-room with five windows, furnished with a divan, and quaint old pictures on the walls; through this opened a good-sized bedroom. We had a kitchen, a room for our servant, a door, and a latch-key. Our flat was situated on the highest floor of the monastery, so we could wander at will, when the wind was not too boisterous, over the terraced roofs, and enjoy delicious views over land and sea. We could see the mountains of Asia Minor, and most of the islands of the Archipelago; we could converse with the monks as they paced to and fro, idling away their time with their beads, and basking in the sunshine. The utter waste of a life spent in a monastery was vividly brought before our notice, for there is absolutely nothing for them to do except to pray and to fast; and I question if they adhere as strictly

to the former occupation as they ought, otherwise I am at a loss to account for the existence of those fine bow-windows which many of them have thrown out.

The librarian is the busiest of them all, which is evidenced by the fact that he has only got one eye, having, as he said, worn the other out with study. He was one of our earliest visitors, and took it for granted that the object of our visit to Patmos was to live in his library and copy manuscripts. We did visit it, indeed, and were shown the few valuable books which have escaped the many depredations of bibliophiles. Amongst the oldest of the manuscripts we found a St Mark's Gospel, written in 953 A.D., before the Alexandrian Codex. The initials to the names of God and Christ are in gold, and all the letters are in silver, on rose-coloured parchment. It finishes at the twenty-second verse of the fifteenth chapter, as the one in the library at Vienna. The history of Job is a manuscript of the ninth century, and is imperfect, some of the earlier pages being lost. The painted illustrations are most beautifully done, and the representations of Job's flocks, and his daughters, still preserve their original richness of colour. Some of the later volumes in the library are very interesting from the richness of their Byzantine bindings, notably a Gospel written in 1335, and full of lovely pictures. Unfortunately, many of them have suffered much from damp and want of care; but of late years, owing to the realisation of their value, the librarian is much more careful of his treasures, and handles them with infinite pride. But instead of going into ecstatic raptures over the lovely Job and the ancient

St Mark, we, I fear, rather insulted the librarian by becoming deeply interested in two manuscripts describing the wanderings of St John, and purporting to have been written by two disciples of his, Prochoros and Nicitas. These books form the foundation for all the legends which the Patmiotes still firmly believe—the basis, in fact, of their religion. These works are obviously spurious, full of anachronisms and contradictions, and have been too clearly written to assist in the production of sacred spots, which is a favourite system in the Eastern Church. A priest will say he has found a picture of the Madonna in a tree; a man will dream a dream that a sacred picture is at the bottom of a well; he will proceed to draw it up, and then churches will be built in honour of the Madonna of the tree, or of the well, miracles will be wrought, and a centre for pilgrimages established. An apt illustration of this idea came before our notice when at Patmos. Our servant, an intelligent and generally well-informed Greek, but not much of a theologian, was exercised in his mind respecting the history of Patmos, as connected with St John; so one day he asked me, “Did St John find the Gospels in the Cave of the Apocalypse?” There is a very close analogy between this system of finding sacred objects and that which taught that images “fell down from Jupiter,” and that the sacred books of the Sibyls were found.

The most amusing story which Prochoros professes to tell in his account of St John is the contest which the saint is supposed to have had with a magician called Kynops, who was deputed by the priests of the temple of Apollo at Patmos to do what damage he

could to the Roman prisoner, whose teaching interfered so much with their trade. Kynops lived in a cave to the south-west of the island, where he kept an army of demons. The Patmiotes of to-day show you the cave of Kynops, in a wild dreary spot overhanging the sea; and even in these latter days none dare enter it for fear of the demons, which are still supposed to haunt it.

On the day appointed for the contest, St John, Kynops, and a large crowd of lookers-on repaired to the shore, where Kynops wrought many miracles, diving into the sea and bringing up the dead, whilst St John merely looked on in dignified silence, and permitted his adversary to gain a complete triumph. The people thereupon fell to worshipping Kynops, and stoned St John, whom they left for dead on the shore. Prochoros then relates how, whilst he was standing by the supposed corpse and weeping, St John suddenly arose, walked up to the town without aid, and challenged the magician to a renewal of the contest.

Next day Kynops and his friends came down in the full confidence of another triumph. The magician again dived into the sea, as he had previously done, whilst St John was engaged in fervent prayer, the result being that the magician never came up again, though the people remained staring for three days and nights at the waves which covered him.

The credulous Patmiotes of to-day will show you the spot on which St John triumphed, and will point out a submerged rock in the harbour, which they say is the body of Kynops converted into stone by the vigour of the saintly prayers. All the spots connected

with this legendary account of St John are localised by tiny churches; and when I asked how it happened that St Christodoulos was able to identify the places on an island which had been uninhabited for centuries, I was promptly suppressed by the reply, "Through prayer and fasting." There are many other legends connected with St John and his miracles on Patmos. Before leaving the island, they say the saint went on a baptising tour through all the villages, in one of which he healed the son of a priest of Jupiter. In another he had to contend with the wiles and enchantments of a certain Notianus; and on the inhabitants asking to be baptised, he conducted them to a stream—but lo! Notianus, by his art, turned the stream into blood. Whereupon St John prayed fervently, and the blood turned into water again. Notianus was struck with blindness, and did not recover his sight until he humbled himself before St John and received baptism.

That an outer world existed on Patmos outside the monastery was brought vividly before our notice on the day of our arrival by the town-crier, who makes use of the parapets of the monastery for delivering his messages. All that it is necessary for him to do is to ring his bell, and scream from the four corners of the building, and every one in Patmos will hear what he has to say. He is a wild unkempt object to look upon, with long hair, a red fez, brown home-spun clothes, and bare feet. He is the mouthpiece of all Patmiote trade, and announces what captains have arrived with cargoes of macaroni, of beans, of figs, and other commodities. The price of each article is given, and the good folks are instructed to repair to such and

such a house, where their requirements will be supplied.

There is much more left that is old in the town of Patmos than one usually sees in the island towns, presumably because the presence of the monastery has preserved the place from marauding attacks. Pirates in Greek waters are almost universally pious, and they never start on an expedition without the blessing of a priest, who not unfrequently stipulates for a share of their spoil. We visited several very good houses in the town, the best always belonging to those who have been sea-captains, and who have brought back objects from beyond seas to decorate their homes. Of old china, indifferent pictures, carved furniture, and *bric-a-brac*, there is abundance, probably brought to the island in those days when Patmiote merchants traded with Venice and the mercantile ports of Italy. Of late years their wealth has greatly collapsed, and curiosity-dealers from Constantinople have found here a rich harvest.

"There has been a great deal of the evil eye about lately," an old woman told us, whose walls had been stripped of Rhodian plates and other ornaments to pay for present exigencies. The god *Fascinus*, in short, has survived here in full vigour. The withering of trees, the ruin of decay, the destruction of crops—every misfortune, in fact—is in Patmos attributed to the pernicious influence of a demon by means of the eye of a medium, those whose eyebrows closely join being usually selected. The Patmiotes take the greatest possible notice of personal appearance as indicating certain tendencies. The popular saying is—"Red hair and blue eyes—the soul of the devil and the heart of Satan." All

marks on the body are portentous, according to the Patmiotes. If you have two lumps on your head, you will be married twice; if you have long ears, you will have a long life; if you have good teeth, you will have wealth; and the excitement caused by the birth of a baby with a caul surpasses anything I have heard in our own country on this interesting phenomenon. A caul is supposed to indicate a glorious future: it must be blessed at three different liturgies, and must be hung up on the wall amongst the collection of domestic saints which every householder possesses. "May God protect us," say they, "from a beardless man and a hairy woman!" In most of their legends of gnomes and magicians, it is the man without a beard and the woman with one who invariably play the most conspicuous part.

The great remedy for the evil eye on Patmos is to go and cut off the end of the girdle of the unfortunate possessor of this unenviable characteristic. This must be burnt in an incense-burner, and be waved before the person or the object which has suffered, and then, by throwing three carnation-leaves into the fire, it can be seen whether the charm has been effectual or not. If the leaves crackle, it is a sign of healing, and some one must spit thrice on the person or the thing, saying, as he does so, "Uncharmed!" But if the leaves refuse to crackle, it is best to go to the monastery at once and secure a monk to come and read a prayer to avert the danger.

The inhabitants of Patmos half worship the monks of their monastery, and believe them entirely devoid of the failings which other flesh is heir to. When a monk passes by or enters a house, it is customary for the people to touch

the ground with their fingers, and then to kiss the hand which the holy man proffers. A Patmiote mother's highest ambition is to see her son introduced as a "reader" into the monastic church, with the prospect of being eventually admitted as a monk when the days of his probation are over. All the monks are now of Patmiote origin. This was not the case in former days, when many came from afar. But of late years many things have been altered. The old-fashioned common life has been abandoned, and the handsome common room, with its frescoed walls, is rapidly falling into decay. Visitors have stolen most of the old tiles which once adorned the common table; the superior's throne is now tottering on three legs; and the fine baronial kitchen, which adjoins the common room, is now used only as a depository for that hateful lime with which they love to besmear everything that is architecturally beautiful.

The monks feed now in their own apartments, to each of which a kitchen is attached. They are attended upon by a novice, generally a member of their own family; and then there are two or three working monks, who do the heavy work of the monastery, such as drawing the water from the well, and occasionally sweeping out and whitewashing the cells. Father John, who performed these menial offices for us, was a quaint-looking old fellow, with tattered cassock, weather-beaten tall hat, and bare legs, very picturesque indeed when seen toiling up the steps with our "amphora" of water poised on his shoulders.

A little tailor called Janko was our guide, philosopher, and friend outside the monastic walls; and when Lent had set in, he it was

who brought us our food, for the peasants were afraid that, if they were seen bringing good things inside during the great fast, they would incur the displeasure of the monks. Some even refused to sell us milk and cheese, affirming that it was a sin; and if it had not been for our tailor, we might have been condemned to an involuntary abstinence. Janko took us one afternoon to visit the nunnery, where the "good old ladies" of Patmos retire to repent them of their sins. I feel sure that they fast far more rigorously than the monks, for a more attenuated sickly collection of women I never saw. We asked on entering for the lady superior, and were told that she was ill in bed, and that all the others were in church doing their "hours," and that if we particularly wished to see them, we might go in too. It was a curious sight to witness about forty sisters, in their long black coats and skirts, with black handkerchiefs over their heads, mumbling, chanting, and bowing; and for us the "hour" passed agreeably enough as we stood in stalls, and watched the nuns at their *metanix* — that is to say, bowing and kissing the ground three times after every fourth psalm, and four times after every tenth psalm. The number of *metanix* that it is possible to get through in the twenty-four hours, I was told, is three hundred; but they are by no means obligatory. It is really wonderful to see how active even the decrepit old ones are in these devotional gymnastics; and to hear the rapidity with which they can say their Kyrie Eleisons almost takes away one's breath. The ladies plod through the services by themselves, chanting and reading every-

thing. A special priest, however, is kept to perform the incensing and sacred mysteries behind the screen, where it is not lawful for women to enter; but he is carefully locked out of the nunnery at night, and is never supposed to hold converse with any of them.

The lady superior, a wrinkled deaf old woman, received us in bed, where she lay in all her greasy black attire. She was not equal to much conversation; but around us sat other nuns, who made up for the said deficiency. They spoke much at first in hypocritical tones of their "lovely unworldly life," and then they proceeded to state their poverty, and finally invited us to their several cells, with the object of inducing us to purchase some of their handiwork. Each nun has her own apartments, most of them clean and tidy, and they support themselves by weaving and working, and by obtaining presents from their friends without and casual visitors like ourselves.

Another day Janko took us down many dark narrow alleys to visit one of the three old women who still adhere to the picturesque Patmote costume. Greasy though it was and faded, we could still appreciate its beauty. The petticoat had once been rich red; the jacket was of black velvet, with looped-up sleeves; on her head she wore a tall erection called a *posin*, with a gold embroidered top; the shoes had once been of white kid, with turned-up toes; but, like the wearer, the clothes were nought but a reflection of past beauty. She lived in a house consisting of one large room with a mud floor, and containing a handsomely carved settee, some fine oak chests, and a richly illuminated bed, on which she slept, the sheets of

which, though extremely dirty, had valances attached of real Greek lace. The poor old thing was very shy at being thus closely inspected by foreigners, and utterly refused to have her photograph taken, for fear we should work magic with it; and she crossed herself vigorously when we asked her if she herself understood anything about the black art. "It is a sin," she murmured; "the Panagia forbid that I should do such things;" but when we went away, Janko told us that none in Patmos knew more charms or incantations than she did.

Of course the stock sight of Patmos is the cave in which tradition says St John wrote down his Revelations. There are many caves in the island, and, for my part, I feel sceptical as to this one being what it professes; for it must have been exceedingly shallow before the church was built on to it, and moreover, too much exposed to view for secret meditations, seeing that it is commanded by the site of the old town a little way up the opposite hill on the road to the monastery. At present, however, the cave is sufficiently concealed from view by a pile of buildings fast falling into ruins, where a few years ago existed a school for the education of Greeks; but now that local education is much improved in the Levant, parents do not care to send their sons so far, and the school has been closed.

The care of the churches—one adjoining and one over the cave—is intrusted to a priest—Papa Makarios by name—and his sister Sophia, who occupy rooms in the ramshackle building. On the first occasion on which we visited the cave, we were lucky in finding Sophia alone, for she is deeply imbued with the legends of the place,

and the story of Kynops is as much a part of her creed as the existence of St John is of ours. She is a garrulous, energetic old dame; and, in the absence of her brother, volunteered to show us the cave and the church of St Anna, which was built up to it by St Christodoulos. She was almost theatrical in her gestures, as she showed us the points of interest therein. Here was the hole in the rock in which St John placed his pillow when he slept; by the side of it was the hole, by the aid of which St John raised himself from the ground when he got up. Over these holes a rude cross was shown us, which, Sophia said, the saint had wrought with his own hands. Then she showed us two holes in the roof, to which St John was in the habit of tying himself by a cord, so that he might not fall asleep when he said his prayers. But the greatest object of Sophia's veneration, before which she crossed herself and knelt, was a triple rent in the rock, from which she affirmed that the voice of the Holy Trinity had issued with the divine message to the theologian. Every crack and fissure in the cave is associated with something sacred, and, as a remembrance of the place, Sophia presented us with some chips of the rock; and it occurred to us that if she did the same to every pilgrim, she must have considerably altered the dimensions of the cave. We bought a pretty little carved wooden bowl, in which the priest kept his incense for burning in the church cave, and then were conducted by Sophia to her apartment, where she regaled us with sweetmeats and *rakki*, as she related to us wonderful stories concerning the religious ecstasies into which worshippers at the shrine

were wont to go. Afterwards she gave us a great description of the festival held here on the day of the theologian—how they hold real vigil in the church during the whole of the night before, and how the monks come down from the monastery with their relics and their banners in grand procession, to worship in the cave.

When we got home, we went to see what Prochoros had to say about the cave, and were surprised to find that he only relates how, before his departure from Patmos, after an exile of ten years, St John was asked by the inhabitants to write down the events of the history of Christ for their benefit and guidance. To do this, the saint retired to a cave; and after two days' meditation sent Prochoros for ink and parchment, and then dictated the Gospel to his disciple without a pause from beginning to end. Prochoros never so much as mentions the Revelations; but Nicitas does, and from his account it is that the *locale* of the cave has been decided upon. Nicitas, in the MS. which we saw in the library, gives a curious account of the writing of the Revelations, which runs as follows:—

“Having at length reached a grotto which was three miles (?) (*σημεία*) from the town, with water in it, we tarried there ten days. John remained without food in great quiet, and in prayer: as for me, I went to the town towards evening, and ate with my brethren. On the tenth day, John himself wished to return to the town, and bending on his knees prayed; when, all at once, a voice was heard which said, ‘John! John!’ And he replied, ‘What is it, Lord.’ And the Lord replied, ‘Tarry in the cave yet another ten days, and great and numerous mysteries shall be revealed unto you.’ In accordance with this direction he tarried yet another ten days, remaining without

food, and became in a great ecstasy, and he perceived great powers, and an angel of the Lord, who related to him what he had seen and heard. And again calling me, he said, 'Go to the town, bring paper and ink, and return here.' This I did. Then he ordered me to write on the paper all the words which came out of his mouth; and we passed thus two more days, he speaking, and I writing. Then we returned again to the town, and we were lodged in the house of Sospater."

This cave which Nicitas describes, in no way corresponds to the one shown now as the Cave of the Apocalypse. What he means by *σημεία*, it is of course impossible to say; but the cave where the church is built is not more than three-quarters of a mile from the old town, and has no stream of water in it now.

Very shortly after our arrival on Patmos, Lent began in all its grim earnest, and the first day, which goes by the name of "Clean Monday," the monks spent most of their time in church. Not so the inhabitants, who make merry on this day; and though they eat no meat, they drink a great deal of wine, and I am uncertain whether the epithet of "clean" is applied to this Monday because they do not dirty their saucepans, or because they clean themselves out with wine on this occasion. On Clean Monday every one who is equal to the scramble goes down to a spot on the western shore, called "the wood or garden of the saint," and here make merry. Tradition says that St Christodoulos, when he had built his monastery, tried to make a garden here, and his workmen laughed at him for attempting to cultivate so barren a spot. The saint was so hurt at this insult that he prayed fervently, and out from a rock came a spring

of water which fertilised the place, and made of it the only productive spot on the island. It undoubtedly now is the only spring of water on Patmos, for the people of the monastery and of the town have only the water which they preserve in cisterns to live on.

On and around this fertile spot, with its carob-trees, olives, and solitary palm, are gathered many little churches, called "little monasteries," each belonging to a separate family, and containing the tomb where the departed of each family are allowed to decay, until another member of the same family dies, when they are removed to a charnel-house to make room for the incoming tenant. This system of removing bones in Greece at a given period after burial is truly revolting, and productive of many horrid sights and smells; and if the charnel-house, as happens frequently, is in ruins, the family have an opportunity of viewing their long line of ancestors huddled together in ghastly confusion.

We were told, with much glee, of a great practical joke which had just taken place in one of these charnel-houses. During Carnival time a band of young men, presumably the fast ones of the island, who had visited foreign countries and grown sceptical concerning ghosts and goblins, collected together in a bone-house, and whenever any one was heard to pass they rattled the bones around them, and sang out in chorus, "We were all once gay *Pallicari*," the result being that the women of Patmos were nearly all of them terrified out of their lives.

Just below this saintly garden on the sea-shore all the folks were gathered and enjoying themselves. They sang songs, they danced dances, and time passed so agree-

ably as we watched them that we had eventually to hurry back to the monastery with all speed, for half an hour after sunset the great iron gate is closed, and ingress and egress is forbidden. Outside this great iron gate is a little church, with a flat space in front of it. Here the monks delight to sit and chat of an evening with the townsfolk as they pass by, and it is quite the fashionable rendezvous of Patmos for the half-hour before the great wooden *semandron*—a quaint species of gong which hangs outside the church, and which is sounded with a wooden hammer—announces the hour for vespers. At this iron gate, in the good old days, the superior used to sit on his throne, and distribute to the poor once a-week portions of peas, loaves, and fishes; but this custom has been abandoned of late years, and has been commuted for a distribution of alms at Eastertide.

We had ample time on our hands for examining the interior of the monastery, and for wandering amongst its labyrinthine passages. After a hot climb up the hill, nothing can be more delightful than to sit in the courtyard, which is exceedingly small and vault-like. It is surrounded by an arched arcade, above which rise two storeys of cells: in its centre is the monastic well, and never on the hottest day in summer is this courtyard too warm. Along one side of it is the church, rich in every species of Byzantine decoration. Twisted pillars with grotesque capitals support the arches before the vestibule, across which stretches the great wooden *semandron*, which Father John sounds for everyday service. At Easter, and on high festivals only, do they sound the shrill iron one, which hangs inside the vestibule. On the

outer wall of the church we see rich old frescoes. The Emperor Alexis Comnenus presenting the island to St Christodoulos, the saint himself and the theologian, and the Creator, are all depicted on this wall in the stiff conventional style of the Eastern Church. Within the church is a labyrinth of colour and richness. The rococo screen, which shuts off the most sacred precincts, is covered with lovely *eikons* set in silver; the floor is set with *opus Alexandrinum*; the stalls are richly carved; and the dome is covered with frescoes, but it is dark and small, as are all the gems of Byzantine art.

One day the superior called upon us in our cell. His bow on entering is a perfect study of dignified grace; but his manner is stiff, and we think he can never have quite forgiven the raw leg of lamb and the fishes. We took this occasion of asking for his gracious permission to see the sacred relics of the monastery, which the monks are not fond of showing to the Western heterodox. Our request was granted; and that evening, after vespers, the treasurer came for us with his key, and took us to gratify our curiosity. As the relics are never exposed to view except on festivals, a number of women, who had been attending the evening service, on hearing what was to happen, took occasion to tarry behind, that they might obtain an extraordinary kiss at the treasures.

We were first of all shown St Thomas's head bound in silver, and deposited in a huge silver cup; then the chains in which St John was brought from Rome to Patmos were handed to us for inspection; and after these the head of Antipas, "my witness, my faithful one," was produced; but I think

we were most interested in the embalmed body of St Christodoulos, about whom we had heard so much since we came to Patmos. Apparently, owing to Saracenic marauders, the saint was obliged to abandon Patmos after building the monastery, and died in Eubœa, leaving the strictest injunctions to his faithful followers to convey his remains back when a favourable opportunity occurred. This after a few years they succeeded in doing; and the miracles wrought by these embalmed remains have provided material for many volumes, which those who desire may read in the library above. The body is now reposing in a richly embossed silver coffin in a wall-cupboard to the right as you enter the church. Amid much incensing and profound veneration this was unlocked by the treasurer, and a rush was made by the faithful for a kiss and a smell, for, say they, by divine mercy and in recognition of his many virtues, the body of St Christodoulos has the power to emit a sweet-smelling odour to those who approach it in faith; we, however, perceived nothing of this, for the air was heavy with the fumes of frankincense. Finally, we were shown St Christodoulos's sandals, and his staff with which he had wrought in his day so many miracles, and which if placed on sick-bed, think the Patmiotes, is a more effectual remedy than any medicine their physician may administer; and such is the power of faith amongst them, that I believe there are many genuine recoveries actually on record.

Before leaving Patmos, we felt it our duty to visit Father Gerasimos, the owner of our cell, in his distant hermitage, so that we might deliver to him our thanks in person, and satisfy our curiosity concerning

his mode of life at the same time. The pious old man inhabits a small stone hut, which he has built for himself on the slopes of Mt. Prophet Elias, the loftiest of the Patmiote mountains. He gave us a hearty welcome, and seemed to revel in his poverty and his tiny church, which adjoins his dwelling. He is getting very blind, he told us; but with the aid of clearers he can still read his prayer-book in church, and the four thumbed and torn works on asceticism which form his library, and which by this time he probably knows by heart; for what else can he have to do without companionship, without employment, except to till a small plot of ground, which produces a sufficiency of herbs for his requirements?

Twice during the day, and twice during the night, he makes the desert around re-echo with his chanting in his church. On great feast-days only does he return to the monastery. He had not been there since Christmas he told us (hence the delightful immunity we had enjoyed from vermin of all kinds), and he should not go again till Easter, during which time he hoped we would continue to occupy his rooms. When we praised them, he told us that he had long since realised that they were too good for erring mortals; and when we asked him if the other monks were not erring mortals too, he replied that he had been so troubled of late years by the frivolity of his brethren, that he had found a religious life amongst them impossible.

We had no means of remunerating our poor old host for the loan of his cell: he wanted nothing, he said, in this world, and we found it out of our power to offer him anything towards his requirements

in the next. Around Gerasimos's hermitage the configuration of Patmos is extraordinary; massive boulders rise up like genii on the mountain-slopes, and in the gloom the spot must be weird in the extreme. No sound is heard here except the cry of the red-legged partridges, with which Patmos abounds, and the tinkling of goat-bells, when on occasions a shepherd may pass by with his flocks. Nature is here seen in her wildest form; and we could not help wondering if St John ever wandered amongst these rocks, a far more fitting spot for inspiration than the small cave which the Patmiotes of to-day have selected as the scene of the Revelations.

We did not accept Gerasimos's

invitation to occupy his cell till Easter, though if time had permitted we would willingly have done so, the further to improve our acquaintance with the Patmiotes and their quaint surroundings. One fine morning, when the breeze was favourable, we sent for donkeys, and commenced our downward pilgrimage. The superior's farewell was more cordial than his greeting; and Father John, who assisted in loading our donkey, was heard to say, "May the theologian be with you!" An hour or so later we were in a *caïque*, and rapidly increasing the distance between ourselves and the island so celebrated for its reminiscences of St John the Divine.

J. THEODORE BENT.

TO PYRRHA.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa," &c.—HORACE, Odes, I. 5.

BEDREWED with odorous balms, what pretty boy,
On heaps of roses in some pleasant grot,
Pyrrha, with thee doth hotly toy?
For whom dost backward knot

Thy yellow hair, bewitching simple? Oh,
How will he mourn changed gods and broken troth,
And stare amazed, when bleak winds blow,
And roughened seas are wroth,

Who now, fond fool, enjoys thee, deems thee gold,
Who, never having known a treacherous breeze,
Hopes thee still his, all his to hold,
Still loving! Woe for these,

On whom thy wiles are newly flung!
A votive tablet in his temple shows,
I've to the sea's great god uphung
My brine-bedabbled clothes.

THE SAME, MODERNISED.

TO CORALIE.

Who may the favoured youngster be,
Fair Coralie,
Who in thy velvet-cushioned bower
Doth now devour
With hungry eyes those charms of thine,
That once were mine?
For whom, with all-consummate grace,
Back from thy face
Dost thou thine amber tresses plait
Trimly sedate?
How oft, when thou hast played him out,
Will he, poor lout,
Bewail his cruel destiny, and rail
At woman frail,
And open wide his eyes, to hear
Rough gibe and jeer
From lips that erst were wreathed with smiles,
And all sweet wiles,
Who now, when in thine arms he lies,
Sees in thine eyes
A true soul raying out such golden gleams
As bless our dreams;
Who hopes to find thee always free and gay,
Call when he may,
And always with a passion in thy kiss
To crown his bliss!
Oh, how I pity those who know thee not
Till they are caught,
And, in thy toils Circean, all too late
Must dree their fate!
I, lucky dog, some time ago broke loose.
Now, play the deuce
With whom thou mayest, I, secure in port,
To see thee sport
With other gulls, smile, as along they drift
To ruin swift.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND RUSSIAN ARMAMENTS.

FOR months past the whole of Europe has been discussing the possibilities of a more or less immediate outbreak of war. Russia and France are the two disturbing elements in the comity of European nations; but under present circumstances, France is hardly likely to be tempted into taking the first active step to disturb the public peace. If Russia plunges Europe into war, France will seek, and very probably find in a Russian alliance, an opportunity for endeavouring to recover her lost provinces; but alone, France will not move. It is, then, on the will and power of the Tsar that the decision as to peace or war finally rests; and however imperious may be the will of the autocrat of All the Russias, it is evident that the most important factor in the whole question is the condition of Russian armaments, and the qualities of the Russian soldier.

Full particulars concerning the nominal strength and organisation of the Russian army have been collected by the Intelligence branch of our War Office, and have recently been published in a very complete work, entitled 'The Armed Strength of Russia.' From this valuable book, it appears that the Russian army in time of peace numbers about 810,000 officers and men, with 133,167 horses and 1734 guns; and that of this force 620,000 officers and men belong to the army in Europe. In time of war, the establishment is increased to the prodigious figures of 2,308,396 officers and men, with 443,822 horses and 3876 guns. But it must be remembered that the elaborate tables, officially compiled, give only nominal numbers and arrangements on

paper. The number of effective and properly equipped men that can really be placed in line of battle on a given day, the efficiency with which arrangements for mobilisation and organisation can be carried out, and the fighting and other capacities of men and officers, these are the considerations which really determine the strength and value of Russian armaments. The careful military student of the information published by the Intelligence Department may arrive at reasonable conclusions on many points regarding the efficiency of the Tsar's armies; but the book is necessarily too full of details for the ordinary reader, and general questions as to the characteristics and qualities of the individual soldier do not come within the scope of a purely technical work.

To form any satisfactory opinion as to the probability of Russian schemes of organisation being satisfactorily carried out under the pressure of a declaration of war, or to pronounce a duly qualified judgment on the merits of Russian officers and soldiers, it is necessary to know the country and the people. It has not been the fortune of many Englishmen to meet with opportunities for seriously studying Russia and the Russians, and it is difficult for the keenest observer to generalise correctly from what he may note in individual men and under individual circumstances. Having, however, lived for many years in Russia, mixed with all classes of Russians, and travelled frequently among the peasantry in the interior, I may venture, whilst considering the technical details officially published, to offer a few obser-

uations on such characteristics as I have noted in my experiences, and as appear pertinent to the general question under consideration.

The first great point to note is, that the Russian soldier is generally recruited among an agricultural and peasant population. Of the total population of the empire, estimated at 102,978,600, somewhat less than 7 per cent are the inhabitants of towns containing over 20,000 inhabitants; and out of this small percentage considerable numbers belong to the migratory population which frequent the towns as temporary wage-earners at different industries, but whose homes, families, and permanent interests are all in the country. The 'Armed Strength of Russia' gives the following interesting details concerning the 218,000 recruits who formed the contingent for 1883. The total number of men liable for the contingent was 835,421; of these 436,092 claimed rights of exemption, and of the remainder, 218,000 were chosen by lot, and finally 214,133 were taken for actual service. Of the 214,133 recruits, 184,867, or, roughly speaking, 90 per cent, belonged to the peasant class; 46,564 could read and write, or read only; and 162,780, or upwards of three-fourths of the whole number, could neither read nor write.

The figures quoted above are very instructive, as showing the class of raw material from which the Russian soldier is made. The Russian peasantry is probably the most non-military class to be found in Europe. The moment the soldier gets out of his uniform he reverts completely to his original condition, and after twelve months' absence from the colours he is, on

rejoining, little better than a new recruit. He seems to take no pride in his uniform, he hates the irksomeness of military discipline, and he particularly hates fighting. In the latter respect, the character of the Russian peasant is indeed most remarkable. "In vino veritas" is a familiar adage; and when the *moujik* is drunk he desires to embrace everybody, and his would-be politeness is extraordinary. On one occasion I had myself a sufficiently unpleasant personal experience of this over-politeness. I was to pass the night in a peasant's house, where the accommodation was limited to some hay and my rug on the floor. My host had made the few arrangements possible for my comfort; and at an early hour, when his family betook themselves to the top of the great brick stove,¹ and I was about to seek the floor, the good man announced that he had to go out "on business," but that he would not be long, and would not disturb me on his return. Whether he was absent long or not I cannot say, but I have a vivid recollection of his ideas of not disturbing me. He came in drunk, and began by deliberately waking me to ask if I was comfortable. He then proposed the dirty sheepskin he was wearing as a suitable addition to my pillow arrangements, and insisted on trying to place it under my head. When I at last induced him to join his family on the stove, he kept calling at intervals to know whether I was sleeping well, and expatiating audibly to himself on my merits as a worthy gentleman; and finally, in spite of the muttering reproofs of female voices from the family couch, he descended once more into the room, and begging me to smoke to while away the time, he said he

¹ Russian peasants generally sleep *en famille* on top of the huge national stove, the space between which and the ceiling averages from 3 to 4 feet.

thought he had better get me some tea, as I was evidently dull and out of sorts. As the proposition for me to smoke included his doing the same himself with the foulest and strongest tobacco, I fairly lost my temper, and peremptorily ordered him to once more join the ladies aloft, using my strongest vocabulary to explain that there would be unpleasant consequences if he again came down. Realising that I was in earnest, he was immediately most submissive and apologetic, and retired, to trouble me no more. This incident is quite typical of the traits of a drunken peasant, and shows both his good-humour and his ready recognition of authority.

Further characteristics of the *moujik* are his dogged determination and patience under difficulties, both qualities of the highest value in a soldier. He is, under ordinary circumstances, a soft-hearted, good-natured fellow; but there are savage instincts in his semi-barbarous nature which render him capable of almost any brutality if he is once thoroughly excited. The awful atrocities committed during the late persecutions of the Jews are still fresh in our minds, and bear witness to the savagery of the Russian peasant; and the treatment experienced by the Turcomans, both after the capture of Khiva and the fall of Geok Tepe, show that, at all events in Asia, the authorities even encourage the worst passions of the soldier. Perhaps Skoboleff's greatest quality as a successful general was his thorough appreciation of the peculiarities of the men he commanded. He had a wonderful hold on their sympathies, and he enjoyed a popularity with the rank and file such as no other Russian general has ever acquired. It was Skoboleff who conducted the pursuit and harrying of the wretched Yomud

Turcomans after Khiva, so vividly described by his friend and admirer, the American correspondent MacGahan; and it was Skoboleff who, after the storming of Geok Tepe, and the route of its brave Tekke defenders, gave twenty-four hours' complete liberty to his excited soldiers to work their wicked will on the persons and property of the defenceless families of the dispersed Turcomans. Skoboleff thoroughly understood his men, and re-established his control as deliberately as he permitted unbridled licence. For exactly twenty-four hours the captors of Geok Tepe were uncontrolled; within six hours of the termination of that period, two soldiers were shot for trifling crimes. This circumstance, coupled with the fact of Skoboleff's great popularity in the army, gives a striking indication of the character of the Russian soldier, as judged by the man who knew him best.

The dogged patient courage with which the Russian faces difficulty and suffering attracted universal attention and admiration when the Russian army crossed the Balkans in mid-winter, after the fall of Plevna. Sleeping on the snow, frost-bitten and hungry, the peasant soldier struggled on, dragging his guns and his waggons over the ice-coated rocks and through the forest snow-drifts. It was a marvellous example of stubborn endurance. But to those who know the peculiar qualities of the Russian peasant, it was not a surprising performance.

As an instance of the peasant's patient determination, I may mention an incident of my personal experience. I was undertaking a long journey by sledge before the winter roads were properly established. A considerable part of the way I was necessarily following the course of a frozen river full of holes, and in many places most unsafe. Along one very bad stretch,

my driver, a Cossack, with his three horses abreast, who had devoutly crossed himself as we turned down on to the river, carefully hugged the steep bank, and I was speculating as to whether I should escape a ducking, when suddenly there was a crash and a splash. The ice had given way. The sledge had fortunately immediately touched bottom by the bank, and was safe enough, although water welled in on the near side. The near horse was struggling, almost out of his depth, in broken ice and water. The off horse had been thrown on his side by the shock, and could not recover his feet on the slippery shelving bank. The centre horse alone was standing all right, but up to his shoulders in water. Without any fuss, the driver quietly divested himself of his sheepskin and gloves, and suggesting that I should occupy myself in extricating the off horse, he himself promptly plunged into the water, and undertook the difficult operation of freeing the plunging and frightened near horse. This in course of time, and with much perseverance, he accomplished, and brought the poor beast up on to the bank. Then came the heavy task of dragging the sledge, with the assistance of one horse, out of the water, and over rough stones and rocks, to the nearest piece of sound ice; and lastly, and perhaps most trying of all, the process of reharnessing. Every wetted buckle, strap, and cord was frozen hard, and had to be thawed by the hands, or the warmth of the body, before it could be used, and this when the weather was bitterly cold, and the unfortunate driver wet through. But not for one moment did he lose his patience and temper; and when, some three-quarters of an hour after the first mishap, we were again driving forward, I felt that I had learned a valuable lesson, and that the Russian soldier,

if given fair play, would be hard to beat.

But it is only the expected danger or difficulty which the Russian meets thus well. Left to his own resources, the unexpected overwhelms him, and in the sharp struggle, where prompt action is required, he is easily worsted, unless thoroughly well led. If you strike a Russian unexpectedly, you may follow up the blow, and probably overcome him, before he has realised what you are at. It is not cowardice that ails him, it is simply bewilderment. It is a fact that every night-sortie of the Tekkes from Geok Tepe was completely successful, and that the Russians really suffered a succession of defeats. The Tekkes, however, did not realise their successes, and neglected to follow them up. The Russians were beaten, but not panic-stricken; and Skoboleff, who thoroughly understood the position, rapidly restored order when the Tekkes retired into their fortress, and on the morrow he invariably proceeded with his intrenching operations as if nothing had happened.

In all my wanderings among the Russian people I cannot call to mind a single instance of real cowardice displayed; but, on the other hand, I cannot remember an instance of danger being courted from a love of adventure or a spirit of daring. *Élan* and initiative are unknown qualities among the peasantry, and are therefore non-existent in the army. From his earliest childhood the *moujik* is accustomed to hardships, against which complaint is useless. His life is monotonous in the extreme; but dangers and difficulties have continually to be faced in his ordinary avocations, and to secure his daily subsistence. It is almost impossible to arouse in him a feeling of enthusiasm; what he does,

he does with an idea of the necessity of earning his bread, or of submitting to a superior. But when a Skoboleff, who he feels is his master, but who calls him his brother, mounted on his famous white charger, courts death by his side, with proud indifference to the crashing storm of bullets, then at last a sentiment is aroused, which makes the peasant-soldier wellnigh irresistible.

The simplicity of diet to which the Russian is accustomed gives him a great advantage in enduring the privations of a campaign. Where an Englishman would be half-starved, the Russian finds his rations sufficient. According to the 'Armed Strength of Russia,' the men receive a mess allowance which is calculated to give them $\frac{1}{3}$ lb. of meat on 196 days of the year. The remaining 169 days are observed as fasts according to the rules of the Greek Church! In addition, about 2 lb. of flour, which the men bake into bread for themselves, or 1 lb. 13 oz. of biscuits, is issued per man, and to this is added $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of groats, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt, and for every 100 men $11\frac{7}{10}$ oz. tea, and 2 lb. $3\frac{3}{10}$ oz. of sugar.

As against this, the daily field ration of the British soldier is 1 lb. of meat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread or 1 lb. biscuit, $\frac{1}{3}$ oz. coffee, $\frac{1}{8}$ oz. tea, 2 oz. sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt; and when hard work is being done, another $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. meat is added if possible, and it is also usual to serve out 2 oz. compressed vegetables, or 4 oz. preserved potatoes. At home, groceries and vegetables are not issued as rations; but a sum not exceed-

ing threepence a-day is stopped out of the men's pay, to form a mess fund, out of which they supply themselves with such extras. The difference in the fare of the two armies is sufficiently striking; and the thought immediately arises, how could the multifarious wants of Englishmen have been supplied in the snowy passes of the Balkans? or how would the British soldier have worked on Russian rations? The weight of the English daily ration is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; that of the Russian is about 2 lb. Every Russian regiment has on hand eight days' supply of biscuits, which is renewed once a-month; when marching, five days' supply is carried with the regimental waggons, and three days' allowance by the men themselves. What a relief it would be to the cares of an English general if his commissariat arrangements could be thus simplified!

It may be asked, if the Russian soldier's diet is so scanty, how is it that his *physique* is so good? The answer is twofold. In the first place, it must be observed that although the Russian's daily ration consists mainly of bread, it is a highly nutritious black bread which is eaten, and not the comparatively poor white stuff which pleases the Englishman. Secondly, the idea that the average Russian soldier is a fine man is incorrect. The Guards, as seen at St Petersburg and Warsaw, are specially selected, and are very fine men, and so are the Don Cossacks; but the general standard is inferior to the English. The 'Armed Strength of Russia' gives the following table:—

Out of 214,133 men

32,381	were under 5 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
52,668	were between 5 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches and 5 feet 3 inches.
61,488	„ „ 5 feet 3 inches „ 5 feet $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches.
43,164	„ „ 5 feet $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches „ 5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
24,432	were over 5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Thus the average height of the Russian soldier may be taken to be about 5 feet 4 inches, showing that he is in reality a small man.

As classifying the recruits, the following figures, also drawn from the Intelligence Department's compilation, are of special interest. Among 215,621 men there were, according to nationality, 162,423 Russians, 14,886 Poles, 5953 Lithuanians, 8441 Jews, 4107 Tatars, and 19,811 Letts, Germans, and other races. These figures are a remarkable refutation of the idea, so often and erroneously entertained, that the Russian nation is practically one people; and further, it is to be noted that Jews are never admitted into the fortress artillery, local detachments, or the navy, and that recruits from the Baltic and Polish provinces are specially distributed in the proportion of 20 per cent to 80 per cent of Russians in an ordinary line regiment. It is probable that the proportion officially tabulated as Russians is exaggerated, as it is a rule in Russian official returns to pay more attention to religion than to race; and thus a Lithuanian who had been bullied or cajoled into joining the orthodox Greek Church, would almost certainly be set down as a Russian. The figures actually given show, according to religion, 166,693 orthodox Greek Church, 2100 Russian Dissenters, 23,627 Roman Catholics, 7360 Lutherans, 8440 Jews, 6709 Mohammedans, 399 heathens, and 273 sundry creeds. Of the races and faiths enumerated, the Jews appear to offer by far the most unsatisfactory recruits. In 1885, out of 17,014 Jews called upon to draw lots for conscription, 38.8 per cent did not appear, and of those actually drawn 2349 were reported as deserters. For the whole of the rest

of the empire on the same occasion only 151 deserters were recorded. This extraordinary disproportion is probably due to the fact that the Jews alone can, as a rule, manage to desert with safety. They inhabit the border provinces of the west; they have relations among their co-religionists on both sides of the frontier; they speak both Russian and German; and they are constantly passing to and fro with false passports. Escape is for them comparatively easy.

Service in the Russian army, though still dreaded, is no longer the terrible punishment that it was when the term was for life, and when the ill-conditioned peasant was condemned by the village council to join the army, and the disobedient serf was similarly treated by an angry master. The ordinary duration of service is now fifteen years, of which six are passed with the colours and nine in the reserve; but there are many exceptions, special privileges being granted to educated men. Even the peasant, possessor of a certificate from one of the primary schools that he can both read and write, is allowed to reduce his term with the colours by two years. Still the conscription is felt as most irksome. The recruit is taken away for six of the best years of his life, during which time he not only contributes nothing to the family income, but the family are obliged to send him money, if he is to enjoy the commonest and almost necessary comforts. I well remember the bitter grief of a servant-lad of my own, who had been counting on getting a very necessary pair of boots for the new year, when his father made him hand over every halfpenny he possessed, because a brother had been drawn as a conscript.

The drawing of a recruit is in-

deed a serious family calamity, for in Russia peasant-proprietorship has, since the emancipation of the serfs, become a most burdensome and unprofitable reality. Agricultural labour for wages cannot be procured by the peasant proprietor. His land must be tilled by the exertions of his own family. The loss of a pair of strong hands and arms is immediately and severely felt, and there is no reduction in the rent collected by the State in the form of taxes. To help to meet the difficulty, a most cruel custom prevails. When the lad of twenty is drawn as a soldier, his parents frequently force him immediately to marry. The young woman is chosen chiefly for her working capacities; and when, after a few weeks' married life, her husband leaves her to serve his term of years, and perhaps never to return, the girl is driven by her father-in-law to take the absent son's place in the hardest of field labour. Thus in 1885 29 per cent of the recruits were married, and 67,046 girls, their wives, were condemned to wait years for the return of a husband whose love they had probably never won, and to pass the term of his absence in a condition of practical slavery, the ill-used drudges of pitiless fathers and mothers in law. It is a sad condition of affairs, and it is naturally not conducive to village morality. The drawing and the departure of the recruits are always signalised by the most extraordinary demonstrations of grief. The families accompany the young men to the district town, and stand about all day outside the recruiting office, and as each unfortunate lad appears who has drawn a number obliging him to serve, terrible howls are set up, not only by the women of his own family, but, pre-

sumably out of sympathy, by half the women assembled. The extraordinary scene of a market-place crammed with peasant women standing about crying and wailing and sobbing the livelong day, is one of the most distressing spectacles I have ever witnessed.

As regards Russian officers, their merits as a body cannot, unfortunately, be considered equal to those of the men whom they command. The Russian nation, considered generally, consists but of two classes — the peasantry and the nobility. Civilisation has not yet had time to form an important middle-class, still less to form such an upper middle-class as provides the mass of officers for the English and German armies. The nobility furnishes officers for the Guards; the mass of the army is officered by men in whom a superficial civilisation has destroyed many of the primitive noble qualities to be found in the peasant soldiery, but who have acquired no solid compensating virtues. In one respect, and in one respect only, are such men worthy of the soldiers whom they are called upon to lead. They are absolutely careless of death. They are, unfortunately, equally careless of their duties and of the lives and well-being of their men. They have a high sense of the value of their rank, as entitling them to claim the obsequious subservience of inferiors and of civilians generally. Military custom allows them to draw the sword with impunity on any unfortunate and defenceless civilian who may have chanced to insult them; and many sad tales can be told, of what Englishmen cannot but consider as cold-blooded murders, where the victims were civilians who had resisted the intolerable self-assertion of quarrelsome officers. This keen sense of

the dignity of military rank is, however, unaccompanied by the corresponding feeling of responsibility which such rank should entail. The Russian officer, in full uniform, is not ashamed to publicly frequent the lowest haunts of vice in St Petersburg and Moscow, or to behave in public restaurants in a manner that would ensure the expulsion of civilians. He dares the police, knowing that they cannot arrest him; and, indeed, were he not as a rule a good-natured fellow, he would make life unbearable to the civilians around him.

Skoboleff, who had the greatest faith in the Russian army, and honestly believed that it was a match for the Germans, whom he longed to meet, used to admit, nevertheless, that his one source of anxiety was the untrustworthiness of his officers. As he said, a general in the field is dependent on the faithful execution of his orders, at all events to the utmost ability of his officers; and he knew that not only could he not trust that his orders would be always faithfully executed, but that he ran the further risk that, when they had been neglected, he might be led to believe that they had been fulfilled. It is easy to understand the insecurity of a commander who receives an elaborate account of a reconnaissance which has never been made, or a report from an outpost which has never been posted. Yet this was the class of danger which Skoboleff most feared. Nothing can be more likely to happen than that an officer, ordered on some disagreeable duty, should at the last moment be delayed by the importunate hospitality of a comrade, and, gradually forgetting himself, let the hours slip by till too late to fulfil his orders; and then there

would be little hesitation in satisfying an exacting commander by presenting a report to meet the occasion. The rules of the service as regards all duties are strict enough: it is a sense of conscientious responsibility which is wanting. An officer "on guard" is expected, during his twenty-four hours' turn, never to take off his greatcoat, his belts, or his arms. I have seen an officer "on guard" playing billiards in a heated room, and walking round and round with sword and revolver, and buttoned up to the throat. His duty did not permit him to unbuckle a single strap. By-and-by some jovial comrades arrived, bent on a sledging-party; and after some little expostulation, he accompanied them, leaving a hasty message to try and find somebody or other to answer for him till he should return—which, of course, he said, would be very shortly. This occurred in time of peace; but similar neglect of duty would not be wanting in war-time, and then the consequences might be serious—not to the defaulter, but to the whole army.

Appointment to the rank of officer is either obtained by cadets from the war-schools, or by non-commissioned officers of good character, who can pass the necessary qualifying examination in the same subjects as are taught in the war-schools. Of these schools there are seven, of which the four principal are in St Petersburg and Moscow, and which furnish an average of 400 officers annually for the infantry, and 80 or 90 for the cavalry. The Nicholas General Staff Academy admits every year 70 officers, for a two years' course, to qualify by examination for the general staff. Officers who complete the course satisfactorily secure appointments which give

them one step of rank higher than officers of the army generally, together with a corresponding advantage as to pay and allowances. Staff officers are, however, liable at any time to be sent back to regimental duty, and if not again employed on the staff during a period of three years, their names are struck off the list. The annual pay of an ensign in the line is 300 roubles, or about £30. The field pay given in time of war and in some of the remote Asiatic provinces is about £45 per annum. The corresponding rates of pay for a full colonel are £75 and £112. Every officer is entitled to free quarters and fuel, or lodging allowance, and also to a messing allowance or table-money, which, in the junior ranks, is equal to about two-thirds of the ordinary pay. Non-commissioned officers and men receive their pay quarterly in arrear. A private in a line regiment gets only about ten shillings per annum, and the highest existing rate paid to a sergeant-major is about £3, 12s. per annum. Pensions are only granted to non-commissioned officers and men who have suffered from wounds or disease whilst on service. Commissioned officers can retire on full pay after thirty-five years' service, and on half-pay after twenty-five years' service. There is also a special pension fund, formed by the deduction of 6 per cent from every officer's pay during his period of service. This fund is calculated to double the pensions granted by the State on retirement, and to afford a certain provision for the families of deceased officers.

To sum up, the officer receives but little for his services, and but little is expected from him. The standard of education, except for the staff, is miserably low, and the

ordinary line officer being absolutely without intellectual resources, and with no money for amusements, passes a most wretched existence. To play at cards half the night and to sleep half the day is the routine of the officer's life in the villages and small provincial towns. Under such conditions, it is not to be wondered at that the weakest point in the Russian army is the incapacity of its leaders.

As regards general organisation, the Russian forces are divided into regular troops, irregular troops, and the *Opoltchenie*, or *levée en masse*.

The *Opoltchenie* consists of all men between the ages of twenty and forty capable of bearing arms, and not included in other levies. The numbers which could be included under this head are very large, but as there do not appear to be any arrangements for arming or otherwise supplying this force, it may practically be considered as non-effective for the ordinary purposes of warfare.

The irregular troops are composed of the Cossacks and militia. The militia consists only of a very few battalions and squadrons in the Caucasus and Transcaspia, and need not be considered. The Cossacks are divided up among the different army-corps in Europe and the forces in the Asiatic military districts.

The regular troops consist of the field or standing army, the reserve, depot troops, fortress artillery, local troops, and special corps. Of these in time of war the depot troops are required to maintain the field troops up to war-strength, and the garrison troops would be confined to their respective fortresses. For active operations in the field the standing army, the reserve, and the Cossacks would alone be available.

In European Russia the active army consists of 42 complete divisions (including the full proportion of all arms), 18 divisions or 72 regiments of reserve infantry, with 18 brigades of reserve artillery, 6 brigades of rifles, and sundry surplus battalions, batteries, and Cosack detachments. Under the present organisation there are 17 army-corps in Europe; but it does not

appear clear whether the reserve, when called out, would be incorporated into the existing corps, or whether any new army-corps would be formed. It is probable, however, that the existing organisation would be adhered to. The official strength of a normal army-corps is thus given in the 'Armed Strength of Russia':—

NOMINAL STRENGTH OF A NORMAL ARMY-CORPS.

	Officers.	Officials.	N. C. O. and Men.		Horses.		Guns.	Ammunition-Waggons.	Other Carriages.
			Combatants.	Non-Combatants.	Combatant.	Transport.			
Army-Corps Staff . . .	17	9	...	33	...	24	...	...	10
2 Infantry Divisions . .	788	118	33,690	5558	2170	6072	96	448	1648
1 Cavalry Division . .	156	26	3,888	686	4257	595	12	24	255
$\frac{1}{2}$ Sotnia of Cossacks . .	1	...	64	...	65	...	...	...	...
1 Sapper Battalion . .	23	3	961	79	...	114	...	...	46
1 Mobile Artillery Park .	4	1	...	321	...	338	...	48	9
1 Local Artillery Park .	2	1	...	53	...	2	...	...	...
1 Field-Telegraph Park,	6	...	202	63	...	156	...	...	29
$\frac{1}{2}$ Pontoon Battalion . .	6	2	267	29	...	220	...	...	40
Total, . . .	1003	160	39,072	6822	6492	7521	108	520	2037

If, as is probable, a division of infantry of the reserve, with its proportion of reserve artillery, were added to each army-corps which took the field in time of war, the fighting strength of each such corps would be increased by about 16,500 combatant officers and men and 32 guns, besides a suitable transport column.

In connection with the present political crisis, it is interesting to note the ordinary territorial disposition of the seventeen army-corps in European Russia. The Guard Corps, which is considerably stronger than any of the others, is concentrated in St Petersburg and

its immediate neighbourhood—two infantry, one cavalry, and one artillery brigade being, however, detached to Warsaw. The 1st Army-Corps, which is of normal strength, has also its headquarters at St Petersburg, and is quartered in the St Petersburg district. The 13th Army-Corps has its headquarters at Moscow, and so has the Grenadier Corps; but it must be noted that the latter has no cavalry division attached. Of the remaining thirteen army-corps, seven are on the western frontier, with two more in almost immediate reserve at Minsk and Riga. Prince Bismarck produced some years ago

quite a sensation in Berlin by distributing to the Reichsrath deputies a map showing the disposition of the Russian troops; but though they certainly appear to be always threateningly near the frontier, the Russians can explain with truth that their soldiers are naturally quartered in the most thickly populated districts, and where supplies, and particularly forage, are most abundantly to be procured. If Russia should intend an attack on either Germany or Austria, she need not—and in all probability would not—move a man until at least a general mobilisation had been ordered, the reserves called out, and active operations within comparatively few days decided upon. For this reason all wild stories about concentration on the Austrian frontier may be disregarded. If the situation is considered threatening, no doubt the Russian War Minister will show special activity in the collection of material and supplies; but such minor preparations are very difficult to follow, and on the other hand, orders for mobilisation would necessarily be known throughout Europe within a few hours of their decree. The case is somewhat different if an invasion of the Balkan Peninsula is intended, and any serious movement of troops towards the south-west frontier of Russia would give reasonable cause for alarm; but even then there would probably be fair warning, for it is not likely that any army-corps would leave the headquarters, where all its stores and material are collected, until by special notice all men on furlough, or profiting by the various privileges for shortening service with the colours, had been called in.

So far the distribution of troops in European Russia only has been accounted for. There is a general impression even among ordinarily

well-informed people, that Russia now maintains imposing forces in Central Asia; but a few rough details will soon show how false is this idea. In the Caucasus proper, south of the Caucasian range, from which the Transcasian region can be most readily reinforced, there is only one army-corps, with its headquarters at Tiflis. This corps has, however, three infantry and two cavalry divisions, instead of two infantry and one cavalry—the ordinary strength; and there are also four surplus rifle battalions quartered about Tiflis. In the Transcasian region, as far as known, there are only twelve battalions of infantry, a Cossack brigade, four batteries of artillery, and minor detachments; whilst the army of Turkestan, with its headquarters at Tashkend, consists of twenty-five battalions of infantry, six Cossack regiments, nine batteries of artillery, and sundry details. Considering the enormous tracts of country which these troops guard, the forces above enumerated cannot be considered as much in excess of ordinary garrison requirements; and before any serious aggressive operation could be undertaken, there must be great movements of troops, which cannot be made in absolute secrecy.

The defects and maladministration of the intendants or supply departments would be a very weak point in the Russian army, were it not that the remarkable qualities of endurance of the soldier, already described, enable him, to a great extent, to make light of deficiencies which would most seriously affect the fighting capacity of less hardy soldiers. During the last Russo-Turkish war, the corruption and mismanagement in the commissariat and other departments of supply were nevertheless responsible for quite as many lives

as were terminated by the Turkish bullets; and the lawsuits between the Government and the contractors, which lasted for years after the war, and in which prominent officers were implicated in charges of corruption, were a painful public scandal. In theory, there is a perfect system for supplying every want of a Russian army, and the minutest details are provided for by the fullest, and generally most sensible regulations; but in practice the whole fabric has hitherto always given way. General Vannovsky, the present Minister of War, has done all that is in the power of a sensible, energetic, and honest soldier to effect improvements. But the Tsar himself cannot change the national character, and it is that which is responsible in so many branches of Russian administration for putting good theory into bad practice.

The above reflections would no doubt equally apply to the question of mobilisation. The arrangements, as laid down for a rapid mobilisation, appear to leave nothing to be desired. According to the 'Armed Strength of Russia,' the Russian authorities hope that, notwithstanding the difficulty of enormous distances and want of communications, all infantry regiments would be completely mobilised in from seven to ten days, and that cavalry squadrons, which are always up to war-strength, would march twenty-four hours after receiving their orders. Rendezvous are appointed in each province, so that men on furlough may be able to reach one of them in two or three days at the most; and a certain number of cloaks and boots, the most essential requisites in the soldier's kit, are kept ready in store. The police are charged with all the arrangements for calling out the men and forwarding them to the head-

quarters of their respective districts, noting as deserters those who fail to appear within the specified delay. It is probable, from past experience, that all men belonging to the active army could be brought together in the time specified; but their readiness to join the army at the front would be dependent, first, on the real completeness of the stores and material, in accordance with regulations; and secondly, in all probability on the successful organisation and working of the railways. The first condition as to stores and material is hardly likely to be satisfactorily fulfilled; but it is not probable that any deficiencies would be allowed to seriously delay a movement. The second condition as to the efficient working of the railway system is almost certain to be unfulfilled. In forwarding large bodies of troops by rail, new men would have to undertake new duties, demanding great accuracy and forethought, and it is just under such circumstances that the majority of Russians conspicuously fail.

In conclusion, it may be taken for granted that where dogged courage and powers of endurance alone are required, the Russian army will not be beaten by that of any other nation. But when the Russian soldier is dependent on the care and intelligence of his superiors, either in matters of administration or of military conduct, there he is foredoomed to failure. In their own country, or against such unorganised foes as the Turks, the Russians may do well; but it is difficult to believe with Skoboleff that they would have any chance against the high organisation, discipline, and intelligence of such an army as, almost without an effort, Germany could array to oppose a Russian invasion.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

IN those days the railroad did not extend beyond Terni in the direction of Aquila, and it was necessary to perform the journey of forty miles between those towns by diligence. It was late in the afternoon of the next day before the cumbrous coach rolled up to the door of the Locanda del Sole in Aquila, and Prince Sarracinesca found himself at his destination. The red evening sun gilded the snow of the Gran Sasso d'Italia, the huge domed mountain that towers above the city of Frederick. The city itself had long been in the shade, and the spring air was sharp and biting. Sarracinesca deposited his slender luggage with the portly landlord, said he would return for supper in half an hour, and inquired the way to the church of San Bernardino di Siena. There was no difficulty in finding it, at the end of the Corso—the inevitable “Corso” of every Italian town. The old gentleman walked briskly along the broad, clean street, and reached the door of the church just as the sacristan was hoisting the heavy leathern curtain, preparatory to locking up for the night.

“Where can I find the Padre Curato?” inquired the Prince. The man looked at him and made no answer, but proceeded to close the doors with great care. He was an old man in a shabby cassock, with four days’ beard on his face, and appeared to have taken snuff recently.

“Where is the Curato?” repeated the Prince, plucking him

by the sleeve. But the man shook his head, and began turning the ponderous key in the lock. Two little ragged boys were playing a game upon the church steps, piling five chestnuts in a heap and then knocking them down with a small stone. One of them having upset the heap, desisted and came near the Prince.

“That one is deaf,” he said, pointing to the sacristan. Then running behind him he stood on tiptoe and screamed in his ear—“Brutta bestia!”

The sacristan did not hear, but caught sight of the urchin and made a lunge at him. He missed him, however and nearly fell over.

“What education!—*che educazione!*” cried the old man, angrily.

Meanwhile the little boy took refuge behind Sarracinesca, and pulling his coat asked for a *soldo*. The sacristan calmly withdrew the key from the lock, and went away without vouchsafing a look to the Prince.

“He is deaf,” screamed the little boy, who was now joined by his companion, and both in great excitement danced round the fine gentleman.

“Give me a *soldo*,” they yelled together.

“Show me the house of the Padre Curato,” answered the Prince, “then I will give you each a *soldo*. *Lesti! Quick!*”

Whereupon both the boys began turning cart-wheels on their feet and hands with marvellous dexterity. At last they subsided into a

natural position, and led the way to the curate's house, not twenty yards from the church, in a narrow alley. The Prince pulled the bell by the long chain which hung beside the open street door, and gave the boys the promised coppers. They did not leave him, however, but stood by to see what would happen. An old woman looked out of an upper window, and after surveying the Prince with care, called down to him—

"What do you want?"

"Is the Padre Curato at home?"

"Of course he is at home," screamed the old woman. "At this hour!" she added, contemptuously.

"Ebbene—can I see him?"

"What! is the door shut?" returned the hag.

"No."

"Then why don't you come up without asking?" The old woman's head disappeared, and the window was shut with a clattering noise.

"She is a woman without education," remarked one of the ragged boys, making a face towards the closed window.

The Prince entered the door and stumbled up the dark stairs, and after some further palaver obtained admittance to the curate's lodging. The curate sat in a room which appeared to serve as dining-room, living-room, and study. A small table was spread with a clean cloth, upon which were arranged a plate, a loaf of bread, a battered spoon, and a knife, and a small measure of thin-looking wine. Upon the table stood also a brass lamp with three wicks, one of which only was burning, and shed a feeble light through the poor apartment. Against the wall stood a rough table with an inkstand and three or four mouldy books. Above this hung a little black cross bearing a

brass Christ, and above this again a coloured print of San Bernardino of Siena. The walls were white-washed, and perfectly clean,—as indeed was everything else in the room,—and there was a sweet smell of flowers from a huge pot of pinks which had been taken in for the night, and stood upon the stone sill within the closed window.

The curate was a tall old man, with a singularly gentle face and soft brown eyes. He wore a threadbare cassock, carefully brushed; and from beneath his three-cornered black cap his thin hair hung in a straight grey fringe. As the Prince entered the room, the old woman called over his shoulder to the priest an uncertain formula of introduction.

"Don Paolo, *c'è uno*—there is one." Then she retired, grumbling audibly.

The priest removed his cap, and bowing courteously, offered one of the two chairs to his visitor. With an apology, he replaced his cap upon his head, and seated himself opposite the Prince. There was much courteous simplicity in his manner.

"In what way can I serve you, Signore?" he asked.

"These papers," answered the Prince, drawing the famous envelope from his breast-pocket, "are copies of certain documents in your keeping, relating to the supposed marriage of one Giovanni Sarracinesca. With your very kind permission, I desire to see the originals."

The old curate bowed, as though giving his assent, and looked steadily at his visitor for a moment before he answered.

"There is nothing simpler, my good sir. You will pardon me, however, if I venture to inquire your name, and to ask you for

what purpose you desire to consult the documents?"

"I am Leone Sarracinesca of Rome——"

The priest started uneasily.

"A relation of Giovanni Sarracinesca?" he inquired. Then he added immediately, "Will you kindly excuse me for one moment?" and left the room abruptly. The Prince was considerably astonished, but he held his papers firmly in his hand, and did not move from his seat. The curate returned in a few seconds, bringing with him a little painted porcelain basket, much chipped and the worse for age, and which contained a collection of visiting-cards. There were not more than a score of them, turning brown with accumulated dust. The priest found one which was rather newer than the rest, and after carefully adjusting a pair of huge spectacles upon his nose, he went over to the lamp and examined it.

"'Il Conte del Ferice,' " he read slowly. "Do you happen to know that gentleman, my good sir?" he inquired, turning to the Prince, and looking keenly at him over his glasses.

"Certainly," answered Sarracinesca, beginning to understand the situation. "I know him very well."

"Ah, that is good!" said the priest. "He was here two years ago, and had those same entries concerning Giovanni Sarracinesca copied. Probably—certainly, indeed—the papers you have there are the very ones he took away with him. When he came to see me about it, he gave me this card."

"I wonder he did," answered Sarracinesca.

"Indeed," replied the curate, after a moment's thought, "I remember that he came the next

day—yes—and asked to have his card returned. But I could not find it for him. There was a hole in one of my pockets—it had slipped down. Carmela, my old servant, found it a day or two later in the lining of my cassock. I thought it strange that he should have asked for it."

"It was very natural. He wished you to forget his existence."

"He asked me many questions about Giovanni," said the priest, "but I could not answer him at that time."

"You could answer now?" inquired the Prince, eagerly.

"Excuse me, my good sir; what relation are you to Giovanni? You say you are from Rome?"

"Let us understand each other, *padre mio*," said Sarracinesca. "I see I had better explain the position. I am Leone Sarracinesca, the prince of that name, and the head of the family." The priest bowed respectfully at this intelligence. "My only son lives with me in Rome—he is now there—and his name is Giovanni Sarracinesca. He is engaged to be married. When the engagement became known, an enemy of the family attempted to prove, by means of these papers, that he was married already to a certain Felice Baldi. Now I wish to know who this Giovanni Sarracinesca is, where he is, and how he comes to have my son's name. I wish a certificate or some proof that he is not my son,—that he is alive, or that he is dead and buried."

The old priest burst into a genial laugh, and rubbed his hands together in delight.

"My dear sir—your Excellency, I mean—I baptised Felice Baldi's second baby a fortnight ago! There is nothing simpler——"

"*Padre mio*, I knew it!" cried the Prince, springing from his chair in great excitement; "I knew it! Where is that baby? Send and get the baby at once—the mother—the father—everybody!"

"*Subito!* At once—or come with me. I will show you the whole family together," said the curate, in innocent delight. "Splendid children they are, too. Carmela, my cloak — *sbrigati*, be quick!"

"One moment," objected Sarracinesca, as though suddenly recollecting something. "One moment, *padre mio*; who goes slowly goes safely. Where does this man come from, and how does he come by his name? I would like to know something about him before I see him."

"True," answered the priest, resuming his seat. "I had forgotten. Well, it is not a long story. Giovanni Sarracinesca is from Naples. You know there was once a branch of your family in the Neapolitan kingdom—at least so Giovanni says, and he is an honest fellow. Their title was Marchese di San Giacinto; and if Giovanni liked to claim it, he has a right to the title still."

"But those Sarracinesca were extinct fifty years ago," objected the Prince, who knew his family history very well.

"Giovanni says they were not. They were believed to be. The last Marchese di San Giacinto fought under Napoleon. He lost all he possessed—lands, money, everything—by confiscation, when Ferdinand was restored in 1815. He was a rough man; he dropped his title, married a peasant's only daughter, became a peasant himself, and died obscurely in a village near Salerno. He left a son who worked on the farm and inherited

it from his mother, married a woman of the village of some education, and died of the cholera, leaving his son, the present Giovanni Sarracinesca. This Giovanni received a better education than his father had before him, improved his farm, began to sell wine and oil for exportation, travelled as far as Aquila, and met Felice Baldi, the daughter of a man of some wealth, who has since established an inn here. Giovanni loved her. I married them. He went back to Naples, sold his farm for a good price last year, and returned to Aquila. He manages his father-in-law's inn, which is the second largest here, and drives a good business, having put his own capital into the enterprise. They have two children, the second one of which was born three weeks ago, and they are perfectly happy."

Sarracinesca looked thoughtfully at Don Paolo, the old curate.

"Has this man any papers to prove the truth of this very singular story?" he inquired at last.

"*Altro!* That was all his grandfather left—a heap of parchments. They seem to be in order—he showed them to me when I married him."

"Why does he make no claim to have the attainder of his grandfather reversed?"

The curate shrugged his shoulders and spread out the palms of his hands, smiling incredulously.

"The lands, he says, have fallen into the hands of certain patriots. There is no chance of getting them back. It is of little use to be a Marchese without property. What he possesses is a modest competence; it is wealth, even, in his present position. For a nobleman it would be nothing. Besides, he is half a peasant by blood and tradition."

"He is not the only noble-

man in that position," laughed Sarracinesca. "But are you aware——"

He stopped short. He was going to say that if he himself and his son both died, the innkeeper of Aquila would become Prince of Sarracinesca. The idea shocked him, and he kept it to himself.

"After all," he continued, "the man is of my blood by direct descent. I would like to see him."

"Nothing easier. If you will come with me, I will present him to your Excellency," said the priest. "Do you still wish to see the documents?"

"It is useless. The mystery is solved. Let us go and see this new-found relation of mine."

Don Paolo wrapped his cloak around him, and ushering his guest from the room, led the way down-stairs. He carried a bit of wax taper, which he held low to the steps, frequently stopping and warning the Prince to be careful. It was night when they went out. The air was sharp and cold, and Sarracinesca buttoned his great-coat to his throat as he strode by the side of the old priest. The two walked on in silence for ten minutes, keeping straight down the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. At last the curate stopped before a clean, new house, from the windows of which the bright light streamed into the street. Don Paolo motioned to the Prince to enter, and followed him in. A man in a white apron, with his arms full of plates, who was probably servant, butler, boots, and factotum to the establishment, came out of the dining-room, which was to the left of the entrance, and which, to judge by the noise, seemed to be full of people. He looked at the curate, and then at the Prince.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Don Paolo mio," he said, supposing the priest had brought a customer—"very sorry; there is not a bed in the house."

"That is no matter, Giacchino," answered the curate. "We want to see Sor Giovanni for a moment." The man disappeared, and a moment later Sor Giovanni himself came down the passage.

"*Favorisca*, dear Don Paolo. Come in." And he bowed to the Prince as he opened the door which led into a small sitting-room reserved for the innkeeper's family.

When they had entered, Sarracinesca looked at his son's namesake. He saw before him a man whose face and figure he long remembered with an instinctive dislike. Giovanni the innkeeper was of a powerful build. Two generations of peasant blood had given renewed strength to the old blood. He was large, with large bones, vast breadth of shoulder, and massive joints; lean withal, and brown of face, his high cheekbones making his cheeks look hollow; clean shaved, his hair straight and black and neatly combed; piercing black eyes near together, the heavy eyebrows joining together in the midst of his forehead; thin and cruel lips, now parted in a smile and showing a formidable set of short, white, even teeth; a prominent square jaw, and a broad, strong nose, rather unnaturally pointed,—altogether a striking face, one that would be noticed in a crowd for its strength, but strangely cunning in expression, and not without ferocity. The Prince looked at him with considerable curiosity, and if he disliked him at first sight, he told himself that it was beneath him to show antipathy for an innkeeper.

"Sor Giovanni," said the curate,

"this gentleman is desirous of making your acquaintance."

Giovanni, whose manners were above his station, bowed politely, and looked inquiringly at his visitor.

"Signor Sarracinesca," said the Prince, "I am Leone Sarracinesca, of Rome. I have just heard of your existence. We have long believed your family to be extinct—I am delighted to find it still represented, and by one who seems likely to perpetuate the name."

The innkeeper fixed his piercing eyes on the speaker's face, and looked long before he answered.

"So you are Prince Sarracinesca," he said, gravely.

"And you are the Marchese di San Giacinto," said the Prince, in the same tone, holding out his hand frankly.

"Pardon me,—I am Giovanni Sarracinesca, the innkeeper of Aquila," returned the other. But he took the Prince's hand. Then they all sat down.

"As you please," said the Prince. "The title is none the less yours. If you had signed yourself with it when you married, you would have saved me a vast deal of trouble; but on the other hand, I should not have been so fortunate as to meet you."

"I do not understand," said Giovanni.

The Prince told his story in as few words as possible.

"Amazing! extraordinary! what a chance!" ejaculated the curate, nodding his old head from time to time while the Prince spoke, as though he had not heard it all before. The innkeeper said nothing until old Sarracinesca had finished.

"I see how it was managed," he said at last. "When that gentleman was making inquiries, I was away. I had taken my wife

back to Salerno, and my wife's father had not yet established himself in Aquila. Signor Del—what is his name?"

"Del Ferice."

"Del Ferice, exactly. He thought we had disappeared, and were not likely to come back. Or else he is a fool."

"He is not a fool," said Sarracinesca. "He thought he was safe. It is all very clear now. Well, Signor Marchese, or Signor Sarracinesca, I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. You have cleared up a very important question by returning to Aquila. It will always give me the greatest pleasure to serve you in any way I can."

"A thousand thanks. Anything I can do for you during your stay——"

"You are very kind. I will hire horses and return to Terni to-night. My business in Rome is urgent. There is some suspense there in my absence."

"You will drink a glass before going?" asked Giovanni; and without waiting for an answer, he strode from the room.

"And what does your Excellency think of your relation?" asked the curate, when he was alone with the Prince.

"A terrible-looking fellow! But——" The Prince made a face and a gesture indicating doubt in regard to the innkeeper's character.

"Oh, do not be afraid," answered the priest. "He is the most honest man alive."

"Of course," returned the Prince, politely, "you have had many occasions of ascertaining that."

Giovanni, the innkeeper, returned with a bottle of wine and three glasses, which he placed upon the table, and proceeded to fill.

By the by," said the Prince,

"in the excitement I forgot to inquire for your signora. She is well, I hope?"

"Thank you—she is very well," replied Giovanni, shortly.

"A boy, I have no doubt?"

"A splendid boy," answered the curate. "Sor Giovanni has a little girl, too. He is a very happy man."

"Your health," said the innkeeper, holding up his glass to the light.

"And yours," returned the Prince.

"And of all the Sarracinesca family," said the curate, sipping his wine slowly. He rarely got a glass of old *Lacrima*, and he enjoyed it thoroughly.

"And now," said the Prince, "I must be off. Many thanks for your hospitality. I shall always remember with pleasure the day when I met an unknown relation."

"The Albergo di Napoli will not forget that Prince Sarracinesca has been its guest," replied Giovanni politely, a smile upon his thin lips. He shook hands with both his guests, and ushered them out to the door with a courteous bow. Before they had gone twenty yards in the street, the Prince looked back and caught a last glimpse of Giovanni's towering figure, standing upon the steps with the bright light falling upon it from within.

At the door of his own inn he took leave of the good curate with many expressions of thanks, and with many invitations to the Palazzo Sarracinesca, in case the old man ever visited Rome.

"I have never seen Rome, your Excellency," answered the priest, rather sadly. "I am an old man—I shall never see it now."

So they parted, and the Prince had a solitary supper of pigeons and salad in the great dusky hall of the *Locanda del Sole*, while his

horses were being got ready for the long night-journey.

The meeting and the whole clearing up of the curious difficulty had produced a profound impression upon the old Prince. He had not the slightest doubt that the story of the curate was perfectly accurate. It was all so very probable, too. In the wild times between 1806 and 1815 the last of the Neapolitan branch of the Sarracinesca had disappeared, and the rich and powerful Roman princes of the name had been quite willing to believe the *Marchesi di San Giacinto* extinct. They had not even troubled themselves to claim the title, for they possessed more than fifty of their own, and there was no chance of recovering the *San Giacinto* estate, already mortgaged, and more than half squandered at the time of the confiscation. That the rough soldier of fortune should have hidden himself in his native country after the return of Ferdinand, his lawful king, against whom he had fought, was natural enough; as it was also natural that, with his rough nature, he should accommodate himself to a peasant's life, and marry a peasant's only daughter, with her broad acres of orange and olive and vine land; for peasants in the far south were often rich, and their daughters were generally beautiful—a very different race from the starved tenants of the Roman Campagna.

The Prince decided that the story was perfectly true, and he reflected somewhat bitterly that unless his son had heirs after him, this herculean innkeeper of *Aquila* was the lawful successor to his own title, and to all the Sarracinesca lands. He determined that Giovanni's marriage should not be delayed another day, and with his usual impetuosity he

hastened back to Rome, hardly remembering that he had spent the previous night and all that day upon the road, and that he had another twenty-four hours of travel before him.

At dawn his carriage stopped at a little town not far from the papal frontier. Just as the vehicle was starting, a large man, muffled in a huge cloak, from the folds of which protruded the long brown barrel of a rifle, put his head into the window. The Prince started and grasped his revolver, which lay beside him on the seat.

"Good morning, Prince," said

the man. "I hope you have slept well?"

"Sor Giovanni!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Where did you drop from?"

"The roads are not very safe," returned the innkeeper. "So I thought it best to accompany you. Good-bye—*buon viaggio!*"

Before the Prince could answer the carriage rolled off, the horses springing forward at a gallop. Sarracinesca put his head out of the window, but his namesake had disappeared, and he rolled on towards Terni, wondering at the innkeeper's anxiety for his safety.

CHAPTER XXX.

Even old Sarracinesca's iron strength was in need of rest when, at the end of forty-eight hours, he again entered his son's rooms, and threw himself upon the great divan.

"How is Corona?" was his first question.

"She is very anxious about you," returned Giovanni, who was himself considerably disturbed.

"We will go and set her mind at rest as soon as I have had something to eat," said his father.

"It is all right, then? It was just as I said—a namesake?"

"Precisely. Only the namesake happens to be a cousin—the last of the San Giacinto, who keeps an inn in Aquila. I saw him, and shook hands with him."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Giovanni. "They are all extinct——"

"There has been a resurrection," returned the Prince. He told the whole story of his journey, graphically and quickly.

"That is a very extraordinary tale," remarked Giovanni, thoughtfully. "So, if I die without children the innkeeper will be prince."

"Precisely. And now, Giovannino, you must be married next week."

"As soon as you please—tomorrow if you like."

"What shall we do with Del Ferice?" asked the old Prince.

"Ask him to the wedding," answered Giovanni, magnanimously.

"The wedding will have to be a very quiet one, I suppose," remarked his father, thoughtfully. "The year is hardly over——"

"The more quiet the better, provided it is done quickly. Of course we must consult Corona at once."

"Do you suppose I am going to fix the wedding-day without consulting her?" asked the old man.

"For heaven's sake order dinner, and let us be quick about it."

The Prince was evidently in a hurry, and moreover, he was tired and very hungry. An hour later, as both the men sat over the coffee in the dining-room, his mood was mellowed. A dinner at home has a wonderful effect upon the temper of a man who has travel-

led and fared badly for eight-and-forty hours.

"Giovannino," said old Sarracinesca, "have you any idea what the cardinal thinks of your marriage?"

"No; and I do not care," answered the younger man. "He once advised me not to marry Donna Tullia. He has not seen me often since then."

"I have an idea that it will please him immensely," said the Prince.

"It would be very much the same if it displeased him."

"Very much the same. Have you seen Corona to-day?"

"Yes — of course," answered Giovanni.

"What is the use of my going with you this evening?" asked his father, suddenly. "I should think you could manage your own affairs without my help."

"I thought that as you have taken so much trouble, you would enjoy telling her the story yourself."

"Do you think I am a vain fool, sir, to be amused by a woman's praise? Nonsense! Go yourself."

"By all means," answered Giovanni. He was used to his father's habit of being quarrelsome over trifles, and he was much too happy to take any notice of it now.

"You are tired," he continued. "I am sure you have a right to be. You must want to go to bed."

"To bed indeed!" growled the old man. "Tired! You think I am good for nothing; I know you do. You look upon me as a dotting old cripple. I tell you, boy, I can——"

"For heaven's sake, *padre mio*, do precisely as you are inclined. I never said——"

"Never said what? Why are you always quarrelling with me?"

roared his father, who had not lost his temper for two days, and missed his favourite exercise.

"What day shall we fix upon?" asked Giovanni, unmoved.

"Day! Any day. What do I care? Oh!—well, since you speak of it, you might say a week from Sunday. To-day is Friday. But I do not care in the least."

"Very well—if Corona can get ready."

"She shall be ready—she must be ready!" answered the old gentleman, in a tone of conviction. "Why should she not be ready, I would like to know?"

"No reason whatever," said Giovanni, with unusual mildness.

"Of course not. There is never any reason in anything you say, you unreasonable boy."

"Never, of course." Giovanni rose to go, biting his lips to keep down a laugh.

"What the devil do you mean by always agreeing with me, you impertinent scapegrace? And you are laughing, too—laughing at me, sir, as I live! Upon my word!"

Giovanni turned his back and lighted a cigar. Then, without looking round, he walked towards the door.

"Giovannino," called the Prince.

"Well?"

"I feel better now. I wanted to abuse somebody. Look here—wait a moment." He rose quickly, and left the room.

Giovanni sat down and smoked rather impatiently, looking at his watch from time to time. In five minutes his father returned, bringing in his hand an old red morocco case.

"Give it to her with my compliments, my boy," he said. "They are some of your mother's diamonds—just a few of them. She shall have the rest on the wedding-day."

"Thank you," said Giovanni, and pressed his father's hand.

"And give her my love, and say I will call to-morrow at two o'clock," added the Prince, now perfectly serene.

With the diamonds under his arm, Giovanni went out into the winter night. The sky was clear and frosty, and the stars shone brightly high up between the tall houses of the narrow street. Giovanni had not ordered a carriage, and seeing how fine the night was, decided to walk to his destination. It was not eight o'clock, and Corona would have scarcely finished dinner at that hour. He walked slowly. As he emerged into the Piazza di Venezia some one overtook him.

"Good evening, Prince." Giovanni turned, and recognised Anastase Gouache, the Zouave.

"Ah, Gouache—how are you?"

"I am going to pay you a visit," answered the Frenchman.

"I am very sorry—I have just left home," returned Giovanni, in some surprise.

"Not at your house," continued Anastase. "My company is ordered to the mountains. We leave to-morrow morning for Subiaco, and some of us are to be quartered at Sarracinesca."

"I hope you will be among the number," said Giovanni. "I shall probably be married next week, and the Duchessa wishes to go at once to the mountains. We shall be delighted to see you."

"Thank you very much. I will not fail to do myself the honour. My homage to Madame la Duchesse. I must turn here. Good night."

"*Au revoir*," said Giovanni, and went on his way.

He found Corona in an inner sitting-room, reading beside a great wood-fire. There were soft shades

of lilac mingled with the black of her dress. The year of mourning was past, and so soon as she could she modified her widow's weeds into something less solemnly black. It was impossible to wear funeral robes on the eve of her second marriage; and the world had declared that she had shown an extraordinary degree of virtue in mourning so long for a death which every one considered so highly appropriate. Corona, however, felt differently. To her, her dead husband and the man she now so wholly loved belonged to two totally distinct classes of men. Her love, her marriage with Giovanni, seemed so natural a consequence of her being left alone—so absolutely removed from her former life—that, on the eve of her wedding, she could almost wish that poor old Astrardente were alive to look as her friend upon her new-found happiness.

She welcomed Giovanni with a bright smile. She had not expected him that evening, for he had been with her all the afternoon. She sprang to her feet and came quickly to meet him. She almost unconsciously took the morocco case from his hands, not looking at it, and hardly noticing what she did.

"My father has come back. It is all settled!" cried Giovanni.

"So soon! He must have flown!" said she, making him sit down.

"Yes, he has never rested, and he has found out all about it. It is a most extraordinary story. By the by, he sends you affectionate messages, and begs you to accept these diamonds. They were my mother's," he added, his voice softening and changing. Corona understood his tone, and perhaps realised, too, how very short the time now was. She opened the case carefully.

"They are very beautiful; your mother wore them, Giovanni?" She looked lovingly at him, and then bending down kissed the splendid coronet as though in reverence of the dead Spanish woman who had borne the man she loved. Whereat Giovanni stole to her side, and kissed her own dark hair very tenderly.

"I was to tell you that there are a great many more," he said, "which my father will offer you on the wedding-day." Then he kneeled down beside her, and raising the crown from its case, set it with both his hands upon her diadem of braids.

"My princess!" he exclaimed. "How beautiful you are!" He took the great necklace, and clasped it about her white throat. "Of course," he said, "you have such splendid jewels of your own, perhaps you hardly care for these and the rest. But I like to see you with them—it makes me feel that you are really mine."

Corona smiled happily, and gently took the coronet from her head, returning it to its case. She let the necklace remain about her throat.

"You have not told me about your father's discovery," she said, suddenly.

"Yes—I will tell you."

In a few minutes he communicated to her the details of the journey. She listened with profound interest.

"It is very strange," she said. "And yet it is so very natural."

"You see it is all Del Ferice's doing," said Giovanni. "I suppose it was really an accident in the first place; but he managed to make a great deal of it. It is certainly very amusing to find that the last of the other branch is an innkeeper in the Abruzzi. However, I daresay we shall never hear

of him again. He does not seem inclined to claim his title. *Corona mia*, I have something much more serious to say to you to-night."

"What is it?" she asked, turning her great dark eyes rather wonderingly to his face.

"There is no reason why we should not be married, now——"

"Do you think I ever believed there was?" she asked, reproachfully.

"No, dear. Only—would you mind its being very soon?"

The dark blood rose slowly to her cheek, but she answered without any hesitation. She was too proud to hesitate.

"Whenever you please, Giovanni. Only it must be very quiet, and we will go straight to Sarracinesca. If you agree to those two things, it shall be as soon as you please."

"Next week? A week from Sunday?" asked Giovanni, eagerly.

"Yes—a week from Sunday. I would rather not go through the ordeal of a long engagement. I cannot bear to have every one here, congratulating me from morning till night, as they insist upon doing."

"I will send the people out to Sarracinesca to-morrow," said Giovanni, in great delight. "They have been at work all winter, making the place respectable."

"Not changing, I hope?" exclaimed Corona, who dearly loved the old grey walls.

"Only repairing the state apartments. By the by, I met Gouache this evening. He is going out with a company of Zouaves to hunt the brigands, if there really are any."

"I hope he will not come near us," answered Corona. "I want to be all alone with you, Giovanni, for ever so long. Would you not rather be alone for a little while?" she asked, looking up suddenly with

a timid smile. "Should I bore you very much?"

It is unnecessary to record Giovanni's answer. If Corona longed to be alone with him in the hills, Giovanni himself desired such a retreat still more. To be out of the world, even for a month, seemed to him the most delightful of prospects, for he was weary of the city, of society, of everything save the woman he was about to marry. Of her he could never tire; he could not imagine that in her company the days would ever seem long, even in old Sarracinesca, among the grey rocks of the Sabines. The average man is gregarious, perhaps; but in strong minds there is often a great desire for solitude, or at least for retirement, in the society of one sympathetic soul. The instinct which bids such people leave the world for a time is never permanent, unless they become morbid. It is a natural feeling; and a strong brain gathers strength from communing with itself or with its natural mate. There are few great men who have not at one time or another withdrawn into solitude, and their retreat has generally been succeeded by a period of extraordinary activity. Strong minds are often, at some time or another, exposed to doubt and uncertainty incomprehensible to a smaller intellect—due, indeed, to that very breadth of view which contemplates the same idea from a vast number of sides. To a man so endowed, the casting-vote of some one whom he loves, and with whom he almost unconsciously sympathises, is sometimes necessary to produce action, to direct the faculties, to guide the overflowing flood of his thought into the mill-race of life's work. Without a certain amount of prejudice

to determine the resultant of its forces, many a fine intellect would expend its power in burrowing among its own labyrinths, unrecognised, misunderstood, unheard by the working-day world without. For the working-day world never lacks prejudice to direct its working.

For some time Giovanni and Corona talked of their plans for the spring and summer. They would read, they would work together at the schemes for uniting and improving their estates; they would build that new road from Astrardente to Sarracinesca, concerning which there had been so much discussion during the last year; they would visit every part of their lands together, and inquire into the condition of every peasant; they would especially devote their attention to extending the forest enclosures, in which Giovanni foresaw a source of wealth for his children; above all, they would talk to their hearts' content, and feel, as each day dawned upon their happiness, that they were free to go where they would, without being confronted at every turn by the troublesome duties of an exigent society.

At last the conversation turned again upon recent events, and especially upon the part Del Ferice and Donna Tullia had played in attempting to prevent the marriage. Corona asked what Giovanni intended to do about the matter.

"I do not see that there is much to be done," he answered. "I will go to Donna Tullia to-morrow, and explain that there has been a curious mistake—that I am exceedingly obliged to her for calling my attention to the existence of a distant relative, but that I trust she will not in future interfere in my affairs."

"Do you think she will marry Del Ferice after all?" asked Corona.

"Why not? Of course he gave her the papers. Very possibly he thought they really proved my former marriage. She will perhaps blame him for her failure, but he will defend himself, never fear; he will make her marry him."

"I wish they would marry and go away," said Corona, to whom the very name of Del Ferice was abhorrent, and who detested Donna Tullia almost as heartily. Corona was a very good and noble woman, but she was very far from that saintly superiority which forgets to resent injuries. Her passions were eminently human, and very strong. She had struggled bravely against her overwhelming love for Giovanni; and she had so far got the mastery of herself, that she would have endured to the end if her husband's death had not set her at liberty. Perhaps, too, while she felt the necessity of fighting against that love, she attained for a time to an elevation of character which would have made such personal injuries as Donna Tullia could inflict seem insignificant in comparison with the great struggle she sustained against an even greater evil. But in the realisation of her freedom, in suddenly giving the rein to her nature, so long controlled by her resolute will, all passion seemed to break out at once with renewed force; and the conviction that her anger against her two enemies was perfectly just and righteous, added fuel to the fire. Her eyes gleamed fiercely as she spoke of Del Ferice and his bride, and no punishment seemed too severe for those who had so treacherously tried to dash the cup of her happiness from her very lips.

"I wish they would marry," she

repeated, "and I wish the Cardinal would turn them out of Rome the next day."

"That might be done," said Giovanni, who had himself revolved more than one scheme of vengeance against the evil-doers. "The trouble is, that the Cardinal despises Del Ferice and his political dilettanteism. He does not care a fig whether the fellow remains in Rome or goes away. I confess it would be a great satisfaction to wring the villain's neck."

"You must not fight him again, Giovanni," said Corona, in sudden alarm. "You must not risk your life now—you know it is mine now." She laid her hand tenderly on his, and it trembled.

"No, dearest—I certainly will not. But my father is very angry. I think we may safely leave the treatment of Del Ferice in his hands. My father is a very sudden and violent man."

"I know," replied Corona. "He is magnificent when he is angry. I have no doubt he will settle Del Ferice's affairs satisfactorily." She laughed almost fiercely. Giovanni looked at her anxiously, yet not without pride, as he recognised in her strong anger something akin to himself.

"How fierce you are!" he said, with a smile.

"Have I not cause to be? Have I not cause to wish those people an evil end? Have they not nearly separated us? Nothing is bad enough for them—what is the use of pretending not to feel? You are calm, Giovanni. Perhaps you are much stronger than I am. I do not think you realise what they meant to do—to separate us—*us*! As if any torture were bad enough for them!"

Giovanni had never seen her so thoroughly roused. He was angry

himself, and more than angry, for his cheek paled, and his stern features grew more hard, while his voice dropped to a hoarser tone.

"Do not mistake me, Corona," he said. "Do not think I am indifferent because I am quiet. Del Ferice shall expiate all some day, and bitterly too."

"Indeed I hope so," answered Corona, between her teeth.

Giovanni was very thoughtful as he walked home that night. He was happy, and he had cause to be, for the long-desired day was at hand. He had nearly attained the object of his life, and there was now no longer any obstacle to be overcome. The relief he felt at his father's return was very great; for although he had known that the impediment raised would be soon removed, any impediment whatever was exasperating, and he could not calculate the trouble that might be caused by the further machinations of Donna Tullia and her affianced husband. All difficulties had, however, been overcome by his father's energetic action, and at once Giovanni felt as though a load had fallen from his shoulders, and a veil from his eyes. He saw himself wedded to Corona in less than a fortnight, removed from the sphere of society and of all his troubles, living for a space alone with her in his ancestral home, calling her, at last, his wife. Nevertheless he was thoughtful, and his expression was not one of unmingled gladness, as he threaded the streets on his way home; for his mind reverted to Del Ferice and to Donna Tullia, and Corona's fierce look was still before him. He reflected that she had been nearly as much injured as himself, that her wrath was legiti-

mate, and that it was his duty to visit her sufferings as well as his own upon the offenders. His melancholic nature easily fell to brooding over any evil which was strong enough to break the barrier of his indifference; and the annoyances which had sprung originally from so small a cause had grown to gigantic proportions, and had struck at the very roots of his happiness.

He had begun by disliking Del Ferice in an indifferent way whenever he chanced to cross his path. Del Ferice had resented this haughty indifference as a personal insult, and had set about injuring Giovanni, attempting to thwart him whenever he could. Giovanni had caught Del Ferice in a dastardly trick, and had been so far roused as to take summary vengeance upon him in the duel which took place after the Frangipani ball. The wound had entered into Ugo's soul, and his hatred had grown the faster that he found no opportunity of revenge. Then, at last, when Giovanni's happiness had seemed complete, his enemy had put forward his pretended proof of a former marriage; knowing well enough that his weapons were not invincible—were indeed very weak—but unable to resist any longer the desire for vengeance. Once more Giovanni had triumphed easily, but with victory came the feeling that it was his turn to punish his adversary. And now there was a new and powerful motive added to Giovanni's just resentment in the anger his future wife felt, and had a good right to feel, at the treachery which had been practised upon both. It had taken two years to rouse Giovanni to energetic action against one whom he had in turn regarded with indifference, then despised, then honestly disliked,

and finally hated. But his hatred had been doubled each time by a greater injury, and was not likely to be easily satisfied. Nothing short of Del Ferice's destruction would be enough, and his destruction must be brought about by legal means.

Giovanni had not far to seek for his weapons. He had long suspected Del Ferice of treasonable practices; he did not doubt that with small exertion he could find evidence to convict him. He would, then, allow him to marry Donna Tullia; and on the day after the wedding, Del Ferice should be arrested and lodged in the prison of the Holy Office as a political delinquent of the meanest

and most dangerous kind—as a political spy. The determination was soon reached. It did not seem cruel to Giovanni, for he was in a relentless mood; it would not have seemed cruel to Corona,—Del Ferice had deserved all that, and more also.

So Giovanni went home and slept the sleep of a man who has made up his mind upon an important matter. And in the morning he rose early and communicated his ideas to his father. The result was that they determined for the present to avoid an interview with Donna Tullia, and to communicate to her by letter the result of old Sarracinesca's rapid journey to Aquila.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Donna Tullia received Sarracinesca's note, explaining the existence of a second Giovanni, his pedigree and present circumstances, she almost fainted with disappointment. It seemed to her that she had compromised herself before the world, that all Rome knew the ridiculous part she had played in Del Ferice's comedy, and that her shame would never be forgotten. Suddenly she saw how she had been led away by her hatred of Giovanni into believing blindly in a foolish tale which ought not to have deceived a child. So soon as she learned the existence of a second Giovanni Sarracinesca, it seemed to her that she must have been mad not to foresee such an explanation from the first. She had been duped, she had been made a cat's-paw, she had been abominably deceived by Del Ferice, who had made use of this worthless bribe in order to extort from her a promise of marriage. She felt very ill, as very vain people

often do when they feel that they have been made ridiculous. She lay upon the sofa in her little boudoir, where everything was in the worst possible taste—from the gaudy velvet carpet and satin furniture to the gilt clock on the chimney-piece, and she turned red and pale and red again, and wished she were dead, or in Paris, or anywhere save in Rome. If she went out she might meet one of the Sarracinescas at any turn of the street, or even Corona herself. How they would bow and smile sweetly at her, enjoying her discomfiture with the polite superiority of people who cannot be hurt!

And she herself—she could not tell what she should do. She had announced her engagement to Del Ferice, but she could not marry him. She had been entrapped into making him a promise, into swearing a terrible oath; but the Church did not consider such oaths binding. She would go to Padre Filippo and ask his advice.

But then, if she went to Padre Filippo, she would have to confess all she had done, and she was not prepared to do that. A few weeks would pass, and that time would be sufficient to mellow and smooth the remembrance of her revengeful projects into a less questionable shape. No—she could not confess all that just yet. Surely such an oath was not binding; at all events, she could not marry Del Ferice, whether she broke her promise or not. In the first place, she would send for him and vent her anger upon him while it was hot.

Accordingly, in the space of three-quarters of an hour, Ugo appeared, smiling, smooth and persuasive as usual. Donna Tullia assumed a fine attitude of disdain as she heard his step outside the door. She intended to impress him with a full and sudden view of her just anger. He did not seem much moved, and came forward as usual to take her hand and kiss it. But she folded her arms and stared at him with all the contempt she could concentrate in the gaze of her blue eyes. It was a good comedy. Del Ferice, who had noticed as soon as he entered the room that something was wrong, and had already half guessed the cause, affected to spring back in horror when she refused to give her hand. His pale face expressed sufficiently well a mixture of indignation and sorrow at the harsh treatment he received. Still Donna Tullia's cold eye rested upon him in a fixed stare.

"What is this? What have I done?" asked Del Ferice in low tones.

"Can you ask? Wretch! Read that, and understand what you have done," answered Donna Tullia, making a step forward and

thrusting Sarracinesca's letter in his face.

Del Ferice had already seen the handwriting, and knew what the contents were likely to be. He took the letter in one hand, and without looking at it, still faced the angry woman. His brows contracted into a heavy frown, and his half-closed eyes gazed menacingly at her.

"It will be an evil day for any man who comes between you and me," he said, in tragic tones.

Donna Tullia laughed harshly, and again drew herself up, watching his face, and expecting to witness his utter confusion. But she was no match for the actor whom she had promised to marry. Del Ferice began to read, and as he read, his frown relaxed; gradually an ugly smile, intended to represent fiendish cunning, stole over his features, and when he had finished, he uttered a cry of triumph.

"Ha!" he said, "I guessed it! I hoped it—and it is true! He is found at last! The very man—the real Sarracinesca! It is only a matter of time——"

Donna Tullia now stared in unfeigned surprise. Instead of crushing him to the ground as she had expected, the letter seemed to fill him with boundless delight. He paced the room in wild excitement, chattering like a madman. In spite of herself, however, her own spirits rose, and her anger against Del Ferice softened. All was perhaps not lost—who could fathom the intricacy of his great schemes? Surely he was not the man to fall a victim to his own machinations.

"Will you please explain your extraordinary satisfaction at this news?" said Madame Mayer. Between her late anger, her revived hopes, and her newly roused curi-

osity, she was in a terrible state of suspense.

"Explain?" he cried. "Explain what, most adorable of women? Does it not explain itself? Have we not found the Marchese di San Giacinto, the real Sarracinesca? Is not that enough?"

"I do not understand——"

Del Ferice was now by her side. He seemed hardly able to control himself for joy. As a matter of fact he was acting, and acting a desperate part too, suggested on the spur of the moment by the risk he ran of losing this woman and her fortune on the very eve of marriage. Now he seized her hand, and drawing her arm through his, led her quickly backwards and forwards, talking fast and earnestly. It would not do to hesitate, for by a moment's appearance of uncertainty all would be lost.

"No; of course you cannot understand the vast importance of this discovery. I must explain. I must enter into historic details, and I am so much overcome by this extraordinary turn of fortune that I can hardly speak. Remove all doubt from your mind, my dear lady, for we have already triumphed. This innkeeper, this Giovanni Sarracinesca, this Marchese di San Giacinto, is the lawful and right Prince Sarracinesca, the head of the house——"

"What!" screamed Donna Tullia, stopping short, and gripping his arm as in a vice.

"Indeed he is. I suspected it when I first found the signature at Aquila; but the man was gone, with his newly married wife, no one knew whither; and I could not find him, search as I might. He is now returned, and what is more, as this letter says, with all his papers proving his identity. This is how the matter lies. Listen,

Tullia mia. The old Leone Sarracinesca who last bore the title of Marquis——"

"The one mentioned here?" asked Donna Tullia, breathlessly.

"Yes—the one who took service under Murat, under Napoleon. Well, it is perfectly well known that he laid claim to the Roman title, and with perfect justice. Two generations before that, there had been an amicable arrangement—amicable, but totally illegal—whereby the elder brother, who was an unmarried invalid, transferred the Roman estates to his younger brother, who was married and had children, and, in exchange, took the Neapolitan estates and title, which had just fallen back to the main branch by the death of a childless Marchese di San Giacinto. Late in life this old recluse invalid married, contrary to all expectation—certainly contrary to his own previous intentions. However, a child was born—a boy. The old man found himself deprived by his own act of his principality, and the succession turned from his son to the son of his younger brother. He began a negotiation for again obtaining possession of the Roman title—at least so the family tradition goes—but his brother, who was firmly established in Rome, refused to listen to his demands. At this juncture the old man died, being legally, observe, still the head of the family of Sarracinesca; his son should have succeeded him. But his wife, the young daughter of an obscure Neapolitan nobleman, was not more than eighteen years of age, and the child was only six months old. People married young in those days. She entered some kind of protest, which, however, was of no avail; and the boy grew up to be called the Marchese di San Giacinto. He learned the story

of his birth from his mother, and protested in his turn. He ruined himself in trying to push his suit in the Neapolitan courts; and finally, in the days of Napoleon's success, he took service under Murat, receiving the solemn promise of the Emperor that he should be reinstated in his title. But the Emperor forgot his promise, or did not find it convenient to keep it, having perhaps reasons of his own for not quarrelling with Pius the Seventh, who protected the Roman Sarracinesca. Then came 1815, the downfall of the Empire, the restoration of Ferdinand IV. in Naples, the confiscation of property from all who had joined the Emperor, and the consequent complete ruin of San Giacinto's hopes. He was supposed to have been killed, or to have made away with himself. Sarracinesca himself acknowledges that his grandson is alive, and possesses all the family papers. Sarracinesca himself has discovered, seen, and conversed with the lawful head of his race, who, by the blessing of heaven and the assistance of the courts, will before long turn him out of house and home, and reign in his stead in all the glories of the Palazzo Sarracinesca, Prince of Rome, of the Holy Roman Empire, grandee of Spain of the first class, and all the rest of it. Do you wonder I rejoice, now that I am sure of putting an innkeeper over my enemy's head? Fancy the humiliation of old Sarracinesca, of Giovanni, who will have to take his wife's title for the sake of respectability, of the Astrardente herself, when she finds she has married the penniless son of a penniless pretender!"

Del Ferice knew enough of the Sarracinesca's family history to know that something like what he had so fluently detailed to Donna Tullia had actually occurred, and

he knew well enough that she would not remember every detail of his rapidly told tale. Hating the family as he did, he had diligently sought out all information about them which he could obtain without gaining access to their private archives. His ready wit helped him to string the whole into a singularly plausible story. So plausible, indeed, that it entirely upset all Donna Tullia's determination to be angry at Del Ferice, and filled her with something of the enthusiasm he showed. For himself he hoped that there was enough in his story to do some palpable injury to the Sarracinesca; but his more immediate object was not to lose Donna Tullia by letting her feel any disappointment at the discovery recently made by old Sarracinesca. Donna Tullia listened with breathless interest until he had finished.

"What a man you are, Ugo! How you turn defeat into victory! Is it all really true? Do you think we can do it?"

"If I were to die this instant," Del Ferice asseverated, solemnly raising his hand, "it is all perfectly true, so help me God!"

He hoped, for many reasons, that he was not perjuring himself.

"What shall we do, then?" asked Madame Mayer.

"Let them marry first, and then we shall be sure of humiliating them both," he answered. Unconsciously he repeated the very determination which Giovanni had the night before formed against himself. "Meanwhile, you and I can consult the lawyers and see how this thing can best be accomplished quickly and surely," he added.

"You will have to send for the innkeeper——"

"I will go and see him. It will not be hard to persuade him to claim his lawful rights."

Del Ferice remained some time in conversation with Donna Tullia. The magnitude of the scheme fascinated her, and instead of thinking of breaking her promise to Ugo as she had intended doing, she so far fell under his influence as to name the wedding-day, — Easter Monday, they agreed, would exactly suit them and their plans. Indeed the idea of refusing to fulfil her engagement had been but the result of a transitory fit of anger; if she had had any fear of making a misalliance in marrying Del Ferice, the way in which the world received the news of the engagement removed all such apprehension from her mind. Del Ferice was already treated with increased respect—the very servants began to call him “Eccellenza,” a distinction to which he neither had, nor would have, any kind of claim, but which pleased Donna Tullia’s vain soul. The position which Ugo had obtained for himself by an assiduous attention to the social claims and prejudices of social lights and oracles, was suddenly assured to him, and rendered tenfold more brilliant by the news of his alliance with Donna Tullia. He excited no jealousies either; for Donna Tullia’s peculiarities were of a kind which seemed to have interfered from the first with her matrimonial projects. As a young girl, a relation of the Sarracinesca, whom she now so bitterly hated, she should have been regarded as marriageable by any of the young Roman nobles, from Valdarno down. But she had only a small dowry, and she was said to be extravagant — two objections then not so easily overcome as now. Moreover, she was considered to be somewhat flighty; and the social jury decided that when she was married she would be excellent company, but would make a very

poor wife. Almost before they had finished discussing her, however, she had found a husband, in the shape of the wealthy foreign contractor, Mayer, who wanted a wife from a good Roman house, and cared not at all for money. She treated him very well, but was speedily delivered from all her cares by his untimely death. Then, of all her fellow-citizens, none was found save the eccentric old Sarracinesca, who believed that she would do for his son; wherein it appeared that Giovanni’s father was the man of all others who least understood Giovanni’s inclinations. But this match fell through, owing to Giovanni’s attachment to Corona, and Madame Mayer was left with the prospect of remaining a widow for the rest of her life, or of marrying a poor man. She chose the latter alternative, and fate threw into her way the cleverest poor man in Rome, as though desiring to compensate her for not having married one of the greatest nobles, in the person of Giovanni. Though she was always a centre of attraction, no one of those she most attracted wanted to marry her, and all expressed their unqualified approval of her ultimate choice. One said she was very generous to marry a penniless gentleman; another said she showed wisdom in choosing a man who was in the way of making himself a good position under the Italian Government; another said he was delighted, because he could enjoy her society without being suspected of wanting to marry her; and all agreed in praising her, and in treating Del Ferice with the respect due to a man highly favoured by fortune.

Donna Tullia named the wedding-day, and her affianced husband departed in high spirits with himself, with her, and with his scheme. He felt still a little

excited, and wanted to be alone. He hardly realised the magnitude of the plot he had undertaken, and needed time to reflect upon it; but with the true instinct of an intriguing genius he recognised at once that his new plan was the thing he had sought for long and ardently, and that it was worth all his other plans put together. Accordingly he went home, and proceeded to devote himself to the study of the question, sending a note to a friend of his—a young lawyer of doubtful reputation, but of brilliant parts, whom he at once selected as his chief counsellor in the important affair he had undertaken.

Before long he heard that the marriage of Don Giovanni Sarracinesca to the Duchessa d'Astrardente was to take place the next week, in the chapel of the Palazzo Sarracinesca. At least popular report said that the ceremony was to take place there, and that it would be performed with great privacy was sufficiently evident from the fact that no invitations appeared to have been issued. Society did not fail to comment upon such exclusiveness, and it commented unfavourably, for it felt that it was being deprived of a long-anticipated spectacle. This state of things lasted for two days, when, upon the Sunday morning precisely a week before the wedding, all Rome was surprised by receiving an imposing invitation, setting forth that the marriage would be solemnised in the Basilica of the Santi Apostoli, and that it would be followed by a state reception at the Palazzo Sarracinesca. It was soon known that the ceremony would be performed by the Cardinal Archpriest of St Peter's, that the united choirs of St Peter's and of the Sixtine Chapel would sing the High Mass, and

that the whole occasion would be one of unprecedented solemnity and magnificence. This was the programme published by the '*Osservatore Romano*,' and that newspaper proceeded to pronounce a eulogy of some length and considerable eloquence upon the happy pair. Rome was fairly taken off its feet; and although some malcontents were found, who said it was improper that Corona's marriage should be celebrated with such pomp so soon after her husband's death, the general verdict was that the whole proceeding was eminently proper and becoming to so important an event. So soon as every one had been invited, no one seemed to think it remarkable that the invitations should have been issued so late. It was not generally known that in the short time which elapsed between the naming of the day and the issuing of the cards, there had been several interviews between old Sarracinesca and Cardinal Antonelli; that the former had explained Corona's natural wish that the marriage should be private, and that the latter had urged many reasons why so great an event ought to be public; that Sarracinesca had said he did not care at all, and was only expressing the views of his son and of the bride; that the Cardinal had repeatedly asseverated that he wished to please everybody; that Corona had refused to be pleased by a public ceremony; and that, finally, the Cardinal, seeing himself hard pressed, had persuaded his Holiness himself to express a wish that the marriage should take place in the most solemn and public manner; wherefore Corona had reluctantly yielded the point, and the matter was arranged. The fact was that the Cardinal wished to make a sort of

demonstration of the solidarity of the Roman nobility: it suited his great aims to enter into every detail which could add to the importance of the Roman Court, and which could help to impress upon the foreign Ministers the belief that in all matters the Romans as one man would stand by each other and by the Vatican. No one knew better than he how the spectacle of a great religious solemnity, where the whole nobility would attend in a body, would strike the mind of a stranger in Rome; for in Roman ceremonies in that day there was a pomp and magnificence surpassing that found in any other Court of Europe. The whole marriage would become an event of which he could make an impressive use, and he was determined not to forego any advantages which might arise from it; for he was a man who of all men well understood the value of details in maintaining prestige.

But to the two principal actors in the day's doings the affair was an unmitigated annoyance, and even their own great and true happiness could not lighten the excessive fatigue of the pompous ceremony and of the still more pompous reception which followed it. To describe that day would be to make out a catalogue of gorgeous equipages, gorgeous costumes, gorgeous decorations. Many pages would not suffice to enumerate the cardinals, the dignitaries, the ambassadors, the great nobles, whose magnificent coaches drove up in long file through the Piazza dei Santi Apostoli to the door of the Basilica. The columns of the 'Osservatore Romano' were full of it for a week afterwards. There was no end to the descriptions of the costumes, from the white satin and diamonds of the bride to the festal uniforms of the Cardinal Arch-

priest's retinue. Not a personage of importance was overlooked in the newspaper account, not a diplomatist, not an officer of Zouaves. And society read the praise of itself, and found it much more interesting than the praise of the bride and bridegroom; and only one or two people were offended because the paper had made a mistake in naming the colours of the hammer-cloths upon their coaches: so that the affair was a great success.

But when at last the sun was low and the guests had departed from the Palazzo Sarracinesca, Corona and Giovanni got into their travelling carriage under the great dark archway, and sighed a sigh of infinite relief. The old Prince put his arms tenderly around his new daughter and kissed her; and for the second time in the course of this history, it is recorded that two tears stole silently down his brown cheeks to his grey beard. Then he embraced Giovanni, whose face was pale and earnest.

"This is not the end of our living together, *padre mio*," he said. "We shall expect you before long at Sarracinesca."

"Yes, my boy," returned the old man; "I will come and see you after Easter. But do not stay if it is too cold; I have a little business to attend to in Rome before I join you," he added, with a grim smile.

"I know," replied Giovanni, a savage light in his black eyes. "If you need help, send to me, or come yourself."

"No fear of that, Giovannino; I have got a terrible helper. Now, be off. The guards are growing impatient."

"Good - bye. God bless you, *padre mio*!"

"God bless you both!" So they drove off, and left old Sarracinesca

standing bareheaded and alone under the dim archway of his ancestral palace. The great carriage rolled out, and the guard of mounted gendarmes, which the Cardinal had insisted upon sending with the young couple, half out of compliment, half for safety, fell in behind, and trotted down the narrow street with a deafening clatter of hoofs and clang of scabbards.

But Giovanni held Corona's hand in his, and both were silent for a time. Then they rolled under the low vault of the Porta San Lorenzo and out into the evening sunlight of the Campagna beyond.

"God be praised that it has come at last!" said Giovanni.

"Yes, it has come," answered Corona, her strong white fingers closing upon his brown hand almost convulsively; "and, come what may, you are mine, Giovanni, until we die!"

There was something fierce in the way those two loved each

other; for they had fought many fights before they were united, and had overcome themselves, each alone, before they had overcome other obstacles together.

Relays of horses awaited them on their way, and relays of mounted guards. Late that night they reached Sarracinesca, all ablaze with torches and lanterns; and the young men took the horses from the coach and yoked themselves to it with ropes, and dragged the cumbersome carriage up the last hill with furious speed, shouting and singing like madmen in the cold mountain air. Up the steep they rushed and under the grand old gateway, made as bright as day with flaming torches; and then there went up a shout that struck the old vaults like a wild chord of fierce music, and Corona knew that her journey was ended.

So it was that Giovanni Sarracinesca brought home his bride.

THE OLD SALOON.

It is a curious question how far the circumstance of youth or age in the writers of a literary period affects the tone of literature in general, and of the aids to thinking which are derived from contemporary books. In the last wave of poetical inspiration which passed over this country, youth was exuberant and predominant; and to most of the critics of the time, the glamour and lavish life of that moment was as entirely associated with youth as with poetry. The first quarter of the century was alive with young voices, and the world was transformed in the light of young eyes. Byron passed, and no more, that half-way house of life, which is only a half termination to the brighter part of it; Shelley never came within sight of that boundary; Keats died a boy; and though perhaps there was no great difference between Wordsworth and Coleridge, young or old, yet they were, as a matter of fact, still in the flush and flower of their years when they gave that great impulse to poetry which no doubt helped to awake the younger singers. And here, where we stand, in the old metropolis of the north, all the sentiment of literature in its great outburst was young. The heroes of the 'Edinburgh Review' made their dash upon the world, a glittering phalanx, in the recklessness and the daring of youth. And the gay and brilliant band of cavaliers on the other side came with all the frolic and prowess and honours of the University still fresh upon their heads, when the new-born 'MAGA' called them to her side. It was indeed the pleasure of John Wilson, the athlete, in all his glory,

to masquerade as Christopher North, and call himself lame and old; but what overflowing youth, what prodigal energy, what force of young life overrunning all boundaries, was in these masqueradings! They sobered with time like their adversaries; but the first impression of that new start, and its wild charge of critical onslaught upon every foe or windmill that presented itself, its commentaries, its satires, its descriptions, so glowing in the sober air of to-day, were all young. They were full of a delighted exultation in the present, of a mingled scorn and reverence for the past, and of that bright-eyed command of the future which is one of the best gifts of youth. And the poets, all ablaze with their young life, went on before, and after came the minstrels, playing on their timbrels; and the air resounded with song, and dauntless imagination, and bold assertion, and melodious triumph. "Good was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven!" The whole earth thrilled and echoed with a warm consciousness of existence and an undying hope.

There is no doubt that this wonderful spring and outburst of youthful power is the most remarkable literary epoch in our century; and perhaps a new century has in itself something fresh, which corresponds with the avatar of new genius. The lines have fallen to us now in different regions. The nineteenth century is on the wane. Never has there been a period of earth's history which has expected more of itself, bragged more—and may we not say, with all allowance for the rashness of self-assertion, done more in its time? a

great deal of harm, perhaps, but also much good, especially in those scientific ways which were as fairy tales of science, in its early prime. But now we are in its wane, we have fallen upon its latter days, and its poets are grown old. Poets are but men, and age like their merely human contemporaries. Other poets have grown old before them; but not exactly with the same kind of oldness as has befallen ours. We do not know whether it has ever happened before in the courses of the years, that the two chief figures in the literature of an age, the two poets both admittedly great, the only two in our time who stand on the highest level, and of whose genius there is no real question, should come forth one after another with an old man's summing up and judgment upon the life around them, a deliverance so different in sentiment, so unlike in tone, to the poetry most familiar and beloved, the poetry of youth. Neither Milton nor Wordsworth, nor the old man eloquent of Highgate, had any such burden to deliver. "Thoughts that do sometimes lie too deep for tears," that "do take a sober colouring from an eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality," benignant if grave, are those that come to us from under the shadow of the mountains; and the great singer of the "Ancient Mariner" plays with his age in the pathetic tender sweetness of a few exquisite verses. With his great brother in poetry he will "forbode not any severance of our loves:"—

"Oh youth, for years so many and
sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I wert one,

I'll think it but a fond conceit,
It cannot be that thou art gone.
I see those locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size;
But spring-time blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine
eyes.

Life is but thought: so think I will
That youth and I are housemates still."

This is how it strikes Coleridge (we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of recollecting in passing that the conclusion of this lovely little poem appeared in this Magazine in June 1832, more than fifty years ago). But the spectacle we have just had presented to us is a very different one. We will not say of Lord Tennyson's poem that it is pessimistic and a dirge of failure; but it is essentially the sorrowful utterance of an old man—of one who has ceased to believe, at least, in heroic methods, and who, if he believes in any means at all of ameliorating the fate of men, has been forced to retire upon the old simple ways—the slow work of human kindness and fellowship. And now it is Mr Browning who takes up his parable.¹ It may be said of him that he never was young, and that "Sordello" is more serious, more philosophical, more difficult than anything poetical has a right to be; which is quite true. It is another curiosity that, immediately after the graceful and sympathetic attempt of the Dean of St Paul's to elucidate that early work, this later one should appear, requiring almost as much elucidation—a book, if ever there was one, which ought to be read with a key, and such a running commentary as may enable the ordinary reader to stumble on within sight of the sense, if no more.

¹ *Parleyings with certain People of Importance in their day—to wit: Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, &c.* By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1887.

There is something, however, attractive in the idea of thus going back to "parley" with the acquaintances of a long life, to review the theories or the fancies which they have put forth, and which have remained in the mind of the student as notable or important, bearing upon those facts of life which he himself has learned so much more deeply since he knew them first. We can imagine in the leisure of ripe years no more delightful exercise. How many friends of the soul might we call to our side to "parley" with; to recall their experience, or test their arguments; to discuss with More all the Utopias since his own; to call up the quaint, ingenious physician-knight of Norwich, and discourse of all the wonders of his time, and those which cap them, of ours; to compare the observations of Montaigne with those of so many who have followed him! But Mr Browning has gone further afield to seek the personages whom he interviews: he has gone into the depths of his own wonderful stores of reading, and evoked spirits from that deep whose aspect is unknown to common men. It would be cruel to require an acquaintance with the works even of Bernard de Mandeville and Christopher Smart from those young men who are required to know everything, the heroes of competitive examination. And what shall we say of Daniel Bartoli, of Francis Furini, of Gerard de Lairese? These names are symbols which no fellow can be expected to understand. What the men said or did who bore them, or even where we are to find any record of their sayings and doings, we are, we declare, perfectly ignorant. Probably Mr Browning, in his own easy acquaintanceship with most books that have ever been

written, is unaware of the depth and breadth of ignorance that encircles him around. He expects us to know what he means when he speaks of an obscure Dutchman of the seventeenth century, or an Italian priest in his little parish, as if these were potentates big enough to be espied over half a world. But it is pretty to think of him in his library, amid the lore of all the ages, discoursing with every man upon the little something which that man has added to the sacred stores of literature or art—the poetic laurel showing among the silver of his hair, the tranquillity of ripe years and honours in his mind. Yet we could have wished two things to make our appreciation greater—first, that Mr Browning himself would consider a little our weakness, and give up something to intelligibility; and second, that when he enters into the thoughts of other men, they should be men whom we have some chance to know. Lord Tennyson treated his own mind and thoughts, which it must be confessed we have had frequent means of making ourselves acquainted with.

To enable the reader to follow as much as is possible the arguments and narratives of this book, we will endeavour to indicate who the shadows are who are addressed, and what are the topics connected with their names. Bernard Mandeville was an Anglicised Dutchman, who wrote a considerable amount of questionable philosophy in the reign of Queen Anne. His chief work, the '*Fable of the Bees*; or, *Private Vices Public Benefits*,' which second title gives a clue to the scope of the book, attracted a good deal of attention in an age which had no lack of thinkers.

"As when folks heard thee in old days
pooh-pooh
Addison's tye-wig preachment,"

says Mr Browning; and the book had the honour of a reply from Bishop Berkeley, besides being prosecuted for its immoral tendencies. Mr Browning calls up its author to argue with him the old questions of God's impartiality and apparent indifference in respect to the good and bad in the world, as well as of man's insistence upon an impossible certainty. It is "no fresh knowledge," no "new gainings from the grave," that the poet demands:—

"Here we alive must needs deal fairly,
turn
To what account Man may Man's portion, learn
Man's proper play with truth in part,
before
Entrusted with the whole. I ask no more
Than smiling witness that I do my best
With doubtful doctrine: afterwards the rest!
So silent face me while I think and speak."

In this temper the poet accosts those everlasting difficulties which the present generation seems to believe it has invented and must determine into a blank of all faith and feeling. We will have more immediate occasion to enter upon this subject presently, so we will not discuss Mr Browning's metaphysics, which are unfortunately not more but less clear for being in verse. Here, however, if the reader will take a little pains with it, is a noble passage:—

"Boundingly up through Night's wall
dense and dark,
Embattled crags and clouds, outbroke
the sun
Above the conscious earth, and one by
one
Her heights and depths absorbed to the
last spark

His fluid glory, from the far fine ridge
Of mountain granite which, transformed
to gold,
Laughed first the thanks back, to the
vale's dusk fold
On fold of vapour-swathing, like a
bridge
Shattered beneath some giant's stamp.
Night wist
Her work done, and betook herself in
mist
To marsh and hollow, there to bide her
time
Blindly in acquiescence. Everywhere
Did earth acknowledge Sun's embrace
sublime,
Thrilling her to the heart of things;
since there
No ore ran liquid, no spar branched
anew,
No arrowy crystal gleamed, but straight-
way grew
Glad through the inrush—glad, nor
more nor less
Than 'neath his gaze forest and wilder-
ness,
Hill, dale, land, sea, the whole vast
stretch and spread,
The universal world of creatures bred
By Sun's munificence, alike gave praise—
All creatures but one only: gaze for
gaze,
Joyless and thankless, who—all scowling
can—
Protests against the innumerable praises?
Man,
Sullen and silent. Stand thou forth
then, state
Thy wrong, thou sole aggrieved, discon-
solate,
While every beast, bird, reptile, insect
gay
And glad acknowledges the bounteous
day!"

The reader whose mind is not open to philosophy will find probably the parley with Christopher Smart, and that with Daniel Bartoli, the most interesting in this book. Smart, as perhaps the well-read know, was a single-song poet, guilty of much feeble rhyme and one fine poem, which may not be worthy, as Mr Browning asserts, to station the writer between Milton and Keats (we do not think it is), but which at least

was wonderfully different from the rest. It is a very fitting problem for a poet-philosopher, as well as a very curious inquiry in itself. Why should this have been so? Poor Kit Smart was no elevated individual. He was irregular, foolish, perhaps vicious; and he ended by being mad. Yet he must have had ameliorating qualities. "He insisted on people praying with him," says Dr Johnson; "also falling upon his knees in the street, or in any other unlikely place; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as with any one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it." This piece of quaint apology introduces kindly the shiftless poor poet, of whom Mr Browning inquires, not untenderly, how it was that once, and only once, the vision and the faculty divine came suddenly upon him, without preface and without sequence? Nothing could be more pitiful than the circumstances under which this befell. It was in the madhouse in which he was imprisoned that the celestial impulse visited him. Humane alleviations of pen and ink were not bestowed in these days: and the poor poet wrote part of his "Song to David," indenting it with a key upon the wainscot of his room, and carried the rest in his head till he was liberated, and could write it down. Mr Browning imagines himself strolling through a great house, all properly decorated and furnished. "No dearth," he says—

"Anywhere of the signs of decent taste,
Adequate culture."

Everything telling of the accomplishment of "moderate design" in "calm completeness,"—when suddenly lifting a curtain, he finds himself in a chapel, where

he is confronted unexpectedly by
"a presence which turned shine
to shade,"

"There fronted me the Rafael Mother-
Maid,
Never to whom knelt votarist in shrine
By Nature's bounty helped, by Art's
divine
More varied—beauty with magnifi-
cence
Than this: from floor to roof one
evidence
Of how far earth may rival heaven."

After wondering over this, he goes on, hoping to come to other glorious things, but falls back instead into the same mediocrity which he had observed before.

"The previous decent null and void of
best
And worst, mere ordinary right and
fit."

He goes on, turning to his poet—"So did you sing your song; so truth found vent, in words for once with you;"—and then he falls a reasoning of how such wonderful things can be. The reader must not expect to find any light thrown on that or other cognate subjects by the dreamy thinkings of the poet, nor by his most elaborate reasonings. He himself expects no such results. He asks why, and the echoes only answer. The mystery is not one that can be solved. With those who would have everything made clear-cut and dry, he has no sympathy. It pleases him rather, as he has before said, to accept "Man's portion," as much as can be known, while his mind is filled with wonders not untouched by faith concerning the rest.

With Daniel Bartoli, about whom we humbly confess we know nothing except what Mr Browning tells us, that he was a Jesuit and compiler of saintly legends, the poet parleys over a story, which is "no legend but a chronicle," and which

he represents to the old monk as nobler and purer than any of his legends. The story is of a duke—a Duke of Boccaccio we imagine, or one of his followers, though we do not recollect him—who, coming to the Court of a certain king to give up two of his dukedoms, or at least the succession to them, to his suzerain, sees there a matchless lady, poor and of mean lineage, but in everything else perfect, to whom he is about to give his hand and coronet—when the king's wise minister steps in and tells the lady that she must secure delivery of the dukedoms therewith before her marriage is completed, or, as the king's subject, be carried off at once to prison. The lady plays the noble part: refuses to permit the sacrifice of his inheritance and duty, bids her duke tear the paper by which this sacrifice is demanded, and he failing to do so, tears it up herself and goes away to prison, dauntless and determined, sending back to him the jewels which she was to have worn on that her wedding-day. The duke lets her go and takes back his diamonds. "I know not," says the poet,

"round what neck
They took to sparkling in good time—
weeks thence."

Mr Browning's complexity of expression, however, sadly mars this narrative; for while the lady is all noble and splendid in her action, we are at a loss to know for what it is that the poet blames her duke,—whether for accepting her sacrifice at all—which would not be consistent, since it is her own plea that his honour and conscience are against all paltering, and that nothing must make him dare to "alienate God's gift you hold, simply in trust for Him"—or whether for, in the long-run forget-

ting her and descending to lesser loves. He never does indeed forget her wholly; but in times of musing, on "some sleepless night," goes back upon his thoughts, and finds that there remains with him for ever, despite all the lighter embarrassing shadows, that abiding recollection of something higher, which is set forth in the following fine and commanding metaphor:—

"The duke reviewed his memories, and
aghast
Found that the present intercepts the
past
With such effect as when a cloud en-
wraps
The moon and, moon suffused, plays
moon perhaps
To who walks under, till comes late or
soon
A stumble: up he looks, and lo, the
moon,
Calm, clear, convincingly herself once
more!
How could he 'scape the cloud that
thrust between
Him and effulgence?"

The end to be proved by all this is, that these saints of human story are as true, nay, truer saints than Saint Scholastica, who found a lion in her path and bound up his jaws with her girdle—not a difficult doctrine in this case. The lady is a saint for her renunciation; the duke—well, he did not altogether forget: the poet has a kind thought for him too at the last:

"One leans to like the duke too: up
we'll patch
Some sort of saintship for him—not to
match
Hers—but man's best and woman's
worst amount
So nearly to the same thing, that we
count
In man a miracle of faithfulness
If, while unfaithful somewhat, he lays
stress
On the main fact that love, when love
indeed
Is wholly, solely love from first to last—
Truth—all the rest a lie."

The reader may further converse, through Mr Browning, with Bubb Dodington on public virtue, which is the parley which attracts us least. More agreeable is the musing called forth by Gerard de Lairese, a Dutch painter who lost his sight, and then wrote a book upon the ideal of art, finding the beauty of the old Greeks behind many homely scenes of nature, the tomb of Phaethon in "that old sepulchre by lightning split," and "Dryope plucking the blossoms red" beneath the trees : a widening out of the common everyday world which Mr Browning affectionately smiles at, being himself content with the

"Apple of English homesteads, where
I see
Nor seek more than crisp buds a struggling bee
Uncrumples, caught by sweet he clamb-
bers through ;"

and having no desire to

"heighten that sufficiency
By help of feignings."

Another very characteristic talk is that with Francis Furini, a painter-priest, "who walked Tuscan earth" about two hundred years ago, and who having in his love of beauty painted from the nude, repented much on his death-bed, and left instructions that all these pictures were to be burned. Upon which Mr Browning grows tenderly eloquent, and with indignant force repels the thought that "God's lily-limbed and blush-rose-bosomed Eve" should be supposed to exist only for the gratification of the sensualist, or to produce filthy fancies in base minds. We quote this poem, however, for the picture with which it ends. The poet bids his repentant painter strike out one last lovely image—Joan of Arc :

"Not at the end, nor midway where
there grew
The brave delusions, when rare fancies
flew
Before the eyes, and in the ears of her
Strange voices woke imperiously astir :
No ; paint the peasant-girl, all peasant
like,
Spirit and flesh, the hour about to
strike,
When this should be transfigured, that
inflamed.

Now as she fain would bathe one even-
tide,
God's maid, this Joan, from the pool's
edge she spied
The fair blue bird clowns call the
Fisher-king
And 'Las,' sighed she, 'my king is
such a thing
As thou, lord of but one poor lonely
place,
Out of his whole wide France : were
mine the grace
To set my Dauphin free as thou, blue
bird !'
Properly Martin-fisher — that's the
word—
Not yours or mine : folks said the
rustic oath
In common use with her was—By my
troth ?
No, By my Martin ! Paint this ! only
turn
Her face away—that face about to burn
Into an angel's when the time is ripe !"

Many people will remember the picture exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery last season by Robert Browning the younger, embodying this incident. Perhaps it was not quite a masterpiece ; but it gives a touching interest to the poem to note the father's effort to throw a veil of poetic glory over the work of his son.

This volume will not, we fear, secure many more followers to the poet, too careless of popularity, who has injured his own acceptance by an indifference to the capacity and capabilities of the reader, which, perhaps, he has an abstract right to entertain if he so pleases, but for which he must pay, as all

eccentrics have to do. But it will repay those who will make the effort of studying it; and amid the many lawless voices which disturb the harmony of nature it is well to find one so peculiar, so profoundly intellectual, in which there is no failure in respect to the fundamental principles of human life, the God above, the future before us. Mr Browning is perhaps not very orthodox, but he is better than orthodox: and his manly and reasonable determination to accept "Man's portion," the "truth in part, before entrusted with the whole," is one with which all our sympathies go.

Mr Cotter Morison's new book¹ comes before us in a curious way. One of the evening papers heralded its appearance by headings in large letters, like those with which it is usual to produce stirring news from home or abroad: proclaiming the approaching **COLLAPSE OF ENGLAND: CALAMITY WORSE THAN THE BLACK DEATH, &c.**—words calculated to appal the nervous, and awake the most eager curiosity of all dealers in sensation. Whether a friend injudiciously anxious to secure for a writer not universally known the ear of an affrighted country, or an enemy bent upon turning into derision the Positivist's forebodings, did this, we will not pretend to explain. We should for our own part guess the latter. The paper, however, was not without justification for what it did, for the preface which the writer attaches to his book is full of dark auguries, and a cry worse than that of Cassandra. Mr Cotter Morison believes that our industrial system is on the eve of breaking down, that "it is less capable of mending than of ending, and that it is, in fact, doomed to a not

remote extinction." It is "breaking down from inherent vices for which there is no remedy." Some people, he tells us, suppose free trade to be the cause of this. Mr Cotter Morison thinks that "it were much to be wished that so simple a cure were possible: for the threatened evils are so great that it is not a time to be punctilious on economic or any other theories." "We could bear our woes," he says, "with a more patient mind, if all depended on the 'bugbear' of free trade being promptly exploded. We have no such consolation. The root of the mischief lies deeper: in the exorbitant over-production made possible by the marvellous improvement of machinery, and in the increased facility thereby of dispensing with manual labour." "I believe," he continues—and here the reader will see where the newspaper poster came from—"we are approaching to a great catastrophe in our industrial system, which will be a calamity without precedent since the Black Death of the fourteenth century."

Here, then, comes in a curious question. Mr Morison, who is one of the most advanced of the advanced classes, a Positivist dissenter, one of those who have found the first church of the English Comtists not Positive enough or not Comtish enough for his mind, and has accordingly brought about a schism in that august body—Mr Morison, who despises Macaulay, as well as many other people known to fame—is it possible that it was with an eye to the populace that he wrote this wonderful sentence? Did he want to make people prick up their ears at the suggestion of the Black Death, and ask with horror, what new epidemic was about to ravage the land in the

¹ *The Service of Man.* By J. Cotter Morison. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

end of the nineteenth century? If he had been a common writer, capable of being actuated by vulgar motives, the hope of selling off an edition or some other such commonplace desire, we should have been tempted to suppose that this was what it was ; but we could not misconceive a man so pure and good. The Black Death figures thus, as on the title-page of a shilling dreadful ; but we hear no more of it, neither in the preface, still less in the book itself, which is occupied with quite different things. The Spectre which Mr Morison apparently intends to fill its place is the Steam-Engine, which has made us produce too much for our trade, and has taught us how to employ the fewest men in doing so. This is the original sin of the century. It is the Moloch which first helped us to a fictitious elevation, and now is beginning to devour us. Could that be conjured back into the womb of Night along with all its malevolent progeny, we might yet be saved. But the workmen who broke the machinery in the beginning of this century were not half so foolish as the philosopher who should attempt to do away with it now. We cannot do away with it. This gruesome Spirit of the Age, this Evil One personified, instead of being our slave, will become, if it has not already become, our master ; it will force more and more production at lower and lower rates, with fewer and ever fewer human workmen to direct its labours, until everything will end in misery, starvation, and despair.

“The difficulty of taking new views of old things and conditions can alone blind men from seeing the fate before them. The numbers of the unemployed in all large centres are growing from year to year. The palliatives of charity, public works, State aid in every form, are still talked of as if

there were hope in them. But before the century is at an end the illusion will have vanished. The production of wealth as it has obtained in the past can continue no longer. The State will be impoverished along with individuals, and with increasing charges will have less revenue to meet them. Then we shall know what a general or universal commercial catastrophe really means ; when the famishing unemployed will not be counted by thousands, but by millions ; when a page of the ‘Times’ will suffice for the business advertisements of London ; and when the richest will begin to live on the little capital they have left, never thinking of interest.”

This is a more tremendous prophecy than has perhaps ever been uttered by any prophet since Jeremiah. We do not know indeed that the captivity of the Jews was so terrible an event. And the time is near : before the century is at an end all illusion will have vanished, and Englishmen will see what is before them—that is, within the space of about a dozen years, so that only the old people may flatter themselves that “there will be peace in my day.” Mr Morison’s statement of his reasons for such certainty is not definite—not, he tells us, for want of material, but for want of time and strength. In the meantime we must take him at his word.

This prophecy takes up thirty pages. It is quite distinct, and may well be published as a pamphlet, which we strongly advise Mr Morison to do. If he really believes his own tragic tale, he ought, like Cassandra, to publish it in the highways and byways. It is true that a prophet is not called upon to suggest the means of averting the evil which he announces, and we know of one at least who was not pleased when the repentance of the victims turned the punishment aside. But it seems very unnecessary, after what Mr Morison tells

us, to continue for a whole volume on the *Service of Man*. For, if what he says is true, it will be impracticable to attempt to serve man in these islands at least. The most philanthropic, the most self-devoted cannot invent bread and meat, or even money, though that is a less achievement. The only thing indeed which Mr Morison's *Servant of Man* could do, so far as his suggestions go, would be to interfere somehow with "the criminality of producing children." In this point he finds an apostle in the member for Northampton. "Mr Bradlaugh, with a courage which will no doubt be acknowledged after his death, and when the fight is won, has borne," he says, "the penalty of appearing as a champion of common-sense and human wellbeing." This is an unsavoury champion to put forward, and it is likewise a very unsavoury conclusion which makes out that "A and his prolific spouse" are more injurious to the world than most evil-doers, and that "the barren prostitute" deserves better of her country than they. These are not pleasant things to read, nor do they seem very profitable in the immediate circumstances. "If only the devastating torrent of children could be arrested for a few years, it would bring untold relief," our prophet says; but to stop all production in this way for the space of a dozen years could not avert a calamity which is so imminent. That would be but a drop in the ocean of those famishing millions who must cry for bread in the day when a page of the *'Times'* will suffice for the business advertisements of London. If it is to be over so soon, why pause upon such details? Mr Morison, who is nothing if not scientific, might with greater effect get up an invasion of microbes and bacilli to clear the

country from its existing population—which would be, we cannot but think, from his premisses a justifiable and patriotic act.

Let not the reader, however, be deceived. The book which follows this alarming preface, has in reality nothing whatever to do with the *Service of Man*. It is a direct and detailed attack upon Christianity, which really, if Mr Morison is right, is already so feeble that it is scarcely worth his trouble to charge at it so vehemently. Few or any persons worth calculating with now thoroughly believe this effete religion, he tells us. It has gone the way of all the others, the way that every system in its time must go. The name of the book is justified by the fact that the *Service of God* being an exploded possibility, the *Service of Man* is its appropriate successor in the new world. This we accept as a natural corollary of Mr Morison's views, and are fully prepared to hear how and by what nobler ways the new service should be accomplished. All the charities and tendernesses which were Christian may go with their origin: but what will the new *Servants of Man* do? It would be well and wise, and indeed it is only just, to tell us. If it is a more excellent way, as we have almost a right to expect, we have a claim upon its propounders to make it known to us, to show us what, in the withdrawal of all inducements towards our old allegiance, the new masters recommend and prescribe. We are aware that they do not intend to offer us consolations or props which they hold to be imaginary, such as a supernatural Friend or a waiting heaven. But at least there will be this *Service*, not unsublime. The Lord of all Christian souls has told us that what we do for the least of His brethren—that is, for the most insignificant or debased man

—we do for Him. What then shall we do for man as man, the only object of sympathy or regard? But Mr Morison has nothing to say on this subject. Either he cannot or he will not tell us. What is the Service of Man? He knows, perhaps, but he does not say. That new and splendid work, for splendid surely it must be, since it is so much higher than the service of the Christian, remains in the darkness unrevealed. He can tell us a great deal which indeed it is true we did not know about the state of our own feelings towards the Christian faith. But he does not tell us in one single particular what he and his enlightened fellows mean to do for humanity. The book is misnamed: it has nothing whatever to say upon the subject it assumes to treat—there is not a single piece of information given, not even a principle laid down, to show us how the Servants of Man intend to fulfil their mission. The Service of Man evidently, in Mr Morison's eyes, means nothing active, no new and nobler ministration, no help or practical efficiency; in short, he has nothing at all to say on that subject. All that he has to tell us is about the unsatisfactory, nay, debasing character of the Service of God.

This is surely not what we have a right to expect from a teacher of such pretensions: and one who is neither ashamed of his convictions nor afraid to follow them out. So strong, so brave, so wise, why is he so disingenuous? A sensational preface, all ready prepared for the big headings of the placards—the Black Death—and a Horrible Catastrophe ready to overwhelm us before the end of the century, and then—what?—an earnest setting forth of what the Servants of Man are going to do to meet this tremendous emergency,

Christianity having visibly broken down? No, nothing of the sort; not a word about service at all, only an elaborate argument to show that Christianity is not consolatory, is not moral, is a sort of devil-worship, and has done all the harm possible to humanity. Is this all that Mr Morison and his friends can do to serve man?

We may quote his description of the manner in which, not Christianity, but God, has been cleared away out of an enlightened world. A glossary of the words which express this better knowledge might have been supplied; they are not pretty nor very expressive, nor are they, we think, English; but this is a small particular.

“Now, the conception of God is freely treated by many of the leaders of philosophical and scientific opinion as a transitory phase of thought which the growth of knowledge has finally terminated. The natural history and evolution of the idea of God is traced in calm outline from its cradle to its grave—from its nascent form in Animism to its metaphysical presentation as an inscrutable First Cause, the absolute, unconditioned, and unrelated to the phenomenal world. The idea of God has been ‘defecated to a pure transparency,’ as one eminent writer phrases it; it has been ‘deanthropomorphised,’ to use the language of another. A new and widely current word has been invented to designate the large class of persons (mostly persons of exceptional knowledge and ability) who refuse to entertain any more the idea of a single divine Being, maker of all things in heaven and earth. Agnostics are to be met with on every side,—*the place of honour is given to their articles in the most popular monthly reviews*; and just as in the fourth century the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation were discussed in the streets of Constantinople by shopkeepers and their customers, so now at dinner-parties and gatherings of both sexes the existence of God emerges from time to time as

a topic of conversation, ending often in negative conclusions."

It is not an enemy that has said this, but Mr James Cotter Morison himself. The existence of God is a great and tremendous matter; and the men who have succeeded according to their own belief in disproving it, ought to be sensible of the gravity of their object. But there is surely a long step between that and a place of honour in even the most popular of monthly reviews—as long a step, we should have said, as there was once supposed to be between the sublime and the ridiculous. And yet Mr Morison states this great result with pride, with an evident conviction that such an acknowledgment of his success in his high argument is a triumphant one. If this is not bathos, we do not know what is. We might add, that to discuss the existence of God at a dinner-table would be a piece of bad taste and dull perception, to say nothing more, which we cannot imagine possible in any company of educated English men and women. What! discuss the profoundest mysteries of human feeling (to go no higher) between two *entrées*, amid the cheerful sound of the champagne-bottles, in light interchange of lively voices across the silver and the flowers? We hope, for the sake of the humanity which they pretend to elevate, that even at the tables of Agnostics this is not so—and we do not believe it is so, which is more. Certainly at decent English boards, among people of beliefs not quite so highly pronounced, we should say such discussions are unknown. We leave Mr Cotter Morison his dignified place in the monthly reviews. The first specialist in cricket is as fortunate as he; and perhaps there is something also in the fact that he writes

very cleverly, which is the reason of that desirable promotion. And Mr Leslie Stephen writes still better, and so does Mr Huxley; and it is for the propagation of clever writing and entertaining matter, not for the spread of Agnostic views, that the monthly reviews exist: all which facts somewhat lessen the importance of the test thus afforded by the success of these gentlemen in demolishing Christianity.

But, after all, the reviews and the dinner-parties don't do much for the Service of Man. How do our instructors, in the time when they shall have it all their own way, intend to serve humanity? By stopping "the devastating torrent of children" (only not in their own families), by "suppressing in some effectual way" the bad man, and by training for the uses of life "only the good sorts, the good stock, eliminating and discouraging as far as possible the bad." These suggestions are very sweeping, very general, very vague. How are they to be carried out? We are told to face them honestly. But how is it to be done? Would Mr Cotter Morison advocate a new Massacre of St Bartholomew, to be carried out upon the criminal and profligate classes? would he suggest making away with the babies? The laws as at present constituted, we fear, would come in his way. And how is he to secure the good sorts, the good stock which alone is worth preserving? Alas! there are tares in every human field. In the best races from generation to generation the prodigal will eat husks with the swine, though he started as fair as his brother. Is each father to be the executioner of his own wild or wicked boy, each mother the cutter-off of her selfish or silly daughter? Our English Ag-

nostics may be powerful writers and fine critics, and in great acceptance with the monthly reviews; but they will indeed find their work laid out before them if they are to change this sorrowful and wonderful earth, full of all those tragic elements which wring our hearts, yet give an endless interest above all abstractions to the poorest human family, love, pity, sorrow, hope—into a perfectly regulated model world all safe and sound in level respectability and self-approval. Mr Morison allows that already nothing pays so well as good behaviour; and we hope he will ultimately find that this thoroughly satisfactory inducement—so much better than anything offered by the Christian religion, which curiously has never trained its children to look out for what pays—will help him as it ought to change the aspect of things. It does not matter so much, however, if the Black Death, the collapse of industry and capital and everything by which we live, is to take place by the end of the present century. Mr Morison is almost as inconsistent in continuing to discuss the cultivation of the best sorts in the face of this closely approaching catastrophe, as was the late Dr Cumming in taking a long lease of his house, when he expected the end of the world in a year.

It is time, we think, however, to protest against the presumption with which this pettiest of all petty sects, which has been unable even to keep itself together, but has split into two in the earliest beginnings of its career, sets up its too-clever handful of professional literary men in opposition to Christianity as if the party was equal—nay, as if our fine

friends had the better of it, and were in a position to condescend. It is a gallant thing, no doubt, for a popinjay to attack an eagle, but it is also a little ridiculous: and we want a better reason for considering the champions of the New to be the final victors than that they are allowed to talk blasphemy at dinner-tables, and get their articles into the monthly reviews. In the meantime it would be well if they would tell us what practical work is to follow their adoration of humanity, and what they mean to do, except talk, for the Service of Man.

Mr Stebbing's interesting and valuable book is in some respects also a misnomer, though in a very different way from the work of the Agnostic prophet. When we hear speak of '*Verdicts Reviewed*,'¹ it is difficult not to take it for granted that the reviewer also revises and in some important degree alters the decision of history. This, however, is not at all the case in the present volume. Scarcely in any instance does Mr Stebbing change or attempt to change the conclusion come to by the general voice. In the very first essay—that upon Shaftesbury (the first of the name)—the introduction of the subject favours the natural idea. No one of the politicians of his corrupt period, he says, "has been so universally stigmatised as Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Chancellor."

"Posterity has been content to accept, as a judicial conviction the Court poet's magnificent onslaught on the popular champion. It has not sought for evidence, and knows little more than that which is told it in '*Absalom and Achitophel*.' Manuals of history inform it in

¹ Some Verdicts of History Reviewed. By William Stebbing. London: John Murray. 1887.

addition that Lord Ashley owns a letter in the word 'cabal,' and that Lord Shaftesbury was author of the Habeas Corpus Act. Some persons are aware of a connection between him and the ethical philosopher of the 'Characteristics.' They have not thought enough about it to be amused at the opinion of a celebrated American authoress that the statesman and writer are one. In general the name is passed by without inquiry on the gibbet to which contemporary malevolence assigned it, with its superscription of low cunning vice, hypocrisy, and recklessness."

We conclude that Mr Stebbing will proceed, accordingly, to rehabilitate the brilliant, shifty, too subtle and unscrupulous statesman. But he does not in reality do so. He cites certain considerations in modification of the blame. He points out the good qualities, the perpetual buoyant activity, the good sense, the pleasant social gifts, the good-humour and amiability of his hero. But he cannot go further. He allows that his diaries, letters, and speeches "afford no evidence which can clear his fame. Their answer is wholly negative. Not a spark scintillates from them of generous self-denial in himself, or admiration of it in others." Yet there are ameliorating circumstances.

"He was no thorough-paced villain, and he was no patriot. He was simply a dexterous party leader in circumstances demanding rather the character of a demagogue or that of a tyrant, neither of which was he inclined to play. He could not endure a superior, and scarcely an equal. His misfortune was that, like his most illustrious predecessor in the guardianship of the Great Seal, he was endowed with a burning ambition and no enthusiasm of heart, with a quick brain-power and a slow moral pulse. His crime was that he chose his allies and his causes with a view to their power to promote his pre-eminence rather than their na-

tional merits. His failure was due as much to the limitation of his unscrupulousness as to that itself. We cannot but think he must have surveyed his career at its close with wonder how a course of political manœuvres had landed him in exile, a suppliant to a State of which, though it had never harmed him, he had in the bewildering tangle of party tactics vowed the extirpation. Refugee as he was at his death, and proclaimed traitor, it is still hard to pronounce whether he ever designed a revolution or even an insurrection."

Thus our author holds the balance even, a little leaning to mercy's side, but with none of the zeal which changes the Ethiop's skin and the leopard's spots. Mr Stebbing's historical calm is not broken by the fierce likings and dislikings which have been known to move other men. He inspects his subject with the composure of a judge, not the enthusiasm of a partisan. It is a state of mind much more suited to historical investigation, but it is perhaps wanting in sympathetic influence. There are two of his studies, however, which cannot be said to be wanting in sympathy. These are the articles on Benjamin Franklin and William Cobbett. The men, though they are so different, have yet so much of the humorous element in both as to secure his delighted interest. This is especially the case in respect to Franklin, who, it is evident, thoroughly amuses and pleases his historian. Nothing can be better than his account of the English-American, the Colonist-rebel, the statesman of a new empire. The way in which he comes over, so to speak, to his father's house, like a long-absent son, at first full of enthusiasm, but soon with a certain jealousy, a sense of neglect, a hot sensation of having the others preferred to him, and being, indeed, a nobody

in that home cherished by the imagination, is made very apparent. The dearness which enhances the offence, the warm personal feeling, the tendency to feel everything a slight, and angry astonishment with which the champion colonist finds out that the people at home, disturbed by a thousand little quarrels of their own, have really very little leisure to think of him and his concerns, are all most characteristic. And when he goes across the Channel, and is received, so to speak, in a neighbour's house with so much greater warmth and admiration, the comparison is perfectly carried out. He does not ask so much from the French, and they give him more; he has no criticism for them, but only friendliness and gratitude. At home he foresees all kinds of calamities about to happen, but his eyes are veiled in the other case; and though the Revolution is close at hand, he sees no trace of any harm.

"In England his diplomacy had only exasperated. In France he accomplished as much against England as Washington with all his victories. His knowledge of French was so indifferent that on one occasion, during a sitting of the Academy, he was observed to 'applaud the loudest at his own praises.' In Paris his defects were virtues. As a politician, he was to the Court the dire enemy of England—to the jaded society of Paris he was the representative of a new world of feeling and thought. His New England astuteness seemed to Parisian courtiers patriarchal innocence. His *naïve* stories and illustrations, which a thousand admirers were ready to translate and repeat in every circle of the town, were as bracing as quinine. His very costume, his hair hanging, his spectacles on his nose, his white hose, and white hat under his arm, in the midst of absurd perukes and embroidered suits, came like a revelation of free nature to the slaves

of fashion. He became, to his own amusement, the idol of Paris. . . . He tells his daughter that incredible numbers had been sold of clay medallions of him, 'some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings.' 'Pictures, busts, and prints have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon.' A great Parisian lady wrote fifty years later to the respectable Ticknor in language which implied that she thought Bostonians and Patagonians kindred peoples. After the same fashion Versailles was never, perhaps, quite certain that the New England philosopher was not of Red Indian descent. But love does not reason. Paris had fallen in love with Franklin, and in homage to him grew enamoured of simplicity."

Perhaps this early example set the fashion of that sentiment towards France, which the American people have never departed from. The trans-Atlantic observer is in many ways far more at his ease in France than in his mother, or shall we say grandmother, country. There no perpetual comparison is in his mind—he is at liberty to take things at his ease without the irritated vanity and jealous claim of importance which he feels among his once estranged relations. The bitterness of the family quarrel has died away, but he cannot get rid of a lingering pique, a tendency to feel himself affronted, which is quite absent from his mind on the other side of the Channel. Such traces of a domestic convulsion continue after all deeper importance has died out of them. And it is very curious that Franklin, so acute, so sagacious, and, as might have been supposed, so well acquainted with the manifestations of popular feeling, should have remained insensible to any prognostic of the storm about to break in that friendly country. He bade Englishmen scornfully to "dissolve

your present old crazy constitution;" but he flattered his French friends in '88 with the cheerful prophecy that "when this fermentation was over, and the troubling parts subsided, the wine will be fine and good, and cheer the hearts of those who drink it." Strange deception of judgment! He did not live to see the terrible character of the fermentation he took so lightly. On the other hand, this good-natured genial philosopher thought King George's obstinacy and mistaken conclusions about American affairs, "the best evidence for immortality." "The more I see the impossibility from the number and extent of his crimes of giving equivalent punishment in this life, the more I am convinced of a future state in which all that here appears to be wrong shall be set right."

Poor king! so well-intentioned, so unfortunate. He had trouble enough in this life, after all, without calling forth so much unprofitable speculation about his future fate. What with Franklin's truculent insinuation of fire and brimstone, and Southey's foolish apotheosis, and Byron's blasphemous vision, his eternal concerns gave the literary community a great deal of occupation first and last.

The character of Cobbett, with its daring egotism, its endless energy, its pluck and brag, its intense and poetic sense of the beauty of English landscapes, its rude and flaming eloquence, is also very attractive to Mr Stebbing, and comes fresh from his hand with much of the same discrimination and graphic force of the picture of Franklin. In neither is there any revision of the common verdict, but there is a glow of amused interest and pleasure in the characteristic individ-

uality of the men which is very pleasant, and has a delightfully vivifying influence. Amid a series of admirable literary portraits, these two are the best. The only occasion on which Mr Stebbing really objects to the judgment of posterity, is in the case of Cowley, once "the incomparable," now so little known. Mr Stebbing thinks that the neglect which has fallen justly upon many of the celebrities of his time is to him a wrong. "His works could not perhaps be now a text-book; they deserve to be a classic," he says, with a little confusion of numbers. We have no objection to allow that our own opinion on this subject is no opinion at all, but the judgment of ignorance crystallised by time. We do not know what we neglect, and consequently go on neglecting it as if it were not worth the effort of knowing. "I have more than once referred to that famous ode to the Royal Society," Mr Stebbing says. "Men, when they hear it, seem to recognise it though they never read it before; it rings throughout literature. In those to Hobbes and Scarborough and Harvey, and in the Hymn to Light, are lines equally grand though fewer. They cry shame upon our neglect. Any reader who is sceptical has but to study Cowley as a whole and not in fragments, and his conversion is certain. He may commence by despising Cowley's contemporaries for worshipping his genius; he will end by blushing for the modern desertion of the shrine." This temperate enthusiasm will no doubt send some readers of leisure back to the "incomparable" songster to revise their judgment; but we have no space here to follow Mr Stebbing's suggestion and review his poet.

We have now happily got to the

conclusion of the Greville Memoirs,¹ to the satisfaction probably of both Mr Greville's editor and Mr Greville's readers. Those who had hoped at first to find valuable side-lights cast upon the inner history of British politics by these volumes, have long ago owned their disappointment; while that larger class of readers who devour scandal with a toothsome relish, have found the later volumes too stale for their taste. Whether it may be said of Mr Greville, as was recorded on her tombstone of the old lady of Bath who died at the age of a hundred and twelve, that "during the later years of her life she was distinguished by both virtue and propriety," we do not care to inquire; but the jottings of his later years are certainly less reprehensible than many of his earlier entries. An attempt has been made to elevate Mr Greville into a nineteenth-century Pepys, but the comparison is a very strained one. Mr Greville's vintage is not of the stuff that improves with age, but is more likely to prove pure vinegar. Much as his Memoirs have been criticised, we do not think book and author have been more happily reviewed than in an impromptu epigram delivered by a noble sportsman one morning on Newmarket Heath, at the time when the earlier volumes were in every one's hands, and which we now reproduce, we believe for the first time in print:—

"For fifty years he listened at the door,
Heard many secrets, but invented more.
These he wrote down, and statesmen,
 queens, and kings
Were all degraded into 'common
 things.'

Though most have passed away, some
 still remain,
To whom such scandals are a needless
 pain;
And while they laughing cry, "'Tis
 only Greville,'
They wish his Memoirs with him at
 the —."

No man is a hero to his valet, and to the Clerk of the Council it is possible that our greatest of recent statesmen may present themselves as lesser luminaries than they appear to the public which gazes on them from a distance. Certainly, if we were to credit the diarist, we might well exclaim at the *quantula sapientia* with which our Ministers discharge their duties. But then it must be remembered they had, according to his own showing, Mr Greville's experience and judgment as a light to their feet and a lamp to their path. If these Memoirs serve no other purpose, they certainly supply what we fear would otherwise have been an omitted feature in history—the part which Mr Greville played in the *haute politique* and Cabinet-making of his time. Mr Greville's generation is by no means extinct, and to many of his contemporaries in public life his conception of himself as a Cabinet-maker, as a Minister without a portfolio, as the fly-wheel of the British Government, will occasion surprise if not amusement. Mr Greville was naturally brought into most intimate contact with Ministers; they could discuss with him matters with which he had become *ex officio* acquainted, but which they were precluded from talking over with others; and his long experience would enable him to furnish them with suggestions that might

¹ A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria, from 1852 to 1860. By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk to the Council. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1887.

serve at a pinch. But we much fear that in these volumes he allows himself to overrate his own political importance; and the public will not be the more disposed to take him at his own estimate, that he takes no trouble to conceal his contempt for others whose capacity no one would ever think of placing on a level with his own. When, however, sufficient deductions have been made for egotism, imagination, and inaccuracy, Mr Greville's concluding volumes may be skimmed over both with interest and amusement.

The new volumes of the Memoirs open during the last days of Lord Derby's first ministry, with an account of the depressed condition of the Whigs, whose fortunes had been brought to a very low ebb by the dissensions between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. The Conservative Government, weakened by the Peelites, was in no condition to carry on long; but the difficulties in the way of constructing a Whig Cabinet were by no means confined to the Premiership, but extended almost to the whole *personnel* of the Cabinet. On October 22d, 1852, Mr Greville writes: "Lord John Russell declares he will take no office but that of Premier, considering any other a degradation. . . . Palmerston professes personal regard for Lord John, but declares he will never again serve under him, though he would with him." Lord Lansdowne was the only leader who presented a possibility of uniting the discordant elements. But Lord Lansdowne's health was then uncertain, and as the Peelites had coalesced with the Whigs immediately the fate of Lord Derby's Government was sealed, Lord Derby advised the Queen to send for Lord Aberdeen as well as Lord Lansdowne. Mr Greville states,

on the authority of the Duke of Bedford, that his advice was confidentially asked by the Queen on this occasion, and that his Grace had recommended her Majesty to send for both Lansdowne and Aberdeen, and had said that "it was evident Lord John Russell could not make a Government, and that he himself was conscious of it." Thus was formed the ill-starred Coalition Administration, which satisfied no party unless the Peelites, who secured the lion's share of office, disappointed the Whigs, on whom it had to depend for existence, and blundered on through two of the most disastrous years in our annals. From his intimacy with Lord Clarendon, who took the seals of the Foreign Office after Lord John Russell's short term, Mr Greville seems to have considered himself a species of terrestrial providence to the Coalition Government, endeavouring to patch up its dissensions and prevent the constantly threatening danger of explosion from some one or other of the recalcitrant Ministers. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were the most difficult subjects to deal with, and the reader will require to exercise caution regarding what Mr Greville says of both these statesmen. Thus, on December 23, 1852, Mr Greville writes of an interview between Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston, relative to the latter joining the Coalition Cabinet: "Palmerston replied that he had no hostile feeling towards him, but they had for so many years been in strong opposition to each other that the public would never understand his taking office in Aberdeen's Government, and he was too old to expose himself to such misconceptions. And so they parted on ostensibly very friendly terms, which will

probably not prevent Palmerston's joining Derby and going into furious opposition." Had Palmerston contemplated joining the opposition, Mr Disraeli had previously given him an excellent opportunity, for after the debate on Charles Villiers's "resolution," which closed the free-trade discussion, he had been formally asked to join Lord Derby's Government. Mr Greville represents Palmerston as dissatisfied with the Home Office, and he speaks of his conduct of its duties in very disparaging terms. Lord Palmerston's own correspondence shows that the Home Office was his choice. He could not have been Foreign Secretary under a Premier from whom he differed on points of European policy so much as he did from Lord Aberdeen. "I had long settled in my own mind," writes Lord Palmerston to his brother, "that I would not go back to the Foreign Office, and that if I ever took any office it should be the Home. It does not do for a man to pass his whole life in one department, and the Home Office deals with the concerns of the country internally, and brings one in contact with one's fellow-countrymen." And certainly, so far as the administration of affairs went, the Home Office, under Palmerston, was the one department of Government that worked satisfactorily during the Aberdeen Administration.

The most valuable part of the Memoirs is that which relates to the Eastern question and its issue in the Crimean war. From his close relations with Lord Clarendon, Mr Greville had good opportunities of noting the progress of the *imbroglio*; and if he does not add much to our existing sources of information, his account of the movements that went on behind the scenes is of considerable in-

terest. The position of the different Ministers with relation to the negotiations by means of which the country was allowed to drift into war may be very clearly discerned. With a Premier who objected to everything and proposed nothing, no Foreign Secretary could have successfully carried us through the critical diplomacy of the time; and though Lord Clarendon, down to the time when war became inevitable, showed far too sanguine a temperament, the failure must rest with his chief.

Sir Theodore Martin, in a recent letter to the 'Times,' has shown us an instance of how recklessly Mr Greville deals with even the most exalted personages in his jottings. While we were in search of foreign allies during the heat of the Crimean struggle, "it is not known," remarks Mr Greville, "that our Government earnestly pressed the Portuguese Government to join in the war and to send a contingent; and that, on the refusal of the latter to do so, the Ministers made the Queen appeal personally to Livradio to urge him to persuade his Government to comply with our wishes. This," as Mr Greville severely remarks, "was a most extraordinary proceeding, and it was contrary to all usage as well as all propriety to make the Queen interpose in person on such an occasion." It was more extraordinary still that a man of Mr Greville's penetration should have credited such a report or taken the trouble to write it down; and Sir Theodore Martin's statement that the story is wholly without foundation was hardly required to stamp its incredibility.

Passing to the social side of the Greville Memoirs, we are compelled to mark a decrease of interest in the new volumes. Of pure scandal, which bulked so

largely in the earlier volumes, we have not much; and what little there is, can scarcely be said to be new. The funeral eulogia which he pronounces over his friends, as one by one they precede him to the grave, do not lose in candid asperity even as his own turn approaches. Take, for instance, his summing up of the character of his friend Frederic Lamb, Lord Beauvale and Melbourne, in vol. i. pp. 34-36. Here is his entry regarding the death of Croker:—

“While Macaulay is thus ascending to the House of Peers, his old enemy and rival Croker has descended to the grave, very noiselessly and almost without observation, for he had been for some time so withdrawn from the world that he was nearly forgotten. He had lived to see all his predictions of ruin and disaster to the country completely falsified. He continued till the last year or two to exhale his bitterness and spite in the columns of the ‘Quarterly Review,’ but at last the Editor (who had long been sick of his contributions) contrived to get rid of him. I never lived in any intimacy with him, and seldom met him in society, but he certainly occupied a high place among the second-rate men of his time; he had very considerable talents, great industry, with much information and a retentive memory. He spoke in Parliament with considerable force, and in society his long acquaintance with the world and with public affairs, and his stores of general knowledge, made him entertaining, though he was too overbearing to be agreeable. He was particularly disliked by Macaulay, who never lost an opportunity of venting his antipathy by attacks upon him.”

It may be observed in mitigation of these remarks, that Croker, had he survived him, would certainly have said worse things of Greville, and said them much better, too; for, so far as rancour was concerned, there was not a pin to choose between the reviewer of the ‘Quarterly’ and him of the ‘Edinburgh.’

A more finished sketch is that devoted to the Princess Lieven, a remarkable figure in politics and society from the days of the Regency downwards. As Mr Greville was intimately acquainted with this lady, and was for some years her constant correspondent, we may accept his estimate of her as being as correct as it is graphic:—

“She knew a vast deal of the world and its history during the half-century she had lived and played a part in it, but she was not a woman of much reading, and probably at no time had been very highly or extremely educated; but her excessive cleverness and her *finesse d’esprit* supplied the want of education, and there was one book with which her mind was perpetually nourished by reading it over and over again. This was the ‘Letters of Madame de Sévigné,’ and to the constant study of those unrivalled letters she was no doubt considerably indebted for her own epistolary eminence, and for her admirable style of writing, not, however, that her style and Madame de Sévigné’s were at all alike. She had not (in her letters at least) the variety, the abundance, or the *abandon* of the great Frenchwoman, but she was more terse and epigrammatic, and she had the same graphic power and faculty of conveying much matter in few words.

“Nothing could exceed the charm of her conversation, or her grace, ease, and tact in society. She had a nice and accurate judgment, and an exquisite taste in the choice of her associates and friends; but though taking an ardent pleasure in agreeableness, and peculiarly susceptible of being bored, she was not fastidious, full of politeness and good-breeding, and possessed the faculty of turning every one to account, and eliciting something either of entertainment or information from the least important of her acquaintance. It has been the fashion here, and the habit of the vulgar and ignorant press, to stigmatise Madame de Lieven as a mischievous intriguer, who was constantly occupied in schemes and designs hostile to the interests of our country. I

firmly believe such charges to be utterly unfounded. She had resided for above twenty years, the happiest of her life, in England, and had imbibed a deep attachment to the country, where she had formed many more intimacies and friendships than she possessed anywhere else ; and to the last day of her life she continued to cherish the remembrance of her past connection, to cultivate the society of English people, and to evince without disguise her predilection for their country. She had never lived much in Russia ; her connection with it had been completely dissolved, and all she retained of it was a respectful attachment to the Imperial family, together with certain sympathies and feelings of loyalty for her native country and her sovereign which it would have been unnatural and discreditable to disavow. Her well-known correspondence with the Imperial Court was only caused by the natural anxiety of those great persons to be kept *au courant* of social and political affairs by such an accomplished correspondent, but I do not believe she was ever employed by them in any business or any political design ; on the contrary, she was rather distrusted and out of favour with them, on account of her being so denaturalised, and for her ardent affection for England and the English. Russia was the country of her birth, France the country of her adopted abode, but England was the country of her predilection. With this cosmopolite character she dreaded everything which might produce hostile collision between any two of these countries. She was greatly annoyed when the question of the Spanish marriages embittered the relations between France and England, but infinitely more so at the Turkish quarrel, and the war which it produced. Those who fulminated against her intrigues were, as I believe, provoked at the efforts she made, so far as she had any power or influence, to bring about the restoration of peace, an unpardonable offence in the eyes of all who were bent on the continuation of the war. She lived to see

peace restored, and closed her eyes almost at the moment that the last seal was put to it by the Conference of Paris. Her last illness was sudden and short. Her health had always been delicate, and she was very nervous about herself. An attack of bronchitis brought on fever, which rapidly consumed her strength, and brought her, fully conscious, within sight of death. That consummation, which at a distance she had always dreaded, she saw arrive with perfect calmness and resignation, and all the virtues and qualities for which the smallest credit was given her seem to have shone forth with unexpected lustre on her deathbed."

Mr Greville resigned the Clerkship of Council in May 1859 ; but if the story told by Lord Malmesbury in his 'Memoirs of an Ex-Minister' is true, he had ceased his attendance for more than a year before—since the time, in fact, when the second Derby Government took office ; and, says Lord Malmesbury, he "did not conceal his omitting to do so on purpose. When Lord Derby's attention was called to this fact, he said 'he had not observed his absence, as he never knew whether it was John or Thomas who answered the bell.'" In justice to Lord Derby, it must be said that Mr Greville was only being paid in coin. Absurd as Mr Greville's pretensions were to pose as a political personage, they were yet sufficiently pronounced to justify the reminder that party politics did not lie within the legitimate sphere. If Mr Greville heard the story, as in all likelihood some candid friend would be good enough to inform him of it, we have an explanation of the rancour with which the Conservative statesman is assailed throughout these volumes.

Mr Robert Buchanan's 'Look round Literature'¹ will be allowed

¹ A Look round Literature. By Robert Buchanan. London : Ward & Downey. 1887.

to be a tolerably wide one, when we say that it begins with Prometheus and ends with "the writer who calls herself Ouida." "From Æschylus to Victor Hugo" is the title of the first chapter, or rather of the first paper; for it is again a collection of serial articles which we have here made into a volume, after a precedent which we have already taken the liberty to remark upon, and which is equally undesirable, we think, whether it come from the hands of the comparatively little or the comparatively great. Which of these categories Mr Buchanan belongs to is a question which perhaps will be answered differently by himself and by the world. But fortunately there is not much room for doubt as to the estimate which his contemporaries at least will form. He is one of those writers who, like the Ancient Mariner, are recognised at once by those whose weird it is to listen to them. The reader who likes this sort of thing, for instance, will recognise it at once:—

"The scene is Mount Caucasus, a craggy desert, silent, inaccessible; the clouds come and go silently above. The Euxine glimmers faintly far away. All the eye beholds is solemn, terrible, colossal, shadowed with the mystery of some awful event. Three gigantic shapes rise, leading a fourth in chains."

The reader predestined would no doubt wish us to go on: the unselect most probably would—not. And we will not; but the volume is very accessible, and what those three gigantic shapes are about to do can be discovered there. It is very curious and wonderful, however, to our own unenlightened faculties, that Mr Buchanan should have chosen as his pendant to the picture of Prometheus that of one of Victor Hugo's least remarkable

heroes—Gilliat, in the 'Travailleurs de la Mer.' Why? we are bound to admit we cannot tell. There is a rock in the one case and there is a rock in the other, just as there was a river in Macedon and one in Monmouth: but that is all. The names don't even begin with the same letter. Poor Gilliat, in dumb relinquishment of that struggle with fate which he had carried on in many (no doubt) fabulous and impossible ways, is neither a Titan nor a conqueror, but a very woful, humble mortal, most easily vanquished by the contrariety of things. Mr Buchanan discusses a great many other matters, favouring us with "A Note on Lucretius," and also a more elaborate study, as became the superior importance of the subject, on Sydney Dobell; but perhaps his leading effort is "A Talk with George Eliot," who received him, dressed "in a plainly-cut, tight-fitting dress of blue cashmere, fastened at the throat with a cameo brooch." George Lewes was the only other member of the party, and these two notable persons are treated by their interviewer as is usual in such narratives. The great novelist was to Mr Buchanan a metaphysical lecturer, and no more. It is thus that he represents the talk in which he evidently feels "myself" to be quite on the same level with his hosts. They had been discussing the decay of the faculties in old age as an argument against immortality.

"*George Eliot.* We are absolutely the creatures of our secretions. So true is this, that the slightest disturbance of the cerebral circulation, say a temporary congestion, will pervert the entire stream of moral sentiment.

Myself. All this is doubtless very correct. I hold, nevertheless, that the soul, the ego, is invulnerable, despite all temporary aberrations—clouds obscuring the moon's disc, so to speak.

George Eliot. Say rather disintegrations within the very substance of the moon herself. Where the very substance of the luminary is decaying, what hope is there for the permanence of your moonlight?

Myself. The analogy is imperfect; but to pursue it, the lunar elements remain indestructible, and after transformation may cohere again into some splendid identity.

George Eliot. Moonlight is sunlight reflected on a material mirror: thought, consciousness, life itself, are conditions dependent upon the physical medium, and on the brightness of the external development. *Cogito, ergo sum* should be transposed and altered. *Sum materies, ergo cogito.*

Leves. And yet, after all, there are psychic phenomena which seem to evade the material definition.

George Eliot. Not one. And science has established clearly that while functional disturbance may be evanescent, structural destruction is absolute and irremediable. An organism once destroyed is incapable of resurrection.

Myself. Then life is merely mechanism after all?

George Eliot. Undoubtedly. It is very pitiful, but absolutely true."

These two people are dead, and cannot defend themselves against the reckless writer whom they admitted into their company. But every authentic record describes her as essentially modest in her personal conversation—neither hectoring nor lecturing: and this is both. No doubt gentlemen of the literary profession are sometimes sadly put to it to find material. It is better for them, though perhaps not quite so safe, to attack the living than to caricature the dead.

We turn from this literary balderdash with pleasure to the pretty old-fashioned narrative¹ in which a surviving sister of Miss Agnes Strickland tells the story—not a

very eventful one—of the lives of the two feminine historians, the biographers of the Queens, who are the glory of her family, and evidently the objects of her tender devotion. The Miss Stricklands—for though the name of Agnes only appeared on the books, it was well known that Elizabeth Strickland shared the work and the responsibility—belonged to a period in which people still looked with some wonder on a female writer, and "the fair authoress" was a familiar locution. We do not regret those days; but they have already an old-fashioned flavour, and there is a scent as of *pot-pourri* and fresh lavender in the story of the country ladies, with their pretty dresses and manners, sweeping into dusty Record offices and muniment-rooms, pursuing, in their round of pleasant visits, a collection of old letters, a royal will, into all manner of private repositories—the unknown wealth of family closets and chests: then returning to their own old house with all its associations, into the midst of the cheerful family, to work up the carefully gathered material into those pleasant volumes, with all the attractions of a novel and much of the solidity of history, which were the first of their kind, and have given a beginning to so many studies and series since. The picture of the sisters in their childhood is a very pretty and attractive one. When they were very young, a stray volume of Shakespeare fell accidentally into their hands, upon which, "Agnes declared that she would never read any other book in her leisure hours;" and they both learned by heart the fine declamations of Julius Caesar, to the great

¹ The Life of Agnes Strickland. By her Sister. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

surprise of their father, whose desire it was to make them mathematicians, but who was wise enough on hearing his little daughters, in all the glow of enthusiasm, pour forth the speeches of Antony and Brutus, to give them free access to Shakespeare, considering, says the biographer with much good sense and truth, that "their infant innocence would prevent them from receiving injury" from things they had no chance of understanding. It would be better for the literary taste of our children if parents would be as wise nowadays, and let them go to the fountain-head at once, which even Lamb's stories do something to impair. This study produced the following amusing scene:—

"Agnes, who had never seen a play in her life, resolved, with the aid of her four younger sisters, to act some scenes from Shakespeare, and selected the second part of Henry VI. for their *début*. As they all had good memories, she did not find much difficulty in drilling her youthful company. Agnes, who, like her warlike ancestors, was a stout Lancastrian, could not induce Elizabeth to join her, for she was a staunch Yorkist, and they sometimes fell out while discussing these ancient politics. This new amusement lasted a whole winter, till Agnes, struck with the poetical beauty of Clarence's dream, resolved, with the assistance of her next sister, to perform the murder scene in Richard III., she herself taking the part of the doomed prince, while Sarah was to play the part of a good listener in Brackenbury, and also to take that of the first nameless villain. The scene came off very well till the entrance of the murderers, whose arch blooming juvenile faces did not accord with their evil intentions towards the hapless prisoner. A mistimed fit of risibility on their part overcame the gravity of the death-doomed Clarence, and the scene ended not in a tragedy but a comedy."

This, alas! brought the childish

theatricals to an end. The lively Agnes, however, did not limit her activity to theatricals. She made up her mind to write a poem, always so tempting and so easy a task to a child of literary tastes. The subject was a very remote one, a historical narrative, of which "the mighty Baron Bigod, who had defied the warlike first Edward to his face, was to be the hero:"—

"She employed her leisure hours for some weeks in this premature poetical composition, keeping her literary labours a secret even from her sister Elizabeth, till the first canto was completed, when she brought her poem to her father with all the pride of a young author, her eager looks and sparkling eyes seeming to demand his admiration. To the infinite surprise and mortification of the author of twelve years, her poem, instead of pleasing her father, found in him a very severe critic. He pronounced it to be deficient in originality and merit, and advised her to give up verse-making till she was better acquainted with fine English poetry. He bestowed no praise to the luckless poem, but gave it a complete cutting up. The affection and veneration Agnes felt for her beloved parent alone checked her tears. She promised to obey him; . . . and he rewarded her docility by putting the works of Milton, Gray, and Collins into her hands, the perusal of which inclined her to consign her immature attempt to the flames."

The hall at Reydon must have been a charming habitation in those days, when Agnes was a strict Lancastrian and Elizabeth a staunch Yorkist, and the Wars of the Roses were now and then re-enacted in the schoolroom, innocent storm-clouds soon swept away in laughter. The record, however, does not dwell much upon the youth of the sisters, both attractive and pretty women, who no doubt had their own stories, though they do not come in to this delicate record. We lose them as a pair

of delightful little girls, and only find them again in maturity, carrying on the extensive work which was to occupy their life. We remember that it used to be the idea of the time that Elizabeth Strickland was the underground worker, hunting up authorities and verifying references, and Agnes, the eloquent writer, who turned the whole into so pretty a web of mingled fact and fancy. We can remember even to have heard speculations among the unrespectful youth of the period, as to which poke-bonnet in the old reading-room of the British Museum covered the diligent brain of Elizabeth, whose absolute self-sacrifice for her sister was the theme of a persistent tradition. As usually happens in such cases, it was not true—Elizabeth being on the whole the more vigorous writer of the two, but retaining, notwithstanding all the changed ideas of the time about female authorship, a determined disinclination to the sight of her own name in print. It is very probable that she was a more original and marked character than her sister, by all the indications that peep through the veil of seclusion and silence, in which it seems to have been her pleasure to wrap herself. The absence of information in such a case is suggestive. But Agnes was not born to blush unseen. She went everywhere and saw everybody, and made friends wherever she turned, and her records of her visits, her pretty toilets, and the dainty little feminine occupations with which she filled up the crevices of her life, are always lively and readable. It is difficult to describe a number of country-house visits with originality. She was still interested in her “elegant ball toilet” and all her decorations after she had reached the mature age of seventy, and

recounts how she had been pressed to dance, but declared that her dancing days were over, at that respectable age. Throughout all, indeed, the accomplished authoress retains the essentially feminine, as understood in those pretty old days when Jane Austen shrank from having her performances known, and would not for the world appear as a literary lady. Miss Strickland was so far moved by the spirit of the nineteenth century that she accepted and liked this position; but she was a woman and a lady, not without the becoming affectations of an “elegant female,” through all. We remember a serio-comic account of an interview with her publishers, in which accounts or balance-sheets were not to her taste. Having tried in vain to get them arranged to please her, she took refuge in one of these pretty devices of delicacy supposed then to be distinctive of the woman who never could understand business—the woman whom all men were supposed to approve. She covered her forehead with her lady-like hands—“Oh, my poor head!” she cried. How could even the obdurate heart of a publisher resist such an appeal?

Apart from Agnes herself, there are various glimpses of interesting persons in this book. The following is a very painful one; but it is an unusually vivid momentary look into a singularly successful, almost great, but neither honoured nor happy life. It is from the account of a visit to Brougham Castle.

“His own home was not the place to see the great juriconsult to advantage. He was labouring for the good of countless generations to come, at his very advanced age, and was austere and even morose in the domestic circle. All his affections seemed con-

centrated in his brother's youngest son, a sweet little boy named Reginald, to whom he wrote when absent every day, and of whose liking for Agnes he was apparently jealous—his passionate love for this child presenting the only pleasing feature in his domestic character. To Lady Brougham he never spoke, and the situation of this poor lady in her own house appeared to Agnes very pitiable; for though she was not capable of guiding it, a kind word from her distinguished husband would have been dearly appreciated by her. 'Ah,' she said, with a deep sigh, 'he was not always cross, but was very fascinating.' Lord Brougham seemed worn out and irritable when he appeared at dinner. His intense studies and hard work probably caused his morose manners. Although he was the benefactor of his own family, no female member of it seemed to love him but his neglected wife."

Nothing could well be sadder than this glimpse of the lonely self-consuming life sinking morosely among the clouds.

The reader will not, we think, much care for Mrs Papendiek's account of the Court of George III. and Queen Charlotte¹—a frank and simple servants'-hall history of the exalted gods and goddesses which kings and queens appear to their lackeys. There is little interest in its monotonous records, except, indeed, when the excellent person who writes comes across some of the musical celebrities of the time, being herself a musician, and apt in her house at Kew or Windsor to receive now and then stray notabilities of this kind, German or otherwise, who were always hanging on about the dull but tuneful Court. Mrs Papendiek was herself more than half-German, and learn-

ed in the art of song. But nobody who has read Miss Burney's record of her servitude need seek the dimmer reflection in these pages with any hope of further insight. The tragedy of that simple, formal, innocent, unhappy Court is deep enough to bear a more powerful touch; but that is not to be found here.

It is difficult in literature, as in anything else, to forget at this moment the existence of that troublesome and restless companion to whom fate and propinquity, and that close kindred of mixed races which Ireland tries to ignore, has bound us. We have laid aside for another time a very interesting and valuable little book, '*Industrial Ireland*'; but here are the two handsome volumes, just published, by Mr O'Neill Daunt, one of the survivors of O'Connell's band of moral-force repealers, to which we must direct the reader's attention.² Here surely is an opportunity of studying the Union and its consequences through the eyes of an Irish Nationalist and repealer. But alas for our disappointment! Little does Mr Daunt's book deserve its title. We expect a connected and proportioned account of the events of the century. We find Mr Daunt's views of the Union, a very lengthy account of some of the incidents in O'Connell's career, obsolete scandals against Orangemen, elaborate refutations of forgotten newspaper paragraphs, a dissertation on the evils of the late Irish Church, and very little beside. The history of the book explains its composition. New and comprehensive as its

¹ *Court and Private Life in the Time of Queen Charlotte. Being the Journals of Mrs Papendiek, Bedchamber-woman to her Majesty.* London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1887.

² *Eighty-Five Years of Irish History—1800-1885.* By William Joseph O'Neill Daunt. 2 vols. crown 8vo. London: Ward & Downey.

title sounds, it is nothing more than the republication, with a new title, a new preface, and two or three new chapters, of a work which originally appeared in 1845, immediately after O'Connell's trial, under the more appropriate name of 'Ireland and her Agitators,' and was republished under the same name in 1867, in the crisis of the attack on the Irish Church. Mr O'Neill Daunt is no doubt free to republish his works under any title he pleases, but it would be well that either in the introduction or elsewhere he should give some idea of their history.

Mr Daunt of course writes as a strong Nationalist, though by no means as a Parnellite. His book, however, has not always been quite brought up to date. It is amusing, for example, to find such a passage as the following overlooked :—

"Mr Gladstone seized the moment of our helpless prostration to add fifty-two per cent to our previous taxes; which friendly achievement constitutes, I presume, his claim to the enthusiastic confidence so warmly expressed by some of his Irish admirers."¹

Upon the subject of the Land League agitation and its outrages, he writes as a worthy disciple of O'Connell :—

"The agitation, based on an undoubted grievance and professing to rescue the aggrieved from their oppressors, was unhappily accompanied by a multitude of crimes. For many months the newspapers contained a black record of constantly recurring murders, cruel mutilations of cattle, and destruction of property. I inferred from my conversations with peasants that the perpetrators of these outrages believed that their crimes would

promote the interests of the Land League. I had hoped that Mr Parnell, the leader of the movement, would have strongly and sternly denounced the outrages as horrible offences to Almighty God, injurious to the cause he advocated, and unspeakably disgraceful to the character of the country. He certainly pronounced them to be unnecessary, but this gentle condemnation did not prevent their frequent repetition."²

But the reason of the republication of the book is not to be found in such a passage as this, but in the accounts of the rebellion of 1798 and the Union. Mr Daunt believes that he has in Mr Gladstone an illustrious convert to the Nationalist views of those transactions, and restates those views with the most laudable explicitness :—

"The rebellion [of 1798] . . . was deliberately provoked in order to give England a pretext for filling Ireland with troops to crush out popular opposition to the Union. . . . The Union is the offspring of conjoined fraud and force. . . . The Government goaded the people to rebellion in order that the popular strength might be paralysed by civil war and its attendant horrors, so as to enable Mr Pitt to force the legislative Union on a prostrate and divided people. . . . The tranquillity of the country just then (1798) would not have suited Pitt's designs against Ireland. . . . To exasperate the friends of reform not only by an insolent rejection of their claims, but also by a shameless perseverance in the practice of parliamentary corruption, became a settled part of the policy of the Government. It was likewise resolved to exasperate the Catholics. . . . It was not difficult for an able and unscrupulous Minister to embroil this kingdom in a civil war, the results of which might facilitate his favourite scheme of a Union. . . . How completely he [Lord Fitzwilliam] fell into the trap laid by Pitt; how thoroughly he credited the sincerity

¹ Vol. i. p. 311.

² Vol. ii. p. 213.

of Pitt's insincere declarations in favour of the Catholics! . . . Pitt had no other intention than driving the Catholics to desperation by disappointing the hopes thus treacherously excited. . . . A rebellion was just what Pitt wanted. . . . It was not infatuation [by which Mr Pitt was led], except so far as infatuation consists in deliberate and systematic wickedness. To provoke rebellion was the object of Pitt's policy; and the exasperation of the Catholics, excited by political disappointment, contributed to the success of that policy. . . . A rebellion was deemed a useful means of laying waste the strength of this kingdom."¹

This is the Nationalist view of history. These are the frightful charges which Nationalist writers lightly, and as matter of course, bring against the Irish and English Governments. It is not merely alleged that those Governments were severe or even ferocious in suppressing fancied or real rebellion. It is not merely stated that they applied corrupt arguments to corrupt politicians. They are charged with something far blacker than cruelty or bribery. They are charged with having pursued for years a particular course of policy for the express purpose of creating a rebellion which should devastate and destroy the country intrusted to their care, for no other reason than the covetousness, malignant hatred, and petty spite of Mr Pitt. It may be remembered that the horrors of the French Revolution, and all the wars and troubles that followed, were attributed in their time to the gold of Pitt. We laugh at the foreign invention of a convenient enemy on whom all harm can be fathered; but the fiction, if not less ridiculous, is

more baleful nearer home. No wonder that Mr Daunt, if he believes this, should speak of "Pitt's infernal policy" and "series of demoniac crimes." No wonder that Mr Gladstone, if he has accepted this view, has blossomed into all the exuberant flowers of epithet that have lately graced his utterances.

But is this the case which Unionists have to meet? Can it be possible that this is the position of Mr Gladstone? Mr Gladstone has never explicitly stated it, but there are various indications that he adopts it. The charge is no new one: it forms part of the "terrible proofs and citations" in O'Connell's great Dublin speech of 1843, which Mr Gladstone in this Magazine challenged Lord Brabourne to confute. It is pointed at by the extreme violence of Mr Gladstone's language, and still more definitely by his remark to Major Saunderson, "It was Pitt who led up to the rebellion."² Mr Daunt, at all events, is fully satisfied that he has the assent of Mr Gladstone to his thesis. But still it is hardly credible. Are sane Englishmen really being asked to frame their present policy on the hypothesis that "the pilot who weathered the storm," the statesman who for seventeen years possessed the enthusiastic confidence of a country in which party almost vanished, was a monster of such unspeakable wickedness as the charge supposes? Are they to believe that their own grandfathers were so blinded or so corrupted as to accept and indorse such iniquity with cordiality and almost unbroken unanimity? Was it ignorance or was it depravity that, more than a generation after

¹ Vol. i. pp. 14-25.

² Interjected in the gallant member's speech on the Government of Ireland Bill, 12th April 1886.

Mr Pitt's death, led a political opponent to say, as his deliberate judgment of the conduct of Mr Pitt to Ireland—

"It is only just to his memory to say, that he formed a scheme of policy so grand and so simple, so righteous and so humane, that it would alone entitle him to a high place among statesmen"?¹

Does the charge need anything more than the plain naked statement which Mr Daunt has given it to refute itself and to destroy all faith in the historical trustworthiness of any man who can put forward or believe such a monstrosity? But the case does not rest there. If the charge is old, the reply is old too. Mr Daunt adds nothing to the case made by O'Connell in the House of Commons in 1834. We need add little to the reply made in that debate by Sir Robert Peel, and hitherto accepted as final by all Englishmen. Putting aside all knowledge of Mr Pitt and of the British nation, and assuming that Mr Pitt was the monster of calculating wickedness which the charge supposes, and that Ireland, except for his deliberate and intentional efforts, would have remained quiet, peaceable, and loyal, would he have chosen as the time to stimulate a serious rebellion a moment when the national existence of Great Britain was in the most urgent danger from France? Is it to be supposed that he who could wait a dozen years to wreak vengeance for a slight wrought on him by the Irish Parliament in 1785, would not wait a single year to get his hands free from the death-struggle in which his country was involved?

But let us examine on what the charge is based. The only fact

which Mr O'Connell or Mr Daunt brings forward to support so terrible an accusation, is that the Government were for a year before the outbreak of the rebellion in possession of information with regard to the Ulster leaders.

On the strength of this, it is said that the Government might at any moment have arrested and convicted the leaders; and they are accused of having cherished and nursed the rebellion as a means of forwarding their fiendish machinations against the Irish nation. But the Government were absolutely helpless in the matter. Traitors there were in plenty, and the Government had full secret information of what was planning. But respect for their own lives made the informers, one and all, decline to give evidence in open court on any terms whatever. The choice of the Government was therefore limited. Sometimes they arrested, on comparatively trivial charges, men such as Orr and O'Connor—men whom they knew then, and the world knows now, to have been deeply engaged in treasonable practices. In these cases they were attacked for having created disaffection, and endeavoured by their tyranny to make a rebellion explode.

At other times they were constrained to wait better evidence and the progress of events. For such conduct they are now accused of having sought to nurse and encourage rebellion.

Both charges are equally untrue. We know from the State papers to which Mr Froude has had access—as we might safely have assumed even without evidence—that Lord Camden's strong desire was to arrest and bring to open trial all the leaders of treason,

¹ Macaulay, *Life of Pitt*. Works, vol. vii. p. 397.

and that he was only deterred by the certain impossibility of producing evidence sufficient to obtain convictions.¹

This is not a time to enter upon the more detailed charges which are made against the British and Irish Governments. Men whom Wolfe Tone had long before described as the most profligate assemblage of scoundrels he ever set eyes on, pathetically attribute this seduction to the gold of Pitt. Men who assert the sacred right of rebellion are never tired of whining if attempts to rouse the horrors of civil war were not treated with rose-water. The very loudness of their complaint is sufficient proof of this confidence in the magnanimity and good intentions of the Government. Subordinate officials may have been fierce and rough ; terri-

fied magistrates and undisciplined Irish troops, no doubt, became savage in their alarm, and the burden of their outrages fell not upon responsible and guilty leaders, but on ignorant peasantry. But wherever the sin and the shame of the Rebellion and the Union may fall, it is not on Mr Pitt or the British Government. Whoever have occasion to cast dust on their heads, it is not the British nation. Their conduct through the severest possible ordeal displayed humanity and moderation, which no other Government or nation would have equalled. This is not a time, neither is Mr Daunt's book an occasion we should choose to justify this view at length ; but we could not pass unrefuted an accusation so damning to the whole character of our nation and its public men.

¹ Froude, *English in Ireland* (new ed.), vol. iii pp. 204, 332, 401.

THE NEED OF OPEN SPACES.

It is only of comparatively late years that this question has risen to the surface, but now it is every day growing in interest and importance. And inevitably so. For as long as a country is not thickly inhabited, as long as in the largest town the poorest dwellers are within an easy walk of green fields and shady lanes, breezy hills or pleasant woods, there can be no pressing necessity for securing certain open spaces for breathing and recreation places; the question of Open Spaces—as we understand the word—does not arise. And up to within quite a measurable number of years this has been the case in England. But the more thickly we come to live upon the ground, the more thickly we plant smoky furnaces and manufactories up and down the land, the more widely our cities extend their boundaries—the more valuable does all space become which is left open and unspoiled. And the unparalleled increase in our national wealth, industries, and inhabitants which the last half-century has seen—and particularly the latter portion of it—has undoubtedly been attended with the inevitable drawback that for all of us dwellers in towns, whether rich or poor, the country has been made more and more distant, vitality to that extent diminished, and health made more difficult to sustain.

For a long time nothing was done about this question. It was not until some twenty years ago, after thousands of acres of Common Land had been irretrievably lost—had gone from the hands of the many into the hands of the few—that the nation awoke to the fact that the Common and Waste

Lands of Great Britain, so far from being “waste,” were really a most valuable inheritance; that the rights of grazing and cutting on them, useful as those rights unquestionably were to the few labourer-peasants or cottage-farmers living near, were even of less account than the right of walking over them, and the power of breathing the pure air which swept across them, which could be enjoyed by numbers of persons living at a distance; that, in fact, the commons of England were a “national domain,” and, as such, to be rigidly preserved in their open condition for the benefit of the people for now and for all time.

In former days, when the country depended entirely on itself for its food-supply, the cultivator of common or waste lands had been regarded almost as a national benefactor. But free trade had long since completely altered the conditions, and had rendered the country independent of its home supplies. In our blind and blundering fashion, however, we had continued acting on a doctrine which, whatever the core of truth it may have once possessed, had long ceased to be more than a mere dry fossil. And it was not until the late Henry Fawcett, in 1869, resolutely attacked the doctrine from his place in Parliament, exploding the fallacy which lay at the root of the Inclosure Commissioners’ yearly proceedings, and showing the evil which was being done to the country at large by the indiscriminate taking away of the waste and common lands, that any attempt was made by the Legislature to put the proceedings of the Inclosure Com-

missioners in harmony with the real wants of the nation. Success attended Fawcett's efforts. A Conservative Government legislated in the direction he had indicated; and the future of our commons was changed from destined absorption into the hands of private owners to a perpetuity of openness.

The battle was a hard one, and posterity will be grateful to those who fought it. But so rapidly do events march in these days that, though less than twenty years ago, it seems already a matter of ancient history. The commons thus were saved—from regular and parliamentary inclosure, though an insidious enemy in the shape of irregular and unauthorised inclosures still formidably lurks in ambush. Keen eyes are, however, kept upon it; and the country being fully alive to the importance of not allowing anything which can fairly be claimed as public ground to slip into the hands of private ownership, we may hope, as time goes on, that the necessity for a strict watch will not be so great, and that there will be fewer and fewer attempts made, either on the part of landowners or on the part of associated individuals, in the form of railway companies and the like, to “grab” the public land under any pretext, however specious.

The question of *commons* we may therefore regard as in a measure satisfactorily settled. Public opinion is on the alert about them, and we may safely leave them to its action. But how as to other open spaces? How are they to be provided? For wealthy as the country is in commons, their number is necessarily restricted, and their distribution is exceedingly capricious; so that we can by no means depend upon this source of supply for all the open land we

shall want to secure in the future. Many large towns are too far off from any common to derive any special benefit from such as there may happen to be. And in London, where this question of open spaces presses with the most urgent necessity, there are wide areas unredeemed by any common land of sufficient size to be taken into account.

Hitherto the providing of open spaces, such as parks, public gardens, and playgrounds, has been very much left to chance. And no doubt when any of us read in the newspapers that Mr or Mrs So-and-so, or Alderman This or That, has presented to the town of Blacksmoke a park of 100 acres, estimated at a value of £10,000, we hug ourselves with the idea that our fashion of leaving these things to chance, or, as we prefer to put it, to “individual initiative,” has these happy results, and is far preferable to a more systematic mode of procedure, which might indeed place other towns, as worthy as Blacksmoke to possess a park, in the same enviable position, but would not have the delightfully English quality of exhibiting the generosity of individual donors.

But agreeable as our happy-go-lucky system may be as regards towns which, like Blacksmoke, happen to possess individuals gifted both with wealth and generosity, it tends unfortunately to keep the towns not possessed of these desirable mortals without parks. And in this great overgrown London of ours, which, like a huge octopus, stretches out its devouring arms in all directions, adding to itself each year a whole new town of 50,000 souls; this London so immense that the best known man might lie perdu in it for weeks; so gigantic that, like a whale, you may stab it in one part

and the sensation will not reach its outer extremities,—it is hardly possible to expect that any one shall dower it with parks.

The man who gives a park to a town is a man whose associations are all connected with that town and those that dwell in it. He feels himself identified with its wellbeing. He will care, perhaps, that those who come after him shall be able to ramble in some of the spots where he delighted to ramble when he was a boy. He will have the consciousness that his gift makes a sensible addition to the welfare of the town, and that his generosity will be appreciated and applauded by his neighbours and fellows, rich and poor, great and small; and in that consciousness will lie a deep and calm satisfaction. But how can we expect such motives to operate in London, where the wealthy, as a rule, gather together in the small fashionable area in the very centre of the town, whilst the bits of rural scenery which we would fain save from the builder are situated in outlying parts?

Moreover, another and very important consideration must be borne in mind as affecting this question in London, and that is, the very much greater monetary value which attaches to all land that can be designated building-land. A park of 100 acres, which in a provincial town might be valued at £10,000, could not possibly be bought in any of the outskirts of London for less than £50,000 or £100,000. And if the man who will dower his native town with a park worth £10,000 is a rare phenomenon, how much more so must one be who will dower it with a park worth £50,000 or £100,000? True it is—and it would be ungrateful on our part if we were to pass the

fact over in silence—that within the last year or two one or two honourable exceptions to the general rule have occurred in London, Mr. Evelyn having given a public garden to Deptford, in which neighbourhood he possesses a great deal of property inhabited by the very poorest classes; and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners having been induced to give two small parks of some fifty acres each, one to Highgate and one to Kilburn. But what are these among so many? And though we may hope that other great land-owners in London may be induced by these examples to spend some of the money which their greatly increased rentals are bringing in to them, in buying open spaces even at some distance from their estates, in the cases where there is no open space left anywhere very near, it would not be safe to count on any such acts.

The importance of open spaces to the health of the community can hardly be overrated. The late Dr Farr conclusively showed that the rate of mortality varies with the density of the population—the greater the density, the higher being the death-rate. It is not, therefore, a mere sentimental desire for peace and quiet, or for natural beauty, which those can plead who object to the erection of houses around them in the spot where country lanes and pleasant fields have heretofore existed. They lose with the peace and quiet some of the freshness and purity of the air, and that loss entails a diminished vitality.

What is to be done? Open spaces must be secured, or the general health will suffer. Looking at the matter broadly, it is evident that we must make up our minds to pay for such spaces. It is no doubt a new and not altogether

pleasant idea that we should have to pay for fresh air, as we do for gas or water; but the conditions of our town life are making it imperative. After all, do we not, in a fashion, pay already for fresh air? Is not the occasional flight to the seaside or the Continent in some sort a tribute-money which we offer at the shrine of the goddess Hygeia? But this tribute-money is paid voluntarily and irregularly, whilst what is now demanded is a regular and fixed payment. On the other hand, we must remember that in buying open spaces we are benefiting those who are too poor to get an annual trip to seaside or foreign parts; whereas, in our annual excursions to those places, we are benefiting our own selves alone.

In old days, when we were not all so densely packed together on the ground, rich and poor alike were able in a short stroll to get out of hot dusty streets into cool green lanes and fields. Then the annual flight was, at any rate for the middle classes, a luxury, and not, as now it has become, one of the necessities of life. We talk of the wear and tear of town life, and we notice how greatly it tends to increase as the years go by and the towns grow larger and larger. Is not this very much due to the fact that the air we breathe gets more and more vitiated, more nearly approximating to an exhausted receiver? And where is this to end? No one can tell. As regards London, a very careful calculation was recently made by Mr R. Price-Williams; and in a paper read before the Statistical Society on the 16th June 1885, he showed that unless any altogether new and unforeseen contingency occurred, the population of London within the twenty-nine registration districts of the metropolitan area, which had risen

from (in round numbers) 2,800,000 souls in 1861 to 3,800,000 souls in 1881, must by 1918 have risen to 7,000,000 souls, or nearly double the present number. And this calculation leaves quite untouched the growth of the population of Greater London, as it has been called — the London outside the area of the metropolitan district!

With these facts before us, who will deny that some clear and distinct provision is absolutely necessary, in order that some portions of the space which is at present unoccupied, but which must in the near future be covered with buildings, shall be rescued and kept open for all time?

No one likes to contemplate additional burdens on the rates, which, especially since the establishment of the School Board, have been felt to press quite heavily enough; but the health of the community is as important an element for consideration as education itself. And it were far better to pay an extra rate of twopence or threepence in the pound to secure all the open spaces which will require to be bought as London extends farther and farther into the country, than to find in a few years' time that the rate of ninepence in the pound which we are now paying for education might almost as well have been thrown into the sea, owing to the exhausted physical condition of those whom the School Board has educated. Important a factor as education is in equipping a man for the struggle of life, it is too often forgotten that a healthy physique is of even more consequence. To provide mental training for the children of our poorer population, and to leave them without the means of ever breathing fresh air, would undoubtedly be a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy.

We must, then, face an addition to the rates in London, unless, indeed, the Government can be induced to grant an extension of the metropolitan coal and wine dues, on purpose to provide a fund for securing open spaces. And we have the less hesitation in putting forward the suggestion that they should do so, because it has been generally admitted that, objectionable as a tax of this description may be on *a priori* grounds, and as it is now levied and applied, there can be little objection to the tax if levied for such a generally beneficial purpose as this of open spaces; especially if the area which was taxed and the area which benefited through the expenditure of the money raised were made coincident. It is important, however, that these conditions should be stringently insisted upon.

But granted these conditions, the coal and wine dues would, we consider, form an admirable mode of supplying the funds which we have shown to be necessary for obtaining parks and other open spaces for London. The fact that the tax already exists, and has not now to be freshly imposed, is a great reason for its maintenance. It is certainly less felt by the public at large than an addition to the rates of the metropolis would be. And this in itself constitutes an argument in its favour.

At the present moment there are three most important open spaces which London desires to see secured, but whose fate is trembling in the balance—a balance held by the Metropolitan Board of Works. These are—Ravenscourt Park, at Hammer-smith; Clissold Park, at Stoke Newington; and last, but not

least (on the contrary, it is by far the largest of the three, and the most vitally important for the general health and enjoyment of the metropolis), Parliament Hill, with its adjacent fields and slopes, and a lovely piece of woodland adjoining Hampstead Heath. It is understood that the Board are awaiting the decision of Parliament on the dues question before determining on which side the balance shall dip—ay or no. Now, if the dues are renewed, we apprehend there will be no doubt that these parks, whose danger is imminent, will be secured by means of them. But however much we are in favour of a renewal of the dues for a fresh term of years in order that open spaces may be obtained, we cannot admit that the fate of important spaces like those we have named should be allowed to hang upon a question as to the mode in which the requisite money should be levied. London cannot *afford* to lose her fresh air. Open spaces are to her a necessary of life, and they must be provided somehow. If they cannot be provided through the gifts of wealthy and benevolent individuals; if they cannot be provided by means of the coal and wine dues, — then they must be provided by means of an addition to the rates. That is the cardinal fact to be recognised and insisted on. Pure air is proved to be as necessary to human health as pure water; and though it may be a somewhat more difficult task to supply pure air than it is to supply pure water in the requisite quantities, the attempt will have to be made in as thorough and systematic a manner as the different conditions will allow.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

ANNIVERSARIES, jubilees, and centenaries are not popular in England as on the Continent, or even in the United States; for we English seldom see any useful object to be gained by their celebration. When, therefore, an occasion presents itself which we recognise as calling imperatively for special celebration and commemoration, we have considerable difficulty in fixing on some fitting method of marking our interest. Such an occasion of perplexity is the Queen's Jubilee. All subjects of her Majesty feel that her remarkable reign—remarkable in the Queen's beloved personality, and in the greatness of the imperial events which it has witnessed—demands that the jubilee year shall be both honourably celebrated and permanently commemorated. National sentiment on the subject is strong; but the question of how, in the most useful and practical manner, to give adequate and lasting expression to our loyal and patriotic feelings, has already been taxing our ingenuity for many months.

The Prince of Wales, with ever keen appreciation of the direction of national ideas, has suggested some permanent representation of the resources and progress of the empire, which has developed and flourished so wonderfully during the Queen's eventful reign. A strong committee has been formed to consider the Prince of Wales's suggestions, and to elaborate some practical scheme in accordance with his idea. The proposals of the Committee have been before the public since Christmas, and, as is natural in a matter of great national interest, have been subjected to the closest criticism. The

general tendency of this criticism appears to be, that, without some more clearly defined programme, it may prove difficult to maintain a sufficiently active and useful public interest in the Institute which it is proposed to establish. Exhibitions are things of the day only; technical classes and lectures appeal directly to very limited sections of her Majesty's subjects; and there seems to be a feeling that something more permanently, actively, and comprehensively useful is required to complete a programme which, in its general bearings, is accepted as fully worthy of the occasion and of the reputation of its signatories.

In the concluding paragraph of their report, the Committee lay down that "the purpose and the effect of the Institute will be to advance the industrial and commercial resources of every part of the empire." No basis could be more clearly defined or more suitable. It is mainly commerce which has led to the development of the empire, and it is the advancement of the industrial and material resources of the empire which has given to her Majesty's subjects the remarkable prosperity of the present reign. The long depression in trade has given rise to an ample discussion of all subjects connected with the possibility of its encouragement, and the time and experience of many capable men have been devoted to a full consideration of the matter. Debates in Parliament, newspaper articles, pamphlets, trades' reports, and the opinions of experts collected by the Foreign Office, have afforded ample opportunity for studying the question. As a result, it is clear that

over-production for inexpansive or failing markets has been the more immediate cause of distress, and all classes of merchants and manufacturers have been crying aloud for some special assistance towards the opening of new markets or the improving of old ones. The Government, and particularly the Foreign Office, have been called upon to give their aid. Discussion has shown that the annexation of new territories for the special benefit of distressed traders, or the direct interposition of British ambassadors and consuls in securing profitable contracts for their hungry countrymen, is out of the question; and it has been finally agreed that the collection and diffusion of information on trade subjects would be by far the most important service which could be rendered to the commercial community. The interesting papers issuing from the Foreign Office, and presented to the Houses of Parliament last June, plainly show what were the practical conclusions arrived at, after full inquiry and reflection; and although these papers deal only with foreign trade, the same general principles will equally apply to our large and rapidly increasing commercial relations with the Colonies and India.

Already, to-day, nearly one-half of our total exports are to British possessions, and nearly one-third of the total imports come from her Majesty's dominions beyond the sea. All classes of the Queen's subjects and all parts of the empire have therefore full community of interest in the carrying out of any scheme likely to assist in the general augmentation of trade. The diffusion of reliable information concerning the resources and products of our colonies must certainly assist their development and

prove useful in regulating emigration, whilst it must also facilitate business between the Colonies and the mother country. In these days of keen commercial competition, it is impossible to follow too closely the progress of industrial enterprise abroad; for knowledge is power, and the recognition of the value of the "latest information" is one of the special features of the progress of the last fifty years. The Committee reporting on the scheme for an Imperial Institute, and the officials and experts whose opinions are recorded in the parliamentary papers already referred to, are fully agreed in acknowledging the importance of early, accurate, and complete commercial intelligence.

In his most interesting memorandum on this subject, dated July 17, 1886, Mr Bryce, the late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, drew up the following list of the different kinds of information required:—

"Information regarding labour, including rates of wages, hours of work, condition of work-people, trade-unions, strikes and lock-outs, systems of co-operation and profit-sharing.

"Information regarding manufactures, notices of inventions, of the development of new branches of industry, of the transfer of capital from one branch of manufacture to another, of new appliances in agriculture.

"Information on the movements of trade, the increasing or declining demand for certain classes of goods, changes in taste or in the habits of life of a people, as affecting demand for imported articles.

"Information on legislation, changes in customs-regulations, tariffs, quarantine, and in the laws relating to commerce and industry.

"Information relating to finance, banking, currency, public loans and taxation.

"Information relating to modes of communication and transport, railroads, lines of steamboats, rates of

freight, directions in which traffic is beginning to flow.

"Information as to the administration of the law, decisions on important commercial questions, regulations relating to law charges, changes in commercial procedure.

"Information on undertakings and enterprises of moment, the construction of public works, the opening of mines, the granting of concessions for working minerals or forests, or for other similar purposes.

"Information relating to technical and industrial education, and as to the functions assumed by the State in connection therewith.

"Information relating to exhibitions, congresses, conferences, and other occasions on which traders meet or goods may be displayed.

"Statistics of all kinds relating to commerce, shipping, and industry.

"Returns of the names of British merchants and firms engaged in business abroad, and of the nature of the business in which they are engaged."

This is a most comprehensive list of requirements, and yet, Colonial and Indian representatives were not included among the experts consulted by Mr Bryce, and he considered only the special demands which had been made on his own department. It is evident that no single department of State is directly interested in all the numerous questions bearing on the general advancement of trade and the development of the resources of the mother country, India, and the Colonies. The Foreign Office is only indirectly interested, and within narrow limits, as the negotiator of commercial treaties with foreign nations, and as controlling diplomatic and consular agents in foreign centres of trade. It has no constant and intimate relations with the corporate or individual representatives of commerce, either in England or in the Colonies, and its staff, with notable exceptions, have little experience in commercial matters.

All this was felt and acknowledged by Mr Bryce and Lord Rosebery: they intimated, however, that it would be impossible for their department to obtain a sufficient grant of funds to defray expenses for the enormous amount of extra work required to supply the deficiencies noted; and, under these circumstances, their proposals for meeting the acknowledged legitimate demands of our traders were necessarily most limited in scope.

The strictly limited functions of the Colonial and India Offices would render it still more impossible for those departments to propose or carry out any comprehensive scheme, although within their own special province commercial affairs must rank high among the important matters with which they have to deal. The Board of Trade has the best general grasp of the whole subject; but its means for so considerable an undertaking are very limited. Under these circumstances, the natural conclusion is that the most efficient work could be done by some independent and unofficial institution, to which the co-operation of the various Government offices interested should be specially guaranteed by careful arrangement.

The idea of founding such a suitable institution might under ordinary circumstances be considered hopeless; but the Queen's Jubilee and the proposed Imperial Institute seem most opportunely to offer a chance of securing what is required. Might it not be possible to meet those demands of our traders, which secured the approval of Lord Rosebery and Mr Bryce, and, at the same time recognising the claims of the Colonies and India, to focus the numerous excellent proposals of the Committee of the Imperial Institute, by making a

highly organised Commercial Intelligence Department a central feature of their important undertaking?

Nothing that can be suggested in connection with the objects specified in the programme of the Committee would have a more comprehensive and permanently active sphere of usefulness than a properly organised and well-conducted Intelligence Department. Its work would be always clearly before it, and there would be no need of special encouragement or patronage to keep it going. On the contrary, the nature of its duties would always be driving an Intelligence Department forward, and causing it to seek to extend the area of its influence and usefulness. Such a department would be impelled by daily requirements to seek intimate relations with the corporate and individual representatives of trade in all parts of the empire. It would also eagerly press for reports, statistics, and all kinds of information, not only from diplomatists and consuls, but also from Colonial and Indian trade representatives and officials; it would ask for collections of samples of manufacturing industries; it would demand the formation and maintenance of a library for industrial, commercial, and economic study, and which should contain standard works and reports on all subjects of trade and commerce; it would desire to include a library of patents and inventions; it would demonstrate the usefulness and necessity of a fully equipped map-room for geographical and geological reference; and it would realise that much assistance could be obtained in its labours by arranging conferences and meetings of Chambers of Commerce, Colonial Associations, and other bodies of a kindred nature. In

fact, whether we read the suggestions of the Institute Committee or take Mr Bryce's list of commercial requirements, we find that the formation of a Commercial Intelligence Department, on proper lines, would include the adoption and carrying out of all the more important ideas which have been put forward.

It remains to consider the general outlines of organisation which would enable the Commercial Intelligence Department to satisfactorily fulfil its important functions. There is little need to say that success will entirely depend on the care and consideration with which these general outlines are determined at the commencement. It is essential that the Agents-General of the Colonies, the Chambers of Commerce, and the various Imperial Departments interested throughout the empire, shall all feel that in their respective spheres they will be adequately served by the proposed department, and that they will be able to exercise an influence over its operations in proportion to their respective interests. It is no easy matter to elaborate the details of a scheme which shall secure the approval and co-operation of our Colonies and India, of four of the great departments of State, and of the numerous public and representative bodies concerned. But where we are assured beforehand of a hearty goodwill, and of an earnest desire on all sides to make the success of the enterprise fully worthy of the great occasion which calls it forth, confidence may be felt that all difficulties will be successfully overcome.

As regards general interior organisation for daily working, the example of the existing Intelligence Branch of the War Office may be referred to, and the general efficiency

of this establishment will be admitted by all who have had occasion to test the value of its labours. When a staff of intelligent and good workers are collected together, to devote their time to seeking information on particular lines, their thirst for knowledge becomes insatiable. They are ever seeking to establish relations here, to form connections there, and to develop useful sources of information everywhere. Maps, books, pamphlets, periodicals, lectures, and all available sources of knowledge are eagerly requisitioned. And if a continual widening of the sphere of its labours is a remarkable feature of the military department, which is constantly hampered by the necessity for secrecy in many of its operations, with what certainty may not a similar manifestation be expected in a commercial department, where publicity can be usefully courted?

For the purposes of systematic working, the War Office Intelligence Branch is divided into seven sections, of which five correspond to different portions of the globe, one deals with home affairs, and one is occupied with the production of maps and the care of the library. Each section has its special head, who holds the appointment for a fixed period, and is selected as having a particular acquaintance with the affairs and languages of the more important countries which his section represents. Under the sectional officer are employed one or two similarly selected juniors, who usually remain with the department for shorter periods, and are generally candidates for promotion to the charge of a section. In addition, when work presses in any particular section, further assistance is obtained by temporarily engaging the services of any available officers, who may be peculiarly qualified for the special duties re-

quired. There is also a staff of draughtsmen for the map-room, and a staff of ordinary clerks distributed among the various sections, to assist in copying and indexing. The entire organisation is under the charge of an exceptionally qualified senior officer, and it may be observed that besides the value of the actual work accomplished, the department forms an admirable school for the training of young officers in intelligence work.

In the special features of organisation of the Military Intelligence Branch enumerated above, no mention appears of any arrangement at all corresponding with the conferences and lectures which the Imperial Institute Committee rightly lay down as an essential part of their programme. It may therefore be suggested that there is no natural connection between the conference and lecture-hall and such an Intelligence Department as is suggested. To this it may be answered that the necessary secrecy of military intelligence naturally deters the official department from publicly seeking and giving information in conferences and lectures. In military affairs, however, this part of the work is undertaken by the independent and unofficial Royal United Service Institution, a society to which most of the workers in the Military Intelligence Branch belong, and in the proceedings of which they often unofficially take an important part. The United Service Institution provides for lectures and discussions on military subjects, and on current questions; it publishes valuable reports and papers, and it maintains a library and map-room, and an interesting museum of military inventions and curiosities. If the peculiar conditions under which the Military Intelligence

Branch necessarily works did not prohibit the idea, it is evident that a fusion with the United Service Institution would in many respects be advantageous to both establishments. No such special consideration will prevent a Commercial Intelligence Department from combining under one organisation both the confidential office work of the War Office Branch and the public proceedings and arrangements of the independent institution. And with this slight extension of the lines of the official military department, it certainly appears that a similar Commercial Intelligence Department may readily provide for all the operations and arrangements which have been laid down by high authority as requisite in the interests of commerce, and essential for the comprehensive usefulness of the Imperial Institute. Above all, it is evident that such an Intelligence Department will be full of life and activity in itself. Once started on a proper and clearly defined basis, it will require no extraneous encouragement. Its mission will be to encourage others, and daily requirements in its labours will ensure the extension of its arms in every direction, and constant touch and communication with the official and unofficial representatives of trade and industrial interests in all parts of the empire.

To ensure that a Commercial Intelligence Department shall fully answer to the requirements indicated, and be thoroughly acceptable to the classes who should profit by its institution, it will be necessary to avoid as far as possible all semblance of official formality in its arrangements. The merchant who now seeks information or assistance in any of the Government offices unavoidably

feels himself more or less ill at ease. In the Imperial Institute he should be at home; and this desirable object might perhaps be assisted by connecting a large and comfortable reading-room and a good library with the Intelligence Department. The rooms might be in charge of trained subordinates, who would guide the inquirer as to the most likely sources for the information required, and he might at his ease make notes on the spot on the subject of his researches. Should the tabulated and arranged information in the public rooms not suffice to meet the requirements of the inquirer, he might, under the guidance of a trained officer of the Institute, write out a clear statement of his wants; and this statement might then be passed on for a reply to the private working offices of the Intelligence Department. In this way the time of the officials would probably be saved, and at the same time the trader or colonist seeking information would carry out his business comfortably and in a manner congenial to his habits and tastes. Regulations must necessarily be made as to the class of persons who should be allowed thus freely to use the Institute. But there should be no difficulty in framing suitable rules to meet the case. As in the British Museum, certificates from householders, and perhaps a small fee, might qualify for admission. Further, it might be arranged to elect a body of subscribing fellows, who, during the term of their subscription, would have the privilege of free entry and attention. If, too, the Department were to publish periodical or annual summaries of the results of its trade and industrial inquiries, it would be able to extend an interest in its operations to the commercial classes not mere-

ly in our own Colonies, but all over the world. These, however, are matters of detail, and perhaps sufficient has been said to give a general idea on the subject.

There remain for consideration the questions of government, of selection of staff, and of initial and annual expenditure. As regards government, the principle laid down by the Institute Committee commands the warmest approval. The Committee "recommend that a new body, entirely independent of any existing organisation, should be created;" that it "should be thoroughly representative of the great commercial and industrial interests of the empire;" and that "the Colonies and India should have a fair share in the government of the Institute."

In selecting the staff, it might be found advantageous to appoint some trade specialists, recommended by the Chambers of Commerce, and a few nominees of the Colonial Agents-General, and at all events, in the first instance, to secure, if possible, the temporary services of some junior officials from the four public offices interested. When the probationary period of foundation was over, some of the more important posts in the staff of the Institute would probably become permanent appointments; but the general principles acted upon in the Intelligence Branch of the War Office might perhaps be advantageously adopted in arranging for

heads of sections, and temporary workers in the Commercial Intelligence Department.

As regards the expense of founding and maintaining the Institute, it is evident that the amount of public subscriptions will largely depend on the active sympathy of the representatives of home and colonial trade. It may be hoped that this sympathy will be stimulated by the adoption of the conclusions of the Institute Committee, leading to the formation of a Commercial Intelligence Department. Such a department will certainly do much towards fulfilling the expressed wishes of the representatives of commerce at home, and will equally certainly provide for due attention to the interests of every colony and possession of the empire. It might perhaps secure a fair annual income by the adoption of a system of fees, and by arranging for a body of subscribing fellows or associates; and it would provide a common meeting-ground for the representatives of many varied interests. As a centre of information, it should be equally useful and interesting; and whilst satisfying the wants of the commercial community, it should promote profitable intercourse and a valuable interchange of ideas among the representatives of all trade and industrial progress throughout the British empire.

E. F. G. LAW.

THE FIRST MOVE OF THE SEPARATISTS.

THERE is no parallel in history to the present state of the House of Commons. Mr Gladstone well turned round in his seat, with his hand at his ear, that he may drink in the sayings of those on whom he considers he has exhausted the resources of civilisation in vain, and whom he has, therefore, accepted as his leaders, in order that he may still pose as a leader himself, is a symbol of the moral state of the Separatist section of the Liberal party. Mr Gladstone, rusticated at Hawarden when the Plan of Campaign is on its trial at the bar of the nation, is symbolic of the morality of Separatist tactics. The Plan of Campaign has brought about a result which most men who have watched Mr Gladstone's career with attention would have prophesied to be impossible. It has presented a state of circumstances which a faculty for jesuitry, hitherto apparently illimitable, has failed to be able to cloak, so that its shame shall not appear. The very first night of the session disclosed the melancholy fact, that one who has held the highest office in the State, and whose opinion has been freely expressed on almost every social and moral question—whose tongue and whose pen have been at the command of every querist, however insignificant, on every subject, great or small, and who has been nothing if he has not been a teacher *ex cathedra* of social and political morals, —refuses positively to discourage, even by a word, a course of action which, to use his own expression of other days, is nothing else than a conspiracy to promote "public plunder." To suppose that Mr Gladstone has

formed no opinion on the Plan of Campaign is ridiculous, and he has not been guilty of the insincerity of suggesting that it is so. He *has* formed an opinion—every man has. And no honest man, whose mind is not corrupted by decay of moral sense, or warped by the pressure of political exigency, could hesitate to express that opinion. Yet what is the spectacle of degradation presented by the Parnellite party, both above and below the gangway, in the House of Commons? The Parnellite leader of members from England and Scotland, and the Parnellite leader of members from Ireland, are both found not daring to lead, and afraid to follow. If Mr Gladstone were to say what would comfort the consciences of those whose belief in common honesty as a principle has not yet dwindled to vanishing-point under political temptation, he would imperil the dearly bought support of the salaried patriots of the National League and the swashbucklers of the extreme section of the Radicals. If Mr Parnell were to give his *imprimatur* to the doings of Mr Dillon and his *confrères*, the members above the gangway, who are not acclimatised to an atmosphere of "organised embezzlement," would be shocked and alienated. Accordingly, Mr Gladstone, when challenged to say what he thinks of the Plan of Campaign, talks a quantity of words sufficient to fill half a column of a newspaper. He prefaces what he has to say with the promise, "I will tell you what I think of it," and then proceeds to tell everything else—what caused it; what he contended six months ago; what Lord Salisbury

said then; what the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant has done; what the last Parliament should have done, &c., &c.; and having thus pirouetted round and round the subject, he finishes off with a "forsooth" about his being asked to say what his opinion is of the Plan of Campaign. And, instead of it, he rides off upon a subterfuge. "I will tell you what I think of the Plan of Campaign. It is the consequence of the policy which he" (the seconder of the Address) "and his friends have pursued." Loud cheers from the Parnellites above and below the gangway. It has come to this. A statesman of the highest rank is not ashamed to conceal an opinion which is asked for, in order that the public mind may be guided on a great question, by a mean and paltry evasion. His conduct brings into a strong light both his own moral plight and his contempt for the reasoning powers of his followers. For it is evident that to give as an opinion about a matter an opinion as to what it resulted from, is to insult the understanding of those to whom it is addressed. What is your opinion of Guy Fawkes's plot? My opinion is, that it was the consequence of King James I. being King of England. What is your opinion of the conduct of those who murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke? My opinion is that it is the natural result of the policy of the Government in letting Mr Parnell out of Kilmainham Jail. What is your opinion of boycotting? My opinion is that is a sequence to be expected from the payment of rent. And so, when asked what is his opinion of the Plan of Campaign, the leader of the Opposition says it is his opinion of it that it resulted from this,

that, and the other thing. With such reasoning, such shameless trifling, does "the greatest statesman the world has ever seen" open the session of Parliament. It has been said before in these pages, that no one has ever so thoroughly gauged the gullibility of a large section of the British public as Mr Gladstone. He is far too acute a man to have resorted to the miserable subterfuges and misty utterances of which he is a master, if he had not realised that his worshippers, with closed eye and open mouth, were prepared, and indeed eager, to swallow anything, provided it were gilded by him. He knows very well that for him to be silent as to the Plan of Campaign would be fatal. He knows that it would alarm his English followers if they saw him without words on any subject. The evil must be bad indeed which he could not explain away. The man whom Lord Palmerston proposed to send to Italy to explain away Garibaldi's wife, and thus remove an obstacle to a diplomatic marriage, must not appear to be struck dumb by any incident which would tell against his policy; and therefore words he has, and plenty of them. But when they are uttered, there is not in them, from beginning to end, one spark of light, one gleam for guidance. The leader leads into darkness. He turns aside from the way. He gives up all political manliness, and is rewarded with the cheers of those to whom he is a god, and the contempt of all men who refuse to be blinded by fanaticism, and are not cynically resolved that morality shall not stand in the way of what they call "good."

It is matter of course in a party so blind in its following of Mr Gladstone as are the votaries of Home Rule, that it should be

"like master like man." Accordingly, not one speaker rose from the front Opposition bench who did not make it more plain than before, that, just as the Plan of Campaign is a conspiracy, so there was a conspiracy of those who were wont to cheer the "resources of civilisation" and to re-echo denunciations by their chief of "public plunder" and of the "march of ruin through rapine to the dismemberment of the empire." Every speech showed that there existed a conspiracy to please the plunderers, now that the resources of civilisation are looked upon as exhausted. The Morleys and the Fowlers and the Harcourts vied with one another in raising clouds of dust to obscure a very simple and clear issue. The highly ingenuous argument was freely propounded, that as men were about to be tried for their participation in the Plan of Campaign, it would be premature to express any opinion in regard to it. It was urged that to do so might prejudice the accused at their trial. Such an argument shows an obliquity of mind so extraordinary, that it is scarcely possible to believe it can be put forward with candour. The question whether the Plan of Campaign commends itself to the moral sense of right and wrong has nothing whatever to do with the question whether certain men, in promoting the Plan of Campaign, have been guilty of a criminal offence. Nothing that can be said in Parliament or elsewhere can affect that question, or prejudice it in any way. The facts to be proved at the trial cannot be affected by any opinion as to the Plan of Campaign itself, which is a printed and published scheme. The jury at the trial will have no duty to consider whether the Plan of Campaign is moral or not.

They will only have to make up their minds whether certain facts are proved, and if they hold that they are not, then they do not need to go further, but must acquit the accused. But if they hold that certain facts are proved, then if the judge tells them that if these facts are proved the crime charged has been committed, they have no alternative but to convict. But the question whether certain facts constitute a crime depends upon the law, which the judge is responsible to lay down, and which the jury are responsible to accept. Therefore it is plain that no prejudice can arise from an expression of approval or disapproval of the Plan of Campaign. It can in no way affect the trial of the traversers. But, further, no opinion is asked from the leaders of public opinion on the criminality of the Plan of Campaign. Questions of criminality punishable by the law are one thing, questions of public morality are another thing. And here it is that the rail-riding of right honourable gentlemen of the Separatist party makes them such a spectacle to honest men. They dare not for their political lives stand forth and straightforwardly denounce the Plan of Campaign. For they, having sold their political heritage for the strength that the Parnellite Jacob may bring them, dare not utter a word that might delay their having the mess of pottage served out. A word of repudiation of what Parnellism is promoting, and good-bye to the savoury mess of office, which they receive from no other hand than Mr Parnell's. But it is equally certain that, on the other hand, they are in as great a difficulty in the case of their own followers. Except a few extremists, who are prepared to out-Parnell Parnell, the great mass of the Gladstonian

Liberals cannot yet be trusted to accept the Plan of Campaign as moral and worthy of their support. Even extreme Radicals, who must please their Parnellite friends, in order to buy support for their own wild schemes, cannot in distinct and frank terms adopt the Plan of Campaign. So practised and determined a Radical as Mr Illingworth gives it support as a permissible "extra" legal mode of procedure, whatever that may mean. The son of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, himself a lawyer, while not prepared to declare it legal, gives it his "moral" support. In what sense the word moral is used by the learned gentleman it is very difficult to guess. But such declarations from typical Radicals are a very strong indication of the shifts to which they are driven to justify to their own consciences their complete surrender to the National League. But other Radicals as extreme cannot sear their consciences sufficiently to enable them to adopt the hollow pretences of the member for Bradford and the member for Sheffield. So persistent a Radical and so consistent a Home-Ruler as Mr Storey, the member for Sunderland, feels compelled to lift up his voice against so flagrant a breach of the first principles of morality, as that one man, able to pay his debts, should be encouraged to refuse to do so, in order to concuss his creditor in his action in reference to another debtor, who says he is not able to meet the claims against him. And it is certain that Mr Storey, in so expressing himself, was but giving voice to the thought of many a Radical, who is tongue-tied by fear of Irish constituents and socialistic Radicals. In truth, every argument brought forward to show directly that the Plan of Campaign is justifiable, is either too flimsy to

be grasped and torn, or too coarsely immoral to require to be torn at all. But it was left to Sir William Harcourt, when acting as leader of the Opposition in the absence of Mr Gladstone, to show that there are always depths deeper still, and even fouler, into which a great party can plunge when once it has condescended to abandon its own principles, and accept the companionship of those whose principles it has denounced. As

"He who stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him
up,"

so does Sir William Harcourt, the denouncer of Mr Parnell, the inventor of the great juice simile, the indignant patriot who swelled with wrath at the idea of any respectable politicians associating themselves with men "steeped to the lips in treason," now shamelessly exhibit himself, clinging to the foul support that fifteen months ago was held up by him to the loathing contempt of honest men, and of which he said that those who contaminated themselves by contact with it would so stink in the nostrils of the nation that they would be flung aside with disgust. Not only has Sir William Harcourt and the members of his party succeeded within eight or nine months in verifying his own prophecies in their own persons—not only have they wallowed in Parnellite juice and been flung aside by the country in disgust,—but they have found a deeper depth and a filthier pool even yet. No more disgraceful night for British statesmanship, no more lamentable episode of parliamentary degradation, have ever soiled the annals of British history than the closing of the debate on Mr Parnell's amendment by the speech of the Parnellite leader, Sir William Harcourt. Unrelieved by one noble sentiment, undisguised by

the flimsiest cloak of constitutional principle, it was from beginning to end a trifling with a serious crisis, a paltering with crime, a covert incitement to the lawless to persist in their evil deeds, and a naked and unblushing intimation that by persistence in their criminal action they would gain their criminal ends, and that statesmanship, as represented in the front Opposition bench, would give no aid to the Government of the day, by word or act, in their endeavours to stop the tide of lawlessness and crime. With a courage that was dishonourable exactly in proportion to its greatness, one who has held high office in the State and is a Privy Councillor of the Queen, standing in the place of a leader, played fast and loose with a subject on which every patriotic man is bound to speak, if he speaks at all, in clear and unmistakable language. Who could have believed it to be possible that the Plan of Campaign should be gravely compared to the resistance of Hampden to the impost of ship-money, or the tea-riot of Boston? It may safely be said that if the question was put to any number of intelligent men whether they really believed that Sir William Harcourt had worked out this part of his speech in his study as a grave and serious proposition to be delivered as a statesman's contribution to a great debate, 99 out of every 100 would declare that they believed nothing of the kind. It is incredible, even in the case of one who has fallen so low as he has done as a politician, that such a line of argument should have been gravely resolved upon. Justice even to the fallen! But assuming that it was not so resolved upon, and that it must be accepted as the true solution of the enigma that the argument was

adopted as a horse to ride off upon from a difficult situation, the position is scarcely improved for the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. Because, if that view be taken, three things are certain. It is certain that he expected it to be accepted as serious by the ignorant, and paraded as serious by the evil-disposed. It is certain that he was trifling with a very critical state of things, refusing to grapple with it as an honest statesman, who in the time of a country's need is serious or silent. It is certain that he had thought out every conceivable way in which he might please the votaries of the Plan of Campaign by serious words, and had been compelled to confess to his own mind that he could formulate none which might be addressed to reasoning men without being received with well-deserved scorn. And these three things being certain, it becomes abundantly clear that, regardless of the evil his words might produce when taken up by unprincipled men, and preached again as serious to the ignorant enflamed by passion—regardless of the danger to the State of speaking lightly of a deadly evil—regardless of the fact that he dare not approve,—he yet set himself deliberately to make it appear that his disapproval was technical, and that, although he deprecated the Plan of Campaign as a method, he sympathised with it, because of results to be expected from it. For what was the meaning of the allusion to the ship-money and to the tea-riot, if it was not to produce the impression that the Plan of Campaign was only to be technically condemned, but that, if followed up with vigour, it might be a useful political lever for Parnellite purposes? Said the right honourable gentleman — “Will Liberal

lawyers, like my right honourable friend the member for Bury, go down to Manchester, and denounce John Hampden for not paying ship-money?"

What does this mean as applied to the subject in hand? It means that when Sir William Harcourt condemns the Plan of Campaign in words, he desires all men to know that there is one Liberal lawyer who, when he says,—“I think that it is an unlawful act which ought to be condemned—a most irregular and improper act,” has one eye upon the Unionists and another upon the Parnellites. But Sir William Harcourt never did state what he actually thought about the Plan of Campaign. He only fenced with it. He dared not openly advocate robbery, and he dared not offend the Parnellites by condemning it. The worst period of the days of Fox produced nothing to equal this. To such a depth has one section of the once great House of Commons fallen, that it has leaders who can so lead, because they know what manner of men their followers are; and followers who can follow such leading with their cheers, because they believe that such unblushing political chicanery is good enough for the ignorance of those whom they call their intelligent constituents. It is one of the worst features of our time, that the very men who most loudly proclaim their belief in the intelligence of the people, and flatter them on platforms with fulsome words of adulation, are the same men who, by their *ad captandum* arguments, used to that same people, show that they have the most absolute faith in their gullibility, and do not consider it worth their while in any way to limit the extravagance of their utterances.

The only consolation to be found

in a state of things so discreditable to British politics, and personally disgraceful to British statesmen, is that the signs are multiplying that even the most subservient Gladstonians, who have for their great leader's sake allowed themselves to be dragged through the mire, are showing signs of a revulsion of feeling. The session opened with a considerable development of buoyant hopefulness on the part of the Parnellite-Gladstone party. The signs in the political heavens seemed to them to tell that the stars in their courses were propitious. The embarrassment caused by the ill-considered resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, the lamented loss of Lord Iddesleigh, and the defeat of Mr Goschen at Liverpool, following one another in rapid succession, set the Parnellite-Radical pulse to a higher and more vigorous beat. The Round Table Conference, at first greeted with a smile, was proclaimed to have already brought about the chief elements of a *modus vivendi*; and it was confidently believed that the Queen's Government was swaying, if not tottering, to its fall. The debate on the Address was opened on the part of the Nationalist party, both above and below the gangway, with some brightness expressive of hope. The somewhat flippant, and not over well-bred sneers of the retiring Chancellor of the Exchequer, levelled against the Liberal Unionists, were hailed with acclamation by the *bonnet rouge* patriots, who are led nominally by Mr Gladstone, but really by the firm of Parnell & Labouchere. They believed that already the wedge of faction was well driven into the Conservative party itself; and that the Unionists, who clung to it at first as the only possible means of main-

taining the unity of the empire, were already beginning to face the other way, as Whiggery has so often done in the past. The news from Ireland, though painful to every right-thinking man, had its bright side for party. It looked as if the declaration of the impossibility of British Government was to receive signal confirmation, and as if the immorality of the Plan might be condoned by the good party results that might be expected from it. Accordingly, the tone of Gladstonian Parnellism was on the opening nights one of exuberant hopefulness, and that of Parnellite Gladstonianism of reinvigorated truculence. In these days of rapidly shifting wind in public opinion, hope rose high of another short Parliament, and another election at an early date, when the new and fickle electorate might once more be cajoled into handing over the reins of power to Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell; and the Liberal Unionists be received back, stripped of their independence, and bound in bonds sure and fast, to swell the Dictator of Mid-Lothian's procession in a fresh and glorious triumph.

What is the state of matters now? Where is the wavering Liberal-Unionist to be seen? In what is the Conservative Government showing signs that it is losing the confidence of the Parliament or of the country? In spite of the strong support of Mr Gladstone's personal recommendation, in the face of the loss of prestige attaching to a double defeat at Edinburgh and Liverpool, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer has been returned to Parliament by the largest majority polled for any member who sits in the present Parliament. In the House itself, division after division has been taken against the Government, backed up by the front Opposi-

tion bench, and commended to those behind it by its most prominent leaders—that is to say, by those who are there. Mr Gladstone, who is always on the spot when the omens of successful advance are seen by his augur eye, is cutting down wood and writing articles at Hawarden. So the lead is left to Sir William Harcourt and Mr Morley. They are vigorous, they are talkative, and they undoubtedly lead. They suggest what the Government should do, and they instruct their own followers in the way in which they should walk. But the Government declines their advice, and the back benches on the left of the Speaker's chair are dull of hearing to the front bench Parnellite crying, "This is the way; walk ye in it." The Liberal-Unionists are found at their post, supporting the Queen's Government on every question, in spite of the taunts and jeers of the would-be dismemberers of the empire, knowing as they do that every question raised is but a stalking-horse to cover the advance of the one great enemy of the State, Mr Gladstone, with his Nationalist blunderbuss. Radicals—strong uncompromising Radicals, but who still have some regard for the decencies of public life, and some respect for the honour of Parliament—are being driven to quit the House, or even to walk into the Government lobby, rather than see Parliamentary institutions made a spectacle of shame, and be themselves dragged in the mire at the tail of an unprincipled faction, in which the names of Labouchere and Tanner, of Conybeare and Cunninghame Grahame rank high. And while the countenances of the "mountain" of the new House of Parliament are dull and depressed, and their language and action indicative of

the sourness of disappointment, the ranks of the Unionists of both parties are cheerful and good-humoured, in the face of persistent and continual provocation, for there is consciousness that the nation and the House as its mouthpiece are going to speak out with no uncertain voice.

Even as these words were being written, they have been confirmed to the very letter, beyond what could possibly have been conceived. The last night of the debate on the Address has presented a scene to the country which will cause much feeling of shame among all honest people not blinded by political fanaticism; but the shame will be counterbalanced by a great sense of satisfaction. What has just happened may be summed up in one sentence. Unprincipled faction has once more hazarded a wrestle with British feeling, and has been crushingly and ignominiously defeated. The Irish section of that party, which has for its practical programme the repeal of the Union, and for its tactical programme the destruction of the efficiency of Parliament, has become so disgusted at the failure of its hopes during the early nights of the session that it has thrown off the mask and assumed the offensive, in every sense of that word. Having abandoned hope of strengthening its ranks by a simulated moderation, it has once more run up the political death's-head and cross-bones of the Parliamentary pirate. The irritation caused by the discovery that the Government, which they had fancied was reeling under the staggering blows of the few weeks preceding the commencement of the session, and was discredited as they thought beyond recovery, has been able to command overwhelming majorities whenever a division was challenged, reached a climax on the

17th of February. Being compelled to abandon hope, they resolved to adopt the satanic alternative of "resolution from despair," and plunged madly into the old slough of deliberate and organised obstruction. If they reckoned upon being able to convince the House and the country that the Radical Parnellites were so fast in their leading-strings that they could exhibit a British as well as an Irish party of obstruction, they were wofully disappointed, and ere the night was over, hopelessly crestfallen. The proceedings of the 17th February will be memorable in history as a turning-point in a great political crisis. It was a question in the minds of many whether the fanaticism of Gladstone-worship had gone so far as to make it possible that his followers would carry their surrender to Parnellism to the extreme of supporting them in blocking Parliamentary Government? Was there reason to believe that they would support Mr Labouchere in his characteristically cynical announcement that the very best use the session could be turned to was "to occupy the time of her Majesty's Government as long as possible by making speeches"? Many shook their heads and prophesied that so it would be. The Irish faction believed it, and acted accordingly. The Conservatives owe them a hearty vote of thanks. Every man in the country who has a spark of real patriotism will rejoice that they put the matter to the test. The greatest political enemies of the Radical party will do them honour that they boldly shook the filth—dust would be too respectable for a simile—from their feet, and turned away. Not all of the party, of course. The mud was not too deep for two or three English and one or two Scotch members to wade through. Edin-

burgh will doubtless be proud that she rejected Mr Goschen in order to be represented by the first member, for a constituency on this side of the Irish Channel, who has so lent himself to Irish obstruction as to be ordered by the Speaker to resume his seat for persistent irrelevancy, and who was one of a faithful band of four or five which did all in its power to lower the dignity and sully the fame of the House of Commons. But he and his handful of confederates serve only to emphasise the revolt of the Liberal party from a degrading bondage. And, fortunately, the scandalous tactics pursued brought with them their own most telling exposure. Thousands throughout the country have no time to read long debates; and often if they do, their slight acquaintance with public affairs and the character of public men, leads them to believe that those who are attacked with persistency and virulence must be worthy of censure, and those who attack with words of righteousness on their tongues must be just and the true friends of the people. But the division-lists of 17th February will tell their own tale. They are like a series of observations, reduced to a simple diagram, which all, however uncultivated, can understand by ordinary intelligence. The evening began with an effort to save Mr Dillwyn's motion for Disestablishment in Wales from losing its place by the bringing forward of the Rules of Procedure. The figures were—

For the Government, . . .	261
Against,	158
	—
Majority,	103

This was followed up by a motion about Ireland by Mr Parnell, a subject already discussed for a whole week. The figures were—

For the Government, . . .	242
Against,	107
	—
Majority,	135

—being a desertion of 51 Liberals from those of the previous division. Next came an attempt by Mr Dillon to make a speech about his own trial, *at the time actually in progress*; and when this was most properly prevented, a motion to adjourn the debate came from the Irish benches. The numbers were:

For the Government, . . .	261
Against,	119
	—
Majority,	142

Then came a bogus amendment concocted on the spot by another Irish member, about distress among the working classes; and the Speaker, after a discussion, put it to the House that "the question be now put." The numbers were—

For the Government, . . .	291
Against,	81
	—
Majority,	210

—the Opposition having thus dwindled by no less than 77 out of 158. Then came a refusal, in face of this, to allow the substantive motion to pass. The numbers were—

For the Government, . . .	283
Against,	84
	—
Majority,	199

Then the Speaker took the sense of the House that a motion for an address be now put. The numbers were—

For the Government, . . .	289
Against,	74
	—
Majority,	215

Then the Parnellites again refused to accept the majority, and forced

a division on the main question.
The numbers were—

For the Government, .	283
Against,	70
	—
Majority,	213

Thus a Liberal minority had dwindled from 158 to 70, being 16 less than the Irish Parnellite vote. Radicalism was unable for very shame to acknowledge any longer such allies.

The gain of all this to the cause of the Constitution and the country is incalculable. If the enemies of the Union had allowed the Government to arrange all the cards before dealing them, they could not have more effectually thrown the game into their hands. Throughout the country these figures will tell their own tale. The first great battle of the session has been fought, and the tactics of the Opposition have been characterised by bluster, by bullying, and by blundering. They have suffered crushing defeat, and defeat upon defeat; but, what is more important, they have driven their own allies to desertion by their dishonest and shameless departure from the rules of honourable contest. Three weeks and more of

the session have been, in one sense, wasted. But in another they have been crowned by consequences most precious and most enheartening to all lovers of their country. They have brought shame, but they have brought success. The hopeless disintegration of the Separatist party is manifest. The firmness and loyalty of the Liberal Unionists to the cause for which both the parties which value the old traditions of politics are banded together, has been tested and confirmed. The conspirators against the efficiency of Parliament and the Union of the empire have been baffled and put to rout, and their most respectable friends have been driven to desert them. They have taken pains to justify the proposals of the Government for control of Procedure. And last, and not least, they have been, contrary to their intention, the means for bringing out with unmistakable clearness the strength of the Government position, and have confirmed those who give it an independent support in the conviction that thereby, at the present juncture, they can best uphold what is a precious heritage to Whig and Radical, to Conservative and Tory alike.

NOTE TO ARTICLE ON "FACTS AND FICTIONS IN IRISH HISTORY," BY LORD BRABOURNE, 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,' OCTOBER 1886, AND TO ARTICLE "MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD BRABOURNE ON IRISH HISTORY," BY LORD BRABOURNE, NOVEMBER 1886.

IRISH LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC UNION.

LONDON OFFICES, PALACE CHAMBERS,
9 BRIDGE STREET, WESTMINSTER,
Feb. 8, 1887.

COPY OF RESOLUTION

Proposed by His Grace the DUKE OF ABERCORN, seconded by Colonel WARING, M.P., and resolved—

"That the very best thanks of this Union are due, and are hereby respectfully tendered, to Lord Brabourne for his admirable, invaluable articles in 'Blackwood's Magazine' exposing the fallacy of Mr Gladstone's view of Irish History.

(Signed) "ABERCORN, *Chairman.*"

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCLVIII.

APRIL 1887.

VOL. CXLI.

SARRACINESCA.—CONCLUSION.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

THE old Prince was left alone, as he had often been left before, when Giovanni was gone to the ends of the earth in pursuit of his amusements. On such occasions old Sarracinesca frequently packed up his traps and followed his son's example; but he rarely went further than Paris, where he had many friends, and where he generally succeeded in finding consolation for his solitude.

Now, however, he felt more than usually lonely. Giovanni had not gone far, it is true, for it was scarcely more than eight hours to the castle with good horses; but for the first time in his life, old Sarracinesca felt that if he had suddenly determined to follow his son, he would not be welcome. The boy was married at last, and must be left in peace for a few days with his bride. With the contrariety natural to him, old Sarracinesca no sooner felt that

his son was gone than he experienced the most ardent desire to be with him. He had often seen Giovanni leave the house at twenty-four hours' notice on his way to some distant capital, and had not cared to accompany him, simply because he knew he might do so if he pleased; but now he felt that some one else had taken his place, and that, for a time at least, he was forcibly excluded from Giovanni's society. It is very likely that but for the business which detained him in Rome he would have astonished the happy pair by riding into the gateway of the old castle on the day after the wedding; that business, however, was urgent, secret, and, moreover, very congenial to the old man's present temper.

He had discussed the matter fully with Giovanni, and they had agreed upon the course to be pursued. There was, nevertheless, much to

be done before the end they both so earnestly desired could be attained. It seemed a simple plan to go to Cardinal Antonelli and to demand the arrest of Del Ferice for his misdeeds; but as yet those misdeeds were undefined, and it was necessary to define them. The Cardinal rarely resorted to such measures except when the case was urgent, and Sarracinesca knew perfectly well that against Del Ferice it would be hard to prove anything more serious than the crime of joining in the silly talk of Valdarno and his set. Giovanni had told his father plainly that he was sure Del Ferice derived his living from some illicit source, but he was wholly unable to show what that source was. Most people believed the story that Del Ferice had inherited money from an obscure relative; most people thought he was clever and astute, but were so far deceived by his frank and unaffected manner as to feel sure that he always said everything that came into his head; most people are so much delighted when an unusually clever man deigns to talk to them, that they cannot, for vanity's sake, suspect him of deceiving them. Sarracinesca did not doubt that the mere statement of his own belief in regard to Del Ferice would have considerable weight with the Cardinal, for he was used to power of a certain kind, and was accustomed to see his judgment treated with deference; but he knew the Cardinal to be a cautious man, hating despotic measures, because by his use of them he had made himself so bitterly hated—loath always to do by force what might be accomplished by skill, and in the end far more likely to attempt the conversion of Del Ferice to the reactionary view, than to order his expulsion because his views were

over liberal. Even if old Sarracinesca had possessed a vastly greater diplomatic instinct than he did, coupled with an unscrupulous mendacity which he certainly had not, he would have found it hard to persuade the Cardinal against his will; but Sarracinesca was, of all men, a man violent in action and averse to reflection before or after the fact. That he would be revenged upon Del Ferice and Donna Tullia for the part they had lately played, was a matter which it never entered his head to doubt; but when he endeavoured to find means which should persuade the Cardinal to assist him, he seemed fenced in on all sides by impossibilities. One thing only helped him—namely, the conviction that if the statesman could be induced to examine Del Ferice's conduct seriously, the latter would prove to be not only an enemy to the State, but a bitter enemy to the Cardinal himself.

The more Sarracinesca thought of the matter, the more convinced he was that he should go boldly to the Cardinal and state his belief that Del Ferice was a dangerous traitor, who ought to be summarily dealt with. If the Cardinal argued, the Prince would asseverate, after his manner, and some sort of result was sure to follow. As he thus determined upon his course, his doubts seemed to vanish, as they generally do in the mind of a strong man, when action becomes imminent, and the confidence the old man had exhibited to his son very soon became genuine. It was almost intolerable to have to wait so long, however, before doing anything. Giovanni and he had decided to allow Del Ferice's marriage to take place before producing the explosion, in order the more certainly to strike both the offenders; now it seemed best to strike at once. Supposing, he argued with himself,

that Donna Tullia and her husband chose to leave Rome the day after their wedding for Paris, half the triumph would be lost; for half the triumph was to consist in Del Ferice's being imprisoned for a spy in Rome—whereas if he once crossed the frontier, he could at most be forbidden to return, which would be but a small satisfaction to Sarracinesca, or to Giovanni.

A week passed by, and the gaiety of Carnival was again at its height; and again a week elapsed, and Lent was come. Sarracinesca went everywhere and saw everybody as usual, and then after Ash-Wednesday occasionally showed himself at some of those quiet evening receptions which his son so much detested. But he was restless and discontented. He longed to begin the fight, and could not sleep for thinking of it. Like Giovanni, he was strong and revengeful; but Giovanni had from his mother a certain slowness of temperament, which often deterred him from action just long enough to give him time for reflection, whereas the father when once roused, and he was roused easily, loved to strike at once. It chanced one evening, in a great house, that Sarracinesca came upon the Cardinal standing alone in an outer room. He was on his way into the reception; but he had stopped, attracted by a beautiful crystal cup of old workmanship, which stood, among other objects of the kind, upon a marble table in one of the drawing-rooms through which he had to pass. The cup itself, of deeply carved rock-crystal, was set in chiselled silver, and if not the work of Cellini himself, must have been made by one of his pupils. Sarracinesca stopped by the great man's side.

"Good evening, Eminence," he said.

"Good evening, Prince," re-

turned the Cardinal, who recognised Sarracinesca's voice without looking up. "Have you ever seen this marvellous piece of work? I have been admiring it for a quarter of an hour." He loved all objects of the kind, and understood them with rare knowledge.

"It is indeed exceedingly beautiful," answered Sarracinesca, who longed to take advantage of the opportunity of speaking to Cardinal Antonelli upon the subject nearest to his heart.

"Yes—yes," returned the Cardinal rather vaguely, and made as though he would go on. He saw from Sarracinesca's commonplace praise, that he knew nothing of the subject. The old Prince saw his opportunity slipping from him, and lost his head. He did not recollect that he could see the Cardinal alone whenever he pleased, by merely asking for an interview. Fate had thrust the Cardinal in his path, and fate was responsible.

"If your Eminence will allow me, I would like a word with you," he said suddenly.

"As many as you please," answered the statesman, blandly. "Let us sit down in that corner—no one will disturb us for a while."

He seemed unusually affable, as he sat himself down by Sarracinesca's side, gathering the folds of his scarlet mantle across his knee, and folding his delicate hands together in an attitude of restful attention.

"You know, I daresay, a certain Del Ferice, Eminence?" began the Prince.

"Very well—the *deus ex machina* who has appeared to carry off Donna Tullia Mayer. Yes, I know him."

"Precisely, and they will match very well together; the world cannot help applauding the union of the flesh and the devil."

The Cardinal smiled.

"The metaphor is apt," he said ;
"but what about them?"

"I will tell you in two words," replied Sarracinesca. "Del Ferice is a scoundrel of the first water——"

"A jewel among scoundrels," interrupted the Cardinal ; "for being a scoundrel he is yet harmless—a stage villain."

"I believe your Eminence is deceived in him."

"That may easily be," answered the statesman. "I am much more often deceived than people imagine." He spoke very mildly, but his small black eyes turned keenly upon Sarracinesca. "What has he been doing?" he asked, after a short pause.

"He has been trying to do a great deal of harm to my son and to my son's wife. I suspect him strongly of doing harm to you."

Whether Sarracinesca was strictly honest in saying "you" to the Cardinal, when he meant the whole State as represented by the prime minister, is a matter not easily decided. There is a Latin saying, to the effect that a man who is feared by many should himself fear many, and the saying is true. The Cardinal was personally a brave man ; but he knew his danger, and the memory of the murdered Rossi was fresh in his mind. Nevertheless, he smiled blandly as he answered—

"That is rather vague, my friend. How is he doing me harm, if I may ask?"

"I argue in this way," returned Sarracinesca, thus pressed. "The man found a most ingenious way of attacking my son—he searched the whole country till he found that a man called Giovanni Sarracinesca had been married some time ago in Aquila. He copied the certificates, and produced them

as pretended proof that my son was already married. If I had not found the man myself, there would have been trouble. Now besides this, Del Ferice is known to hold Liberal views——"

"Of the feeblest kind," interrupted the statesman, who nevertheless became very grave.

"Those he exhibits are of the feeblest kind, and he takes no trouble to hide them. But a fellow so ingenious as to imagine the scheme he practised against us is not a fool."

"I understand, my good friend," said the Cardinal. "You have been injured by this fellow, and you would like me to revenge the injury by locking him up. Is that it?"

"Precisely," answered Sarracinesca, laughing at his own simplicity. "I might as well have said so from the first."

"Much better. You would make a poor diplomatist, Prince. But what in the world shall I gain by revenging your wrongs upon that creature?"

"Nothing—unless when you have taken the trouble to examine his conduct, you find that he is really dangerous. In that case your Eminence will be obliged to look to your own safety. If you find him innocent, you will let him go."

"And in that case, what will you do?" asked the Cardinal, with a smile.

"I will cut his throat," answered Sarracinesca, unmoved.

"Murder him?"

"No—call him out and kill him like a gentleman, which is a great deal better than he deserves."

"I have no doubt you would," said the Cardinal, gravely. "I think your proposition reasonable, however. If this man is really dangerous, I will look to him myself. But I must really beg you not to do anything rash. I have

determined that this duelling shall stop, and I warn you that neither you nor any one else will escape imprisonment if you are involved in any more of these personal encounters."

Sarracinesca suppressed a smile at the Cardinal's threat; but he perceived that he had gained his point, and was pleased accordingly. He had, he felt sure, sown in the statesman's mind a germ of suspicion which would before long bring forth fruit. In those days danger was plentiful, and people could not afford to overlook it, no matter in what form it presented itself, least of all such people as the Cardinal himself, who, while sustaining an unequal combat against superior forces outside the State, felt that his every step was encompassed by perils from within. That he had long despised Del Ferice as an idle chatterer did not prevent him from understanding that he might have been deceived, as Sarracinesca suggested. He had caused Ugo to be watched, it is true, but only from time to time, and by men whose only duty was to follow him and to see whether he frequented suspicious society. The little nest of talkers at Gouache's studio in the Via San Basilio was soon discovered, and proved to be harmless enough. Del Ferice was then allowed to go on his way unobserved. But the half-dozen words in which Sarracinesca had described Ugo's scheme for hindering Giovanni's marriage had set the Cardinal thinking, and the Cardinal seldom wasted time in thinking in vain. His interview with Sarracinesca ended very soon, and the Prince and the statesman entered the crowded drawing-room and mixed in the throng. It was long before they met again in private.

The Cardinal on the following

day gave orders that Del Ferice's letters were to be stopped—by no means an uncommon proceeding in those times, nor so rare in our own day as is supposed. The post-office was then in the hands of a private individual so far as all management was concerned, and the Cardinal's word was law. Del Ferice's letters were regularly opened and examined.

The first thing that was discovered was that they frequently contained money, generally in the shape of small drafts on London signed by a Florentine banker, and that the envelopes which contained money never contained anything else. They were all posted in Florence. With regard to the letters, they appeared to be very innocent communications from all sorts of people, rarely referring to politics, and then only in the most general terms. If Del Ferice had expected to have his correspondence examined he could not have arranged matters better for his own safety. To trace the drafts to the person who sent them was not an easy business; it was impossible to introduce a spy into the banking-house in Florence; and among the many drafts daily bought and sold, it was almost impossible to identify, without the aid of the banker's books, the person who chanced to buy any particular one. The addresses were, it is true, uniformly written by the same hand; but the writing was in no way peculiar, and was certainly not that of any prominent person whose autograph the Cardinal possessed.

The next step was to get possession of some letter written by Del Ferice himself, and, if possible, to intercept everything he wrote. But although the letters containing the drafts were regularly opened, and after having been ex-

aminated and sealed again, were regularly transmitted through the post-office to Ugo's address, the expert persons set to catch the letters he himself wrote were obliged to own, after three weeks' careful watching, that he never seemed to write any letters at all, and that he certainly never posted any. They acknowledged their failure to the Cardinal with timid anxiety, expecting to be reprimanded for their carelessness. But the Cardinal merely told them not to relax their attention, and dismissed them with a bland smile. He knew, now, that he was on the track of mischief; for a man who never writes any letters at all, while he receives many, might reasonably be suspected of having a secret post-office of his own. For some days Del Ferice's movements were narrowly watched, but with no result whatever. Then the Cardinal sent for the police register of the district where Del Ferice lived, and in which the name, nationality, and residence of every individual in the "Rione" or quarter were carefully inscribed, as they still are.

Running his eye down the list, the Cardinal came upon the name of "Temistocle Fattorusso, of Naples, servant to Ugo dei Conti del Ferice:" an idea struck him.

"His servant is a Neapolitan," he reflected. "He probably sends his letters by way of Naples."

Accordingly Temistocle was watched instead of his master. It was found that he frequented the society of other Neapolitans, and especially that he was in the habit of going from time to time to the Ripa Grande, the port of the Tiber, where he seemed to have numerous acquaintances among the Neapolitan boatmen who constantly came up the coast in their "martingane"—heavy, sea-going, lateen-

rigged vessels—bringing cargoes of oranges and lemons to the Roman market. The mystery was now solved. One day Temistocle was actually seen giving a letter into the hands of a huge fellow in a red woollen cap. The *sbirro* who saw him do it, marked the sailor and his vessel, and never lost sight of him till he hoisted his jib and floated away down-stream. Then the spy took horse and galloped down to Fiumicino, where he waited for the little vessel, boarded her from a boat, escorted by a couple of gendarmes, and had no difficulty in taking the letter from the terrified seaman, who was glad enough to escape without detention. During the next fortnight several letters were stopped in this way, carried by different sailors, and the whole correspondence went straight to the Cardinal. It was not often that he troubled himself to play the detective in person, but when he did so, he was not easily baffled. And now he observed that about a week after the interception of the first letter the small drafts which used to come so frequently to Del Ferice's address from Florence suddenly ceased, proving beyond a doubt that each letter was paid for according to its value so soon as it was received.

With regard to the contents of these epistles little need be said. So sure was Del Ferice of his means of transmission that he did not even use a cipher, though he, of course, never signed any of his writings. The matter was invariably a detailed chronicle of Roman sayings and doings—a record as minute as Del Ferice could make it, of everything that took place; and even the Cardinal himself was astonished at the accuracy of the information thus conveyed. His own appearances in public—the names of those with whom he

talked—even fragments of his conversation—were given with annoying exactness. The statesman learned with infinite disgust that he had for some time past been subjected to a system of espionage at least as complete as any of his own invention; and, what was still more annoying to his vanity, the spy was the man of all others whom he had most despised, calling him harmless and weak, because he cunningly affected weakness. Where or how Del Ferice procured so much information the Cardinal cared little enough, for he determined there and then that he should procure no more. That there were other traitors in the camp was more than likely, and that they had aided Del Ferice with their counsels; but though by prolonging the situation it might be possible to track them down, such delay would be valuable to enemies abroad. Moreover, if Del Ferice began to find out, as he soon must, that his private correspondence was being overhauled at the Vatican, he was not a man to hesitate about attempting his escape; and he would certainly not be an easy man to catch; if he could once succeed in putting a few miles of Campagna between himself and Rome. There was no knowing what disguise he might not find in which to slip past the frontier; and indeed, as he afterwards proved, he was well prepared for such an emergency.

The Cardinal did not hesitate. He had just received the fourth letter, and if he waited any longer Del Ferice would take alarm, and slip through his fingers. He wrote with his own hand a note to the chief of police, ordering the immediate arrest of Ugo dei Conti del Ferice, with instructions that he should be taken in his own house, without any publicity, and con-

veyed in a private carriage to the Sant' Uffizio by men in plain clothes. It was six o'clock in the evening when he wrote the order, and delivered it to his private servant to be taken to its destination. The man lost no time, and within twenty minutes the chief of police was in possession of his orders, which he hastened to execute with all possible speed. Before seven o'clock two respectable-looking citizens were seated in the chief's own carriage, driving rapidly in the direction of Del Ferice's house. In less than half an hour, the man who had caused so much trouble would be safely lodged in the prisons of the Holy Office, to be judged for his sins as a political spy. In a fortnight he was to have been married to Donna Tullia Mayer,—and her trousseau had just arrived from Paris.

It can hardly be said that the Cardinal's conduct was unjustifiable, though many will say that Del Ferice's secret doings were easily defensible on the ground of his patriotism. Cardinal Antonelli had precisely defined the situation in his talk with Anastase Gouache by saying that the temporal power was driven to bay. To all appearances Europe was at peace, but as a matter of fact the peace was but an armed neutrality. An amount of interest was concentrated upon the situation of the Papal States which has rarely been excited by events of much greater apparent importance than the occupation of a small principality by foreign troops. All Europe was arming. In a few months Austria was to sustain one of the most sudden and overwhelming defeats recorded in military history. In a few years the greatest military power in the world was to be overtaken by an even more appalling disaster. And these events, then close at hand,

were to deal the death-blow to papal independence. The Papacy was driven to bay, and those to whom the last defence was confided were certainly justified in employing every means in their power for strengthening their position. That Rome herself was riddled with rotten conspiracies, and turned into a hunting-ground for political spies, while the support she received from Louis Napoleon grew daily more precarious, proves only how hard was the task of that man, who, against such odds, maintained so gallant a fight. It is no wonder that he hunted down spies, and signed orders forcing suspicious characters to leave the city at a day's notice ; for the city was practically in a state of siege, and any relaxation of the iron discipline by which the great Cardinal governed would at any moment in those twenty years have proved disastrous. He was hated and feared ; more than once he was in imminent danger of his life, but he did his duty in his post. Had his authority fallen, it is impossi-

ble to say what evil might have ensued to the city and its inhabitants—evils vastly more to be feared than the entrance of an orderly Italian army through the Porta Pia. For the recollections of Count Rossi's murder, and of the short and lawless Republic of 1848, were fresh in the minds of the people ; and before they had faded there were dangerous rumours of a rising even less truly republican in theory, and far more fatal in the practical social anarchy which must have resulted from its success. Guiseppe Mazzini had survived his arch-enemy the great Cavour, and his influence was incalculable.

But my business is not to write the history of those uncertain days, though no one who considers the social life of Rome, either then or now, can afford to overlook the influence of political events upon the everyday doings of men and women. We must follow the private carriage containing the two respectable citizens on its way to Del Ferice's house.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Now it chanced that Del Ferice was not at home at the hour when the carriage containing the detectives drew up at his door. Indeed he was rarely to be found at that time, for when he was not engaged elsewhere, he dined with Donna Tullia and her old Countess, accompanying them afterwards to any of the quiet Lenten receptions to which they desired to go. Temistocle was also out, for it was his hour for supper, a meal which he generally ate in a small *osteria* opposite his master's lodging. There he sat now, finishing his dish of beans and oil, and debating whether he should indulge himself in another *mezza*

foglietta of his favourite white wine. He was installed upon the wooden bench against the wall, behind the narrow table on which was spread a dirty napkin with the remains of his unctuous meal. The light from the solitary oil-lamp that hung from the black ceiling was not brilliant, and he could see well enough through the panes of the glass door, that the carriage which had just stopped on the opposite side of the street was not a cab. Suspecting that some one had called at that unusual hour in search of his master, he rose from his seat and went out.

He stood looking at the carriage.

It did not please him. It had that peculiar look which used to mark the equipages of the Vatican, and which to this day distinguishes them from all others in the eyes of a born Roman. The vehicle was of rather antiquated shape, the horses were black, the coachman wore a plain black coat, with a somewhat old-fashioned hat; withal, the turnout was respectable enough, and well kept. But it did not please Temistocle. Drawing his hat over his eyes, he passed behind it, and having ascertained that the occupants, if there had been any, had already entered the house, he himself went in. The narrow staircase was dimly lighted by small oil-lamps. Temistocle ascended the steps on tiptoe, for he could already hear the men ringing the bell, and talking together in a low voice. The Neapolitan crept nearer. Again and again the bell was rung, and the men began to grow impatient. "He has escaped," said one angrily.

"Perhaps; or he has gone out to dinner—much more likely."

"We had better go away and come later," suggested the first.

"He is sure to come home. We had better wait. The orders are to take him in his lodgings."

"We might go into the *osteria* opposite and drink a *foglietta*."

"No," said the other, who seemed to be the one in authority; "we must wait here, if we wait till midnight. Those are the orders."

The second detective grumbled something not clearly audible, and silence ensued. But Temistocle had heard quite enough. He was a quick-witted fellow, as has been seen—much more anxious for his own interests than for his master's, though he had hitherto found it easy to consult both.

Indeed, in a certain way he was faithful to Del Ferice, and admired him as a soldier admires his general. The resolution he now formed did honour to his loyalty to Ugo and to his thievish instincts. He determined to save his master if he could, and to rob him at his leisure afterwards. If Del Ferice failed to escape, he would probably reward Temistocle for having done his best to help him; if, on the other hand, he got away, Temistocle had the key of his lodgings, and would help himself. But there was one difficulty in the way. Del Ferice was in evening dress at the house of Donna Tullia. In such a costume he would have no chance of passing the gates, which in those days were closed and guarded all night. Del Ferice was a cautious man, and like many another in those days, kept in his rooms a couple of disguises which might serve if he was hard pressed. His ready money he always carried with him, because he frequently went into the club before coming home, and played a game of *écarté*, in which he was usually lucky. The question was how to enter the lodgings, to get possession of the necessary clothes, and to go out again, without exciting the suspicions of the detectives.

Temistocle's mind was soon made up. He crept softly down the stairs, so as not to appear to have been too near, and then, making as much noise as he could, ascended boldly, drawing the key of the lodging from his pocket as he reached the landing where the two men stood under the little oil-lamp.

"Buona sera, signori," he said, politely, thrusting the key into the lock without hesitation. "Did you wish to see the Conte del Ferice?"

"Yes," answered the elder man,

affecting an urbane manner. "Is the Count at home?"

"I do not think so," returned the Neapolitan. "But I will see. Come in, gentlemen. He will not be long; *sempre verso quest'ora*—he always comes home about this time."

"Thank you," said the detective. "If you will allow us to wait——"

"*Altro!*—what? Should I leave the *padrone's* friends on the stairs? Come in, gentlemen—sit down. It is dark. I will light the lamp." And striking a match, Temistocle lit a couple of candles and placed them upon the table of the small sitting-room. The two men sat down, holding their hats upon their knees.

"If you will excuse me," said Temistocle, "I will go and make the signore's coffee. He dines at the restaurant, and always comes home for his coffee. Perhaps the signori will also take a cup? It is the same to make three as one."

But the men thanked Temistocle, and said they wanted none, which was just as well, since Temistocle had no idea of giving them any. He retired, however, to the small kitchen which belongs to every Roman lodging, and made a great clattering with the coffee-pot. Presently he slipped into Del Ferice's bedroom, and extracted from a dark corner a shabby black bag, which he took back with him into the kitchen. From the kitchen-window ran the usual iron wire to the well in the small court, bearing an iron traveller with a rope for drawing water. Temistocle, clattering loudly, hooked the bag to the traveller and let it run down noisily; then he tied the rope and went out. He had carefully closed the door of the sitting-room, but he had been careful to leave the door

which opened upon the stairs unlatched. He crept noiselessly out, and leaving the door still open, rushed down-stairs, turned into the little court, unhooked his bag from the rope, and taking it in his hand, passed quietly out into the street. The coachman was dozing upon the box of the carriage, which still waited before the door, and would not have noticed Temistocle had he been awake. In a moment more the Neapolitan was beyond pursuit. In the Piazza di Spagna he hailed a cab and drove rapidly to Donna Tullia's house, where he paid the man and sent him away. The servants knew him well enough, for scarcely a day passed without his bringing some note or message from his master to Madame Mayer. He sent in to say that he must speak to his master on business. Del Ferice came out hastily in considerable agitation, which was by no means diminished by the sight of the well-known shabby black bag.

Temistocle glanced round the hall to see that they were alone.

"The *forza* — the police," he whispered, "are in the house, Eccellenza. Here is the bag. Save yourself, for the love of heaven!"

Del Ferice turned ghastly pale, and his face twitched nervously.

"But——" he began, and then staggering back leaned against the wall.

"Quick! fly!" urged Temistocle, shaking him roughly by the arm. "It is the Holy Office—you have time. I told them you would be back, and they are waiting quietly—they will wait all night. Here is your overcoat," he added, almost forcing his master into the garment—"and your hat—here! Come along, there is no time to lose. I will take you to a place where you can dress."

Del Ferice submitted almost

blindly. By especial good fortune the footman did not come out into the hall. Donna Tullia and her guests had finished dinner, and the servants had retired to theirs; indeed the footman had complained to Temistocle of being called away from his meal to open the door. The Neapolitan pushed his master out upon the stairs, urging him to use all speed. As the two men hurried along the dark street they conversed in low tones. Del Ferice was trembling in every joint.

"But Donna Tullia," he almost whined. "I cannot leave her so—she must know——"

"Save your own skin from the Holy Office, master," answered Temistocle, dragging him along as fast as he could. "I will go back and tell your lady, never fear. She will leave Rome to-morrow. Of course you will go to Naples. She will follow you. She will be there before you."

Del Ferice mumbled an unintelligible answer. His teeth were chattering with cold and fear; but as he began to realise his extreme peril, terror lent wings to his heels, and he almost outstripped the nimble Temistocle in the race for safety. They reached at last the ruined part of the city near the Porta Maggiore, and in the shadow of the deep archway where the road branches to the right towards Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, Temistocle halted.

"Here," he said, shortly. Del Ferice said never a word, but began to undress himself in the dark. It was a gloomy and lowering night, the roads were muddy, and from time to time a few drops of cold rain fell silently, portending a coming storm. In a few moments the transformation was complete, and Del Ferice stood by his servant's side in the shabby brown

cowl and rope-girdle of a Capuchin monk.

"Now comes the hard part," said Temistocle, producing a razor and a pair of scissors from the bottom of the bag. Del Ferice had too often contemplated the possibility of flight to have omitted so important a detail.

"You cannot see—you will cut my throat," he murmured plaintively.

But the fellow was equal to the emergency. Retiring deeper into the recess of the arch, he lit a cigar, and holding it between his teeth, puffed violently at it, producing a feeble light by which he could just see his master's face. He was in the habit of shaving him, and had no difficulty in removing the fair moustache from his upper lip. Then, making him hold his head down, and puffing harder than ever, he cropped his thin hair, and managed to make a tolerably respectable tonsure. But the whole operation had consumed half an hour at the least, and Del Ferice was trembling still. Temistocle thrust the clothes into his bag.

"My watch!" objected the unfortunate man, "and my pearl studs—give them to me. What? You villain! you thief! you——"

"No *chiacchiere*, no talk, *padrone*," interrupted Temistocle, snapping the lock of the bag. "If you chance to be searched, it would ill become a mendicant friar to be carrying gold watches and pearl studs. I will give them to Donna Tullia this very evening. You have money—you can say you are taking that to your convent."

"Swear to give the watch to Donna Tullia," said Del Ferice. Whereupon Temistocle swore a terrible oath, which he did not fail to break, of course. But his master had to be satisfied, and

when all was completed the two parted company.

"I will ask Donna Tullia to take me to Naples on her passport," said the Neapolitan.

"Take care of my things, Temistocle. Burn all the papers if you can—though I suppose the *sbirri* have got them by this time. Bring my clothes—if you steal anything, remember there are knives in Rome, and I know where to write to have them used." Whereat Temistocle broke into a torrent of protestations. How could his master think that, after saving him at such risk, his faithful servant would plunder him?

"Well," said Del Ferice, thoughtfully, "you are a great scoundrel, you know. But you have saved me, as you say. There is a *scudo* for you."

Temistocle never refused anything. He took the coin, kissed his master's hand as a final exhibition of servility, and turned back towards the city without another word. Del Ferice shuddered, and drew his heavy cowl over his head as he began to walk quickly towards the Porta Maggiore. Then he took the inside road, skirting the walls through the mud to the Porta San Lorenzo. He was perfectly safe in his disguise. He had dined abundantly, he had money in his pocket, and he had escaped the clutches of the Holy Office. A barefooted friar might walk for days unchallenged through the Roman Campagna and the neighbouring hills, and it was not far to the south-eastern frontier. He did not know the way beyond Tivoli, but he could inquire without exciting the least suspicion. There are few disguises more complete than the garb of a Capuchin monk, and Del Ferice had long contemplated playing the part, for

it was one which eminently suited him. His face, much thinner now than formerly, was yet naturally round, and without his moustache would certainly pass for a harmless clerical visage. He had received an excellent education, and knew vastly more Latin than the majority of mendicant monks. As a good Roman he was well acquainted with every convent in the city, and knew the names of all the chief dignitaries of the Capuchin order. When a lad he had frequently served at Mass, and was acquainted with most of the ordinary details of monastic life. The worst that could happen to him might be to be called upon in the course of his travels to hear the dying confession of some poor wretch who had been stabbed after a game of *mora*. His case was altogether not so bad as might seem, considering the far greater evils he had escaped.

At the Porta San Lorenzo the gates were closed as usual, but the dozing watchman let Del Ferice out of the small door without remark. Any one might leave the city, though it required a pass to gain admittance during the night. The heavily ironed oak clanged behind the fugitive, and he breathed more freely as he stepped upon the road to Tivoli. In an hour he had crossed the Ponte Mammolo, shuddering as he looked down through the deep gloom at the white foam of the Teverone, swollen with the winter rains. But the fear of the Holy Office was behind him, and he hurried on his lonely way, walking painfully in the sandals he had been obliged to put on to complete his disguise, sinking occasionally ankle-deep in mud, and then trudging over a long stretch of broken stones where the road had been mended :

but not noticing nor caring for pain and fatigue, while he felt that every minute took him nearer to the frontier hills where he would be safe from pursuit. And so he toiled on, on, till he smelled the fetid air of the sulphur-springs full fourteen miles from Rome; and at last, as the road began to rise towards Hadrian's Villa, he sat down upon a stone by the wayside to rest a little. He had walked five hours through the darkness, seeing but a few yards of the broad road before him as he went. He was weary and footsore, and the night was growing wilder with gathering wind and rain as the storm swept down the mountains and through the deep gorge of Tivoli on its way to the desolate black Campagna. He felt that if he did not die of exposure he was safe, and to a man in his condition bad weather is the least of evils.

His reflections were not sweet. Five hours earlier he had been dressed as a fine gentleman should be, seated at a luxurious table in the company of a handsome and amusing woman who was to be his wife. He could still almost taste the delicate *chaud froid*, the tender woodcock, the dry champagne; he could still almost hear Donna Tullia's last noisy sally ringing in his ears—and behold, he was now sitting by the roadside in the rain, in the wretched garb of a begging monk, five hours' journey from Rome. He had left his affianced bride without a word of warning, had abandoned all his possessions to Temistocle—that scoundrelly thief Temistocle!—and he was utterly alone.

But as he rested himself, drawing his monk's hood closely over his head and trying to warm his freezing feet with the skirts of his rough brown frock, he reflected

that if he ever got safely across the frontier he would be treated as a patriot, as a man who had suffered for the cause, and certainly as a man who deserved to be rewarded. He reflected that Donna Tullia was a woman who had a theatrical taste for romance, and that his present position was in theory highly romantic, however uncomfortable it might be in the practice. When he was safe his story would be told in the newspapers, and he would himself take care that it was made interesting. Donna Tullia would read it, would be fascinated by the tale of his sufferings, and would follow him. His marriage with her would then add immense importance to his own position. He would play his cards well, and with her wealth at his disposal he might aspire to any distinction he coveted. He only wished the situation could have been prolonged for three weeks, till he was actually married. Meanwhile he must take courage and push on, beyond the reach of pursuit. If once he could gain Subiaco, he could be over the frontier in twelve hours. From Tivoli there were *vetture* up the valley, cheap conveyances for the country people, in which a barefooted friar could travel unnoticed. He knew that he must cross the boundary by Trevi and the Serra di Sant' Antonio. He would inquire the way from Subiaco.

While Del Ferice was thus making his way across the Campagna, Temistocle was taking measures for his own advantage and safety. He had the bag with his master's clothes, the valuable watch and chain, and the pearl studs. He had also the key to Del Ferice's lodgings, of which he promised himself to make some use, as soon as he should be sure

that the detectives had left the house. In the first place, he made up his mind to leave Donna Tullia in ignorance of his master's sudden departure. There was nothing to be gained by telling her the news, for she would probably in her rash way go to Del Ferice's house herself, as she had done once before, and on finding he was actually gone she would take charge of his effects, whereby Temistocle would be the loser. As he walked briskly away from the ruinous district near the Porta Maggiore, and began to see the lights of the city gleaming before him, his courage rose in his breast. He remembered how easily he had eluded the detectives an hour and a half before, and he determined to cheat them again.

But he had reckoned unwisely. Before he had been gone ten minutes, the two men suspected, from the prolonged silence, that something was wrong; and after searching the lodging, perceived that the polite servant who had offered them coffee had left the house without taking leave. One of the two immediately drove to the house of his chief and asked for instructions. The order to arrest the servant if he appeared again came back at once. The consequence was that when Temistocle boldly opened the door with a ready-framed excuse for his absence, he was suddenly pinioned by four strong arms, dragged into the sitting-room, and told to hold his tongue in the name of the law. And that is the last that was heard of Temistocle for some time. But when the day dawned the men knew that Del Ferice had escaped them.

The affair had not been well managed. The Cardinal was a good detective, but a bad police-

man. In his haste he had made the mistake of ordering Del Ferice to be arrested instantly and in his lodgings. Had the statesman simply told the chief of police to secure Ugo as soon as possible without any scandal, he could not have escaped. But the officer interpreted the Cardinal's note to mean that Del Ferice was actually at his lodgings when the order was given. The Cardinal was supposed to be omniscient by his subordinates, and no one ever thought of giving any interpretation not perfectly literal to his commands. Of course the Cardinal was at once informed, and telegrams and mounted detectives were despatched in all directions. But Del Ferice's disguise was good; and when just after sunrise a gendarme galloped into Tivoli, he did not suspect that the travel-stained and pale-faced friar who stood telling his beads before the shrine just outside the Roman gate, was the political delinquent whom he was sent to overtake.

Donna Tullia spent an anxious night. She sent down to Del Ferice's lodgings, as Temistocle had anticipated, and the servant brought back word that he had not seen the Neapolitan, and that the house was held in possession by strangers, who refused him admittance. Madame Mayer understood well enough what had happened, and began to tremble for herself. Indeed she began to think of packing together her own valuables, in case she should be ordered to leave Rome; for she did not doubt that the Holy Office was in pursuit of Del Ferice, in consequence of some discovery relating to her little club of malcontents. She trembled for Ugo with an anxiety more genuine than any feeling of hers had been

for many a day, not knowing whether he had escaped or not. But on the following evening she was partially reassured by hearing from Valdarno that the police had offered a large reward for Del Ferice's apprehension. Valdarno declared his intention of leaving Rome at once. His life, he said, was not safe for a moment. That villain Gouache, who had turned Zouave, had betrayed them all, and they might be lodged in the Sant' Uffizio any day. As a matter of fact, after he discovered how egregiously he had been deceived by Del Ferice, the Cardinal grew more suspicious, and his emissaries were more busy than they had been before. But Valdarno had never manifested enough wisdom, nor enough folly, to make him a cause of anxiety to the Prime Minister. Nevertheless he actually left Rome and spent a long time in Paris before he was induced to believe that he might safely return to his home.

Roman society was shaken to its foundations by the news of the attempted arrest, and Donna Tullia found some slight compensation in becoming for a time the centre of interest. She felt, indeed, great anxiety for the man she was engaged to marry; but for the first time in her life she felt also that she was living in an element of real romance, of which she had long dreamed, but of which she had never found the smallest realisation. Society saw, and speculated, and gossiped, after its fashion; but its gossip was more subdued than of yore, for men began to ask who was safe, since the harmless Del Ferice had

been proscribed. Old Sarracinesca said little. He would have gone to see the Cardinal and to offer him his congratulations, since it would not be decent to offer his thanks; but the Cardinal was not in a position to be congratulated. If he had caught Del Ferice he would have thanked the Prince instead of waiting for any expressions of gratitude; but he did not catch Del Ferice, for certain very good reasons which will appear in the last scene of this comedy.

Three days after Ugo's disappearance, the old Prince got into his carriage and drove out to Sarracinesca. More than a month had elapsed since the marriage, and he felt that he must see his son, even at the risk of interrupting the honeymoon. On the whole, he felt that his revenge had been inadequate. Del Ferice had escaped the Holy Office, no one knew how; and Donna Tullia, instead of being profoundly humiliated, as she would have been had Del Ferice been tried as a common spy, was become a centre of attraction and interest, because her affianced husband had for some unknown cause incurred the displeasure of the great Cardinal, almost on the eve of her marriage—a state of things significant as regards the tone of Roman society. Indeed the whole circumstance, which was soon bruited about among all classes with the most lively adornment and exaggeration, tended greatly to increase the fear and hatred which high and low alike felt for Cardinal Antonelli—the man who was always accused and never heard in his own defence.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

People wondered that Giovanni and Corona should have chosen to retire into the country for their honeymoon, instead of travelling to France and England, and ending their wedding-trip in Switzerland. The hills were so very cold at that early season, and besides, they would be utterly alone. People could not understand why Corona did not take advantage of the termination of her widowhood to mix at once with the world, and indemnify herself for the year of mourning by a year of unusual gaiety. But there were many, on the other hand, who loudly applauded the action, which, it was maintained, showed a wise spirit of economy, and contrasted very favourably with the extravagance recently exhibited by young couples who in reality had far more cause to be careful of their money. Those who held this view belonged to the old patriarchal class, the still flourishing remnant of the last generation, who prided themselves upon good management, good morals, and ascetic living: the class of people in whose marriage-contracts it was stipulated that the wife was to have meat twice a-day, excepting on fast-days; a drive—the *trottata*, as it used to be called—daily; and two new gowns every year. Even in our times, when most of that generation are dead, these clauses are often introduced; in the first half of the century they were universal. A little earlier it used to be stipulated that the “meat” was not to be *capra*, goat’s-flesh, which was considered to be food fit only for servants. But the patriarchal generation were a fine old class in spite of their economy, and

they loudly applauded Giovanni’s conduct.

No one, however, understood that the solitude of Sarracinesca was really the greatest luxury the newly married couple could desire. They wanted to be left alone, and they got their wish. No one had known of the preparations Giovanni had made for his wife’s reception; and had any idea of the changes in the castle reached the ears of the aforesaid patriarchs, they would probably have changed their minds in regard to Giovanni’s economy. The Sarracinesca were not ostentatious, but they spent their money royally in their own quiet way, and the interior of the old stronghold had undergone a complete transformation, while the ancient grey stones of the outer walls and towers frowned as gloomily as ever upon the valley. Vast halls had been decorated and furnished in a style suited to the antiquity of the fortress, small sunny rooms had been fitted up with the more refined luxury which was beginning to be appreciated in Italy twenty years ago. A great conservatory had been built out upon the southern battlement. The aqueduct had been completed successfully, and fountains now played in the courts. The old-fashioned fireplaces had been again put into use, and huge logs burned upon huge fire-dogs in the halls, shedding a ruddy glow upon the trophies of old armour, the polished floors, and the heavy curtains. Quantities of magnificent tapestry, some of which had been produced when Corona first visited the castle, were now hung upon the stairs and in the corridors. The great *baldacchino*, the canopy

which Roman princes are privileged to display in their ante-chambers, was draped above the quartered arms of Sarracinesca and Astrardente, and the same armorial bearings appeared in rich stained glass in the window of the grand staircase. The solidity and rare strength of the ancient stronghold seemed to grow even more imposing under the decorations and improvements of a later age, and for the first time Giovanni felt that justice had been done to the splendour of his ancestral home.

Here he and his dark bride dwelt in perfect unity and happiness, in the midst of their own lands, surrounded by their own people, and wholly devoted to each other. But though much of the day was passed in that unceasing conversation and exchange of ideas which seem to belong exclusively to happily wedded man and wife, the hours were not wholly idle. Daily the two mounted their horses and rode along the level stretch towards Aquaviva till they came to the turning from which Corona had first caught sight of Sarracinesca. Here a broad road was already broken out; the construction was so far advanced that two miles at least were already serviceable, the gentle grade winding backwards and forwards, crossing and recrossing the old bridle-path as it descended to the valley below; and now from the furthest point completed Corona could distinguish in the dim distance the great square palace of Astrardente crowning the hills above the town. Thither the two rode daily, pushing on the work, consulting with the engineer they employed, and often looking forward to the day when for the first time their carriage should roll smoothly down

from Sarracinesca to Astrardente without making the vast detour which the old road followed as it skirted the mountain. There was an inexpressible pleasure in watching the growth of the work they had so long contemplated, in speculating on the advantages they would obtain by so uniting their respective villages, and in feeling that, being at last one, they were working together for the good of their people. For the men who did the work were without exception their own peasants, who were unemployed during the winter time, and who, but for the timely occupation provided for them, would have spent the cold months in that state of half-starved torpor peculiar to the indigent agricultural labourer when he has nothing to do—at that bitter season when father and mother and shivering little ones watch wistfully the ever-dwindling sack of maize, as day by day two or three handfuls are ground between the stones of the hand-mill and kneaded into a thick unwholesome dough, the only food of the poorer peasants in the winter. But now every man who could handle pickaxe and bore, and sledge-hammer and spade, was out upon the road from dawn to dark, and every Saturday night each man took home a silver *scudo* in his pocket; and where people are sober and do not drink their wages, a silver *scudo* goes a long way further than nothing. Yet many a lean and swarthy fellow there would have felt that he was cheated if besides his money he had not carried home daily the remembrance of that tall dark lady's face and kindly eyes and encouraging voice, and they used to watch for the coming of the "*gran principessa*," as anxiously as they expected the coming of

the steward with the money-bags on a Saturday evening. Often, too, the wives and daughters of the rough workers would bring the men their dinners at noonday, rather than let them carry away their food with them in the morning, just for the sake of catching a sight of Corona and of her broad-shouldered manly husband. And the men worked with a right good will, for the story had gone abroad that for years to come there would be no lack of work for willing hands.

So the days sped, and were not interrupted by any incident for several weeks. One day Gouache, the artist Zouave, called at the castle. He had been quartered at Subiaco with a part of his company, but had not been sent on at once to Sarracinesca as he had expected. Now, however, he had arrived with a small detachment of half-a-dozen men, with instructions to watch the pass. There was nothing extraordinary in his being sent in that direction, for Sarracinesca was very near the frontier, and lay on one of the direct routes to the Serra di Sant' Antonio, which was the shortest hill-route into the kingdom of Naples; the country around was thought to be particularly liable to disturbance, and though no one had seen a brigand there for some years, the mountain-paths were supposed to be infested with robbers. As a matter of fact there was a great deal of smuggling carried on through the pass, and from time to time some political refugee found his way across the frontier at that point.

Gouache was received very well by Giovanni, and rather coldly by Corona, who knew him but slightly.

"I congratulate you," said Gio-

vanni, noticing the stripes on the young man's sleeve; "I see that you have risen in grade."

"Yes; I hold an important command of six men. I spend much time in studying the strategy of Condé and Napoleon. By the by, I am here on a very important mission."

"Indeed!"

"I suppose you give yourselves the luxury of never reading the papers in this delightful retreat. The day before yesterday the Cardinal attempted to arrest our friend Del Ferice—have you heard that?"

"No—what—has he escaped?" asked Giovanni and Corona in a breath. But their tones were different. Giovanni had anticipated the news, and was disgusted at the idea that the fellow had got off. Corona was merely surprised.

"Yes. Heaven knows how—he has escaped. I am here to cut him off if he tries to get to the Serra di Sant' Antonio."

Giovanni laughed.

"He will scarcely try to come this way—under the very walls of my house," he said.

"He may do anything. He is a slippery fellow." Gouache proceeded to tell all he knew of the circumstances.

"That is very strange," said Corona, thoughtfully. Then after a pause, she added, "We are going to visit our road, Monsieur Gouache. Will you not come with us? My husband will give you a horse."

Gouache was charmed. He preferred talking to Giovanni and looking at Corona's face to returning to his six Zouaves, or patrolling the hills in search of Del Ferice. In a few minutes the three were mounted, and riding slowly along the level stretch towards the works. As they entered the new road Giovanni and Cor-

ona unconsciously fell into conversation, as usual, about what they were doing, and forgot their visitor. Gouache dropped behind, watching the pair and admiring them with true artistic appreciation. He had a Parisian's love of luxury and perfect appointments as well as an artist's love of beauty, and his eyes rested with unmitigated pleasure on the riders and their horses, losing no detail of their dress, their simple English accoutrement, their firm seats and graceful carriage. But at a turn of the grade the two riders suddenly slipped from his field of vision, and his attention was attracted to the marvellous beauty of the landscape, as looking down the valley towards Astrardente he saw range on range of purple hills rising in a deep perspective, crowned with jagged rocks or sharply defined brown villages, ruddy in the lowering sun. He stopped his horse and sat motionless, drinking in the loveliness before him. So it is that accidents in nature make accidents in the lives of men.

But Giovanni and Corona rode slowly down the gentle incline, hardly noticing that Gouache had stopped behind, and talking of the work. As they again turned a curve of the grade, Corona, who was on the inside, looked up and caught sight of Gouache's motionless figure at the opposite extremity of the gradient they had just descended. Giovanni looked straight before him, and was aware of a pale-faced Capuchin friar who with downcast eyes was toiling up the road, seemingly exhausted; a particularly weather-stained and dilapidated friar, even for those wild mountains.

"Gouache is studying geography," remarked Corona.

"Another of those Capuccini!"

exclaimed Giovanni, instinctively feeling in his pocket for coppers. Then with a sudden movement he seized his wife's arm. She was close to him, as they rode slowly along, side by side.

"Good God! Corona," he cried, "it is Del Ferice!" Corona looked quickly at the monk. His cowl was raised enough to show his features; but she would, perhaps, not have recognised his smooth-shaven face had Giovanni not called her attention to it.

Del Ferice had recognised them too, and, horror-struck, he paused, trembling and uncertain what to do. He had taken the wrong turn from the main road below; unaccustomed to the dialect of the hills, he had misunderstood the peasant who had told him especially not to take the bridle-path if he wished to avoid Sarracinesca. He stopped, hesitated, and then, pulling his cowl over his face, walked steadily on. Giovanni glanced up and saw that Gouache was slowly descending the road, still absorbed in contemplating the landscape.

"Let him take his chance," muttered Sarracinesca. "What should I care?"

"No, no! Save him, Giovanni,—he looks so miserable!" cried Corona, with ready sympathy. She was pale with excitement.

Giovanni looked at her one moment and hesitated, but her pleading eyes were not to be refused.

"Then gallop back, darling. Tell Gouache it is cold in the valley—anything. Make him go back with you—I will save him, since you wish it."

Corona wheeled her horse without a word and cantered up the hill again. The monk had continued his slow walk, and was now almost at Giovanni's saddle-bow. The latter drew rein, staring hard

at the pale features under the cowl.

"If you go on you are lost," he said, in low distinct tones. "The Zouaves are waiting for you. Stop, I say!" he exclaimed, as the monk attempted to pass on. Leaping to the ground Giovanni seized his arm and held him tightly. Then Del Ferice broke down.

"You will not give me up—for the love of Christ!" he whined. "Oh, if you have any pity—let me go—I never meant to harm you——"

"Look here," said Giovanni. "I would just as soon give you up to the Holy Office as not; but my wife asked me to save you——"

"God bless her! Oh, the saints bless her! God render her kindness!" blubbered Del Ferice, who, between fear and exhaustion, was by this time half idiotic.

"Silence!" said Giovanni, sternly. "You may thank her if you ever have a chance. Come with me, quietly. I will send one of the workman round the hill with you. You must sleep at Trevi, and then get over the Serra as best you can." He ran his arm through the bridle of his horse and walked by his enemy's side.

"You will not give me up," moaned the wretched man. "For the love of heaven do not betray me—I have come so far—I am so tired!"

"The wolves may make a meal of you, for all I care," returned Giovanni. "I will not. I give you my word that I will send you safely on, if you will stop this whining and behave like a man."

At that moment Del Ferice was past taking offence, but for many a year afterwards the rough words rankled in his heart. Giovanni was brutal for once; he longed to wring the fellow's neck, or to

give him up to Gouache and his Zouaves. The tones of Ugo's voice reminded him of injuries not so old as to be yet forgotten. But he smothered his wrath and strode on, having promised his wife to save the wretch, much against his will. It was a quarter of an hour before they reached the works, the longest quarter of an hour Del Ferice remembered in his whole life. Neither spoke a word. Giovanni hailed a sturdy-looking fellow who was breaking stones by the roadside.

"Get up, Carluccio," he said. "This good monk has lost his way. You must take him round the mountain, above Ponza to Arcinazzo, and show him the road to Trevi. It is a long way, but the road is good enough after Ponza; it is shorter than to go round by Sarracinesca, and the good friar is in a hurry."

Carluccio started up with alacrity. He greatly preferred roaming about the hills to breaking stones, provided he was paid for it. He picked up his torn jacket and threw it over one shoulder, setting his battered hat jauntily on his thick black curls.

"Give us a benediction, *padre mio*, and let us be off—*non è mica un passo*—it is a good walk to Trevi."

Del Ferice hesitated. He hardly knew what to do or say, and even if he had wished to speak he was scarcely able to control his voice. Giovanni cut the situation short by turning on his heel and mounting his horse. A moment later he was cantering up the road again, to the considerable astonishment of the labourers, who were accustomed to see him spend at least half an hour in examining the work done. But Giovanni was in no humour to talk about roads. He had spent a

horrible quarter of an hour, between his desire to see Del Ferice punished and the promise he had given his wife to save him. He felt so little sure of himself that he never once looked back, lest he should be tempted to send a second man to stop the fugitive and deliver him up to justice. He ground his teeth together, and his heart was full of bitter curses as he rode up the hill, hardly daring to reflect upon what he had done. That, in the eyes of the law, he had wittingly helped a traitor to escape troubled his conscience little. His instinct bade him destroy Del Ferice by giving him up, and he would have saved himself a vast deal of trouble if he had followed his impulse. But the impulse really arose from a deep-rooted desire for revenge, which, having resisted, he regretted bitterly—very much as Shakespeare's murderer complained to his companion that the devil was at his elbow bidding him not murder the duke. Giovanni spared his enemy solely to please his wife, and half-a-dozen words from her had produced a result which no consideration of mercy or pity could have brought about.

Corona and Gouache had halted at the top of the road to wait for him. By an imperceptible nod Giovanni informed his wife that Del Ferice was safe.

"I am sorry to have cut short our ride," he said, coldly. "My wife found it chilly in the valley."

Anastase looked curiously at Giovanni's pale face, and wondered whether anything was wrong.

Corona herself seemed strangely agitated.

"Yes," answered Gouache, with his gentle smile; "the mountain air is still cold."

So the three rode silently back to the castle, and at the gate Gouache dismounted and left them, politely declining a rather cold invitation to come in. Giovanni and Corona went silently up the staircase together, and on into a small apartment which in that cold season they had set apart as a sitting-room. When they were alone Corona laid her hands upon Giovanni's shoulders and gazed long into his angry eyes. Then she threw her arms round his neck and drew him to her.

"My beloved," she cried, proudly, "you are all I thought—and more too."

"Do not say that," answered Giovanni. "I would not have lifted a finger to save that hound, but for you."

"Ah, but you did it, dear, all the same," she said, and kissed him.

On the following evening, without any warning, old Sarracinesca arrived, and was warmly greeted. After dinner Giovanni told him the story of Del Ferice's escape. Thereupon the old gentleman flew into a towering rage, swearing and cursing in a most characteristic manner, but finally declaring that to arrest spies was the work of spies, and that Giovanni had behaved like a gentleman, as of course he could not help doing, seeing that he was his own son.

And so the curtain falls upon the first act. Giovanni and Corona are happily married. Del Ferice is safe across the frontier among his friends in Naples, and Donna Tullia is waiting still for news of him, in the last days of Lent, in the year 1866. To carry on the tale from this point would be to enter upon a new series of events more interesting,

perhaps, than those herein detailed, and of like importance in the history of the *Sarracinesca* family, but forming by their very nature a distinct narrative—a second act to the drama, if it may be so called. I am content if in the foregoing pages I have so far acquainted the reader with those characters which hereafter will play more important parts, as to enable him to comprehend the story of their subsequent lives, and in some measure to judge of their future by their past, regarding them as acquaintances, if not sympathetic, yet worthy of some attention.

Especially I ask for indulgence in matters political. I am not writing the history of political events, but the history of a Roman family during times of great uncertainty and agitation. If any one says that I have set up Del Ferice as a type of the Italian Liberal party, carefully constructing a villain in order to batter him to pieces with the artillery of poetic justice, I answer that I have done nothing of the kind. Del Ferice is indeed a type, but a type of a depraved class which very unjustly represented the Liberal party in Rome before 1870, and which, among those who witnessed its proceedings, drew upon the great political body which demanded the unity of Italy an opprobrium that body was very far from deserving. The honest and upright Liberals were waiting in 1866. What they did, they did from their own country, and they did it boldly. To no man of intelligence need I say that Del Ferice had no more affinity with Massimo D'Azeglio, with the great Cavour, with Cavour's great enemy Giuseppe Mazzini, or with Garibaldi, than the jackal has with the lion. Del Ferice represented the scum which remained after the revolution of 1848 had subsided. He was one of those men who were used and despised by their betters, and in using whom Cavour himself was provoked into writing, "*Se noi facessimo per noi quel che facciamo per l'Italia, saremmo gran bricconi*"—if we did for ourselves what we do for Italy, we should be great blackguards. And that there were honourable and just men outside of Rome will sufficiently appear in the sequel to this veracious tale.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

FREE TRADE AND DEPRESSED TRADE.

THE belief that the fiscal policy, begun in 1846 and carried to completion in 1874, of admitting free of duty such imports as come into competition with British products, and heavily taxing those which do not, has hitherto enabled us to maintain our commercial supremacy, has been received, even among the educated classes of this country, as an article of unquestioned faith; for which they have no better reason to give than that, because prosperity followed the adoption of that system, that system must have caused it. A careful study, however, of "the statistical abstracts" of the Board of Trade from 1840 downwards, shows that, so far from the repeal of the Corn Laws being entitled to rank with the great factors which after 1850 led to such a vast expansion, not only in the commerce of the United Kingdom, but in that of Europe and the United States, it had no influence on it whatever, nor in causing the advance in wages and value of land so absurdly ascribed to it. Before proceeding to show what that repeal really amounted to, let us see what these great factors were.

1. The rapid development of the railway system, in which we were, save America, greatly ahead of other nations. In 1850 there were 6621 miles open in the United Kingdom, against, in 1883, 18,668 miles; while Continental nations and the United States, starting with but 17,336 miles in 1850, had, in 1883, 216,708 miles. The magnitude of the change is appa-

rent in the fact that during the last fifty years 800 millions have been invested in constructing railways in this country alone.

2. The enormous increase in the use of machinery, in the production of which we were unrivalled.

3. The great increase in the number and size of steamers, which are estimated to have five times the carrying power of sailing-vessels.

4. The discovery of gold in California and Australia, which, between 1850 and 1880, added 528 millions sterling to the wealth of the world, and was the main cause of the advance in prices.

With such powerful agencies at work to stimulate trade in Europe and America, it was inevitable that we, the great producers of the world, should mainly benefit. The surprise is, not that our import and export trade increased so much, but that, situated as we were, it did not, proportionally with other nations, increase much more. Though Europe, between 1850 and 1870, was constantly disturbed by wars and revolutions, and America during 1862 to 1864 in the throes of her great civil war, by which we greatly profited—for at the end of each great struggle there arose a large demand for British products—we find *that while our imports and exports only increased 183 per cent, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Spain, and Portugal increased theirs on the average 161 per cent, and the United States 170 per cent.*¹ Having tried to realise the vast changes

¹ Between 1870 and 1884 these nations, excluding Russia and including America, increased 60 per cent on the average; while we, between 1870 and 1886, increased less than 3 per cent—the value of our imports and exports in 1870 having been 547 millions, against 561 millions in 1886.

in carrying on trade brought about by the railway taking the place of the stage-coach, and the steamer of the sailing-vessel, in enormously quickening and cheapening the means of transport, let us see what the repeal of the Corn Laws really amounted to.

During the eight years which preceded the abolition in 1849, the total duties levied on corn, meal, and flour only averaged £707,651 per annum. From 1850 to 1869, the registration fee of one shilling, charged on each quarter imported, yielded on the average an annual revenue of £623,000. In 1869, in order, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked, "to do away with the last rag of protection," this fee was repealed. *Had it been retained, we should, on the 230 millions of quarters imported between 1870 and 1885, have saved 11½ millions sterling of revenue, or over £700,000 a-year.* We say saved, for as we shall later on show, these millions wholly went to swell the profits of the foreign importer. Between 1840 and 1849, we imported of corn, meal, and flour in all 41 millions of quarters, from which we derived a gross revenue of £6,817,848, about 3s. 4d. per quarter. The repeal seems to have

had no effect on market value, for though it ruled low in 1851 and 1852, that could not, as we imported 7000 quarters of wheat less in those years than we did in 1849 and 1850, have been caused by supplies from abroad. The market prices of wheat, as given in "the abstracts," and the contract prices of the 4-lb. loaf, supplied to the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich, averaged as follows:—

	Wheat.	4-lb. loaf.
1841-50, . . .	53s. 3d.	6½d.
1851-60, . . .	54s. 7d.	7d.
1861-70, . . .	51s. 0d.	6½d.
1871-80, . . .	51s. 0d.	6d.

The prices of the loaf here quoted being by contract for large quantities, private consumers would doubtless have to pay more. We shall assume, therefore, that from 1841-50, when the baker was content with less exorbitant profits, the retail price of the loaf averaged 7½d. To-day it is 6d. If we allow two 4-lb. loaves a-week as the consumption of a working man, we get 13s. 3d. he per annum pays less now for his bread than he did from 1841-50. But what is he paying for his meat? If we refer to the 'Farmer's Gazette,' we find the Dublin prices of farm produce in 1850 and 1885 were—

	1850.	1885.
Two-year-old cattle, . . .	£4 0 0	£7 0 0
One-year-old „, . . .	1 5 0	4 0 0
First-class milch cows, . . .	12 0 0	20 0 0
Inferior „, . . .	6 0 0	11 0 0
Fat pigs per cwt., . . .	1 15 0	2 6 6
Fat sheep per cwt., . . .	2 5 0	3 5 0
Oats per cwt., . . .	0 5 6	0 10 0
Butter per cwt., . . .	2 18 0	4 10 0
Eggs per long hundred, . . .	0 4 6	0 11 -3

It is difficult to get at the prices now paid for meat by a working man, but from all we can learn, we believe it is on the average not under 7d. per pound. If we allow him half a pound per day, this comes to £5, 8s. in the year; while if we

take it he did not pay more than 4d. per pound in 1850, the difference shows he pays to-day 46s. more for his meat, and 13s. 3d. less for his bread, or net 32s. 9d., that he annually now pays more on these two items, without taking into

account the higher rates he pays for butter and eggs.

The import of manufactured goods into this country, as given

1855-59.	1860-64.	1865-69.	1870-74.	1875-79.	1880-84.
10.	18.	27.	37.	48.	55.

If this rapid rate of increase continue, a further serious fall in wages—which has in the last five years, if we include the working men lately thrown out of employment, been on the average not less than 4s. a-week—appears inevitable. As there are $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions of artisans in the United Kingdom, the fall which has already occurred thus represents an annual loss of spending power of no less than £67,600,000. The decline in wages having in a great measure been caused by the influx of agricultural labourers into large manufacturing districts in search of employment, the working man is finding that, so far from the repeal in these days proving a boon, it is to him and the nation the most ruinous measure ever passed by a British Legislature. On agriculture its effect has been vastly more disastrous. *In 1856 there were in the United Kingdom 4,213,651 acres under wheat-cultivation, yielding, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ quarters to the acre, 14,747,778 quarters, which, calculated at 54s. 7d.—the average market price between 1851-60—gave a crop of the*

in the first report of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade, page 130, has been, in millions, as follows:—

*value of $40\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling. In 1886, there were only 2,286,000 acres under wheat, yielding a crop, at 30s. a quarter, worth only 12 millions—a deficit of over 28 millions sterling!*¹ The political pharisees of the Cobden school, who pose as the friend of the farmer, tell him all this is the result of iniquitous land laws. Give him the land for nothing, what better would he be? The cost of growing an acre in wheat, exclusive of rent and interest on farmers' capital, obtained by Mr Poynter from 140 returns and 20 counties, was found to average £6, 14s. an acre; or, allowing $3\frac{1}{2}$ quarters to the acre, 38s. 3d. per quarter. Mr Harris, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade, estimated the burdens on agricultural land at 12s. an acre; and in America, where no fertilisers are required, and the produce of 5 acres of wheat can be brought from Chicago to Liverpool at less than the cost of manuring an acre of wheat in England, the burdens amount to only 6d. an acre. Un-

¹ "What a significant fact that in 1866 our imported wheat and flour amounted to 28,128,609 cwts., and that in 1885 they were 77,331,707; that the value of those imports was £16,780,001 in the former year, and £33,736,358 in the latter! How far afield it is necessary to go to support the artificial fabric of society erected in these islands!"—"The Times," Nov. 20, 1886.

Why should this country be dependent on a foreign country for its food-supplies? In 1856, we produced in the United Kingdom close on 15 million quarters of wheat, and there is no reason, were the cultivation once more to become fairly remunerative, why we should not do so again. In 1885, we received nearly 5 million quarters from India, Australia, and Canada, one-half of which came from India—a country which, when its railway system is completed, will be able to supply us with any amount. There should therefore be no difficulty in our obtaining, in a few years, from our empire the 24 million of quarters of wheat required for the consumption of the United Kingdom.

der such conditions, it is impossible for the farmer to continue wheat-cultivation, nor is he likely to take the advice of his free-trading friends that, if wheat won't pay, he must try something else; for not only, as stated by Mr Harris, has the home produc-

tion of meat in the last three years, as compared with the years 1872-74, fallen off 80 millions¹ of pounds, but in all kinds of farm produce he is meeting with the same fierce competition from abroad, as the following table of imports but too clearly shows:—

	1874.	1885.
Animals,	£4,906,815	£8,735,392
Bacon and hams,	5,902,429	8,664,365
Other meat,	2,320,608	6,590,776
Poultry, game, and lard,	1,154,860	2,259,128
Butter, cheese, and eggs,	15,967,086	18,327,512
Apples, vegetables, and hops,	3,073,860	2,918,859
Corn, flour, and meat,	51,070,202	52,749,258
	<u>£84,395,860</u>	<u>£100,245,290</u>

These figures represent the value. If we take the imports of 1885 at the prices ruling in 1874, at least 20 per cent higher than now, we get 120 millions as more correctly indicating the volume of the trade as compared with 1874. Nor is the milling interest in a better position; for during the five years 1876-80 the imports of flour averaged 8,490,353 cwts., against, in the five years 1881-85, 14,334,448 cwts. When it is considered that the capital employed by farmers is, as estimated by Sir James Caird, 400 millions, and by landlords 1600 millions, yielding, according to Mr Giffen, an income of 212 millions, the potency of agriculture as a factor bearing on trade depression becomes apparent. Mr Harris in his evidence, to which we have referred, says he calculates there is less food produced in this country to-day by 40 millions than there was twelve or fifteen years ago, and he adds, "There is land which is unlet in England, and is going out of cultivation,

which, if properly cultivated, would grow larger crops of corn than in any other country in the world."

It was in the teeth of these facts and figures that in 1884 Mr Bright said, in his speech at Manchester, "In 1846 the peers did not fight for their political lives; they fought for their rents. They put up the prayer doubtless in their families, and did it by the clergy in their churches, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' and yet every day in that House that question came up, speeches were made and votes given that denied to the millions of the people of this country the daily bread for which they prayed." The utter falsity of this infamous accusation is shown by the fact that the average price of wheat during the year 1843 was only 50s. 1d.; in 1844, 51s. 3d.; and in 1845, 50s. 10d. In 1885 he had the audacity to write to Mr Medley he hoped the electors at the coming election would remember that he had obtained for them their loaf at half the price it had previously

¹ Mr Harris says: "Thus, with a decrease of 1,500,000 acres under corn crops, and a supposed increase of 3,000,000 acres of permanent pasture (which too often means permanent weeds), we have an actual decrease in the three years' supply of home-grown meat amounting to 80,000,000 lb., and a decrease in its value of £46,000,000, or equal to £15,300,000 per annum out of our farmers' pockets."

cost them. Little wonder that, when called on to explain a statement so wholly at variance with the facts, he found it more convenient to maintain a discreet silence. It is interesting in the light of present experience to read the prophetic warnings contained in the protest of the peers on the 25th June 1846, which have been verified to the letter: "1. *Make this country dependent on foreign countries for supplies of food.* 2. *No security or probability of other countries adopting it.* 3. *May be the cause of throwing lands out of cultivation.* 4. *Unjust to landed interest while subject to exclusive burdens for purposes of general advantage.* 5. *Because the loss will fall most heavily on tenant-farmers, and through them on agricultural labourers.* 6. *Because similar results will befall tradesmen who mainly depend on the custom of those engaged in agriculture."* And to contrast therewith the bombastic predictions of Richard Cobden in 1844: "You have no more right to doubt that the sun will rise in the heavens to-morrow, than you have to doubt that in less than ten years from the time when England inaugurates the glorious era of commercial freedom, every civilised commercial community will be free-traders to the backbone." Eight years later he declared that "the time was at hand when other nations would be compelled, by self-interest and by the reality of our prosperity, to follow our example and adopt free trade." It would be safer to predict, "The time is at hand when England will be compelled, by self-interest and the reality of the prosperity of such nations as America and Germany, to follow their example and adopt protection."

At a meeting in 1843, Cobden stated that the farmer would always be protected by the "cost of

not merely freightage, but of loading, insurance, landing, commission, interest, and loss," which he estimated at 10s. 6d. per quarter between Dantzic and Liverpool; but the farmer is no longer protected by the rate of freight, which is now reduced to 2s. or 3s., while rates of commission and insurance have also been greatly lowered. There is no doubt the main object of the Anti-Corn-Law League was to lower wages by the cheapening of the people's food, in the hope it would assist the manufacturer in keeping a grip of foreign trade; yet Mr Bright always boasted that the repeal had increased wages, with which, as we have shown, it had as much to do as the man in the moon. Now when his system, by the foreign competition it has induced, is causing a serious decline in wages, he turns ruthlessly on the working man, and tells him, if trade is leaving his employer, he must be content with less for his labour; but the doctrines of the fetich he and Cobden set up for the nation to worship must not, forsooth, be called in question.

Ordinary people in the old times held that a good harvest was sure to be followed by good trade, but the champions of the Cobden Club have recently started the idea, as comical as original, that the good harvest of 1884 was largely accountable for trade depression, inasmuch as smaller supplies of food being required from abroad, shipowners and insurers, &c., earned less profits. Apparently, on this theory, these gentlemen will hail the day when British agriculture is extinguished, and all our food-products are imported from abroad. It is nothing to them that the decrease of £16,000,000 in the import of cereals, as compared with the average of the preceding four years, were kept at home, benefiting not only agricul-

turists, but trade generally. *No; it comes to this, that when we happen to be visited by such a misfortune as a plenteous harvest, that means additional trade depression.* Can absurdity go further? The vice of the system lies in our concentrating our attention on foreign and colonial commerce, while we wholly ignore internal trade. It is unfortunate that we have no reliable statistics of the latter; but if we take the proportion of the production of coals and pig-iron, after deducting the export, and of the goods conveyed from place to place at home, to what is exported to our colonies and foreign countries, we find our home trade exceeds our colonial and foreign ten times. Our colonial trade is more than one-third of our foreign; if we leave it out of the account, the foreign is seen to be less than one-fifteenth of our home trade! and it is for this insignificant and rapidly decaying part of our trade, we, under the cowardly fear of what other nations might do if we employed retaliation, persist in maintaining a system which attracts to our shores the over-production of the world, to the ruin of our industries and national impoverishment, on the principle, apparently, that no industry should be allowed to live in England if another nation can undersell it.

The evidence we have adduced to show the repeal of the Corn Laws had nothing whatever to do with our commercial prosperity between 1850 and 1870 is, we submit, overwhelming. As that repeal was but an instalment of the present system, let us see how the further removal of duties affected our export trade; for, let the Cobden school say what it will, it is to the increase in our export, next to that of good home trade, we must look for industrial success and the wellbeing of the masses.

In addition to the registration-fee taken off corn in 1869, duties on such imports as come into competition with British products were repealed or reduced as follows:—

1850-59,	.	.	£2,118,029
1860-69,	.	.	4,444,170
1870-74,	.	.	5,420,000

There being no import of this class after 1874 subject to customs duty, the system may therefore be said to have only in that year attained its full completion. If the £530,000 taken off when the Corn Laws were repealed produced the marvellous results so falsely ascribed to that measure, vastly greater beneficial results should have flowed from the removal of duties, amounting to 12 millions sterling, especially after 1874, when we took farewell of the "last rag" of the system which had brought an easy 12 millions into our exchequer. On referring to "the abstracts," we find the following startling results as regards our export trade:—

1841-50,	increase,	40	per cent.
1851-60,	"	82	"
1861-70,	"	59	"
1871-80,	neither increase nor decrease,		
1881-85,	decrease,	9	per cent.

While some allowance must here be made for lower values, making the volume of trade appear less than these figures indicate, they but little affect the main result; for by Mr Mulhall's method ('History of Prices,' p. 10), we find the trade volume to have been—

1841-50,	increase,	40	per cent.
1851-60,	"	78	"
1861-70,	"	34½	"
1871-80,	"	5½	"
1881-85,	decrease,	½	"

The Cobden Club tell us "figures can be made to prove anything," but that comes with a bad grace from those who have in the

past made such a free use of them when they could be twisted into suiting their purposes. If honestly used, however, and made to cover sufficiently long periods, figures prove nothing but the truth. We leave them to explain the startling fact, that since 1874 the results should be so strangely in conflict with all their pet theories and prophecies. As it is only since that year that under the changed conditions of conducting the commerce of the world the free-trade system, so called, has been on something like equal terms pitted against the much-abused protective system of the Continent, *and as it is only by results they can be judged*, and not by the dicta of the Cobden school, it is of the first importance we should carefully compare the results of the two systems. For this purpose, we shall take two protectionist countries, generally regarded by us in this connection as the greatest sinners—Germany and the United States. In 1874 and 1884, their exports of home produce compare with ours as follows, in millions of pounds:—

	1874.	1884.
Germany, . . .	117	160
United States, ¹ .	126	151
United Kingdom, .	239	232

While we have decreased 3 per cent in eleven years, Germany has increased 37 per cent, and the United States 20 per cent. In the same years Germany has increased her production of pig-iron from 1,906,000 to 3,572,000

tons, and the United States from 2,401,000 to 4,200,000 tons,² while we have only increased from 6,400,000 to 8,100,000 tons. The Board of Trade Journal points out that between 1861 and 1885 Germany has increased her output of pig-iron seven times, her production of sugar six times, her consumption of jute thirty-two times, and saltpetre nearly seven times. During this period her population increased, notwithstanding the immense emigration, 24 per cent. Between 1880-83 the total production of corn increased from 281,296,559 cwts. to 320,939,000 cwts., wheat from 46,151,721 cwts. to 50,251,837 cwts., the sugar-beet industry from 93 millions of cwts. to 172 millions of cwts., and wine from 11 million gallons to 35 million gallons. The increase between 1860 and 1882 in savings-banks deposits amounted to 370 per cent per head, while during the same years they only increased in the United Kingdom 61 per cent.³ In national wealth Mr Mulhall shows the United States now stand first among the nations of the world. Between 1865 and 1885 they have reduced their debt from 550 millions to 275 millions, and their internal taxation from 40 millions to 20 millions. The consumption of cotton has increased, since 1875, 68 per cent, while in this country it has only increased 22 per cent. In the States the production of corn increased, between 1881 and 1884, 45 per cent.

We hear it constantly asserted that the depression in trade is just

¹ In 1874 the United States imports and exports were exceptionally large. Between 1875, an average year, and 1884, the increase was 35 per cent.

² In 1886 the United States produced 5,685,000 tons; in 1880, 3,835,191 tons,—an increase of 48 per cent. The 'Economist' estimates the production of the United Kingdom in 1886 at 6,750,000 tons, against 7,250,651 tons in 1885—a decrease of 7 per cent.

³ Savings-banks deposits increased in France from £3200 in 1850 to £61,200 in 1882; in Germany from £5400 to £105,300; in Austria from £19,600 to £85,100; and in Italy from £2200 to £33,600.

as great in other countries. But not only has there been a great revival in the States, shown by the increase in railway traffics; but if we refer to the report to our Government of Mr Strachey, her Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* at Dresden, on the effects of the raising of the German tariff in 1879, and again in 1885, we find these words: "Nothing indicates that the burden of protection laid on the population is oppressive, that national impoverishment is in process, or that saving and accumulation have been arrested. On the contrary, the imperial and local revenue receipts, the estimates of property liable to income-tax, and similar State and municipal returns, are symptomatic of fair public prosperity." In another part of the report, he says: "*If it be asked what signs there are in Germany of that incipient free-trade reaction which some of our politicians contrive to discern on the continent of Europe—especially in the countries most wedded to protection—there can be no hesitation in replying that there are none.* The political constellations of the empire, the highest personal influences, the most powerful industrial and commercial forces—all are on the side of the existing system. *The belief is widely diffused that the tariff reform of 1879 saved Germany from a great ruin, and that that empire is now on the road to industrial greatness, perhaps to the succession of that hegemony which Great Britain, it is thought, now with difficulty holds in her hands. Protection is in the national air, and it will not be dissipated by foreign arguments.*" The fact that only 46,818 emigrants left Germany for

the United States during the first seven months of 1886, against 72,685 in the same months of 1885, goes far to confirm Mr Strachey's report of German prosperity. During the same period 7300 more emigrants left England and Scotland than in 1885.

With such facts and figures before us, it appears to be almost a waste of time to attempt an answer to the theories of politicians who, to their eternal disgrace, have, for political purposes, so cruelly misled the people of this country. But as some of these appear still, notwithstanding that they are found to be in conflict with the teachings of experience, to be regarded as infallible, we shall proceed to show how fallacious and misleading they are. The contention, no longer, we believe, held by political economists, that "there never was a duty that was not paid by the consumer," is perhaps the most misleading, and, from its appeal to self-interest, the most dangerous of all. *It is, in fact, the kernel of the whole free-trade question; for if it can be shown that the consumer does not always pay the duty, by as much as he does not do so, the foreign producer, and not he, is relieved of a duty repealed, and to that extent free imports become a tax on the British public.*

It must be carefully kept in view that there are two distinct classes of imports: 1. Those which do not come into competition with British products; 2. Those which directly do so. At the threshold we are confronted with this curious anomaly—that free-trading England, at the present day, levies from import duties more than any other nation in Europe.¹ The

¹ Why this country selects for the purpose of taxation only imports which do not come into competition with her products, is inexplicable. It cannot be because she regards these as luxuries; for she annually admits free silk manufac-

gross receipts from customs duties of the chief European nations were in 1884:—

United Kingdom, .	£20,558,611
France,	13,356,000
German Empire, .	10,413,000
Russian Empire, .	9,649,000
Italy,	6,534,000
Spain (1882), . .	3,975,000
Austria,	3,727,000

While Germany only levies cus-

Imports.	Value.	Duties paid.	Per cent.
Tobacco,	£2,715,806	£9,277,058	342
Tea,	10,494,953	4,795,786	45
Coffee,	3,750,413	205,046	5½
Spirits,	2,077,209	4,313,039	208
Wines,	5,341,117	1,233,998	23

It may be conceded that, as a rule, the consumer pays the greater portion of the duties on these imports; *but if we bear in mind that supply and demand between them alone fix price, and therefore, unless a duty imposed curtail the supply, it cannot affect market value*, it is quite conceivable that when a duty is raised, and an attempt in consequence made to enhance prices, consumption is at once checked, and the importer, rather than lose his market, contents himself with a smaller profit, without materially reducing the quantity he had previously sent. Let us suppose that the duty on tea is raised from 45 to 55 per cent. The Chinese and Indian merchants, finding their margin of profit reduced 10 per cent, offer less to the tea-planters for the next crop; as they cannot hold, but must realise to meet the next season's outlay, they have no alternative but to accept the best price they can get. Unless, therefore, the additional duty sweeps away all their profit, they will produce as much as they did before,

toms duties to the extent of 4s. 8d. per head of population, and France to the extent of 7s., the United Kingdom levies 11s. 5d. per head. The following table shows the chief imports on which these duties were raised, their declared value, the amount and percentage of duty paid in the year ending 31st March 1885:—

for diminished production means increased cost of each pound of tea. Some curtailment of supply, from weak growers getting involved, or from shipments being diverted to other markets, there might and probably would occur, and to the extent that diminution in supply affected prices, the consumer would pay and no more. The difference between that advance in price and the excess duty imposed clearly falls on the producer.

As regards the second class of imports, the case is widely different, more particularly in recent years, *when production has so greatly exceeded consumption, for foreigners only send us their surplus stocks, and must sell for what they can get*. It has been calculated that the incidence of a duty falls in the relative proportion of the consumption to the quantity imported. Thus, if the consumption of wheat is 24 millions of quarters, and we import 15 millions, the consumer's portion of a duty of 10s. a quarter is found to be by the following formula: as

tures to the value of 10 millions. It almost looks as if the method of levying customs duties had been specially devised for the purpose of ruining British industries—anyhow, that is the effect it is having on our silk manufactures.

24 millions, the consumption, is to 15 millions, the quantity imported, so is 10s. to 6s. 3d.

But even this amount would not fall to be paid by him. The imposition of a 10s. duty would cause a fall in price in the countries which send us wheat, a rise in prices here in anticipation of smaller supplies, and an increase in wheat-cultivation, especially if the revenue derived from the duty were applied to relieving agriculture of a portion of the taxation it now has to bear. This increase in home production would in some measure make up for the shorter supplies from abroad; and to the extent it did so, it would check the rise in value. The fact stated by Mr Harris, that after the repeal of the Corn Laws there was a sudden advance in the price of land in near corn-growing countries, shows they felt the repeal had relieved them, in whole or in part, of a burden they had previously paid.

If it be true that a duty is always paid by the consumer, and that it is iniquitous to tax the people's food, on what principle is every quarter of wheat grown in this country made to contribute to the revenue 3s. 6d.? If the consumer pays in the one case, he must pay in the other; and if, as Mr Gladstone so absurdly contended in Edinburgh, a duty of 5s. would raise the price all round 5s., it inevitably follows wheat is in this country to-day 3s. 6d. dearer than, but for the tax, it otherwise would be. In the name of common-sense, why don't we take it off the land and put it on imported grain?

It is most important, as bearing on this question, and more especially on the present depression of trade, we should try and realise what our standing *alone* with open ports to receive the surplus stocks of the world means. It means

increased cost of home, and decreased cost of foreign production.

Let us take, for instance, pianos, which come largely from Germany. We shall suppose a manufacturer to have turned out 500 pianos annually, for which, before it was invaded by those of German make, he had found a ready sale in the home market. He no longer does so, and has, in consequence, to reduce his production to 350. As his rent, taxes, &c., remain the same, each piano he now turns out costs more. In other words, *decreased production means increased cost of each article produced.* But the mischief does not end here, for the home producer is additionally handicapped by the rates and taxes he has to pay, while the foreigner, from whose market he is excluded, not only escapes these, but has his cost of production decreased by having the additional market he is so generously provided with by our system. Suppose the right conceded to Birmingham and Sheffield of imposing, as against each other, a duty of 25 per cent; and further, let us suppose that Birmingham imposed the duty and that Sheffield refused to do so. Birmingham, safe from the competition of Sheffield wares, would manufacture not only what she required for the wants of her people, but having the Sheffield market open to her as well, she would manufacture largely to supply it. Birmingham would thus have her cost of production decreased; conversely, that of Sheffield would be increased. How long would Sheffield trade flourish under such circumstances? We have here, in a nut-shell, precisely the position of German and British trade at the present time. It is no answer to say, the manufacturer of pianos can reduce his establishment and take smaller premises; for that

involves dismissal of workmen, who are thrown out of employment, the consequent loss, as we shall presently see, of net income not only to them, but all with whom the employees and they have dealt, and a deterioration in the quality of work, entailed by the folly of, at no matter what cost to the country, cheapening everything to the uttermost. Cheap work means bad work. That there has been generally a lowering of that standard of excellence in workmanship for which this country has hitherto been celebrated, is notorious. If any one doubts it, let him read the consular reports.¹

Our contention that the consumer does not pay the whole of the duty, and not unfrequently, when the rate is low, no portion of it—abundantly proved by the evidence of eminent manufacturers in the reports of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade—is to those who have been engaged in foreign or colonial commerce an almost self-evident proposition; but as it may not be so to those who have not had such experience, and whose minds are still saturated with Cobdenite fallacies, we shall give a few facts in illustration.

During the Mutiny, the Indian Government, in 1858, raised the duty on Manchester manufactures from five to ten per cent. This did not affect market value, be-

cause the Manchester production, *which had to come forward*, being fully up to Indian requirements, the increase in duty did not diminish the supply. When, years afterwards, the rate was reduced to five per cent, again the market was not affected. Here, then, is an instance in which clearly the five per cent of added duty was not paid by the consumer but by the producer.

A similar case is furnished by the repeal of the registration-fee on corn in 1869, but not finally taken off till 1870. As there was no other nation in the world standing with open ports to receive foreign surplus stocks, and as—thanks to the load of taxation laid on land in this country—the foreign producer's margin of profit was large, it would be the height of absurdity to contend that his having to pay this fee caused him to keep back one quarter of grain, or that the relieving him of it led him to send more than, but for it, he otherwise would have sent, which is in a measure proved by the fact that the price of wheat rose from 46s. 10d. in 1870 to 56s. 8d. in 1871, to 57s. in 1872, and 58s. 8d. in 1873. Mr Mulhall shows that the average prices of wheat in three European countries, from 1851 to 1880, were, as compared with the United Kingdom, as follows:—

United Kingdom, 51s. 4d.; France, 51s. 4d.; Germany, 48s. 8d.; Austria, 48s.

Last April we saw the rate quoted at 30s. 10d. in France, against 30s. 11d. in the same

month in this country. *Here, then, is a case in which clearly the French consumer did not pay the*

¹ "There is also evidence that in respect of certain classes of products the reputation of our workmanship does not stand so high as it formerly did. The intensity of the competition for markets, while in many respects it has legitimately diminished the cost of production, has also tended to encourage the manufacture of low-priced goods of inferior quality, which have not only failed to give satisfaction themselves, but have also affected the reputation of other classes of goods to which no such exception could be taken."—Final Report of Royal Commission, page 22.

duty. For the shipper of wheat to England and France, getting the same price in both markets, found his French account sales debited with a duty of 6s. on each quarter; and as the prices have averaged the same for thirty years, this one fact is of itself decisive of the question. France, which in 1884 imported over 8,000,000 quarters of grain and flour, wisely puts into her exchequer the value of the duty she imposes; while we hand over to our rivals the millions of pounds which, if retained, would enable us to greatly reduce imperial and local taxation.

Mr Hepworth of Dewsbury, at the meeting of the York Chamber of Agriculture, stated, that "when the United States tariffs were increased, and again increased, his firm, in order to compete, had to decrease, and still again to decrease, its prices to retain its custom." Does this look as though the American consumers were paying the import duties?

Mr Vickers, in his evidence before the Royal Commission (second report, page 10), after stating that the trade of his firm in bar and sheet steel with America had fallen from £83,000 in 1864 to £4000 in 1885, and during the same period in railway material from £100,000 to £1000, says, in answer to the inquiry as to whether the consumer paid the American duty on steel manufactures—"Certainly not; they do not pay anything like the amount that is represented by the duty, because the works have been established, and their proprietors must now manufacture at a low price, in order to keep the works going: they do not manufacture at a large profit." Asked, "Is the effect of the American tariff to keep your goods out without raising the price in America to the consumer to any-

thing like the amount represented by the duty? That is so now; it was not so in the past."

Mr Porter, member of the United States Tariff Commission, in his report on the working of the free-trade system in England and the protection system of the Continent, says: "I was assured by a score of manufacturers, when travelling in Lancashire and Yorkshire, that the recent increase in the French tariff came out of their pockets, and not the consumers of France; that they were compelled to sell their goods in France at the same price as before the increase of duty. In Germany I found precisely the same state of things."

At page 19 of the final report of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade (74), after stating that the value of our exports to the principal protectionist countries was larger in proportion to our population in the years 1880-84 than in the three previous quinquennial periods, we find this admission: "*But notwithstanding this increase, there can be little doubt that the obstruction to our trade, caused by the growing stringency of the commercial policy of those countries, tends to make it far less profitable.*"

This, from the free-trade majority who signed that report, is remarkable. We have understood them to hold, as an indisputable axiom, that there never was a duty which was not paid by the consumers. Here is a candid admission, that while the trade is larger the profits are less, owing to the growing stringency of the commercial policy—in other words, *the importer has to pay more for the privilege of competing in the foreign market. He pays the duty and not the consumer.* Even if we grant that the latter is at present benefited by free imports, he is not in

the end likely to be so. Take the case of sugar. The bounty system is rapidly bringing about the ruin of this industry here and in the West Indies: when foreign countries find it extinguished, the bounties will be dropped, and the higher prices the British consumer will then have to pay will more than recoup these countries the sacrifices they are now making. But, we are told, they are taxing themselves for our benefit—that, in fact, these bounties are simply a gift to us. *If this is so, how is it the British Government is constantly striving by diplomacy to obtain their abolition? If high tariffs so cruelly handicap our rivals in the great industrial race, why do our manufacturers so bitterly complain of them?* Because experience is showing them that our so-called free-trade system is based on nothing but a bundle of exploded fallacies.

But who is the consumer for whom his country makes such great sacrifices? If a mere drone who consumes but produces nothing, he is unworthy of consideration. In a great industrial community like ours, producers are in an enormous majority. Working men, by the labour they contribute, estimated to amount to one-third of the cost of production, are much more producers than consumers. The investor in home railways, tramways, water-works, gas-works, mines, or any other kind of home stocks, is a producer; all, in fact, who earn from work done or capital employed in this country are producers, who would gain more in income by a general rise in prices than they would lose as consumers. The exceptions are those whose incomes are fixed, and the investor whose capital has gone abroad to assist the foreigner in crippling British trade, to whose care we may safely leave him.

The vast majority of the community, therefore, being much more producers than consumers, it requires but little reflection to see that a higher level of prices, induced by a judicious system of protection, would be a distinct benefit to the greatest number. As a question of fact, trade never was so prosperous as when wheat was at about 50s. The body politic is like the human body—when one member suffers, all the others suffer with it. If such an important member of the body politic as its agriculture is suffering, is it possible the other members can escape suffering with it? Our exchequer would benefit by a largely increased revenue, one-half of which at least would be paid by the foreigner. Revenue must be paid somehow, and it seems but fair that the importer should be made to bear his share of the taxation at present levied from home producers.

The injunction to “buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market,” in itself admirable, did our system admit of our acting on it, is quite as misleading as the term *free* by which we persist in describing our fiscal policy, but which it would be more accurate to term, a system devised for the protection of the foreign producer. By it we are enabled to buy in the cheapest market, but at what a cost! We must sell before we can buy, either the merchandise we produce or the labour we contribute towards that production. By our thoughtful care for the consumer and cruel disregard of the producer, we have not only reduced the latter's profits to the smallest possible margin, but we have, as we have shown, materially enhanced his cost of production by curtailing his market. It is nothing short of mockery to tell him to sell in the dearest market,

when by your system he is compelled to sell not in the dearest but the cheapest market.

The case is thus stated by the writer in a pamphlet recently published, "Free Trade so called tested by Facts":—

"To buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market is a perfectly sound recommendation, provided always it is in the power of a nation to do both. If not in its power to sell in the dearest market, by which we understand one from which a profit can be derived, what advantage does the producer derive from cheapness, when forced to sell not in the dearest, but the cheapest market? This is precisely the position of the producer in this country. Shut out from foreign markets by high tariffs, he has to sell in the cheapest, *and that his own*, made so by fierce competition from abroad. '*Cheapness*,' for which apparently one-sided traders think we should sacrifice everything, is an alluring term; but if we carefully consider it, we find it not only ambiguous but misleading. Cheapness may be caused by an excess in the supply of commodities generally (intensified, as we see at present, by our system of free imports, attracting to our markets the over-production of the world); but inasmuch as it entails a diminution in incomes generally and less employment, it is not cheapness; for if the working man ceases to earn wages, of what use to him are the low prices of commodities he has no longer the means of paying for? In other words, the cost of living is to be measured not by what we pay for the articles we consume, but by the amount of income we possess out of which the payment has to come. If it declines more proportionately than

the prices of commodities, they are dearer, not cheaper."

The less the price of commodities, the lower must be the rates of wages, and the less the capacity of the masses to consume: a labourer has but his labour to sell, but our policy is to destroy his market.¹

It has hitherto been contended by the Cobden school that "British commodities are always paid for by foreign commodities, therefore the purchaser of foreign commodities encourages British industry as much as the purchaser of British commodities," and "that every export of goods must be balanced by an import of goods." If by this is meant that a nation shall exchange that which it produces *for something it does not produce*, and were it as a question of fact true that British commodities exported are always paid for by foreign commodities, we take no exception to it; but whatever M'Culloch may have intended, we know this is not the meaning of the latter-day Cobdenite. His theory is, that if by exchanging a commodity produced at home for one produced abroad—whether the latter is a product of this country or not—you can do so on better terms than if you exchanged it for a commodity grown or manufactured at home, it is as great an encouragement to British industry as if you exchanged it for the produce of domestic industry. Let us hear what Adam

¹ Mr Harris has shown us, in the 'Economist' of 29th January last, that from 1884-86 the annual consumption per head of population of wheat and flour averaged 337 lb., costing £1, 3s. 4d., against in 1881-83, 354 lb., costing £1, 12s. 1d.; from which it appears, if we take the average population of these periods, this country paid during the last £14,185,645 less for its wheat and flour, of which £2,138,348 was due to diminished consumption. These figures are remarkable as indicating the decreased spending power of the working classes, and that in reality they do not benefit by "the cheap loaf" they have no longer the means of paying for as of old.

Smith says in 'Wealth of Nations,' book ii. chap. v. :—

"The capital which is employed in purchasing in one part of the country, in order to sell in another, the produce of the industry of that country, generally replaces by such operation two distinct capitals that had both been employed in the agriculture or manufactures of that country, and thereby enables them to continue that employment. . . . When *both* are the produce of domestic industry, it necessarily replaces by every such operation *two distinct capitals* which had *both* been employed in supporting productive labour, and thereby enables them to continue that support. The capital which sends Scotch manufactures to London, and brings back English manufactures and corn to Edinburgh, necessarily replaces by every such operation *two British capitals*, which had *both* been employed in the agriculture or manufacture of Great Britain.

"The capital employed in purchasing foreign goods for home consumption, when this purchase is made with the produce of domestic industry, replaces, too, by every such operation, two distinct capitals, but *one of them only* is employed in supporting domestic industry. The capital which sends British goods to Portugal, and brings back Portuguese goods to Great Britain, replaces by every such operation *only one British capital*. The other is a Portuguese one. Though the returns, therefore, of the foreign trade of consumption should be as quick as those of the home trade, the capital employed in it will give but ONE-HALF THE ENCOURAGEMENTS TO THE INDUSTRY OR PRODUCTIVE LABOUR OF THE COUNTRY."

Or as stated in the pamphlet from which we have already quoted :¹—

"Let us consider what the term *replace capital*' means. For example, suppose we can produce an article for £100, and can import it for £95. If

we import it we gain £5, and though we pay for it with our own manufactures we lose £100 of wealth, which we might have created less the £5, or a net loss of £95, which we might have saved by producing both commodities at home. Suppose hosiery to the value of £300,000 produced annually in Birmingham, and exchanged for lace produced annually in Nottingham to the amount of £300,000 ; all classes engaged in the production in Birmingham and Nottingham are benefited to the extent of £600,000. But if Birmingham exchange its hosiery for lace made in Saxony, Nottingham will have £300,000 less to spend ; for let it be carefully noted that it is not only the profit Nottingham loses, for the entire value of the domestic product would have been net income to its people, benefiting bakers, grocers, butchers, tailors, shoemakers, and others."

Take the question of labour only : if this modern free-trade contention means anything, it means that when we pay for labour expended abroad instead of at home, the wages fund of this country is quite as much benefited as that of the foreign country!!

We have only to refer to the abstracts to see how utterly untenable is the assertion that "British commodities are always *paid* for by foreign commodities."

We exported in the three years 1883-85, merchandise to the value of 872 millions, and received of imports 1191 millions. If we add to these 872 millions 10 per cent for freight, insurance, shipping charges, &c., we get 959 millions, leaving a balance, were the assertion true, of 232 millions as net profits earned on the 872 millions. But foreign countries have not only to pay us for the merchandise we send them, but

¹ Or as stated at much greater length in the fourth chapter of 'Sophisms of Free Trade,' published shortly after the repeal of the Corn Laws—a work well worthy of careful study by all desirous of arriving at the truth of this all-important subject.

the interest on loans, and dividends on British investments in foreign countries, estimated at 60 millions; and as, of course, they do not do so in specie, the excess of their export over what we send them, plus the charges and profit, if any, is merely a remittance in payment of a debt due for something else. Driven from their position by such figures as these, one-sided free-traders contend that, let that be as it may, the growing excess of the import over the export, inasmuch as it shows foreign countries are getting more and more indebted to us, only points to increased national wealth. Is this certain? Is there not strong reason to believe that we have, as Mr Medley appears to admit in his controversy with Lord Penzance, been recently parting with foreign securities? but whether or not, it is not with the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few we are here concerned, but with industrial progress and the wellbeing of the masses. Lord Penzance, in his reply to Mr Medley in the 'Nineteenth Century' of last September, shows the absurdity of our trying to persuade ourselves that accumulation of wealth (if indeed it be accumulating) from such sources is indicative of increased national prosperity. He says:—

"Imports are paid for, he (Mr Medley) says, either by the export of merchandise or by securities. Be it so. In the word 'security' he includes, I presume, bills of exchange, which I have shown to be the ordinary method of payment in point of fact, and then what does it all come to? Why, nothing but this; that imports are paid for somehow, either by goods or securities, or something of value. All this is plain and simple enough as a matter of reasoning and experience, but let me imagine a state of things which will illustrate it in a practical

light. Suppose the great American millionaire Mr Vanderbilt had been able and willing to buy the entire Isle of Man, and built himself a palace there, and lived a life of opulence and luxury, importing everything that such a life demanded from England or from abroad. If he lived there to the age of Methuselah, what was there to prevent his spending his vast income in the purchase of foreign imports, without exporting a single bale of goods, paying his way by bills drawn on America, representing the earnings of the New York Central Railroad?"

Having regard to the interest of the working classes, what does the decrease in the export, and rapid increase in the import of manufactured goods, but too clearly point to? It points to diminished work for them. That America for instance, aided by her protective system, and assisted by British capital, the interest on which she pays by enormous importations of grain as well as manufactures, is not only manufacturing for herself much she formerly took from us, but is sending, in spite of having to pay double what we do for labour, her manufactures to compete with ours, and that successfully, in our home and foreign markets! A startling and flat contradiction to the dictum of the Cobden school, "that duties imposed for the protection of home industries, increase the cost of production, and make it more difficult for us to compete with foreign producers;" for be it observed, *it is only since American industries have been by a high tariff protected*, they have been able to compete with ours. If the excess of the import over the export is a certain proof of increasing national wealth, it follows that the greater the excess, the greater should be the amount of that wealth, and that we shall only have attained the zenith of our prosperity when we have ceased to export, and im-

port all we require from abroad ! *but what then becomes of the free-trade contention, "that every export of goods must be balanced by an import of goods?"*

If further evidence were wanted of the utter collapse of the system, it is furnished in the ever-increasing number of manufacturing capitalists who have, in recent years, been driven by it to seek in foreign countries the fair-play they are denied at home. Mr Porter, of the United States Tariff Commission, tells us :—

"I found shoddy manufacturers from Batby and Dewsbury established in Aachen, Prussia; Lancashire and Scottish spinners in Rouen; Leicester-shire hosiery manufacturers in Saxony; Yorkshire wool-combing establishments in Rheims; Dundee jute-mills in Dunkerque; all-wool-stuff manufacturers in Roubaix; English iron and steel mills in Belgium; and English woollen mills in Holland. Removing English capital to the Continent has secured a profitable home market, while England was near with widely open ports to serve as a 'dumping ground,' to unload surplus goods made by foreign labour superintended by English skill. In this way the English markets are swamped, and her labour undersold. Let English authorities tell the result.

"During the last twenty years of this century the linen industry of Germany has increased 300 per cent."—MULHALL.

"During the last twenty years the linen industry of Great Britain has decreased 18 per cent."—'Nineteenth Century,' June 1883.

"During the last ten years the exports of linen yarn from England have decreased steadily every year, until they are less than a half of what they were a decade ago."—'British Statistical Abstracts,' 1882.

"The shares of the leading flax-mills in Germany are 20 and 22 per cent above par. The shares of the ten principal flax-mills in Belfast are 58 per cent below par."—'Nineteenth Century.'

In 1886 the firm of Messrs Marshall & Co., established 100 years ago in Holbeck, Leeds, and the largest flax-spinners in Europe, owing to keen competition from abroad, closed their works, and have gone to establish new mills in Massachusetts, taking with them their capital and many of their old hands. They employed 4000 workmen, who are thus thrown out of employment. It is said seventy millions of yards of linen were spun daily in their works. When Germans read of this displacement of home produce by theirs, and see so many of our capitalists with their works in the Fatherland, how they must smile at the homilies we address to them on the folly of protection!¹ Mr Jacoby, M.P., another manufacturer who has opened a branch in Germany, said in a recent speech at Alfreton—"When Prince Bismarck put up the duties on cotton goods and lace curtains, it was impossible for these goods to be made in Nottingham, I therefore opened a house in Germany;" on which the 'Times' remarked—"Owing to foreign duties, it is more profitable to send Nottingham machines abroad and work them there, than to continue working them at home." Here is an actual free-trader, who represents in the British Parliament a constituency of working men, employing foreign labour, to

¹ When Sir John Macdonald was in England, he was waited on by a body of gentlemen who were anxious Canada should revert to a free-trade policy. After patiently hearing them to the end, he said,—"I know Canada; you do not. I know the marvellous change which has occurred since she adopted a tariff:" and when concluding, he told them that "the proposals of the Fair-Trade League to have free trade with our colonies and dependencies, and protection against the rest of the world, were in the highest sense patriotic."

the direct injury of his long-suffering constituents. Yet those constituents stoutly resist the idea of free trade in labour. The "knobstick," they will have none of him!! Strange they cannot see that "knobstick" labour performed in a foreign country is vastly more injurious to their interests than if done in their midst. We saw it lately stated that the firm with which Mr John Bright, M.P., is or was connected, has a branch in America. The Mundellas have hosiery works in Saxony, where they obtain skilled labour at one penny an hour. Can we wonder that gentlemen like the Jacobys, Brights, and Mundellas, who pose as friends of the working man, are "free-traders to the backbone." Manifestly import duties would not suit them; nor can we feel surprised at their dreading an inquiry into the causes of trade depression.

These are but a few typical cases of many which might be adduced, to show how rapidly the best and wealthiest of our manufacturers are being driven, either to altogether close their works, or transfer them to a foreign country. Continental nations and America strive to keep their people at home, and as a means, they foster in every way the interests of the producer, and rightly leave the consumer to his fate. We do all we can to drive our people from us, and devote our energies to cheapening in the interests of the consumer. The results we have seen. Yet we persist in maintaining a system which, scouted not only by all other nations, but even our own colonies, has now been, by this alarming migration of our capitalists, most emphatically condemned. Let us think what this migration involves. The loss of valuable and enterprising men, their wealth and

the most skilled of their artisans, the teaching of their trade to a foreign country, its enrichment, increased power to compete with us, and reduced cost of its production. Worst of all, diminished employment for our working men. Sir Theodore Martin lately stated, when addressing a meeting of miners, that owing to Spanish competition mainly, 169 lead-mines had been shut up in this country, throwing 30,000 men out of employment, and causing ruinous losses to capitalists, who had invested enormous sums in opening these mines and providing machinery. A similar fate awaits pig-iron producers, for Spain has recently begun to import hematite pig at lower prices than we can produce it. Iron girders, steel rails, window-frames, sashes, shutters, doors, staircases, coffins even; wardrobes, cabinets, chairs, pianos, and all articles required for furnishing purposes, are now being largely sent from abroad. Also railway carriages, of which, between 1870 and 1876, we exported annually, on the average, 3762 in number, but of which the export has since 1881 entirely ceased. In fact, there is hardly an industry we can name, which is not suffering from this cruel foreign competition.

But we are told that, in spite of all this, the alleged depression is negated by the income-tax returns; and in proof thereof, we are referred to the gross amount under Schedule D, under which commercial profits are assessed—namely, £293,000,000 in the year 1885, against £291,000,000 in 1884, these being the highest figures recorded. The Commissioners in their final report show that, owing to "the increased efficiency of collection of late years, the unwillingness of traders to make their losses

known," and to the fact "that the assessment is made over an average of years," these returns, as indicating the state of trade, cannot be trusted. Sir James Caird stated in his evidence that the annual loss of spendable income, as compared with 1876, is not less than £20,000,000 by landlords, £20,000,000 by tenants, and £2,800,000 by labourers. But if we refer to the statistical abstracts, we find the gross amount assessed under Schedule B, in respect of occupation of land, tenements, and hereditaments, was in 1876 £66,806,095, against, in 1885, £65,233,206,—or, if Sir James Caird's estimate is correct, as it is admitted to be, £18,500,000 more than it ought to have been.

The "majority report," after giving reasons for distrusting income-tax returns, and stating that producers have been working on greatly reduced profits, and frequently at a loss, yet "find it difficult to understand how the net product of industry, *which constitutes the wealth of the country*" (the italics are ours), "can have failed to increase also. There is, moreover, sufficient evidence that capital has on the whole continued to accumulate throughout the period which is described as depressed, though there has been a sensible depreciation in some kinds of capital." Mr Auldjo Jamieson conclusively refutes this view, and shows that no dependence whatever is to be placed on income-tax returns (pp. 31 and 32). The report then goes on to say: "But it is more difficult to account for systematic over-production continued over a long period, and resulting, according to the unanimous testimony of the witnesses who appeared before us, in little or no profit to the producing classes." *Strange it should not have occurred to the Commis-*

sioners that while we stand with open ports to receive the over-production of the world the result can hardly be otherwise.

At page 21 the report points out that while in the last twenty years wages have risen, the profits of capital have fallen, and that "the time may come when the latter will lose all inducement to lend itself to the work of production, and if the employer is driven out of the field, the labourer will also suffer with him." Do we not see, in the fact so strangely ignored by the Commission, of so many capitalists transferring their works to foreign countries, that it has already come? *It is most remarkable that in the mass of evidence collected, there is not, so far as we have been able to discover, a single reference to this migration.* Probably it was found more convenient to ignore facts which go so directly to condemn the system we so blindly worship.

Disbelief in its merits is rapidly spreading, and it is an immense step gained, that those who advocate a different policy are no longer refused a hearing. Nor are indications wanting, that even our statesmen have their faith in the system shaken. We have it on the authority of Mr Chamberlain, that Mr Gladstone was prepared to concede to Ireland power to revert to protection. Mr Parnell has told us, that in his interview with Lord Carnarvon, on his stating that this power should be given, Lord Carnarvon replied, "There I am with you; but what a row there would be in England!" and the Duke of Argyll lately said, "He was not sure he would not give Ireland power to try the experiment of protective duties." *We have seen that the motion brought before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce by Mr*

*Russell, for a reconsideration of the whole question, was only lost by one vote, the numbers being 21 to 22. At page 77 of the first report of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade, we find that the Council of the Chamber of Commerce of Birmingham, of all places in the world, recommends—"The imposition of an import duty on foreign manufactured goods in all cases where the same classes of goods are manufactured in this country."*¹ In all parts of the United Kingdom the more intelligent of the working classes, no longer able to reconcile the gross misrepresentations of Cobden Club leaflets

with the hard facts of experience, are rapidly finding out for themselves that the much-vaunted cheap loaf is for them a very dear loaf indeed.

The evils it has brought on Ireland are incalculable. We have seen the effect on the Irish linen industry. On its agriculture, the backbone of its existence, the results have been infinitely worse. It is impossible to doubt that the distress produced by foreign competition has been the main factor in producing the no-rent agitation. The decrease in the cultivation of arable land is shown by the following figures:—

	1869. Acres.	1884. Acres.
Wheat land,	281,117	69,008
Other corn crops, . . .	1,926,853	1,530,620
Potatoes,	1,041,837	798,942
Other green crops, . . .	427,058	422,471
Flax,	229,178	89,197
	3,906,043	2,910,238

Her population in 1846 was 8,287,848; it is now only 4,887,439.

Nor does it appear in a more favourable light when viewed in regard to its action in our relations with our colonies.²

"Had we retained our protection system, and, when we conceded to them self-government, entered with them into a customs union, on the basis of a free interchange of commodities, we should have been self-supporting, and they bound to us by an

indissoluble tie—we should have gained vastly in political strength. The stream of emigration³ would have been diverted to them; and instead of British capital flowing to America to assist her in developing her resources, and in constructing her magnificent railway system, it would have flowed to India, Canada, and Australia, where it is so much wanted, to develop their almost limitless resources."

Most serious of all is the danger to Britain from her dependence for food-supplies on foreign coun-

¹ Since the above was in type a motion "in favour of a change in the fiscal policy of this country" was carried unanimously at a meeting of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce.

² Free Trade so called tested by Facts.

³ "It is a striking fact that during the past twenty years 67 per cent of our emigrants have gone to the United States, and only 27½ per cent to our own colonies. The more extreme protectionist policy of the United States, so far from repelling emigrants, has operated as an effectual bribe to both capital and labour, by holding out the inducement of higher prices and higher wages."—Final Report of Royal Commission, p. 66.

tries, apparently regarded by her statesmen with indifference, and wholly ignored by the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade. We have had the good fortune, since the close of the Napoleonic wars, to escape, save in our conflict with Russia, being involved in a quarrel with a European Power. But is it wise to allow the comparative immunity of the past to blind us to the possibilities of the future? It is "the unexpected which always happens"—and signs are not wanting in the political horizon to warn us that we cannot trust to so escape in the future. A combination of two first-class Powers, such as Russia and France, against this country, may be an improbable, but it is by no means an impossible event. Were such to happen—and our weakness invites it—it is by no means certain, under the changed conditions of naval warfare, we should be able to retain command of the sea. Our insular position, in the past our strength, would then prove our weakness. Our ports blockaded, we should be starved into accepting any terms the enemy might choose to dictate. Such is the ever-growing danger, with our population increasing at the rate of 340,000 per annum, and home-produced supplies of food annually decreasing, we have now to face. It was Rome's great weakness in

the days of her decline. God grant it may not prove to be ours! "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*"

"High prices and plenty," says Adam Smith, "are prosperity; "low prices and scarcity are misery." "It is to no purpose," said Dr Johnson, "to tell me that eggs are a penny a dozen in the Highlands; that is not because eggs are many, but because pence are few."

"No nation can pretend to independence which rests for any sensible portion of its subsistence, in ordinary seasons, on foreign, who may become hostile, nations. And if we would see a memorable example of the manner in which the greatest and most powerful nation may in the course of ages come to be paralysed by this cause, we have only to cast our eyes on imperial Rome, when the vast extent of the empire had practically a free trade in grain with the whole civilised world, and the result was, cultivation disappeared from the Italian plains; that the race of Roman agriculturists, the strength of the empire, became extinct; the legions could no longer be recruited but from foreign lands; vast tracts of pasturage overspread even the fields of Lombardy and the Campagna of Naples; and it was the plaintive confession of the Roman annalist that the mistress of the world had come to depend for her subsistence on the floods of the Nile."—*Alison's History of Europe.*

A. WILLIAMSON.

I R E N E.

[THE following sketch is taken from Ludwig Steub's 'Bilder aus Griechenland' (Pictures from Greece), published by him a few years after his visit, as a young man of four-and-twenty, to Greece, and founded on his experiences during the two years he resided there.]

DURING the last months of my stay in Athens in 1835, I lodged in the house of Spiros Bamburis, in the quarter stretching eastward from the Temple of Theseus towards Mount Lycabettus, and called by the modern Athenians the Psiri. I chose this house because it was fresh and clean, and because there was an extensive view from the balcony over the newly born metropolis and a great part of the environs—the valley of the Cephissus with the mountain-chain beyond, the Mounts Lycabettus and Hymettus, and the Acropolis, being all within its sweep. Behind the house there was a courtyard, which was always sedulously swept, and in the yard stood the humble dwelling of my well-to-do landlord—a low cottage, possessing a door, a window, and a sitting-room, but the door without lock, the window without panes, and the floor unboarded,—a curious contrast with the handsome house erected in its proximity, and suggesting pleasant thoughts as to the wide field for industry and thrift offered by young and rising countries.

At first I had very little intercourse with my hosts. Early in the morning, long before we Europeans had risen, Kyr (Mr) Spiros had left for his stall in the bazaar, where he sold woollen and linen goods, as also sugar, coffee, and rum; and in the evening he did not generally return until I had gone out to pay visits, or to the *café*, so that it was rare for me to

see him. His somewhat elderly sister, Kyria (Mistress) Maria, whom I met more frequently, would pass me in silence, evidently considering the exchange of a "good morning" sufficient conversation for the day; whilst her niece, Irene, an orphan whom she was bringing up, was apparently commanded not even to look at me if she could help it. At any rate, whenever I passed through the courtyard, she always managed to find something to do which should prevent my obtaining a view of her face. Either she would stoop down to pick up a stone, that a moment before had in no way troubled her, or something would be amiss with her shoe, or she sat herself down on a bench and put her little head in her hands. And once when I happened to appear rather suddenly, nothing better suggested itself to her than to thrust her little head and ears into the big earthen pot she was cleaning, from the depths of which, however, I could not help hearing the smothered sound of a merry laugh. But notwithstanding all her precautions, it was not always possible for her to hide her face from me; and before I had been a fortnight in the house, I had convinced myself that she was one of the most beautiful girls in Athens.

Such were our relations at first. But gradually as my hosts came to know me better—that is, when they observed that I generally came home early in the evening, did not take too much wine, and

did not beat my servant Jorgi, the Paidi,¹ as they called him—our relations changed sensibly for the better.

One Sunday morning early, Kyr Spiros appeared before me in all the glory of his snow-white Albanian skirt or kilt, his rich Tunisian fez, his jacket of fine blue cloth embroidered with silk, a costly rosary of amber in his hands. He had come to pay me a visit; and as he slowly let the amber beads drop one by one through his fingers, he gave me to understand that my uncommon sobriety and steadiness had greatly prepossessed both himself and his maiden sister in my favour, and had determined him to show me personally his respect, *σεβάσματα*, by this visit. I thanked my worthy host heartily for his good opinion of me, and promised to make myself still more deserving of it. At the same time, I shook him warmly by the hand, and requested him to be seated. I then ordered pipes and coffee; and whilst we smoked and drank, we chatted away about nutmegs and currants, arrack and neckerchiefs, like two old cronies; until, as we warmed, our converse took higher flights, and we discoursed at large on Trade and Manufactures, Church and State. I think I may safely say we agreed on all points: for Kyr Spiros left me with the most flattering speeches about the Germans in general, and myself in particular, and promised often to come and see me again, a promise which he duly fulfilled by calling upon me thenceforth regularly every Sunday morning.

Soon afterwards an event hap-

pened which was fraught with the most agreeable consequences. An iron stove that I had ordered from Germany arrived, and, pending the necessary preparations for its reception in my room, had to stand for a couple of hours in the courtyard. Whilst I was busy up-stairs instructing a Greek tinsmith in the intricacies of providing an exit for the smoke by substituting a metal plate for a pane of glass and constructing an opening in it, I remarked with delight that down-stairs aunt and niece were gazing on the strange arrival with wonder, walking round it, and apparently questioning one another about this great iron pot standing on its four slim pedestals, evidently puzzled as to the purpose for which this extraordinary piece of furniture could be intended. I hurried quickly down, but before I could get to the bottom of the staircase, Irene had fled and had disappeared behind the door of their cottage, so that the explanation I would so fain have imparted to the niece I was forced to give to the less bashful aunt. She looked at me in blank astonishment as I explained to her that this outlandish article was a thing used in Europe² for heating rooms, and that it was to serve no other purpose than to warm my sitting-room, after the fashion of my country, in the coming winter. She shook her head with an incredulous smile, murmured a couple of *Θεέ, Θεέ!* (Lord, Lord!) and looked after us dubiously, as with our united forces the smith and I pushed the stove up the staircase to my room.

The same evening the flames

¹ *Παίδι*, from *παῖδιον*, is the name given to the boys who almost universally do the housework in Greece.

² Throughout the Levant, "Europe" means the land of the Franks, and does not include either Greece or Turkey.

were crackling merrily in the "iron pot." A pleasant warmth diffused itself through my territory, and the Attic Boreas, who entered freely through the wide cracks of the windows, and had hitherto made my rooms uncomfortably airy, now found himself fairly vanquished by my native auxiliary. I was overjoyed in its possession, for a few cold days in this southern land are much more unbearable than whole weeks of frost and snow at the foot of the Bavarian Highlands. My pleasure was shared by my servant Jorgi, who at first sight had condemned the stove, but was now an ardent admirer, and seemed anxious to make up for the contempt with which he had first treated the new-comer, by saying all the most flattering things he could think of.

It seemed only fair to invite Kyria Maria to participate in this household event, so I begged her to come and see me soon in my warm room, an invitation which she seemed not at all unwilling to accept. I had a presentiment that she would not come alone, and I looked forward hopefully to the visit.

The evening came—a cold and stormy one. Kyria Maria appeared at my door with somewhat hesitating steps, but a friendly smile. She was not alone. She had brought the lovely Irene with her. I received the two Athenian ladies with all the courtesy and grace I could command, but found it difficult to muster words enough to express the pleasure I felt at their visit. We sat down, and when the usual interminable inquiries after our mutual health were ended, Kyria Maria began to let her eyes roam inquiringly over my room. At last they rested on the stove.

"Truly," said she, "you Franks have everything you require to

make life delightful. You will now no longer fear the ice and snow of winter, Kyr Ludovike; for though I should never have believed it, that thing makes your room so warm that no frost will be able to enter. As for us, we often sit whole days at our hearth down below, rubbing our numbed hands, and freezing till our teeth chatter. The Franks are certainly a happy nation."

"I am very glad, Kyria Maria," I answered, "that you like my room, and I hope you will often come up in cold weather and warm yourself. And your niece will come too, will she not?" I added, looking towards Irene.

"I daresay we shall often come to see you, now that we have got to know you," Irene said simply, looking at me with her large gazelle-like eyes.

"Indeed, Irene," interrupted her aunt, "we cannot often. What would men say if, when they came to pay visits to Kyr Ludovikos, they found us women here? No, that will not do. But," turning to me, "do us the honour to come and talk with us at our own hearth as often as you can, for you must be able to tell us about many things. If I understood the language of the Franks, I would talk to them all day long. Look, Irene," she added, "how beautiful this furniture and these books and things are! They are not made in our country any more than the *Qfeni* which has been sent here from over the seas. The Franks must be wise people."

"Some are, Kyria Maria," I rejoined; "but you meet them of all sorts."

"What! both wise and foolish? And I daresay some are bad and some are good. People hereabouts say they are all bad; but I feel sure there would be here and there one I should like."

"Did not I say so, aunt? I always thought——"

"Be silent, Irene," said her aunt, interrupting her.

"Pray let me hear what she was going to say."

"No, no," said Kyria Maria, decisively. "She talks so much nonsense, it's not worth listening to. But I may assure you, Kyr Ludovike, that so far as you yourself are concerned, we have from the beginning had the greatest respect for you."

"And you too, Irene?" I asked.

"To be sure," she replied, smiling.

"Why, then, did you always hide yourself when I passed through the courtyard?"

"I was too timid, Kyr Ludovike; I did not dare to look at you."

"And now you are not afraid to look at me?"

"Not when my aunt is by me."

Her aunt looked at her severely; she blushed, and I began at once to talk industriously of other things.

Our conversation lasted a long time, and ended with the heartiest assurances on both sides of esteem and friendship. I accompanied the ladies to the head of the stairs, where as we parted, a fresh renewal of civilities took place. The aunt said, *Σὰς προσκυνῶ*—literally, I lay myself at your feet—an expression you hear perpetually. The niece chose a different form, which, though quite as usual, sounded far sweeter to my ears. She murmured, hardly above her breath—*Νὰ μᾶς ἀγαπᾷς* (Keep us in your heart); to which I gladly and emphatically responded—"Yes, yes; that I will."

I now began to call in sometimes at the cottage. I found it

very cosy in the little house, especially in the evening, when Kyr Spiros had returned from his day's work at the bazaar, and was seated with his sister and Irene round the low hearth. He, as master of the house, would be enthroned on a small stool, whilst the women-kind crouched at his feet, and looked up at him trustingly and obediently from the not very costly rug which was spread out over the bare ground.

There we all three would often listen to the tales which, enveloped in clouds of fragrant smoke from his chibouque, he would narrate to us: the tragic stories of the defeat of Dram Ali and his thirty thousand men; of Karaiskaki's death; and of the sieges of the Acropolis, in all of which he had himself fought and suffered.

When the thrilling parts came, Kyria Maria would sigh, and praise the dispensations of the Lord, Irene would wipe the tears from her eyes, whilst their Frankish guest would praise the valour and endurance of the Hellenes. Then the sister would relate the sufferings she had undergone in her exile at Salamis, and would congratulate her niece on having forgotten all the sorrows of those days, and remembering only the glorious Good Friday, when the Turks handed over the Acropolis to the warriors of King Otho, and the triumphal entry of the king into the city, and the great festivals which were held later on in honour of King Ludovikos.¹

Then in my turn I had to tell about that enigmatical country Europe; and those curious compounds of folly and wisdom, the Germans—one of the finest peoples of the world after the old Greeks—whom all nations loved and none

¹ Ludwig, King of Bavaria, and father of King Otho.

respected; who possessed the well of universal knowledge; lived quietly and peaceably under five-and-thirty princes—and a cold sky; and some twenty years before had defeated Napoleon Buonaparte. Many were the strange questions which aunt and niece put to me; and while Kyr Spiros looked on with an amused smile, Kyria Maria would keep up a chorus of praise of the good fortune of the Franks, and even Irene seemed disposed to reckon it to my advantage that I should be descended from that splendid race.

The more I came to know her, the more charming I found her. When her uncle was present, out of respect for him she spoke but little. But when I was alone with her and her aunt, the bright flowers of her youthful intelligence blossomed forth freely. She had read nothing—for she could not read, not even knowing her letters—but her mind had had some linguistic training. She had learned Albanian,¹ which she spoke with her neighbours, and as Jorgi informed me, with extreme fluency and elegance. From her Athenian ancestors on the mother's side, she had inherited the merry joke, the bright talk, the faultless grace of movement; but her views of life seemed tinged with Doric severity, for I never heard a light word from her—nor did I, to my credit I may say it, ever let one fall before her. Finally, to complete the picture of her, her beauty included in itself all kinds of beauty, whether Ionic, Doric, or Æolic, Hellenic, or Hyperborean.

One day I had a fall from a horse. On a mild autumnal morning I was having a gallop on a young colt over the fields towards

the Cephissus. At first it was delightful, but presently my steed became unruly. Suddenly he seized the bit between his teeth, made a bolt, as if to assure himself of his freedom, and then turning, dashed headlong towards the town, and tore foaming down the long street of the Psiri. A block of stone was standing in the middle of the road. Against this he precipitated himself in his headlong flight, and I was shot like an arrow from a bow against a great block of marble, the corner-stone of a house. He was not hurt, and speedily picked himself up and rushed down towards the bazaar, spreading dismay everywhere along his course; whilst I lay there pale and bleeding. My eyes grew dim; a crowd assembled round me; confused and unknown voices sounded in my ears, and I lost consciousness.

When I awoke, Irene stood at the head of my bed watching me. As I opened my eyes, she uttered a low cry of delight. Then she gave me—oh! so sweet, so loving a smile!—such a smile as I had never seen before, and have never seen since.

"Poor, poor Effendi," she said, as she slowly passed her hand over my face to stroke away the matted hair; "so far away from your Monachon [Munich], with no loved ones to take care of you."

"Am I not richly provided?" I answered. "Is there no one here who cares for me?"

"But we are strangers to you; we cannot speak your tongue," she replied.

"Not so, dear Irene," I answered; "you are no stranger to me. Have I not known those dark eyes long, and can I not speak

¹ A large number of the inhabitants of modern Athens are, as is well known, of Albanian origin.

your language? Can I not say *σὲ ἀγαπῶ*, I love you?"

She blushed deeply, and in order that I should not perceive her confusion she stroked my forehead again with her soft hand, and laid it gently on my eyes. Then she leaned her arm on the pillow, laid her head in her hand, bent down over me, and said, with a dreamy far-away look: "When they brought you here, Effendi, I did not think I should ever hear you speak again."

"And what if you had not?" I asked, conceitedly.

"Oh, do not say such things," she said, reprovingly. "Let us rejoice that you are alive, and here with good people who love you."

She stopped short, as if startled at her own words, and rose from her chair. I had not time to say any more, for at that moment Kyria Maria entered. She was highly delighted to find that consciousness had returned, and advised that I should now endeavour to sleep. They then made my room and bed comfortable for me, and placed water within my reach; all of which Jorgi could have done quite well, but they would not hear of it.

At last I fell into a deep slumber, and dreamt all kinds of dreams. I was again on the back of the colt, galloping with him over the meadows. All at once I saw Irene seizing the horse by the reins and begging me anxiously to dismount. Then I saw myself, pale as death, sitting on the steed with a fixed look of horror as he dashed along in his wild career. At last he ran against the block of stone in the Psiri, I was shot off, and lay once more crushed and bleeding by the marble corner-stone. Then I dreamed that I was lying very ill on my bed, and had a crown of thorns on my head, which a beautiful half-vanishing

female figure, with bare white arms, was pressing down ever harder and harder, so that the blood poured in streams down my forehead and over my eyes. I wiped my eyes again and again, and could scarcely see the figure. At length I saw as through a thin veil two beautiful dark eyes, and heard a voice saying, "It does not hurt, does it? I will bind your head up a little tighter. It shall not hurt you."

I awoke and perceived Irene standing by my bedside. She had put a bandage steeped in vinegar round my head, and was saying, "It does not hurt, does it? But I must bind it more firmly."

In this way I was lovingly cared for, and soon recovered.

The day of departure at last arrived. A bright warm January sun was shining into the rooms which I had now occupied for more than four months on the most pleasant footing with my landlord. Jorgi and I were putting the final touches: he packing the clothes into my trunk, I arranging in rows in a large box some half-hundred of books that I thought of leaving behind. We had done at nearly the same moment. I had nailed down the box, and rose to my feet just as Jorgi was silently strapping the trunk. The last buckle was no sooner done than he too rose to his feet.

"We are ready," he said doubtfully, as he tossed his long hair back from his boyish face.

"Then fetch the horses," I replied. And he hurried off, striding down the stairs three or four at a time.

As the house-door banged behind him, I heard a light step creeping up the stairs. I ran to the door; it opened, and behold Irene, in all the splendour of her gala dress—for it was a Greek fes-

tival that day—radiant in purple and silver and gold. I had found it warm in packing, and was standing without coat or waist-coat, a Maltese straw-hat on my head, looking somewhat like a British sailor in summer attire. She stepped forward and gave me her hand. Her eyes glistened—and the thought flashed through my mind that it was the last time I should ever see her. She may have had much the same thought.

"You have come to bid me good-bye, Irene," I said. But she hardly let me finish the sentence. She threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me—as a queen might have kissed a sailor. Then, while her soft white hands clasped my neck, she said: "Must you then go? Stay with me, my life!"

She would not have spoken in vain. It seemed to me as though soft fanning wings were stirring up the passion which had long lain dormant in my heart, and were making it burn and glow; and I began to feel as if my heart were some inflammable material which would soon burst into an uncontrollable flame. I stood speechless, a prey to contending emotions. Presently I bent down over the sweet girl, who as she perceived this raised herself, clasped her arms more tightly round my neck, and pressed her mouth to mine so lovingly, so passionately, so intoxicatingly—

Suddenly Kyria Maria appeared at the door to bid me good-bye. We had hardly sense enough left to feel confused at her sudden appearance. She looked at us in some surprise, but smiled benevolently, as if we were two children, and she forgave us as we would not do it again. I did not understand one-half of what she said to me, for I was looking all the time at Irene, who, with her handkerchief to her eyes, was standing at the window with her back to us. At length Jorgi dashed in with the news that the horses were ready, and were waiting below. This roused me. I took up my coat and cloak, bade my four walls adieu, and descended the stairs in silence. Aunt and niece followed me, equally silent.

I mounted my horse. Kyria Maria advanced towards me, gave me her hand, wishing me *πολλὰ ἔτη*—many years; begged me to greet my father and mother in Germany for her, and hoped I should have a safe and pleasant journey.

Then Irene—now somewhat calmer—stretched out her little hand to me.

"*Ζωή μου, νὰ μὲ ἀγαπᾷς* (Love me, my life)," she whispered, her eyes suffused with tears, then went slowly back into the cottage, whilst I rode sadly away.

My presentiment was right: I never saw Irene again.

ARE IRONCLADS DOOMED?

THE light way in which it is assumed in some quarters that the days of ironclads are numbered, has, I think, no sound theoretical basis, while there is no pretension for supporting it by an appeal to facts, or to modern illustrations of naval warfare.

Obviously the answer to the question, "Are ironclads doomed?" must depend upon the tactical value of the ironclad as a weapon, and it is on its assumed failure as a modern arm that it is condemned. The argument, shortly put, amounts to this: "A first-class ironclad is very costly, very complicated, and represents a very large proportion of the maritime power of the country, yet, whatever may be her speed, she is not ubiquitous, while the power of this Goliath is liable to be destroyed by one or two cheap Davids¹ firing torpedoes." The reply, therefore, to the question at issue must be a tactical one. If the ironclad is to disappear, it is because it is being replaced by a more powerful arm, as other weapons have been displaced in previous phases of history. Thus the galleys of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave way to the sailing battle-ship, which, in its turn, was replaced by the steam-liner, this last being surpassed only a few years later by the ironclad, dependent for its motive power solely on steam.

The recent motion of Mr Shaw Lefevre in the House of Commons against continuing the construction of the Nile and Trafalgar, to which I shall again refer, is

sufficient proof of this, if proof were needed; for although it was probably inspired by economy, it was perforce argued on tactical grounds, as he pressed the Committee not to build these "costly vessels, the true value of which it was not possible to determine, and which might be blown up or sent to the bottom by a simple torpedo"²—(No, no)— . . .

The great question of man-of-war shipbuilding of the day resolves itself, then, into one of tactics, and the naval officer should be the authoritative arbitrator as to the special vessels required to maintain our maritime supremacy; but though there have been some useful prize-essays, lectures, and discussions at the United Service Institution on naval tactics, they are little studied by our naval officers, and neither the early training nor the curriculum of the Naval College at Greenwich offers encouragement to pursue a branch of science which is, curiously enough, considered of somewhat theoretical value.

The natural result follows. Our naval constructors are themselves called upon to supply many of the tactical considerations involved in the design of a ship; and when she is launched and approaching completion, they are often unfairly attacked on account of her alleged deficiencies to meet certain requirements, which perhaps only exist in an embryo stage in the brain of the complainant. In short, there is a lack of that healthy public opinion which should exist and

¹ The Confederate torpedo-boats used during the late war in America were all called Davids.

² 'Times,' 11th June 1886.

assert itself in what are somewhat vaguely described as naval circles, and as a consequence, there is often a rush to conclusions after a successful experiment has frightened out of their propriety those who had previously complacently ignored growing developments of the science of naval warfare.

That the tendency to which I have just referred is to some extent a national characteristic will be generally admitted. It is not always pleasant, though generally instructive, when one's faults are repeated in an aggravated form in one's descendants, and our American cousins have certainly inherited from us this disinclination to the consistent study of the problems of naval tactical science; for in a recent lecture,¹ Commander Bainbridge Hoff of the United States Navy commences his remarks by saying—"It has always struck me as very odd that officers of our navy and members of our mercantile communities have not thought more, or at least have not expressed themselves more . . . upon a science which even at the present time has a large mass of literature of its own;" and he further adds, "in no branch of the science which I have termed 'tactical' has more satisfaction been reached than in arriving at decisions in regard to what is needed in the way of vessels for defence."

I propose subsequently to give the views of some of our naval authorities on the relative value of ironclads and torpedo-vessels; but I am content now to point out that we do not seem to have any consistent naval policy founded clearly—

1. On our national wants.
2. On the relative value of different arms.

On the first point, it is evident that different nations must have different wants, and that no mere comparison with other countries can serve us. Switzerland has naturally no need of a navy. Austria only requires one for certain special contingencies. Russia develops a navy in the Black Sea to attain objects which are transparently evident. Germany, unless she aspires to be a colonial power, can dispense with a strong navy. Italy, from her position in the Mediterranean, which has been aptly described as a European lake, might largely depend upon torpedo-vessels or non-seagoing ironclads. France has a large seaboard and numerous colonies, but she is self-supporting. England is an island, with a colonial empire such as the world has never seen previously, and an enormous trade; but above all, she depends upon her oversea supply for the daily bread of her teeming millions. How, then, can the navy of England—on which, under the good providence of God, the wealth and greatness of the kingdom not only "mainly depend," as the preambles to many Acts of Parliament state, but which is absolutely necessary to her existence as a great nation—be fitly compared to that of any other country? The standard of measurement is itself faulty and inapplicable to the question we wish to decide. We search in vain the history of the past to find any approach to the dependence of this country on her naval power. Mr Froude has, indeed, in his charming book, shown us how Oceana was the dream of a statesman in the time of the Commonwealth, and how nearly it is realised now; yet we seem to fail to appreciate that our enormous commerce requires

¹ Delivered at United States Naval Institute, Washington, 11th March 1886.

some proportionate insurance, and that if we are to preserve our inheritance in peace, we must be the "strong man armed," ready to defend ourselves against jealous or unscrupulous assailants.

In what I have here stated, I am merely laying stress upon the fact that the proper standard for the consideration of the strength of our navy is our own requirements as a nation, as was pointed out clearly by Admiral Sir A. Hood in a speech at the Mansion House a few months ago, and I wish to deprecate any comparison with foreign Powers as being conclusive in its character. At the same time, it is obvious that our armaments should bear some comparison with those of possible opponents; and it has been found that the strongest argument which could be addressed to the House of Commons or to the public, has generally consisted in an appeal to the necessity for not being outdone by others. Hence not only a vicious system of measuring our navy by a two-foot rule, which is inapplicable; but it has been too much the custom to follow other countries in their designs, or at most to outbid them by larger and improved vessels of similar classes.

Captain Colomb, R.M.A., in his admirable lecture on Naval and Military Federation at the United Service Institution in May last year, gives some valuable statistics in comparing the present commerce of the empire with that of thirty-

five years ago, the year of the first Exhibition; and he shows how the trade between the United Kingdom and India, which was 17 millions in 1851, is now 86 millions, while that between Australia and India has increased from £150,000 to over 3 millions in the same period. He adds, that "the sea-trade of India alone is about equal to that of Russia;" and that "the aggregate sea-trade of the colonies and dependencies at the present time, exceeds by some 50 millions a-year that of France and Russia combined." These are stubborn facts, which make many of the laboured defences of the strength of our fleet as superior to that of France almost ridiculous; yet it was possible for Mr Childers, in defence of his Budget in 1883, to point out that the spending services were costing rather less than they did twenty years previously—and he might have added that while the Army Estimates had somewhat increased, the Navy Estimates had been correspondingly reduced. As there has been some misapprehension as to the extraordinarily large Navy Estimates for the present year, amounting to £12,993,000, it is curious to find that they only exceed those of 1860-61, a year of peace qualified by a "little war" in China, by about £150,000, so that our Navy Estimates have not increased with our increasing commerce. I give the figures for the years referred to by Mr Childers, and for 1860-61:—

Estimates.	Navy.	Army.	Total.
1883-84, . .	£10,762,300	£15,600,000	£26,362,000
1863-64, . .	11,400,000	15,000,000	26,400,000
1860-61, . .	12,836,000	14,842,000	27,678,000

The lines in Don Juan irresistibly occur here to me—

"But now the Prince is all for the land service,

Forgetting Nelson, Duncan, Howe, and Jervis."

This is not true of "the Prince," but it is true of the public, who

naturally show greater appreciation of the weapons which have been most frequently in use recently: thus, while the fleet filled the eye in the eighteenth century, when our naval supremacy was yet undecided, the army now occupies the first position in public estimation.

The estimates above referred to are to some extent a proof of this; and it is worth remarking that so astute and experienced an official as Mr Shaw Lefevre, who has been Secretary of the Admiralty, has proposed a reduction of the Navy Estimates, while he will not lift a profane hand against those of the sister service.

It is to a want of standard as to what our naval power should be, to a lack of appreciation of our national necessities in this respect, to a rooted prejudice against plans or systems which may interfere with future liberty of action, and to a desire to subordinate all our requirements to political views of economy which may satisfy the House of Commons, that the halting and spasmodic nature of our naval policy has generally been due. Of this our statesmen are at last becoming aware. Mr Childers's reductions of 1868-1869 were promptly followed by the vote of credit of 1870, while there was a similar vote in 1878, which added four ironclads to the navy; and lastly, in 1885, we had the £3,500,000 which was spent recklessly, and to a great extent uselessly, to stop leaks in our naval armour. How much of this would have been avoided by some programme of naval construction, however faulty? Yet, from the reasons given above, though the French, the Germans, the Italians, and the Russians have consistently aimed at carrying out certain schemes of naval shipbuilding, in

this country we have been content to live from hand to mouth, saving one year to show an economical budget, and spending liberally at another when a scare of war has caused public opinion to point to our deficiencies. I hold that the French programme of reconstruction of their navy in 1872, amended from time to time as circumstances required, has been of the greatest advantage to our neighbours; and that it would be a good thing could a similar course be adopted in this country, to which both political parties would be bound to adhere.

Practically, however, it is true that, much to the advantage of the country, something like a systematic policy has been followed by recent First Lords of the Admiralty; and I cannot but admire the boldness of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was determined to stick to the old plan of making reductions, solely because the estimates seemed to him to be high, without having regard to facts which have been brought prominently to our notice, such as the defenceless position of many of our coaling stations, or that mere reductions manufactured for budget service were the worst economy. I cannot help referring here to the insular nature of our statesmen's views of national armaments, as amusingly exemplified by Lord Randolph Churchill's allusion to the increase of our expenditure since 1874, whilst calmly ignoring that of other Powers, as was plainly shown by Lord George Hamilton, who told the House of Commons on the 1st of February that the naval expenditure of foreign countries had increased in the last ten years as follows: France 39 per cent, Germany 43, Russia 45, and Italy 133, while Austria's alone remained about

the same. I cannot think that even Lord Randolph would have the temerity to argue that our naval policy should be framed on that of Austria.

But I am not arguing as to what our Navy Estimates ought to be, but that our national wants should be our standard of naval efficiency; and that mere comparisons of our naval power with that of other nations is barren and misleading. We need command of the sea,—we must accordingly have sea-going vessels. Other Powers may be content with vessels for coast defence—or ships that are mere floating batteries at most, fit only for Mediterranean service—or fast cruisers to attack an enemy's commerce, but of little fighting value. We want all these, as supremacy at all points is a condition of our existence, yet we cannot follow the example of any nation differently situated.

I turn now to my second point, which would need several articles to deal with at all satisfactorily, as it is the tactical question of the day; but I will endeavour to sum up the relative value of different arms shortly and in general terms.

We have the gun, the ram, and the torpedo. The big gun can only be carried by a big ship, or by a small one which has sacrificed speed, sea-going qualities, protection, coal-carrying power, or some of these desiderata.

A gunboat, I apply the term to a small craft carrying one or two big guns, has its uses. It draws little water, is powerful for the defence of harbours or for bombarding the enemy's forts, but it is obviously not a weapon for ocean service. A gunboat may be fairly seaworthy, but she cannot keep the sea unless nursed by a large vessel or transport. Certainly, for the usual purposes of

a navy we require vessels carrying guns, and the gunboat alone will not answer our purpose. An armed cruiser, again, can carry guns of fair calibre, and she is a very efficient weapon for patrolling the seas, and for the protection of commerce; but she is slightly armoured, if armoured at all—she is long and unhandy, and her guns are not adapted for breaching purposes. Small guns, it has been urged by Admiral Aube, the present Minister of Marine in France, with their range of over 7000 yards, are sufficient for all ordinary purposes of destruction; but here at least we have the ounce of fact which is worth all these theories, as we know that the late Admiral Courbet officially expressed his regret at being unable to complete the destruction of the Chinese arsenal on the river Min with his gunboats, carrying 14 c. (5½ in.) guns, in 1885. "We wanted," he says, "guns of 24 c. (8½ in.), or at least of 19 c. (7 in.)"

We want, then, big guns, and it has been proposed to carry them in floating batteries of slow speed. M. Gougeard, late Minister of Marine under Gambetta, who died recently, in a thoughtful treatise, published in 1884, called '*La marine de Guerre, son passé et son avenir*,' whilst he condemns huge ironclads, advocates floating batteries for the attack of forts, and fast torpedo-cruisers of 1700 tons.

M. Gougeard points out clearly how important speed is in view of modern torpedo development; and his floating batteries are only proposed for attacking forts, the torpedo being the arm of the ships, which he considers as "*navires de haute mer*."

The late M. Gabriel Charmes, a brilliant French writer, whose writings in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' have received much at-

tention, was more severely logical than M. Gougeard. He would rely for a navy entirely on torpedo-boats and small gunboats, while he would strictly limit the size of the former and the calibre of the guns of the latter. This is perfectly logical; but it has the objection of ignoring the necessity for any guns except those of small calibre, and it cannot be supported by any competent authority. Guns are admitted to be necessary, and guns of large though not necessarily of enormous calibre. If these guns are to be carried in effective men-of-war, which will be useful for ordinary purposes, they must, as far as can at present be seen, be carried on board large ships, whose vital parts and guns' crews are protected by plating.

The ram stands on a different footing. It is a valuable weapon of offence under certain circumstances; but rams are useless against forts, and offer no protection against torpedo attack. An ironclad is always a ram, and a heavy vessel like the *Polyphemus*, built for ramming purposes, has its use; but no one could pretend to rest our maritime supremacy on rams only. The automatic torpedo has too evidently placed the ram somewhat in the background, as it is unnecessary to run the risk of damage to one's own vessel by ramming an opponent, if she can be sunk by the discharge of a Whitehead torpedo. This, however, is somewhat begging the question, as many hold that the ram blow is much more sure than that of a torpedo; but it is certain that fear of torpedoes will frequently keep the ram at a distance. The ram can be and is carried by all large vessels; but to ensure the maximum effect to a ram, she should be of medium size with great speed and handiness.

The torpedo can be carried by

comparatively small vessels; and it has been pointed out triumphantly that these formidable little craft cost very little. A torpedo-boat classed as first-class a few years since was 87 feet in length, and cost about £8000; but boats of this class were found to be dangerous, and it is difficult to say what is now considered a first-class boat, as they have increased to 112, 120, and even 150 feet in length in some instances. The late Admiral Arthur, an experienced torpedo officer, in a lecture at the United Service Institution last year, spoke of torpedo-boats costing £25,000 each, about the cost of a "jackass frigate" of former days.

As I write, I hear of an ironclad torpedo-boat, 166 feet long, built for the Japanese Government by Messrs Yarrow & Co.

Commander Bainbridge Hoff, U.S.N., in his lecture, to which I have already referred, speaking of the torpedo-boats which accompanied the Particular Service Squadron under Admiral Hornby in 1885, says that at the close of the operations they were "so badly used up—battered like old tin pans, leaky and slow, with the frames showing through the platings like the ribs of famished beasts—that they would have been worthless against an enemy."

This caustic reference to these boats refers no doubt to the smaller class, which had been severely tried; but the description is scarcely exaggerated, and I doubt whether even the new class of torpedo-catchers, 200 feet long and of 450 tons, intended for a speed of 19 knots, will have sufficient strength and power to be efficient sea-going vessels.

But the torpedo—yes, the much-dreaded, much-vaunted torpedo—has distinct limits. However discharged, it has its limits of speed

and range, into which I need not now enter; but above all, it is useless for many purposes.

It is good for destruction of an enemy afloat, but there its use ends. A single gun fired from a gunboat may be useful in protecting a landing-party, can shell exposed troops of an enemy, can effect considerable destruction on shore at long ranges, can sink attacking boats, and do many other services.

A whole flotilla of torpedo-boats would be useless under similar circumstances, and they might, if caught unawares, be themselves destroyed by a few shots from a single gunboat. When we come to torpedoes carried by big ships or ironclads, the torpedo takes a secondary position of value. It is intended to add to the power of the big ship, and not to supersede her.

As to the power against big ships of the torpedo and the torpedo-boat, I venture to think that both are overrated; but we urgently want more experiments on these points. Our own experiments against the *Resistance* show that, with every advantage in favour of the torpedo, the old ironclad remained afloat, though seriously injured; and the French and Italian experiments point to a similar result. The French strengthened an old ironclad, the *Protectrice*, and exploded a Whitehead torpedo against her last year, and failed to sink her. The Italians, before commencing their new ironclads, *Sicilia* and *Ré Umberto*, exploded a charge of 80 lb. of gun-cotton against a section representing a submerged portion of the *Sicilia* at Spezia, and were so satisfied with the resistance of the ironclad, that these two vessels of 13,000 tons were at once commenced.

I think, too, that it is untrue and unpractical to assume that, under ordinary circumstances of

warfare, torpedo-boats would attack and succeed in destroying large ships, when it is admitted that many, and perhaps the majority of the assailants, would be sunk. There must be some limits, as is well known, to the risks which will be incurred even by brave men, and I object to the money argument as altogether inapplicable. The argument to which I refer is put much as follows: "A certain number of torpedo-boats, say ten, costing £100,000, attack an ironclad, costing £600,000; eight of the attacking boats perhaps are sunk, but the remaining two escape, and destroy the ironclad." It is then pointed out that "the torpedo-boats sunk have only cost between £60,000 and £70,000, and that their loss of life has been some 100 men, while the ironclad cost £600,000, and was manned by, say, 500 men." The fact of the extraordinary determination that would have to be shown by the assailants in such a case is conveniently overlooked; but it is certainly more probable that, after a few boats had been sunk, the remainder would not press the attack.

Such are some of the fallacies on which the arguments for the torpedo are based; and I venture to think that an impartial study of the facts of the problem will show that however useful the ram or the torpedo may be as adjuncts to naval power, a country such as England cannot rely solely or mainly on these arms. They are, indeed, simply destructive in their nature, only useful against an enemy afloat. They might destroy an enemy's naval power, but they have no conservative force.

It is acknowledged even by the strongest advocates of the torpedo, that torpedo-boats would require to be supported by transports carrying reserves of men and

stores; and the question immediately arises as to whether these transports should not be able to defend themselves. If this question is answered in the affirmative, we at once come to the big man-of-war again; and the really absurd but strictly logical contention, from the torpedo advocates' point of view, of M. Gabriel Charmes, that a maritime power should depend entirely on small torpedo-boats, falls to the ground.

What, then, should be the proper function of a navy such as England requires? The answer cannot be better given than in the words of the distinguished French admiral, Jurien de la Gravière. He asks, "*À quoi peut servir une marine?*" And he answers, "*À occuper les grandes voies maritimes.*"

This is our first necessity, and large ships and large cruisers are required for this duty.

It is evident, too, that we must meet any enemy on even terms, and if rams and torpedo-boats are important factors in modern naval warfare, we must not be behind-hand in placing our fleet, to use an expressive Americanism, "beyond a peradventure," by being armed at all points, and we must accordingly possess similar vessels. But naval power consists in the ability to carry out other duties than that of fighting an enemy in the open sea.

It is too easily assumed that in speaking of a navy we have simply to be prepared to fight a rival, who will meet us more or less on even terms; but peace service, and warfare against weaker or less civilised nations, have also to be thought of by the Admiralty.

In the ironclads built ten to twenty years ago, it was thought necessary to sacrifice everything to complete armour protection: mess-decks and cabins were not allowed scuttles, skylights were tabooed,

ventilation was conducted by artificial means, the axiom being that the fighting value of the ship was in no case to be interfered with. But we have changed all this; it was found that the officers and men had to live, the fight might never take place, and in case it did it was more important to keep the living mechanism, on which, after all, everything depended, in a healthy condition, than to prevent a chance shot doing some small damage; so in our more recent ships, skylights, ports, and scuttles, giving the necessary air and light, have been allowed, with the result of corresponding comfort and efficiency under ordinary circumstances. It appears to me that this illustration shows the way in which we should consider our navy generally. It should be suitable for ordinary everyday use, and it cannot be constructed solely to meet any special theory of war.

Let us take the bombardment of Alexandria or the French operations in China, in both of which cases naval force came into play, but in neither of which would rams or torpedo-boats have been of much use. I am aware that a great deal was endeavoured to be made of the use of torpedoes by the French in China; but a careful consideration of the operations shows that they played a very subordinate part, if indeed all that was done by the torpedoes might not have been at least as well done without them. On the other hand, both after the bombardment of Alexandria and after the destruction of the forts at the mouth of the river Min, after the big guns had played their part, numerous landing-parties were wanted; and it was one of the weaknesses of the modern ironclad or turret-ship, adapted solely for action at sea, that she could not furnish enough men to meet these requirements.

I hold, then, that, while modern arms and inventions must not be ignored, we must enlarge our views so as to embrace all the duties required of a great maritime Power, unless we are to sacrifice much of what has generally been held to be included in the term naval supremacy. It may be necessary here to add, that among modern weapons I have not forgotten the Nordenfelt submarine boat, but that I include it as a development of the torpedo, very formidable under certain circumstances, but essentially limited in its action.

I have given above general indications of the views on which I hold that our naval shipbuilding policy should proceed, which are, I believe, those of our best naval authorities at the Admiralty and elsewhere, though probably, from our national objection to formulas

and dogmatism, they have certainly not been clearly stated; and I now propose to show the shipbuilding policy actually being carried out by the leading maritime Powers.

The following table is from a return called "Navies of England and other Countries," moved for by Lord Charles Beresford, and presented to the House of Commons on 17th May last. The return gives names and much detailed information; but as there is no summary, I am responsible for classifying the results in a tabulated form. It will be seen that I have adopted the term "battle-ships" as preferable to that of ironclads, as the latter term would strictly include lightly armoured gunboats, while the large Italian vessels are not properly ironclad at all, being unprotected by armour at the water-line.

BATTLE-SHIPS.

COUNTRIES.	Sea-going Armoured Ships.		Coast Defence Armoured Ships.		Total.	REMARKS.
	Complete.	Building.	Complete.	Building.		
England	43	12	8	0	63	Turret, barbette, and broadside ships are all included together. We have 3 armoured gunboats of slow speed in addition to the above, and the Polyphemus ironclad ram and torpedo-vessel, which is included among torpedo-vessels.
France .	29	13	12	0	54	The building of the Brennas and Charles Martel, 2 first-class ships included in French list, has been suspended by Admiral Aube; but it is said that their designs are faulty. The French have in addition 8 ironclad gunboats of 1000 to 1600 tons building.
Russia .	6	4	17	0	27	Baltic and Black Sea fleet are both included. Russia has two ironclad gunboats not included in above.
Germany	13	0	see note	0	13	Germany has in addition 14 armoured gun-vessels, carrying 9 to 10 inches of armour, mostly 1 gun only, and of 800 to 1000 tons.
Italy. .	11	7	4	0	22	One ironclad, the Italia, and 3 building, Lepanto, Sicilia, and Ré Umberto, are the largest yet designed by any nation.
Austria .	10	2	0	0	12	Austria has 2 small armoured gunboats not included in the above.
Greece .	1	0	0	0	1	...

CRUISERS.

COUNTRIES.	Belted Cruisers.		Protected Vessels.		Partially Protected and Unarmoured Cruisers.		Total.	REMARKS.
	Complete.	Building.	Complete.	Building.	Complete.	Building.		
England	0	7	0	4	62	2	75	An addition of 16 has been made to the unprotected list to make the comparison between England, France, and Russia accurate.
France .	0	0	0	0	64	10	74	An addition of 12 has been made as above, and 5 building.
Russia .	5	3	0	0	21	0	29	Nine of the Russian cruisers are "clippers," or armed merchant steamers.
Germany	0	0	0	2	21	6	29	The German list includes several smaller vessels than those classed as cruisers in English and French navies, as shown in an appendix to the returns.
Italy . .	0	0	0	0	8	4	12	...
Austria .	0	0	0	0	10	0	10	...
Greece .	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	...

TORPEDO-VESSELS.

COUNTRIES.	Torpedo-Cruisers.		Torpedo-Gunboats.		Total.	REMARKS.
	Complete.	Building.	Complete.	Building.		
England	3	11	0	4	18	The Polyphemus, an ironclad ram of 2640 tons, is included in completed torpedo-ships. Ten torpedo-cruisers building are second-class, 1600 tons, 17 knots.
France .	1	3	1	7	12	The 7 torpedo-gunboats are Bombe class of torpedo-catchers, rather smaller than our 4.
Russia .	0	0	1	2	3	...
Germany	3	1	0	0	4	...
Italy . .	1	3	0	7	11	...
Austria .	5	2	0	0	7	...
Greece .	1	0	0	0	1	...

TORPEDO-BOATS.

COUNTRIES.	First Class.		Second Class.		Total.	REMARKS.
	Com- plete.	Build- ing.	Com- plete.	Build- ing.		
England	24	57	57	2	140	Only 4 of the completed boats are over 100 feet in length, the remainder are old first-class boats under 90 feet. All first-class boats building are from 110 to 135 feet. Nine of our second-class boats are of wood, the remainder steel, 62 feet.
France .	18	60	50	0	128	All French first-class boats are over 100 feet. Nine building are "torpilleurs de haute mer," of 135 feet.
Russia .	91	13	32	0	136	Nine of the Russian first-class boats are over 100 feet, the remainder are old first-class boats. Four building are 150 feet.
Germany	58	32	0	0	90	Money was voted in 1884-85 for 105 boats; the number is to be increased to 150. Most of the first-class boats are over 100 feet.
Italy . .	34	28	21	0	83	All Italy's first-class boats are over 100 feet.
Austria .	28	10	0	0	38	Two first-class boats completed and 2 building are 135 feet, the remaining first-class boats are over 100 feet.
Greece .	18	0	9	0	27	Seventeen of the Greek first-class boats are over 100 feet in length.

The above return is very complete, and up to date of May last year. It would seem that ironclad ship-construction on various systems is still being carried on briskly in England, France, Russia, Italy, and Austria. Germany is holding her hand for the present; but for her wants as a Baltic Power, she is strong in ironclads.

In Russia and in Italy ironclads have been commenced during the past year, and Russia has quite recently offered rewards to Russian naval officers who may be successful in competing for "the best type of ironclad." Italy, as I have shown, has recently taken the lead in conducting experiments in regard to naval construction, and is building the three largest war-vessels in existence. France, it is true, has stopped building two

ironclads recently projected; but there were rumours as to the unsatisfactory nature of their designs before Admiral Aube—who has been called "Amiral Torpille," from his leaning towards torpedoes—gave orders to suspend their construction. It is very important to note that in Italy and Russia more attention has been paid to questions of naval warfare than even in France or Germany. Russia was the first to advocate and attempt to carry out torpedo warfare on a large scale; and the Italians have also shown their full appreciation of the torpedo as a weapon. Yet it is remarkable that both these countries, whose interests lie rather in maritime defence than in offence, with a limited commerce and a geographical position which might allow of

their dispensing with thorough sea-going vessels, are eager to build big ships. France has many ships in course of construction, and will certainly complete them, with the exception of the *Charles Martel* and *Brennas*, though this has been stigmatised by the torpedoists à *outrance* in that country as a waste of public money. Austria has still two ironclads building, and is pressing their construction.

A further comparison of the table is foreign to my purpose in this article; but I am strongly of opinion that our great need at present lies rather in more cruisers, torpedo-vessels, and torpedo-boats than in big ships. The latter, on the other hand, take much longer to build, and cannot be neglected; while those who are dissatisfied with the designs on which our new ships of the Admiral class have been constructed, have been naturally anxious that some more formidable vessels should be commenced.

This brings me to the Nile and Trafalgar controversy of last year, in which Admirals Sir Cooper Key and Sir A. Hood took part, and the discussion in the House of Commons on Mr Shaw Lefevre's motion to suspend their construction. The motion depended mainly on tactical questions, and as such it was discussed, though Mr Hibbert, in defending the vote for these large vessels, was content to urge the impolicy of "blowing hot and cold," and to state the necessity for placing this country in a position of "equality or superiority" with that of France.

That the motion was defeated is satisfactory on many grounds, of which I consider the tactical one as the most important; but there was, I admit, abundant justification for it in the utter-

ances of naval officers and other responsible persons in this country, of which I propose to give a few specimens:—

Admiral Arthur, an officer of high attainments, who was for three years in charge of our admirable torpedo school in the *Vernon*, in a recent lecture at the United Service Institution, speaks as follows on the question of ironclads. He reminds us that France has generally "given us the lead" in ship-construction, and adds, "they are now ahead of us in the coming arm—viz., the sea-going torpedo-boat. We now hear from France that the days of ironclads of the present type are numbered; and that such is really the case I feel perfectly certain. The destructible ironclad, as I will call it, valued at half a million of money, can be sunk by a locomotive torpedo valued at £400, discharged from a sea-going torpedo-boat, valued, say, at £25,000."

Commander Bethell, M.P., has, both in the House of Commons and at the United Service Institution, pressed very similar views; but at the latter he only went so far as to advocate the substitution of smaller vessels for the large ironclad, while in the House he appeared willing to rely almost exclusively on torpedo-vessels for fleet actions. Captain Bethell, who has had recent sea experience, and who stated that he was putting before the House "the views held by, at all events, a considerable section of his brother officers," stated truly that "big ships were a corollary to big guns, and small ships a corollary to torpedoes, and the question therefore now was between big ships and small ships;" and he added his "belief that before long the torpedo would

to a great extent displace the gun in naval warfare."¹

The opinions of these officers deserve all due consideration, and if they are sound, we are clearly wasting money in building expensive ironclads, at least of anything like the present types. I do not think that they are generally accepted; but they are founded on tactical considerations, and if they are to be combated successfully, they must be met by similar arguments founded on views of naval warfare. The argument most often heard in answer is now simply a conservative one—much as follows: "Very likely you are right about the future; but as long as other countries are building big ships we must not be behindhand; so we are laying down or completing such-and-such vessels"—which sounds much like saying, "We have no shipbuilding policy of our own, and it is not a subject which we care to study. We are content to follow other countries, and to continue in our old groove until a revolution in naval warfare is upon us, when we shall of course accept the altered conditions, and act accordingly." This is little more than blind conservatism and resistance to change; yet it would seem as if some such views had been forced upon Mr Hibbert, who in moving the Navy Estimates this year, after describing the new ironclads Nile and Trafalgar, laid down last year, estimated to cost over £914,000 each—a price which Mr Hibbert is "almost afraid to mention"—adds: "I may safely say that these two large ironclads will probably be the last ironclads of this type that will ever be built in this or any other

country:"² and he appears to think that the assurance that they will be "equal or superior to any ship of the French navy" is sufficient reason for building them. Is it not natural that this determination not to be outdone in worthless (?) vessels by a foreign Power is looked upon in many quarters as such "damning with faint praise" as is intended to condemn them? That this was not meant we may feel sure from Lord Ripon's plain statement in the House of Lords that their construction was to be continued, and Mr Hibbert's resistance to Mr Shaw Lefevre's motion; but when the premisses of the opponents of the big ships are thus practically admitted, it is difficult to deny their conclusions. If it can "safely" be foreseen that the Nile and Trafalgar will be the last of the ironclads, it may safely be said that they ought not to be built. Even so high an authority as Admiral Sir Cooper Key, while he strongly supported the building of the Nile and Trafalgar, says, when they are completed we can be "content to turn our attention to the construction of fast unarmoured cruisers;" and adds, "these will, in my opinion, form the fleets of the future." From a subsequent letter of Sir Cooper Key's, it appears that this opinion was rather hypothetical than actual; but it is certain that those who believe that the ironclad is doomed will quote, as they have already quoted, Sir Cooper as a convert to their opinions.

From the above opinions of high authorities, the position of the building of the Nile and Trafalgar has been almost brought to an

¹ 'Times' report of debate in House of Commons, March 16, 1886.

² 'Times,' March 19, 1886.

impasse from which there is no easy escape dialectically; but still they are building, and are now well advanced, and I may point out that at various periods, as notably both before and after the *Inflexible* was built, we have held our hands in doubt as to the proper type of a fighting ship—this period of doubt and hesitation having been followed by a scare as to our weakness, and perhaps hasty following of foreign types.

It is certain that we cannot afford to stand still and wait for something to turn up. We must have the courage of our opinions; and if, as I believe, big ships will always continue to be necessary, I trust that the knowledge and ability of the able men in charge of the constructive department of the Admiralty will be allowed fair scope to give us the best types which may approve themselves to their minds at the present or at any future time. That the tactical views of naval officers should have full weight in such designs I began this article by saying, and this view has been pressed strongly by Sir Edward Reed and other authorities.

The elaborate manœuvres of the French squadron in the Mediterranean, carried out by the orders of Admiral Aube in May and June last, intended to test the value of torpedo-boats, although too long to refer to fully, are well worth alluding to. The reports of the admirals in command have not been published, though doubtless our Admiralty have confidential information on the subject. It is certain that the French officers and men are by no means as enthusiastic advocates of torpedo-boats and torpedo tactics as they were a year since.

The French papers say that a flotilla of twelve first-class torpedo-

boats, which was intended to intercept Admiral Lafont's ironclad squadron on its passage through the Balearic Isles, failed to do so, many mishaps occurring to the torpedo-boats, and that they could not even keep pace with the ironclads, although they were only steaming 11.5 knots; while in an attack on a squadron at anchor at Ajaccio, only ten days after leaving Toulon with twenty torpedo-boats, Admiral Brown de Colstoun could only muster five fit for service, the attack naturally ending in failure.

It is worthy of remark that these experiments took place in fine weather in the Mediterranean, under circumstances specially favourable for torpedo-boats.

I have quoted fairly and fully the views of those who are distinctly of opinion that the days of ironclads are numbered; but I do not think that they can be supported by a large view of the requirements of a great naval Power. That this is the view held by the majority of those best entitled to judge, I also believe. Foreign opinion I have before referred to; and I believe that there, too, it is decided that the big gun and the big ship must maintain its position. I have broken a lance in favour of the big armed ship or ironclad, while I have not entered into the vexed questions of how much armour should be carried, or how it should be distributed; nor do I mean to contend that all battle-ships should be of enormous size and cost. The majority should, on the contrary, be, I hold, of moderate size,—ships like the *Nile* and *Trafalgar* being the 3-deckers of the fleet, the others representing the 74's.

It has not been necessary here to point to the additional means of defence, through quick-firing and machine guns, nets, and other devices, which have strengthened

the power of big ships against torpedo-boats.

The latter are, I hold, simply destructive weapons intended to attack an enemy under favourable circumstances—their advocates always assuming that they will make at least as much use of their heels as of their powers of offence; and I hold strongly that no naval Power can rest on similar Parthian tactics.

The pecuniary argument I have already referred to as inapplicable; but the argument that, because an ironclad may be destroyed by a torpedo-boat, therefore any number of torpedo-boats can take the place of the former, is almost ludicrous. Yet this is apparently the view of even so experienced an officer as Admiral Arthur, though it has been left to a French writer to push it to its logical conclusions.

To me it appears equivalent to arguing that a Cæsar or a Nelson could be replaced by the dagger or the bullet which sufficed to put an end to their existence, and to be utterly untenable.

Our American friends are the only people who, as lookers-on at the naval war-game now played by the maritime Powers of Europe, are qualified to act as impartial critics; and I conclude accordingly with an extract from Commander Bainbridge Hoff's lecture, to which I have before referred, and which

sums up the argument in favour of big ships in the following terms. He speaks of shipbuilding "fads," and "doubts whether the torpedo can do much harm to a well-bulk-headed ship," and adds:—

"Not only in Parliament, but in technical congresses, discussions go on as to whether it is better to build one unarmoured vessel or half-a-dozen torpedo-vessels. The side in favour of the small fry is especially 'taking,' since the larger vessel costs in pounds what the others cost in shillings, or even in pence.

"But, somehow or other, these gentlemen seem always to forget that the torpedo-boat is worth nothing except against a ship. It cannot carry troops past batteries, it cannot fight forts, nor can it keep the sea for a long time; and if it costs less, its lifetime is out of all proportion less than that of the ship."

I do not myself shrink from endorsing this opinion, by saying that I believe that the big ships, carrying big guns, will continue to represent maritime power, when the small "torpilleur autonome," which is supposed to have sounded the knell of their existence, shall have grown into the substantial torpedo-cruiser, differing mainly from our present cruisers in relying more upon her speed and her torpedoes than upon her gun-power.

DIANE DE BRETEUILLE.—CONCLUSION.

VI.

THE business which Bob had insisted that I should lose no time in settling was effectually disposed of in a very few minutes; for, hearing from him on arrival at the — Office, the day after the events recorded in the last chapter, that a vacancy had suddenly occurred at some place in China, and that he had considered it a wonderful piece of luck for me, inasmuch as if I had volunteered to go to that out-of-the-way country, it might advance my promotion in the service, and at any rate ensure my going through a disagreeable necessity before I was too old to bear it with equanimity, — I thanked him for his very friendly consideration, but stubbornly refused to be removed from Paris, which was to me a paradise, on any consideration — least of all, through any effort of mine.

Bob laughed, and exclaimed, "Out with it, old fellow! What's the attraction?"

"Wait and you will see."

"Is she then coming over?"

"It might be the other way."

"If you mean," said Bob, "that I am going to cross the Channel to see your latest admiration, you are greatly mistaken. I should have something to do were I to travel to and fro each time you had fallen in love."

"But it is serious this time," I said, with just a slight accent of pain in my voice, which struck Bob.

"You do not mean it," he said.

"I do."

"But surely you are not thinking of marrying?"

"I am."

"A French girl?"

"A French girl."

"Well, I never!"

"So it is; and, Bob, when the day comes, you will be my best man, will you not?"

"Best man," said Bob, "often means greatest fool. I am not sure I care to be the latter."

"Never mind what you are, or will be, or may be," I said; "be what I want you to be, and I can say this much, no man will have ever had a chance of seeing his friend married to so lovely a girl."

"I never knew French girls were lovely," provokingly remarked Bob.

"Be my best man, and you will be able to judge for yourself," I said.

"So you give up China," continued Bob, while docketing some silly despatch, and preparing it for those — Office pigeon-holes, which contain more wisdom and trash combined than any other official department in the country.

"I do."

"For the purpose of marrying a French girl?"

"Yes."

"By the way, when is the marriage to take place?"

"That is not fixed."

"There is a hitch, is there?"

"If you like to call it so."

"Well," said Bob, somewhat sententiously, "a hitch is a hitch in England, whatever it may be in France."

I was irritated and annoyed that he should not have jumped at the prospect of being my best man, thinking all the while of the enormous favour I was conferring on

my friend in asking him to stand at my side when the girl I loved put her hand into mine, and he would have a right to look upon himself as having contributed to our joy, our happiness, our union.

Bob either did not see it in this light, or was slow to perceive any particular advantage in acceding to my wishes. He therefore lit a cigarette, and, having done so, turned the conversation by asking me how long I would remain in town.

"Let us do a theatre together," he said, "and dine at the St James's Club, where just at present there is a very decent cook."

"My dear Bob," I said, "I want no dinner, I will not go to the play, and I require an answer to my question."

"But there is a hitch," he said; "time enough when that is arranged to give you an answer. By the way, what is the nature of the hitch?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Say you will not tell."

"I had rather not."

"Does the lady care for some one else?"

"No."

"Or some one else care for her?"

"Everybody must care for her who knows her." This seemed to me the most dexterous manner of avoiding the question.

"Is it about settlements?"

"No."

"Then I give it up," said Bob; "and now I am off to Hyde Park for a whiff of air. This place is stuffy to a degree, and I shall die if I remain here another minute."

"Bob," I said, "be serious: promise me what I ask. It will give me a little comfort, and I need it."

The kind-hearted Bob noted the earnest tone of my request, and

while putting on his hat rather snappishly replied, "Of course I will, if you wish it," and asking me whether I was not going his way, without waiting for a reply, walked out.

I followed him, and having gone together as far as Pall Mall, we parted.

I felt as if I had done wonders towards the advancement of my marriage with Diane. I had secured myself against promotion, and therefore displacement, and I had a best man ready to give me away to a girl who could not be mine just yet, because of a terrible hitch, as Bob called it—viz., because she herself was being given away by her father to another man. The idea, horrible as it was, filled me with no concern whatever. I had such faith in Diane's love and loyalty, such implicit confidence in the strength of our mutual understanding, that my refusing promotion, so as not to be away from where she lived, appeared to me only natural; while, if there was a little self-sacrifice in it, I was the better pleased for being permitted to lay it at the shrine of my divinity. On the other hand, I derived immense consolation from Bob's acceptance; and it seemed to me as if it were a good omen that I should have secured so important an element in the marriage ceremony on my first day away from that Paris which held all I cared for in life.

Nothing of any consequence occurred for some days; but when at the end of a week I was beginning to wonder why Madame de Chantal had not written, I found three letters at the Club, all in different handwritings, easily recognisable, however, and all three bearing the Paris post-mark.

The first I opened was the one

I looked to to give me most pleasure. It was from Mademoiselle Garoux,—“that governess’s post,” which Diane had once told me might occasionally be used.

“MONSIEUR,”—wrote the faithful governess,—“I have little to say, for Mademoiselle is not aware that I am writing; but knowing her feelings and yours, I cannot but congratulate you on having secured so plucky, so staunch, and so true an affection.

“Nothing in her manner towards her parents betrays the least disrespect, the slightest wish even to disobey their commands. Towards M. de Maupert she is as reserved as it is possible to be without wounding *les convenances*, and it must be allowed that his own manner towards her is perfect. He attempts no more than marked politeness, and even the cold reception of his attentions never induces a reproach. What annoyed Diane more than anything at first, is the fact that while he must see how distasteful to her is the courtship he has permission to pay her, he never once has asked her whether she endorses her parents’ consent to his being her *fiancé*, and that this gave her no opportunity of appealing to his honour not to pursue an engagement so palpably distasteful to her; but she seems now to hope that he will continue as he is doing, as she does not want to owe anything to his generosity, having, as she tells me with her sweet laugh, ‘a little plan of mine own.’

“*Mon Dieu*, how I wish matters were otherwise than they are! but that will come right, I am convinced.

“I must say a word about your conversation with the Marquis the day you left Paris. It made a

deep impression on the good old man, who never speaks of you otherwise than with kindly expressions of regard; but la Marquise is not on your side. She does not enter into the noble aspirations which move you, because she cannot comprehend them; and as to her daughter, her sole argument is, I do not see why she should be treated otherwise than others, and I think it very unbecoming for a girl of her position to affect the ways and manners of another country than her own.

“Diane never answers, and her silence serves the purpose of allowing sad conversations to drop; but after one of these distressing moments Diane comes to my room for consolation, and then, I can assure you, we discuss all your faults and merits ‘*de cœur joie*,’ and we generally end by agreeing that your mutual love must be consecrated at last by your mutual suffering, and crowned by your mutual reward.

“Diane has authorised me to write to you occasionally on my own behalf, if I care to; but she has told me never to send you a message from herself. ‘He knows all I can possibly say to him,’ she says, ‘and our next message must be to one another in the presence of witnesses.’

“Have faith, Monsieur, have hope; and charitably forgive the shortcomings of this letter.

“*P.S.*—Some little gossip has been about, that on the day after her engagement to M. de Maupert Diane sent you some roses. How has it come to be known?

“MADELEINE GAROUX.”

The next was only a line from Raymond de Chantalès. It ran thus:—

“Having much to tell and nothing to write, it is for you to see

whether you care to talk to me,
or remain away from your friend,

“RAYMOND.”

The third was an anonymous production. It contained only a verse of Gresset—

“Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les
roses
L’espace d’un matin.”

Taken all together, the letters had produced an uncomfortable and depressing feeling. I began to fear that the silence which the Marquis had enjoined on me, and which, for Diane’s sake, I was so anxious to preserve, was about to be broken, and this distressed me.

Then I wondered how this could be. The Chantalès knew nothing except the broad fact that we loved, and were not allowed to love in peace; but even if Diane had told them more than I had, their family ties would have sufficiently ensured their discretion.

The Count de Maupert had no doubt been told all by both Diane and her father, as these two high-minded natures would not have borne for a moment the idea of being disloyal to friend or foe; but surely the Count would not, nor could, improve his position by showing up the girl he wished to marry. Again the argument was good, and even stronger as applied to Diane’s mother.

How, then, could this matter of the roses have been talked about?

“I have it!” I exclaimed all at once. “The porters at the Hotel Breteuille must have spread the report. What a fool I was to ask for these flowers, instead of waiting till they were sent me! My God! what have I done?”

Yes, Raymond is right. I shall return to Paris without delay. The rose shall live more than the space of a morning, I thought, as I commented to myself on this

well-expressed but sorrowful line of poetry.

I left for Paris that evening, having replied to both letters, and borne with me the anonymous quotation.

I got to Paris on Sunday morning, the second Sunday since Diane had been given to M. de Maupert by her parents, and had given her heart to me.

Though resolved to be true to my promise to the Marquis, yet I could not resist going to the church I knew Diane usually frequented, on the chance of catching a glimpse of her; but instead of her dear graceful little person, I saw her mother kneeling near the high altar, with Monsieur de Maupert at her side, and I heard the banns of marriage between Diane de Breteuille and le Comte de Maupert proclaimed from the pulpit for the “second time.”

They have lost no time, I thought, and one more Sunday must bring matters to a crisis. But my heart sank within me, and I ran out of the church.

Once in the street, it struck me that it was curious Diane should not have accompanied her mother to the parish church; but a moment’s reflection made me understand that in these days of trial the poor girl would naturally avoid, if possible, a church from the pulpit of which words were given out to the congregation that portended so much to herself and me.

Involuntarily, though instinctively, I directed my steps to St Thomas d’Aquin, near the Rue du Bac, and arrived in time to see an angel rise from her prayers at the high altar where she had heard mass, and asked the Almighty Himself to lay upon us both His merciful hands, and bring us out of our trouble, and come and kneel

at our Lady's altar to beg her gentle intercession in our behalf.

To see this graceful little thing kneel; to watch her pretty little hands cover her beautiful face; to note the lithesome figure bend in humble devotional attitude before the mother of the Most Holy, and offer her a child's simple prayer, that, provided it were the will of her divine Son, she, who was never implored in vain, might bring to her relief her wonderfully powerful intercession, and obtain from Him the grace of allowing this great misery to pass away; to behold this inexpressibly touching spectacle, and to feel that the child in her simplicity, the girl in her beauty, and the woman in her calm steady resolve were mine, and mine alone, produced so great an impression that I had to support myself against the nearest column lest I should faint, so moved was I by the scene before me, so stirred by the inward feeling it produced, and so proud in the knowledge of my triumph even in that hour of helplessness.

She moved, and her head being raised, a ray of sun through one of the latticed windows came down upon her golden-brown hair, as if in answer to her prayer. It lit up that beautiful head with all the glory of its brightness; and as she made a sign to her governess by her side that it was time to go, I felt that her prayer had been answered, together with a craving to kneel at the spot where she had knelt, and to ask what she had asked.

I hid behind the column. No power on earth could have made me reveal myself at that moment. It was not so much the promise I had made, as the fear of insulting that beautiful trust which the girl was evincing, both in the efficacy of her appeals to Heaven, and in

her reliance that I would not do anything her father might have cause to reproach me with.

When she had left the church, I went to the chair she had knelt on, and I prayed as I never had prayed before, as never a man of twenty-five has deemed it necessary to pray before. When I left St Thomas d'Aquin, I felt a better, a calmer, and a more contented man than I had for years.

Of course, in the afternoon my first preoccupation was to see Raymond de Chantalès. I found him at the club, and as he was not going to Chantilly races, we determined to have a walk together.

After his usual bantering remarks had been administered, he said that on the Saturday after I left, Diane's father had been to see him, and seemed apparently in great dudgeon about some roses which his daughter had sent me.

"What about that?" had said Raymond.

"A great deal," had replied the Marquis.

"Well," had answered Raymond, "if you cannot allow your daughter to fulfil a promise publicly made to a man you did not refuse to meet at dinner at my house, you cannot expect her to look at her promise as lightly as you do. The girl has her father's love of truth and his notions of the obligations of politeness; and I wonder at the father being so blind as to his own merits reflected in his daughter."

"Capital!" I said; "what did the old Marquis reply?"

"He replied that the present Imperial *régime* had upset every notion of propriety, decorum, and right in France; that the old nobility of France was not a jot better than the Imperialists — nay, rather worse, for they were imita-

tors only, whereas the others were originators of evil manners and notions; that all seemed topsyturvy; that apparently parents could no longer judge what was best for their children, but that children were to adopt *la mode Anglaise*, because, forsooth, it happened to please them; that young men went about making love to young ladies, and turning their silly heads, even before the age at which the idea of marriage could take definite shape."

"That is somewhat a cool statement," I said, "considering that before the young lady in question had even known the young man alluded to, the father had broached to her the marriage question."

"So I thought," said Raymond; "but it amused me to let the old gentleman have his say."

"Well, what else did he say?"

"He said this: that De Maupert was an old college friend, a country neighbour, and a man of irreproachable conduct; that he had known him more or less intimately all his life; that he had watched his social advancement with fraternal pride, and that, given the world to choose from, he would find no one for whom he entertained so much regard, so real an esteem, and so great a consideration; that under these circumstances he had broached to him the subject of a closer alliance between his house and the Count. That M. de Maupert had at first objected that he was too old for so young a person; but on this being altogether pooh-poohed, he had, like you, been struck with the wonderful beauty of Mademoiselle Diane, and being struck, had struck his bargain with Diane's father."

I was much interested in these details, for it clearly showed that M. de Maupert at least was not the principal culprit in this affair;

and that should matters come to a crisis, the result of which would be painful to him, as I now felt absolutely certain it would prove, both Diane and myself would find an unexpected ally in the father, whom we both had treated with so much confidence, and whose tardy remorse at being the originator of our troubles would soften into a ready instrument for restoring peace.

"Go on," I said to Raymond; "all this is very interesting."

"Of course it is," he answered; "but I was not going to write all this, as you may well imagine. I never waste words on paper, or sentiments either, for the matter of that."

"Do go on," I said impatiently.

"There is not much more to add," he replied. "What took place afterwards is better known to yourself than to any one else; but the idea that you have blabbed about the roses has powerfully moved the old gentleman; and though his indignation is softening a little, yet it was so great that he hurried matters as soon as you were gone, and caused the banns between his daughter and his friend to be published at once."

"Have you seen Diane, and does she think me capable of boasting publicly of her kind thought of myself?"

"Do not put on that tragic air," he said.

"Lovers are perfectly insufferable," added Raymond. "The most intelligent men become absolute fools: either their voice and manner become tragical, or their mirth in its exaggeration steps into the regions of comedy."

"No, *Monsieur l'ami*," imitating my voice; "Diane did not think you capable of boasting of her kind thought of you. She never thought of you at all. She had

no doubt that you were a gentleman, and would act as one; but she was annoyed at her attentions to you becoming the object of public remark. How do you explain the circumstance?"

"Easily." And I told him about my getting the roses from the porter.

"That explains everything," he said, "and I will let the Marquis know."

"But tell me," I said, "what is the meaning of this anonymous message?" I pulled it out of my pocket and gave it to him to read.

"It means, no doubt, what it says," laughed Raymond.

"Why should it be sent to me?"

"My dear boy, you are simply impossible. How am I to tell you why an anonymous letter is sent you? If I could tell you the reason of such letter, the name of the writer, and his address in town, I suppose the letter would no longer be an anonymous production. For goodness' sake be more reasonable."

There was no use in asking him any more questions; and it is useless to recall all he said during this walk about Diane and her behaviour in these trying circumstances.

One thing, however, struck me. Raymond, who is not a man to exaggerate or to idealise, was loud in his praise of Diane.

"I could never have believed," he once said, "that she would have grown into so beautiful a girl; and if your mutual love has done this, I can but encourage love in future."

Another time during our walk he asked, in a kind of half-dreamy way—

"Where the deuce has she got that decision of character which she exhibits? Would you believe it, she told my wife last night that

no power on earth will make her say Yes when she is asked the usual question at the marriage ceremony."

"When is that ceremony to take place?" I asked.

"I believe," said Raymond, "that it is fixed for to-morrow week—I mean the civil marriage—and that the religious ceremony will take place on the following day."

"Has the trousseau been ordered?" I asked, with a painful bone gnawing at my throat and wellnigh strangling me.

"Certainly, and Diane has taken an extraordinary interest in it: so much so, in fact, that her mother declares the girl to have no other idea in her head than to gather together, if not the richest, at least the most beautiful *corbeille de mariage* ever seen."

It struck me all of a sudden, and the idea thrust the bone back in a most efficacious manner, that she was taking an interest in her trousseau on my account, and I forthwith determined to order my own wedding-coat and presents for my bride.

Raymond added brightness to this thought, by remarking slyly, "One of Diane's peculiarities is that she has absolutely and decidedly refused to have any initials embroidered on her things, and all are to be marked with her name, Diane, only."

"She knows," I exclaimed to Raymond, "that that is the only name I care for."

"*Va te promener*," said Raymond; "I am sick of you and of Diane, and as I am near home, I will leave you, unless you have settled with Madame de Chantalès to disturb my peaceful evening by more love-talk."

He said all this so good-naturedly that I could not take

offence, but I wished him good-bye, thanking him for the valuable information he had communicated to me.

Four days went by, and owing to some unusual pressure of work, I had seen nobody, nor heard from any one, when towards evening a little note was handed to me. It contained these words:—

“Monday next, eleven o’clock, at the Mairie of the VII. Arrondissement. Be there.—D.”

To describe my feelings on receiving this is to attempt the impossible. I had believed in a crisis, but in one which would take place before any necessity had arisen to go so far as the Mayor’s presence.

I had fancied that at the last moment either Diane’s parents would have had pity on their daughter’s misery; that the Count would have respected her undisguised loathing to this arranged marriage; that Diane herself would have thrown herself at her father’s feet and implored his mercy; or would have begged the Count to spare her young years and relieve her misery; but apparently all these considerations were absurd, indeed they never had been thought of.

“Monday next, eleven o’clock, at the Mayoralty. Be there.” Diane herself, in her own handwriting, though she merely initialed the note and did not sign it—Diane, my Diane, invited me to be present at her wedding with my rival.

I read again. There was no mistake. Lest I should forget the exact district of Paris where the girl lived who constituted my life, my hope, my soul, my faith, my creed, my everything, she had marked it down. There it was written—Seventh District, at eleven o’clock—and in letters as clear and as distinct as if they were printed,

she delivered her commands,—Be there.

I required no more. I would go. She had bidden me: it was henceforth a duty. Perhaps she might want help; no one but myself should give it to her; perhaps she wished me to witness her unwillingness, her powerlessness, her sacrifice to duty. Did I not know it? No; I could not go. Maybe she wanted me to have the chance of forbidding the banns. I would rise in my chair on the following Sunday, and throw my glove, to be picked up by the Senator Count.

Perhaps she wished me to prove myself her champion on the day of her sacrifice. Yes; I would.

I took a sheet of paper, pinned upon it the little blue favour which I had so long treasured, and wrote these words:—

“The blue is as bright as it was when I received it. Please return it if a storm is impending. I want to protect my property.”

By nine in the morning it was returned with these words:—

“Il faut combattre à nous deux maintenant.”

I fully understood the message, and returned an answer by post, fully directed to Diane, and written in the boldest characters:—

“MY DARLING,—Rely upon me. I shall be by your side on Monday, and we shall win the day.”

She answered it by messenger, a valet of her own father’s, saying—

“Wait till I give the signal: do not precipitate things. My signal will surprise so many that it will be unmistakable; but it may strain all the courage I possess, and at that supreme moment I may be unable to do more. I therefore look to your strong arm, your

strong will, and our stronger love, to help your wife that is to be.

“DIANE.”

As a man prepares by fasting and prayer to deserve a life eternal hereafter, so did I from the moment I received the above note devote myself to solitude and thought, as a preparation to the ceremony of Monday, to which Diane alone had bid me : to which I looked for the signal which would free her and free me, and throw us into one another's arms.

Monday came, and long before the clock had struck ten, arrayed in my best clothes, wearing the blue favour given by Diane during that cotillon which had played such a part in our lives, with a countenance as stolid, as firm, as resolved as was the will within me, which reflected itself in my features, I sought admittance at the Mairie.

At ten, and not before, I was allowed to go into the hall ; but it was not before half-past ten that I was permitted to enter the room wherein Mademoiselle de Breteuille's marriage was about to be solemnised in accordance with the requirements of the French civil law.

There was a square table, with pen, ink, and paper. There were two chairs for the engaged couple in front of the table, and two others for the Mayor and his clerk, or *adjoint*, on the other side.

There were a few other chairs in the body of the room for near relatives and old people ; but I cared not for a seat, and took up my position next to the wall on the side which the lady would occupy during the ceremony.

Presently the people came trooping in, and all in gay humour, bandying their remarks at one another,

and, perceiving me, whispering to each other that which I cared not to hear, but which, I felt certain, referred to my sad disappointment and my well-known admiration for *la mariée*.

The noise increased as the company increased, and now many pressed near me and talked and compassionated with me.

To all remarks I preserved a stolid silence ; but edged myself forward, so as to keep well in sight of Diane.

A few moments later the Mayor, wearing his scarf, and his clerk, entered the room, bowed to the audience, and asked whether the marriage ceremony could be proceeded with.

“They are coming !” shouted the people in the audience ; and, making room for them, there marched forward a procession, in the first two persons of which it was composed I alone took interest.

The Marquis de Breteuille led his daughter to the table. His step was uncertain ; hers was perfectly steady. His eyes wandered ; hers were fixed. His countenance indicated trouble ; hers was as calm and as placid as if nothing in the world was more common than to be led as a lamb to the slaughter.

As they approached the table, they both caught sight of me. Diane bowed to me, and gave me once more that divine smile which had led me captive at her feet, and plunged my whole frame, body and soul, into one long worship of her beauty, goodness, and being. The Marquis frowned, and looked away.

Another man saw me too, and frowned likewise. M. de Maupert, on taking his seat on the other side of Mademoiselle de Breteuille, had me in full view, and relished not the sight. As if the air had

become suddenly charged with electricity, every one kept looking at the anxious faces of myself, M. de Maupert, and the Marquis.

Although rumour had not been very busy respecting us, still sufficient report had spread as to this marriage being hateful to the bride, for the concern which our countenances exhibited not to give it consistency; and a kind of silence, such as precedes a storm, fell upon the noisy and brilliant company.

The unusual sight, too, of a cotillon ribbon at my button-hole attracted attention, and made people wonder what possessed me to wear such a bauble on such an occasion.

It was therefore with breathless attention that the large gathering of the friends of both families listened to the Mayor's statements as to what constituted legal impediments to a marriage, and with almost painful expectation that they awaited the answers which were now to be given to the Mayor's questions.

"Monsieur," asked the Mayor—a very gentlemanlike man of some fifty years of age, with a long, well-combed beard, a stately gait, and a countenance suited to his official position—"are you the person desirous to be married?"

It seemed so absurd a question, seeing that M. de Maupert was standing before him for the purpose, that I could not refrain a sickly smile that forced itself to my face, and which De Maupert noted almost at the same time that he acquiesced in reply to the official question.

"Then," proceeded the Mayor in a sententious manner, reading from a paper he held in his hands, and having previously adjusted an eyeglass, "you, Count Charles Emmanuel de Maupert, do you take this lady—Diane Marie Ghislaine de Breteuille—for your wife?"

"I do," replied the Count, with a bow to Diane.

"And you," continued the Mayor, still reading in the same unconcerned fashion, "Diane Marie Ghislaine de Breteuille, do you, with the consent of your parents, duly certified and freely given—do you take Count Charles Emmanuel de Maupert for your husband?"

My whole soul went out to the girl, who in that solemn moment had it in her power by one single word from her lips to seal her own fate and mine, and with a terrible sickness of heart that foreboded an equally terrible crisis, I marked her lovely pale face, from which all rays of sunshine had faded, and I was about to utter a yell of despair when from under her veil I noticed a little blue bow, just like the one I wore, sewn beneath the folds of the bodice of her white dress, hid almost from view, but peeping at that moment at me as if to say, What manner of faith have you in me? am I not true to you? am I not here to show you how staunch I can be? wait for the signal and see.

All this was felt, thought of, seen, and appreciated in the space of a second; for in another second a clear voice, like that of a silver bell, went forth pure and true into the hall, and taking that assemblage to witness, sounded in my ears like the message of an angel, as the words, "Non, Monsieur le Maire," struck the whole audience dumb with amazement.

Before the astonishment of all present had had time to translate itself into words, the Mayor, continuing his official duties with the slightest possible semblance of surprise visible on his face, asked the noble girl the motives of her refusal.

In the same distinct tones came

the reply, "Because it is the first time that I have an opportunity of replying to a distinct question. Because neither my parents nor this gentleman here," inclining her head towards M. de Maupert, "have condescended to ask it of me; and because," her voice began to falter, her strength was evidently failing, "because,"—I rushed to her side, and supporting her beautiful form,—"because," she concluded, her eyes lifted up to mine, "this is the man of my choice."

I kissed her lips before the whole of the startled audience. I took her up in my arms with a giant's strength, to a chair away from the cursed seat she had been made to sit upon before; I knelt by her side while the Mayor rushed off for restoratives, and by the side of my speechless love I stood guard, as a man defiantly protecting the life of his life.

Then, as if for the first time the significance of the scene enacted before them had just struck them, there was a rush to the door of frightened ladies and discreet friends, one and all anxious to quit a place where their stereotyped notions of propriety, involving, for aught they cared, the ruin of a young life, had received so great a shock, and hurrying to fill

the world of gossip with the details of the painful tragedy they had just witnessed.

But what cared I for gossip or criticism at that moment? my darling was safe from the profanation of other hands, and I believe I should have struck dead with the fury of a maniac the first person that had attempted to approach my charge.

In a short time the wearied eyes opened, and seemed to look for something. My arm was round her in a moment, and before her stunned and petrified parents my little Diane put her slight arms round my neck for protection, and we embraced with all the might that four weeks of pent-up love could pour into one happy moment of glorified bliss.

Those who looked down upon us in that hour of our triumph and ecstasy realised then, if they never did before, how powerless are the cold calculations of humanity and its meaningless projects for the happiness of youth against the power of love, that, once acknowledged by two ardent young natures, brooks no obstacle, knows no barrier, and overturns in its sweeping current the firmest bulwarks raised against them by social codes or national prejudices.

VII.

The events of the last few hours were of too great an importance to allow of any delay in bringing them to a settlement; and whereas the dignity of a Senator had apparently been enough for the Count to find a ready excuse why he should not be the cause of a scandal, or play a part in an affair of love, into which he well knew he had not been willingly dragged, and he had on that account left

the room, it was left for the old Marquis to express to us his opinion of our conduct, and to determine the line of action he himself wished us to adopt.

It must, however, be acknowledged that the Count de Maupert, on retiring from the scene of action, left word that he was only behaving as he deemed at present the cause of discretion and dignity required of him; but that he would

await in an ante-chamber any call to him which might be made by either the Marquis, the Marquise, or the young lady herself.

As to Diane and myself, we were so rapt in the enjoyment of the moment, so happy in the fact that we were there together, breathing one breath, speaking one thought, and defying the world in our strong young love, that we could not speak.

We looked at one another, and the outpourings of our souls went out to each other in that look. So intense was it, that it was almost alarming to the onlookers, who for some time were riveted to the spot, where they stood silent and dazed, like ourselves in a dream.

I was the first to break the spell, and taking my arm away from the frail little treasure that I had been holding next my heart with such infinite tenderness and pride, I went up to the Marquise, and taking her unwilling hand, she had no power to keep back, I kissed it reverentially; then going to the old Marquis, whose tears stood thickly in his eyes, I said: "Monsieur, here is your daughter. I ask her of you, and I give up my profession to live with her and you, if you consent to it."

He did not answer, but looked at Diane. The tears welled in her beautiful tired eyes. She gave him a little eloquent smile, but when she tried to speak she could not.

I ran to her, fearing she was going to faint again; but she revived on my being near her, and gave my hand so meaning a pressure that, keeping it locked in mine own, I raised it to my lips, and looked at her father.

He could stand it no longer, and bent down to embrace his child.

I stood by, looking on.

Diane, without saying a word, caught hold of her father's hand, and gently leading it, put it into mine.

We shook hands without saying a word; but the change had been wrought that we hoped for.

Regaining his voice, the Marquis asked for the Comte de Maupert, and on his coming in, the Marquis addressed him—

"Monsieur le Comte, I owe you a reparation of honour for the insult which has been publicly offered to you by my own flesh and blood. I am at your orders where and when you may please to appoint."

I listened, stupefied. This had never entered into my reckoning. I only noted with satisfaction that Diane had not taken in the meaning of this speech; but the Count at once replied, with a courage that did him honour—

"Monsieur le Marquis, if such be your wish, I am, of course, at your commands; but we are too old acquaintances for you to misunderstand me, when I here declare that I am unwilling to repay in blood the debt of gratitude I owe for an honour to myself you had considered me deserving of, and which it is not your fault, or that of Madame la Marquise, that I should not now enjoy."

There was a pause; but as it was evidently for the Count to speak, and he felt it, he went on—

"Mademoiselle your daughter has only said the truth, and in that she has not disgraced herself or your name. She has, indeed, acted with a courage so rare among young persons of her age in the France of the present day, that I can only regret, and bitterly regret, that I should not have perceived, until it was too late, the whole extent of my loss.

"It is perfectly true that she

was never asked whether she willingly accepted my courtship. She showed me plainly that it was not one of her choice; but she was so well brought up, so resolutely obedient to the will of her parents, that she did not oblige me to ask a question which I somehow feared might receive the answer it has publicly got this day, and which perhaps on that very account I did not put to her.

"Under these circumstances, it remains for me as a man of years, whose honourable intentions were above all suspicion, to release you from any obligation under which you might feel yourself towards me, and to beg that if my name be ever mentioned in your family, it may not be with loathing and distaste, but with pity and respect. Adieu."

"Noble man!" I exclaimed, and in my impetuosity I was about to wring him by the hands in a transport of generous admiration, when he looked at me with a haughtiness that thrilled as well as checked any forward movement on my part, and said—

"I have not the honour of your acquaintance, and it is fortunate for you, inasmuch as had I that privilege I would certainly make use of it."

Stung to the quick, I said, addressing the Marquis, "Pray, sir, inform this gentleman that I am at his service, seeing that his visit to my rooms on an errand which concerned himself only, was an acquaintance thrust upon me which I never desired."

"As you please," replied the Count, and left the room, bowing to us all in turn, and receiving our own bows in answer.

"Come to my arms, my child," said the old Marquis, "and receive my apology for having ignored the real character of my own daughter."

He embraced her over and over again, and sent her over to her mother, who had been speechless all the while, and was sobbing as if she would never cease.

"*Mon enfant*," said the Marquis to me, "we are not accustomed to scenes like this in our country; but to novel scenes, novel measures must be adopted. What are your wishes now?"

"Sir, I have not asked Made-moiselle Diane in so many words to marry me," I said, attempting a smile; "but I think our hearts have spoken. That generous Count has left us free, and obeying the custom of France, I respectfully ask your permission to woo and win the hand of the girl I love."

"I shall reply," said the Marquis, "as they do in England—What does my daughter say?"

For an answer, Diane, who had heard the conversation, left her mother, and running up to me, cried "*Oui, oui*," in so childish a manner, that the Marquis remarked—

"I think this time there is no fear of the ceremony being interfered with, or of the Mayor stopping proceedings. Go, both of you, and ask the blessing of Madame la Marquise."

She was too much moved to say anything; but acquiesced silently in all her husband's wishes and those of her daughter.

It was evident that Diane's gentleness came from her mother, and her spirit from her father.

"We cannot remain here for ever," at last remarked the Marquis. "Let us go home, and as my girl came here as a *fiancée*, she must not return otherwise. Take her arm, and lead her to the carriage."

I did so, through a line of friends who had stayed behind to hear the *dénouement* or end of this affair,

maybe to carry gossip abroad, some perhaps to grieve or rejoice for and with us; and such is the power of success, that when they saw Diane and myself walking down the steps of the Maierie, happiness and smiles beaming on our countenances, they raised a loud "*Vive les nouveaux mariés!*" forgetful that we were not yet man and wife.

The crowd outside, which, always great on these occasions, had assumed large proportions, on hearing that a hitch, as Bob once called it, had occurred, cheered Diane over and over again, and she became quite suffused with blushes, as, in their enthusiasm, a rain of flowers was showered upon her, and a host of complimentary epithets were bestowed upon her.

At the door of the carriage, just as I was showing Diane into it, Raymond de Chantalès shook me warmly by the hand, and said, in a loud voice, "My congratulations, nephew, but do not do it again," which raised loud laughter at my expense.

Adalbert de Moncalpin squeezed himself near the carriage, and called out to me, "*Vainard!*" a slang expression meaning, "lucky fellow." In the crowd, Rivela-longue waved his handkerchief at me, and sent me a line written on a piece of newspaper, to the effect that "Alexander had destroyed the walls of Thebes, but Phryne had rebuilt them."

The whole thing was absurd, because Phryne was an hetaira, and she was not allowed to build up the walls of Thebes with money obtained by her beauty; but it was so complimentary to my beautiful bride elect, that I could only laugh at Rivela-longue's mythological reminiscences.

We said little to each other on the way to the house, but we set-

tled to have a walk in her own garden as soon as we arrived.

"I am so tired," she said once. "I feel as if I had lived a whole life since yesterday; and it is only right, is it not, mother, that I should rest a little in my garden with Henry, and that he should try to make up to me for his unkindness in never coming to see us?"

It was very foolish of us, but this made us all cry.

Perhaps it was that we were all suffering still from overstrained emotions, and that we sought relief in tears; but how different were our several sentiments!

Diane was wrapped in one idea, that of making up for lost time. I was engrossed by the dread that the scene in which she had just played so heroic a part would prove too much for her health, and the tone of her voice pointed to a similar fear existing in herself. Her parents—kind, honest, good people—were variously moved.

When we reached the house, the servants, who were all on the *qui vive* for our return, received us in respectful silence, not knowing exactly what cue their master would give them, and determined in their French fidelity to watch his movements before they manifested any expressions of feeling on their own behalf; but the Marquis, who knew them well, addressed them thus as we entered the hall—

"My friends, here is the husband of the Queen: and loyalty to the Sovereign is the rule of my house."

A loud cheer resounded; and it seemed to me as if this cheer was all Diane required to make her perfectly happy.

She was really exquisitely lovely at this moment. She put up her hand to her veil, which with a

slight graceful movement she threw off; and as she did so, some pin which tied up her head-dress got entangled in the veil, and the luxuriant beauty of her dark golden hair displayed itself as it fell in profusion down her shoulders.

Her eyes sparkled with delight; and taking my arm, and enclosing it in both her own, she said with childish *naïveté*, "Has not the Queen well chosen?" whereon there was another, and another, and yet another cheer, during which Mademoiselle Garoux came down to witness this strange scene.

The poor woman had been so feeling, so touchingly loyal to us, that we both greeted her with an affectionate embrace; and when her timid eyes discovered that Diane's parents were not wroth with us, or disposed to check the impetuosity of our movements, she could only exclaim—

"Mon Dieu, mais c'est la fête des Innocents," which made us all laugh—the first real sign of forgetfulness of the past which had as yet shined upon us.

The next disposition we evinced to forget and forgive all round was the appetite we brought to the breakfast that a minute before no one would have touched, but which now we were all anxious to do justice to.

It was not an occasion for toasts, and I had tact enough in my happiness to refrain even from drinking Diane's health.

That health was the principal subject of conversation, and we hurried the meal so as to hasten the moment when we could at last be together.

During the repast, however, the Marquis's eye fell upon the blue favour which I wore, and he asked me the meaning of it.

"It is my first and last token of love," I said.

Whereupon Diane, flushing red with honest pride, and pointing to her own little blue bow so gracefully sewn on to her dress, said to her father—

"See, I have one too."

"What children you are!" remarked her father.

"Your children," answered Diane.

It is not for me to recount all that took place in the garden. Those who have known what love is—what happiness it brings in the height of its power—will best understand the joy, the bliss, the blessing of that first uninterrupted hour of our betrothal.

Those who have yet to learn are so much to be envied, that it is useless to let them into the secrets of that sublimest of human mysteries, lest it should take away from their happiness when the hour has sounded for their initiation; but that any one can ever boast of being so loved by so pure, so gentle, so lovely a being as Diane de Breteuille, is what I may be excused if I consider impossible.

We went through the events of the past four weeks—our fears, our hopes, our difficulties, our resolves, and our trials. We rehearsed our nicest moments. We hailed the worst as claims for happy compensation in the future, and our lips sealed the vows our hearts had long offered up to each other.

Time flew, and we were still at the beginning of our conversation, when Diane was hailed by her mother, and I was asked to go into the Marquis's study.

As we parted with a promise that I should return to dinner in the evening, Diane said—

"How is it that we love each other?"

"I cannot tell," I laughingly

answered. "I only asked you to be my friend in need, and you proved that I was in need of a little wife."

"Then you have settled that I shall be your wife?"

I looked alarmed.

She smiled, and exclaimed, "Ask me the question, for at present you have only asked the consent of my parents."

"Diane, darling, will you be my wife?"

"I will," and suiting the action to the words, she kissed me once more, and was off laughing, as she flew into the house.

"My dear friend," observed the Marquis to me, as I was seated in his study a few minutes later, "I will not go back upon the past; but I must say you English have a way of ingratiating yourself with young ladies which is not our way. I cannot blame you, however, for in other respects I own I cannot find fault with the conduct you have pursued since my unfortunate decision in a matter in which apparently, and to my surprise, I find that Diane's parents had no concern.

I smiled.

"You may smile," he went on; "but though no doubt in this case matters may and will turn out for the best, still I have seldom known the wishes of parents set aside with impunity."

"But, Monsieur," I began.

"Never mind the past, my boy. I know all you are going to say; but I have called you in to speak of the future, and not of the past. You know my conditions."

"I know that you wish us to live with you."

"That is a first and absolute condition of my consent."

"I am too happy to subscribe to it."

"In the next place; if children

are born to you, they shall be brought up in their mother's religion."

"Which is also mine," I replied.

"Thirdly, I know not what your means are; but half of them must be settled on Diane, and the whole on her children, if you have any."

"I will instruct my man of business accordingly."

"Fourthly, you must fight M. de Maupert."

"It is contrary to our English ideas," I said; "but there is no condition that you may put to me to obtain Diane's hand, that I am not ready to subscribe to."

"That is well; and lastly, you will come to the Chateau de Breteville with us, when we go there next week. You will take a house in the village near us, and make that house your domicile for the purposes required by law. You will visit Diane whenever you like, in the same way as you might here, now that you are her recognised suitor; and you will be married this day month, without ceremony, in the village church."

"May I have a friend at the ceremony?"

"You are entitled to one."

"He is an Englishman, Lord Stockville, and I wish him to be my best man."

"Another Englishman!" cried the Marquis, with a smile. "Thank goodness, I have not another daughter!"

"You could not have another like Diane."

"*Dieu merci*," replied the old Marquis; "and now that all is settled between us, we expect you at dinner at seven."

When I got home, I found two gentlemen waiting for me; and as I entered they bowed very politely, but equally stiffly, and informed me, almost in the same breath, that

they were deputed by le Comte de Maupert to offer me an apology.

Remembering suddenly (I was too full of Diane to think of anything but her sweet self) that one of the conditions of my marriage was to fight this Count, I exclaimed in rather an imperious manner that I had not yet had time to select two friends, but that I would set about it at once, and address them to these gentlemen.

"Monsieur," said the elder of the two, "we shall always be glad to see your friends on any errand of honour which you may choose to select them for; but our purpose in doing ourselves the honour of calling on you is to deliver to you this letter, to which we are instructed at the same time to request an answer."

This was the letter:—

"MONSIEUR, — The extremely painful event of this morning had so powerfully absorbed me at the time, that I permitted myself an act which, I acknowledge, was not becoming our relative positions.

"You had every right to remind me of my injudicious visit to your rooms, and my memory ought not to have failed me in regard to it. But stronger even than that reason is the fact which I should have recollected—that the Marquis de Breteuille would never sanction the marriage of his daughter with one who was no gentleman.

"I request, therefore, that you will obliterate from your memory the utterances of my wounded pride, and direct the gentlemen who take this apology to you to any of your friends whom you may select to be your seconds.

"I hold myself in readiness where and when you please, but I plead for urgency.

"Accept the expression of my high consideration.

"COMTE DE MAUPERT."

It did not take me long to despatch three notes—one a formal acknowledgment of the above, and the other two requesting Rivelongue and another to call on the Count's friends next morning and arrange how best I could kill or be killed.

I had no fear whatever. My alacrity was such that all next day I even looked forward to the duel as sealing in blood the love I had won, anticipating with hope that the blood about to be spilt for Diane's sake would be mine. It happened as I had thought. We went out to a side alley in the Bois de Boulogne at a very early hour next morning. We bowed, measured swords, bowed again; crossed swords, bowed a third time, and then fenced. But I was so excited that I laid myself open to many a thrust which, had I had to deal with a less gentleman-like adversary, might have proved deadly, and I was called to order. At the very next lunge the Count's sword pierced through my wrist in a parry to the chest, and the blood spurting out was the signal of the end.

"*Bien pauvre compensation!*" exclaimed the Count, as he came near to ascertain the extent of the damage. The doctor having assured him he expected no evil results, and finding that I had not even lost consciousness—though, of course, I must have looked very ill—the Count bowed to me and retired. Honour was satisfied.

My wound healed rapidly. At twenty-five how all does right itself quickly! In less than three days I was back at the Hotel Breteuille, having fulfilled the last and most

serious of the conditions imposed upon me by the Marquis.

Four weeks later, on a bright sunny day of July, Bob, who had arrived the night before, and who was not in the best of humours, accompanied me to the little village church of Combes-la-Breteuille, which he pronounced to be very dirty and very stuffy, and there gave me away to the girl whom he afterwards pronounced to be, out and out, the loveliest creature he had ever seen in or out of his dreams.

So struck was he that he amused us during the wedding-breakfast by informing the Comtesse de Breteuille that, had he known the girl I loved was only half so beautiful, he would never have allowed me to give up promotion for the express purpose of keeping my friends away from a picture they all had a right to admire as a *chef-d'œuvre*. This was neatly put, and on the whole Bob acquitted himself well; but he could not swallow French mannerism, as he called it, and therefore left by the train following that which carried Diane and myself away to the mountains, at an altitude which would bring us nearer to heaven, to bless the hour that had given her courage to speak to me in the pastrycook's shop, to consecrate the colour which had proved so true to love, and to recite once more to each other, before beginning a life of endless happiness together, that chapter of little nothings which make life after all so pleasant and so truly delightful.

Six years after the events just recorded, in one of the old-fashioned villages of the Dauphiné, on an afternoon of March 1873, a man, with a little faded blue ribbon or favour in his button-hole, was kneeling before a tomb covered with flowers, and from which arose a marble cross, on which was written the following inscription:—

“ET ROSE ELLE A VÉCU CE QUE VI-
VENT LES ROSES
L'ESPACE D'UN MATIN.”

Two little children, dressed in blue, were on either side of him, toying with the flowers on the tomb, while the man sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

An older man—older-looking in manner than perhaps his features warranted—came up from behind, and gently touched him on the shoulder.

The children looked up alarmed at the stranger: the children's father wept on in silence.

“All is forgiven beyond the grave,” whispered the elderly man.

“But not forgotten,” replied the other.

“The history of a life, my poor friend.”

“Death in life you mean?”

“That was what I felt on that morning when you robbed me of a wife.”

“That is what I feel as I kneel before her dear remains.”

“Let us be friends.”

The younger man shook hands in silence; and over the grave of Diane de Breteuille the only enmity she had ever brought about was forgotten and forgiven for her sweet sake.

THE OLD SALOON.

THE muscular Christian, so important, or at least so very apparent, in the front of society some thirty years ago, has come to a good and satisfactory end. It was what was to be expected of him. If he was a little too confident in his own excellence and superiority to ordinary men, and especially to ordinary clergymen, he had, it must be allowed, a considerable justification for his complacency. He was a very good fellow, full of manly qualities, though a little too well aware of the broad shoulders and muscular vigour of his constitution, mental and bodily. There was no harm in him in any way. He believed strongly in the "influence for good" which he felt himself able to exercise; and sometimes, by sheer power of confidence, and an enthusiasm which it would be unkind to call self-inspired, but which, in some subtle human way, combined a strong strain of self-belief with more generous sentiments—he did exercise over primitive minds, and also over the too sophisticated, a great deal of influence; and his strength and swing, and even noise, in all of which he himself exulted, were often refreshing to meet with in the dusty ways of the world. But he is gone, and we meet him no more.

These reflections are suggested to us by the book¹ which Mr Hughes, once a distinguished member of the party, has just produced. Bishop Fraser was not a muscular Christian: in some respects his mind was very different indeed from the character of that brotherhood; and perhaps it is only the mild flavour of

the subdued Berserker in the biographer which makes us think of those innocent giants of the past. To be himself so mild a man, no one could be more distinctively muscular than the author of 'Tom Brown'; and there is something in the fondness with which he lingers upon certain characteristics of his present hero, which recalls to us the more congenial souls upon whom he could have expatiated with so much more hearty enthusiasm. If not muscular, however, Bishop Fraser was distinctly manly—not more so in the frank and robust character of his mind than in the delight he took in walking, driving, riding, and, above all, in horses—a taste which commends him greatly to his historian, as it did to his pupils in earlier years, and as we don't doubt it will do to the majority of English readers. We are doubtful, for our own part, how far the love of horses really is an elevating and wholesome passion; it has results upon certain minds which are not perhaps entirely satisfactory. But there is no taste which meets with so much response, in England at least, or is accepted as so entirely a part of a lovable and generous character. We cannot help feeling that it is above all others the thing which attracts Mr Hughes to the late Bishop of Manchester. There are many other points of interest in the Bishop's character, and he is one of those examples of spotless and upright manhood which Mr Hughes has done so much to make the ideal of English youth; but it is

¹ James Fraser, Second Bishop of Manchester. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

this passion—this weakness, shall we call it?—this predilection, which endears the subject of the memoir to the writer of it; and thus throws a humorous half-pathetic reflection upon the time when every zealous priest of his tribe was likewise a fine cricketer, a handy oar, a strong swimmer, a gallant horseman—keeping his muscles well abreast of his religion, and counting handiness and hardness as next to godliness. There were giants in those days. Perhaps our young clergy have not actually fallen off in muscular development, or resigned the pride of thews and sinews for other accompaniments of spiritual life; but the day of Kingsley and his stalwart race is over. The fashion of one generation is not that of another. Lawn-tennis, with its possibilities of feminine intervention, does not perhaps string the nerves as did the more strenuous struggles of an elder day.

Bishop Fraser, however, has many claims on the attention of the reader. He is, as we have said, an example of spotless and upright manhood, let us add of that kind of unexceptionable integrity and respectability which gain golden opinions everywhere, and are, to the credit of the age, the best foundation of success, and one which rarely fails. Goodness pays, as Mr Cotter Morison assured us in his last book—and it is true. It is perhaps, so strangely constituted is humanity, the one thing about goodness which partially takes away its interest, and quenches all enthusiasm in the spectator. Why? We cannot tell, nor perhaps could Mr Morison or any other advanced philosopher. It is a fine sight to see the righteous man flourishing like the cedar in Lebanon, and to know that there is nothing he can do

which does not succeed, and that by dint of perfect character and steady well-doing everything he wishes is opened to him, and all he undertakes comes to a satisfactory result. It is delightful to think that a course of spotless honour and goodness does almost invariably bring about this result—and it is horrible, mean, detestable to add with a sneer, as some bad people do, that nothing does pay like goodness, and that honesty is the best policy, just as Franklin and other highly worldly and unspiritual philosophers have always said. At the same time we are compelled to add that our interest wanes when our sense of justice is so fully satisfied. James Fraser was one of those men with whom everything succeeded. He did well at school and at college, and he gained all the applause, the esteem, and the rewards which crown a youth thus thoroughly successful, and to whom nothing is lacking. He was the best of sons and of brothers—a painstaking tutor, an admirable clergyman—and he finished his career with an originality which had scarcely appeared in his former life, as the most tolerant and impartial and at the same time most outspoken of bishops. Mr Hughes has done every justice to the life of this good man. He has let him speak for himself in all the circumstances of his life, but judiciously—taking all needful pains that the reader should not be wearied by too prolonged a monologue. We do not gather from the book that he had himself any intimate knowledge of Bishop Fraser, but he is always a sympathetic historian, full of respect and appreciation of the fine character which he has undertaken to set forth.

We have not a word to say

against this fine character; but perhaps because of the absence of all the usual events in human life, perhaps because of the unbroken prosperity of it, undisturbed by a cloud or a struggle, the memoir of Bishop Fraser will not, we fear, attract any warmly sympathetic feeling from the reader, which, considering that he seems himself to have been possessed by all the brotherly instincts, is curious. To some, however, it is given to be interesting to their fellow-creatures, just as some are predestined to be fine scholars or great philosophers. Fraser shut his heart to no one, was always ready in kindness and helpful to his friends, but yet he does not touch our heart. The most attractive incidents in his youthful career are connected with that foible (or strong point) to which we have already referred—his love for horses. When he became at a very early age, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, a lecturer at Oriel, that College had dropped, in the revulsion of feeling after the loss of Newman and the distinguished band with which he was connected, into one of those pauses which are usual to academical communities after a period of conspicuous mental excitement. Its pastors and masters were of exceptionally high calibre, but the pupils had slipped out of their hands. “With the exception of Christ Church, there was at this juncture probably no College in Oxford less addicted to reading for the Schools, or indeed to intellectual work of any kind;” and Oriel, outside of the common-room, had given itself up to athletics. The new Fellow had done nothing in this way to add to the glory of the College, though evidently so well able to have done so if he had pleased: and the verdict of the majority of the undergraduates

was, Mr Hughes tells us, “decidedly unfavourable.” “The captains of the boats, and the eleven, and the best boxers in the College, looking at the firm setting on of his head, the breadth of his shoulders, and the splendid muscular development of loin and limb, shook their heads reproachfully. Some moral delinquency, it was felt, must be involved in the neglect of such natural gifts.” It is with a touch of characteristic humour that Mr Hughes explains how the popular feeling gradually came round. “There was a slight reaction in his favour when the hunting men reported that he owned one of the best hacks that stood at Simmond’s, and whenever the old Berkshire met within reach of Oxford, was in the habit of taking his ride in that direction.” Then, another point of much effect: “Was he not a regular dandy?” “The junior Fellow was beyond all question the best-dressed man in the College. Fraser was always as neat as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox. He habitually wore a blue frock-coat of perfect cut with velvet collar; and waistcoat and trousers of light colours, not excluding even buff and lavender, equally well made.” A blue frock-coat with velvet collar! Think of that, O shabby Dons, scuffling out and in in shooting-coats and wide-awakes! But the year was 1840, and men had not learnt the delights of undress. “A much more important step was gained when he was seen on the bank on several critical nights of the boat-races, running by the side of the boat and cheering lustily.” (One wonders if he was in the blue frock-coat of perfect cut at this exciting moment!) “Next term came a rumour that in the long vacation he had clubbed horses with a friend and driven tandem round North Wales.” Is

it a fond prejudice of the old muscular school still remaining which makes Mr Hughes believe in these means of gaining respect? Athleticism is still in full strength in Oxford, more fully organised and recognised than in those early days: yet we should doubt whether a young Fellow might not still gain his due place without the assistance of such adventitious recommendations. The following incident is both more amusing and more likely to have moved the undergraduate mind. It appears that the young men of Oriel were in the habit, after their social meetings, of ending the evening on a grass-plot in the back quadrangle, which lay under the windows of the Provost's library. "Long experience had established that when the red curtains were suddenly drawn back, and a white head appeared at the window, it was time to scatter as fast as possible." On one such occasion a certain gigantic Scot, a scholar of the College, noted for his strength, and nicknamed the Bear, on account of some famous hug in wrestling, while in full flight from this portent, ran up against some one in the dark whom he took for the porter.

"Which of the two grappled the other was never accurately known, but the collision resulted in a spirited wrestling-bout between them; and the 'Bear' admitted that it was all he could do to get rid of his opponent, who, after all, was only left on hand and knee, no 'fair fall' having been secured on either side. But the tussle had lasted long enough for Mackie to have recognised his adversary, and no doubt the recognition had been mutual; and grave were the fears of those in the secret for some days, whether an untimely end might not be put to the career of the scholar, and so a vacancy hard to fill be created at number four in the College boat. But nothing happened, and so Fraser—who had

been peaceably on his way to the library for a book—got the credit not only of having held his own with the best wrestler in the college, but of having kept the affair quietly to himself, knowing that the collision was an accident."

This is a pleasant story, and characteristic of the mingled magnanimity and good sense with which on many after-occasions Fraser treated more serious adversaries. But notwithstanding even such an incident in his favour, he does not seem to have made any impression upon that difficult young populace, or even upon his more dignified fellows, though his manners were good and his heart kind. The course of his life, indeed, seems to have been quiet and subdued, considering his real powers and the respect with which his contemporaries surrounded him. Conscientious and full of brotherly kindness as he was, there seems to have been no impulse in him to throw himself into that hot and hard work which ardent young men—either warmly religious, or, according to the new formulas, humanitarian—are apt to plunge into in the first fervour of manhood and freedom. He had evidently no inclination towards Christian socialism—no notion of any crusade against poverty or ignorance, or those harder conditions of life which sometimes move the generous and inexperienced soul to a kind of frenzy of sympathy and remorseful help. Fraser accepted life as it was, with a strong practical sense of the many pleasant things in it, and the excellence of a tranquilly established position, sanctified but not burdened by the care of a few humble souls and the duties of a small parish. He left Oriel for the little parish of Cholderton, near Marlborough, at twenty-nine, without the slightest appearance of any consciousness

that it was not the best way in which he could dispose of himself, and the most fit development of life. "An altogether unlikely place, one would say," says Mr Hughes, with the wonder of a man who was, in his day, of another and more energetic school, tempered by the determination of a biographer to see his subject only in the best light, "for a young man in the prime of life, the foremost scholar of his year at Oxford, who for the last seven years had been enjoying all that was best in the intellectual and social life of that fascinating city, to select deliberately as his future home. No such thoughts crossed Fraser's mind. His simple and healthy nature could make itself not only contented but happy anywhere."

This is, perhaps, not exactly a solution of the problem. It seems a wonderful waste of faculty to devote a young man of so many accomplishments and so much fresh and vigorous power to the pastoral care of a population consisting of ninety-one men and ninety-two women (children, we suppose, included). He was very comfortable, however : was allowed to hold his fellowship along with this inoffensive little living ; had his mother and his aunt to share his home and its expenses, and nothing could be more easy or more agreeable than his position altogether. He kept a couple of horses,—not the humble and useful animals generally to be found in a parson's stables, but expensive, carefully selected, and still more carefully groomed—the ideal of horse-flesh,—one of which he drove in the most trim and daintily turned-out of dog-carts. This is a trait which tends to salvation, and Mr Hughes dwells upon it with genuine relish. But this right-feeling and conscientious young clergyman did not

hunt : he slew those carnal inclinations in him with an unhesitating hand. Before he took orders at all, indeed, he resigned the sport he loved, in a way which is both amusing and characteristic. "He resolved before doing so to give himself a short season in the shires," and accordingly went down to Melton Mowbray with his two horses, and threw himself into the delights of the chase. For three happy weeks he hunted, we had almost said, day and night ; but that is a figure of speech : three times a-week is the correct description : and in the evening fought his battles over again, by writing a journal with all the incidents of the runs for the instruction of a young brother. When this delightful little holiday was over he returned to Oxford, and "from that day never rode to hounds." This little episode, one feels, affects Bishop Fraser's biographer almost to tears. And no doubt it shows wonderfully the keen conscientiousness, the sense of duty and propriety, and power of self-denial in the man. There was nothing wrong in hunting. He took the pleasure of it to the last practicable moment with all his heart, but resigned it at once and altogether the moment he found it an unsuitable indulgence contrary to the decorum of his profession. The sentiment is of no very exalted or primary kind ; but it is essentially reasonable, practical, and just.

And there is every reason to believe that Bishop Fraser was an excellent country clergyman, and attended to everything that 180 parishioners could require of him—building them schools out of his own pocket, and neglecting none of their wants. After twelve years' faithful serving of his little cure, he removed to another College living, that of Ufton Nervet,

in Berkshire, his motive being, as he himself explains, that he had held his fellowship long enough, and that he could not afford to resign it with so small a benefice as Cholderton. "I shall be more independent, and whether single or married, my income will remain unaffected,—*voilà le motif*," he says, which is also a perfectly blameless motive, but not of an elevated character. The little country rectory; the little rural community; the troublesome squire, who puts up his coat-collar when he comes to church, in mute assertion of a draught, which the provoked parson cannot discover, even with a lighted candle, any signs of; the devoted but puzzled factotum, more like a Scotch "minister's man" than a dependant of the richer establishment, who never can quite understand his master's ways, but follows him wherever he goes with boundless faithfulness,—make up a pretty and amusing picture. The only wonder is how, in our active days, a man like Fraser could have satisfied himself with such a limited sphere, could have contained himself in it, while other men were coursing like knights-errant about the world, pursuing a thousand objects, working in every kind of volunteer way, while he went tranquilly on, putting in painted windows, superintending his village schoolmistress, looking after his old women. That he should have made himself sufficiently well known in these silent corners of the world to be called to one public occupation after another—sent on a mission to America to inquire into schools, employed on other important commissions, and finally chosen as the bishop of an important see—is not more surprising than that he could have thought himself sufficiently occupied in such tranquil places.

A contented mind, "a simple and healthy spirit which could be happy anywhere," is not a sufficient way of accounting for such an extraordinary phenomenon. That it was not from any distaste for work is plainly enough visible, or from the absence of that highest ambition which aims at the elevation of all around. The following letter shows both Fraser's principles and practice at the time when he was only the rector of one of these simple country parishes:—

"I want to see a great effort made to really popularise the Church and education. The masses are hostile to the one and indifferent to the other. Why is this? and why are we clergy so misrepresented (as by Goldwin Smith, who never misses the chance of having a shot at us) and so misunderstood? Here have I, for instance, been working three nights a-week for fifteen weeks this winter, with twenty-four night-scholars, not one of whom, I venture to say, feels anything like gratitude to me for my trouble, or fancies that I have done anything to deserve thanks. I don't want thanks, but I wish they felt I had been really labouring for their good."

It was to this quiet nook, where, notwithstanding the matter-of-fact way in which they took his services to them, the people all loved him, that Mr Gladstone's letter, offering him the bishopric of Manchester, came. The country clergyman in his little parish was not, however, taken by surprise. He had been previously offered the bishopric of Calcutta, which had possibly prepared him for such an emergency: and though he felt, as all serious men must feel, those "throbs and misgivings of my own heart" which are strongest often in those who have least reason to be alarmed by them, he seems to have felt at once that there was

no sufficient reason why he should not accept the great position offered to him. After consulting the friends whose judgment had most weight with him (there were nine of them—which in itself is a sign of character: for there are few people who can boast of possessing so many intimate counsellors) it is thus that he communicates to the Premier his acceptance of the offer:—

“It will be my desire, if called upon to administer this great diocese, to do so in a firm and independent, but at the same time a generous and sympathising spirit. I never was, and never could be, a partisan. Even when seeing my way most clearly, I am always inclined to give credit to others whose views may be different from my own for equal clearness of vision, certainly for equal honesty of purpose. As little of a dogmatist as it is possible to be, I yet see the use, and indeed the necessity, of dogma. But I have always wished to narrow rather than to extend its field, because the less peremptorily articles of faith are imposed or defined, the more hope there is of eliciting agreements rather than differences. Especially have I been anxious to see the Church adapt herself more genially and trustfully to the intellectual aspirations of the age, not standing aloof in a timorous or hostile attitude from the spirit of scientific inquiry, but rather endeavouring (as is her function) to temper its ardour with the spirit of reverence and godly fear. And finally, my great desire will be, without disguising my own opinions, or wishing one set of minds to understand me in one sense, and another in the opposite, to throw myself on *the heart* of the whole diocese,—of the laity as well as the clergy—of those who differ from the Church as well as those who conform to her. I have a high ideal of what a bishop of the Church of England ought to be.”

Bishop Fraser's work at Manchester is perhaps too recent to allow of an entire survey of it, or, indeed, to enable the spectator,

without local knowledge, to understand its weight and importance. It is one of the most curious ironies of circumstance that this fair, frank, large-minded, and honest-hearted man, of his own nature indifferent to punctilio, and eager to penetrate to the soul of that universal agreement which exists, under whatsoever wrappings of difference, among all good Christian men, should have had to tackle one of the most strange phenomena of modern times,—the equally honest, devout, and devoted fanatic, ready to go to the stake for the merest rags of external adornment, wrong-headed, narrow-minded, inaccessible to reason, and yet a true servant of God after all. It is impossible to imagine a more perplexing problem, or one which would try more deeply the patience of a man who was nothing if not reasonable, and to whom the reverse of that temper must have been peculiarly exasperating. We will not enter into the Miles Platting case, or all those hopeless struggles with the immovable martyr, ready to die at any moment for the colour of his stole or the candles on his altar, which taxed the Bishop's strength and temper more than all the real labours and difficulties of his diocese. Rome is far too wise to allow her priests to import the element of ridicule into their real struggle with an antagonistic world in this way. It seems to have been reserved for England, supposedly the most practical of nations, to develop this last climax of the impracticable. It is more agreeable to turn from Mr Hughes's careful record of this ecclesiastical conflict to his account of all the Bishop's activities among his people, and the effect he produced on his first appearance

among them. He threw himself into pastoral work of a kind rather different from the usual occupations of a bishop, breaking ground in his own person among the crowds of Manchester, seizing every opportunity to make himself known to, and become acquainted with, the mechanics and factory-workers, and all the children of toil; and it is with genuine relish that Mr Hughes describes the result:—

“Room must still be found for some short notice of how this strange phenomenon of a bishop, striding about his diocese on foot, carrying his own blue bag containing his robes, stopping runaway carts, and talking familiarly with every one he met, gentle or simple, with a cheerful and healthy curiosity as to all they were thinking about or interested in, struck the Lancastrian folk. The factory hands and working people generally were taken as it were by storm, and had installed him long before the end of the year in a place in their hearts which he never lost. The following, which could be multiplied to any extent, may be taken as fair instances of their attitude. A sturdy Dissenting operative waited for him at the bottom of the stairs after one of his earliest meetings, and seized him by the hand with the remark, ‘Ah, Bishop, thou’dst mak a foine Methody preacher!’ Another waiting for him outside church after a charity sermon, forced a sovereign into his hand with, ‘Bishop, here’s a pound for thee.’ Bishop, ‘Thanks, my friend; for the charity?’ Operative, ‘Nay, nay; for thyself.’”

Society, as it exists in Manchester, was not, however, quite so sure of this over-active prelate, who had not the slightest mind to pose in his lawn-sleeves as an object of provincial adoration; and the newspapers contended over him with many divers opinions, but on the whole a genuine enjoyment of a bishop who was continually furnishing subjects for

articles. Here is a description given by one of them, not intended apparently to be favourable, but which the reader will probably accept as the best eulogy of an active and laborious overseer of the Church that could be made:—

“It is no uncommon thing to find him within the space of twenty-four hours speaking half-a-dozen times in as many places; and ranging, apart from a very scanty theology, over a field embracing such subjects as the evils of drunkenness, the statistics of crime, mischievous agitators, working hours, church collections, the evils of ignorance, young men’s means of saving money, the effect of the Licensing Act, and costly funerals. This is no exaggeration.”

In short, he interested himself in everything which concerned the people under his charge, and spoke always freely, sometimes perhaps a little rashly, warmly, frankly, with full confidence in the ultimate triumph in human hearts of the truth and the right, whatever falsehood and guile might oppose.

The picture grows warmer and more genial as it comes to an end. The quiet country parson expands into the bishop, with a feeling, so far as the spectator is concerned, of a late but joyous development and almost elation in the larger stir and movement of life. His “readiness to talk to every one” reminds one of his friends of “what Thirlwall says of Socrates,” that “perhaps there was hardly a mechanic who had not at some time or another been puzzled or diverted by his questions.” His practical interference as arbiter, for instance, between employers and their workmen, does not seem to have been very successful. It was undertaken, however, with the same buoyant and eager desire to do good and make peace which, combined with a perhaps excessive

confidence in his own power to do so, fostered by success and applause, is so apt to lead an impulsive man into trouble. The good Bishop married, late in his cheerful autumn, at this same exuberant period ; and it is pleasant, and at the same time pathetic, to hear from the bridegroom of sixty that "we are as happy as the days are long." He ought to have been forty at the outside when this stage of life was reached. As it was, the late happiness did not last very long.

Mr Bryce, in a letter printed by Mr Hughes in the Appendix to his volume, speaks of Bishop Fraser as the first of a new school of prelates. "No bishop in our time has been so popular or so useful as he ; none certainly has been so much lamented by the masses of the people." He was the bishop of the laity, the bishop of the Dissenters, of "all the denominations," as he seems to have called himself ; "the first citizen of his diocese, more influential than its political leaders or territorial magnates, not by his official dignity, but because the active duties of his post gave occasion for the display in a large sphere of the civic virtues he possessed, inexhaustible public spirit, untiring energy, perfect candour and honesty, quick and generous sympathy with every form of goodness." It would be difficult to say more of any man.

Beside this lofty and large existence, which filled, in its last stage at least, so important a place in the public eye, it is a curious instance of the levelling power of death that we should place a life incomplete,¹ too quickly ended, too imperfectly trained to have ever at-

tained the full measure of its capabilities, although full of a facile power which has received the fullest acknowledgment from the generation which it delighted. It is the fashion of the present time, when it does notice the suitors for its favour at all, to do so with an overwhelming, if capricious and arbitrary enthusiasm, of which it is difficult to make serious account, —not always, indeed, choosing the wrong object for its admiration, yet carrying that admiration to such a wild transport of applause, that sober criticism is put altogether out of court. Mr Caldecott has been one of the recipients of this boundless approval. His charming talent, so humorous, so easy, so enjoyable, a delight both to himself and the public, has been vaunted to every echo, as if it had been the highest genius. We are not perhaps very rich at this moment in serious art. But of such artists as we possess, no one, however high in aims or accomplished in execution, has received so universal a meed of honour and praise, as has sounded forth the early reputation of the young maker of picture-books, the ready illustrator, the lively and humorous artist of the roadside and the street.

We have not a word to say against Caldecott. His picture-books are delightful. They are the toy-books of children of a larger growth, which have given perhaps more pleasure to the generation than any other series of contemporary production in the way of familiar art. The fountain was fresh and sparkling, a new and bright and fascinating stream ; the life, the fun, the understanding in their gay and lively images is beyond praise,—under-

¹ Randolph Caldecott : *His Early Art Career*. By Henry Blackburn. London : Sampson Low & Co.

standing not only of men and their ways, but of the still more pathetic humour and engaging simplicity of those dumb members of society, the dogs and horses, the beasts and birds, whose expression and character are more difficult to seize than those of men, and always captivating when a fine instinct finds them out. All the animals for instance in the story of the Mad Dog, how admirable they are! from the engaging innocence of the wistful puppy, so wise, so foolish, so irresistible, appealing to every human sentiment, up to the solid gravity of the big retriever, father of dogs, tolerant and benignant as becomes his position, how many wonderful characteristic varieties! And when the final tragedy arrives, and the hunted victim, with a hoarse cry of anguish in his throat, and every hair upon his poor coat staring, dies in despair, the victim probably, like so many of his betters, of a misconception, how pitiful, yet how genuine, is the climax! These dogs are almost more than men. They are men reflected in the clearest, intensest mirror of a narrower consciousness—a reflection almost always amusing, though in some cases tragic, the meaning intensified by the dumb suggestiveness both of pleasure and pain. The same force of expression descends even to still life. How the spoon bridles and simpers, while the dish puts on a manly semblance of protection and triumph! It is humanity masquerading, but with a delightful absurdity and fatuity which goes beyond man. The men and women, indeed, are the worst of the exhibition. They require more from the hand of the artist than Caldecott perhaps had to give; and this is the reason why his last picture-books dwindle as they go on, and are by no means so strong as the

first; but his animals are always delightful. This generation, at least, will never outgrow the pleasure of them. They are perhaps above the range of the children for whom they were originally intended, in all the bravery of their pinks and blues; but for the grown-up children few such simple feasts of pleasure and sympathetic laughter have ever been spread.

But having said this, and having done full justice at the same time to Caldecott's hunting-scenes, and the amusing groups which he picks up on his travels, we cannot claim for this genial, bright, and keen-eyed artist any great or serious standing in art. He began to maintain himself by his pencil before he had learned anything, while he was indeed no more than a very clever and humorous amateur; and notwithstanding his continuous and never-flagging work, he never had time to accomplish the tremendous round of art education, or to qualify himself thoroughly as an artist. There is something in this very fact that propitiates the English public. Fond of the accidental in everything, we are seldom more pleased than when we find that the sketch which takes our fancy, whether in art or music or literature, has been executed by some one who has no right to know anything about these high crafts, but has by mere intuition, by stress of genius, outstripped the students and done better than all the qualified persons. Something of the same feeling no doubt inspired the applause when the productions of a nameless young person calling himself "Boz" came first before the public. These sketches, to our own mind, do not give half so much promise of a Dickens as the preludes of Michael Angelo Titmarsh gave of Thackeray; but the young

clerk, who had no possible claim to a hearing, jumped the obstacles which the other found it so hard to get over.

Caldecott also was a young clerk, brought up in a Manchester bank, and diligent enough at his desk, though covering every scrap of paper and blotting-pad within his reach with pen-and-ink scratches, which were the delight of his fellow-clerks, and kept the office in a general roar. Blotting-paper, by the way, is an admirable medium for the caricaturist. The dots and specks and blurred lines, which come upon it by nature in its simplest use, afford foundations which are precious for all kinds of comic representations, and it is easy to see how the pad on the office desk might become a perfect picture-gallery of illustrations, in which the outline of every unconscious customer, the trick of his hair, the angle of his eyebrows, would come in with amazing effect. A more amusing member of the little community in an office it would be difficult to find, and no doubt his fellow-clerks owed him many a pleasant break in the monotony of business days. We can scarcely call Mr Blackburn the biographer of his friend,* for the present volume is nothing more than a collection of sketches, a number of them already known to the world, with a scanty thread of accompanying explanations, breaking off abruptly in the middle, and entering into few particulars of the artist's life. The reason for this is stated with great frankness. It is to leave room for another volume. "At a future time more may be written, and many delightful reminiscences recorded," says the author, whose power of manufacturing biggish books out of small materials is not unknown to the public, and who evidently has not miscalculated the forbear-

ance of the peculiar audience which has perhaps more interest in what he has to show than in what he has to tell. It is, however, a sort of liberty which ought not to be taken with any serious audience; and in the point of view of literature the book does not deserve any consideration whatever. It is a scrambling record of the outset of a life in which there were no particularly interesting features. The letters given in illustration of the young man's character are just such letters as a cheerful young clerk would write to his comrades in the office, neither more nor less interesting than such compositions would naturally be; yet rather less than more, as they show indications of having been subjected to an injudicious process of selection, and chosen as the clever parts of familiar compositions in which, probably, there were portions not intended to be clever, of more interest. Caldecott, like many young artists, especially of his imperfectly trained kind, was more apt with his pencil than with any other medium, and there is a flavour of Mr Chuckster in the letters which we could have done without. It is evident, however, that neither Mr Blackburn nor Caldecott's correspondents had any feeling of this kind. To show how entirely without perception they were in this respect, it is enough to quote the indiscriminating way in which, as Mr Blackburn says, "one of his friends writes of him very truly:"

"Caldecott's ability was general, not special. It found its natural and most agreeable outlet in art and humour; but everybody who knew him and those who received his letters, saw that there were perhaps a dozen ways in which he would have distinguished himself, had he been drawn to them."

A better authority, Mr Frederick Locker, puts the artist's special and probably sole gift in a very different and much more genuine light :—

"It occurs to me that Caldecott's art was of a quality that appears about once in a century. It had delightful characteristics, most happily blended. He had a delicate fancy, and his humour was as racy as it was refined. He had a keen sense of beauty, and, to sum up all, he had *charm*."

It may be added that he was an admirable illustrator of books, taking up the idea of the writer whose work he was to embellish with an honesty and faithfulness all the more remarkable from the extreme quickness of his own eye to note any passing group and humorous figure, and the fertility of the world around in furnishing irresistible studies. We are unaware of any other illustrated books so perfect as Washington Irving's 'Old Christmas' and 'Bracebridge Hall,' as illustrated by Caldecott. Perhaps the quaintness of the costumes and the neatness of the little word-pictures which he rendered into figures captivated his imagination, and made him triumphant over difficulties which were too many for him in works of a more modern kind: for certainly both his villagers and his gentlefolk in these two charming little books come as near perfection in expressing the author's ideas, and in realising our own, as it is easy to imagine. The illustrations which he did for other books are less remarkable, perhaps because the books themselves were so, and Breton peasants and the like did not afford the necessary concentration of keen observation and pleasant humour in which the artist's soul delighted. We object, however, to have reproductions of the

very well-known illustrations of the Washington Irving books introduced in this supposed collection of unpublished work. It is a kind of deception in its way, and not fair to the purchaser of a book which calls itself a new book, and may be presumed to be a biography. It is neither one nor the other. The story of Randolph Caldecott, such as it was, breaks off in the middle, and half of the illustrations are repetitions from his previously published works, and from the universally known pages of 'Punch' and other journals. There are, indeed, a fair amount of clever pen-and-ink scratches, many of them very clever, which are original; but the majority of the prints have been seen before, and the letterpress is of exceedingly little importance. It would scarcely detract, indeed, from our knowledge of the artist, if we had never seen it at all.

This dislocation of the subject, with the avowed purpose of leaving more to be written at a future time, is, we conceive, an offence of the first class against literary morality. Caldecott, with all his gifts, is not an artist of sufficient importance or interest to warrant the most arrant bookmaker in thus dividing his little life, poor fellow! into two, and eking out his baskets of fragments with so many things which have already had their award. It is something very like trading upon an interesting name. We are by no means sure that it would not be expedient to revise altogether our code of what is permitted and not permitted by the standard of literary honour. To spin out into three volumes, for instance, what would be much better in one is a practice which is approved, nay, enforced, by the supposed practical persons involved, the publishers, whose will and wish is of so much importance to the literary

artist, and has received the sanction of precedent. But if it is hopeless to overthrow this rule, there are at least other matters which we are free to examine. It is so inexpedient as to be almost criminal to reprint in hot haste as a permanent book the light utterances of our *momens perdus*, the popular article, or still more popular speech ; and it is still worse to dilute and cut a subject in which the capricious taste of the public has chosen to find a special temporary interest, in order to make more of it. This last is an expedient which should be approved or practised by no man of letters worthy the name.

We are disposed to reproach Mr Louis Stevenson¹ for following a bad example in this way. He is still too young, and has too much original power and force of invention, to begin to serve up *réchauffés* of his magazine stories at this period of his career. If our young authors would but realise this law of honour, what a good thing it would be both for themselves and their readers ! We have never joined the general cry against continuous work in the way of literary production ; nor have we ever been able to see why books should be the only creations of art which are to be stopped on the way by fictitious rules as to the length of time necessary for their incubation. The literary workman, while his mind is in full career with all the impulse and force of life, and his wits quickened by exercise, is, we think, as capable of continuous production as any artist can be. He is strengthened, not weakened, by the mere force of doing ; his faculties are keener to perceive ; his imagination is more apt to strike out new complications, new combinations, while it is in full

employment. Sparks do not rise from a cold anvil, nor is thread spun straight and fine from an unaccustomed wheel. There are writers who scamp their work, who write without a vocation, to whom their craft is neither a glory nor a joy, but a mechanical occupation ; but it is not of such that we speak. To every man who is in the constant exercise of his work, work is easier, and, we venture to say, in most cases work is better done, than when he is working half time, or hindered in the habitual exercise of his craft. And we think it an impertinence to say that this law does not apply to the literary worker. He, indeed, might have a right to claim more than any other the privilege of his craft, the advantage of that strain of feeling and faculty which cannot be turned off and on like the supplies of a water company, but flows naturally and continuously, unless dammed and obstructed by external obstacles. The writer of fiction knows how often one train of imaginary circumstances springs naturally out of another, and how the world widens and expands into ever new scenes of human life, suggested by that upon which he is working, or leading out of it, by a succession as infallible as any other kind of growth and development. To stop the current arbitrarily, or to blame him for following it with the ardour and rapidity of artistic interest and impulse, is one of the foolish things which literary criticism takes upon itself to do, as if the principles of literary production were different from those of all other works of art. But it is not so ; and except in cases of peculiar temperament or habit, the workman who is in full tide of work is he who works the

¹ The Merry Men. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

best, as in every other craft under heaven. Therefore let the man work: let him go on to fresh woods and pastures new; let him exercise his gifts, and snatch his stories from the storehouse, ever full, of active genius and thought. It will be time enough when the tide grows fainter, when he no longer finds the inventions he requires, or is able to project himself into the perpetually changing circumstances of the life about him—it will be time enough then to gather up his basket of fragments, to pick up what he has dropped by the highways and hedges in the force of his early career.

We may reconsider our judgment, however, in Mr Stevenson's case, from the fact that, so far as we are aware, the 'Merry Men,' which is the first of these collected stories, is new, and has never been published before. It is a curious and weird story, with many things in it which remind us of Mr Stevenson's best work, and much of the Highland atmosphere, and salt sniff of the fresh, cold, boisterous air which recall 'Kidnapped,' a book in which there were many excellences. It is somewhat curious that the author of those dainty little essays, which first won distinction for Mr Stevenson's name, which were almost too finely drawn for ordinary flesh and blood, should have had the good fortune just when it was necessary—when the English reader had begun to show signs of his present turn of taste, and desire for adventure and story in preference to sentiment and reflection—to open the new vein of wonder, and imaginative horror and mystery, which has made him one of the leaders of this revolution. Nothing could have been more well-timed, and few things, from the point of view of Mr Stevenson's early work, more unlikely.

We are not sure now whether the fine thread of humour which runs through most of his stories, and which goes the length of the most delightful absurdity in some, is not rather a puzzling than an attractive ingredient to the readers, who find quite sufficient play of pleasantry in Captain Good's teeth and eyeglass, and prefer the exaggeration of apparently mathematical fact in 'King Solomon's Mines' to the more subtle and exquisite extravagance and grim fun of 'Treasure Island' and the 'Suicide Club.' There is no fun in the 'Merry Men,' who are no mirthful human company, but a wild family of breakers, off the coast of a Highland isle, where grim shipwrecks take place, to the horrible accompaniment of the roar and deafening laughter of these awful vassals of the storm. The master of the wild homestead on Aros, a kind of peninsula, sometimes made into a separate islet by the sea, and exposed to every wind that blows—an austere religious, melancholy, and disappointed man, who is driven mad by a wreck and the horrible chance of gain thus held out to him, gain which, in his frenzy of passionate covetousness, he secures by murder—is the chief figure in the story, which is told by a young relation, who has his own private romance and dream of finding one of the lost ships of the Armada, with all its wealth, under the waters of the bay. This hope, however, fades entirely before the madness of remorse and horror in the elder man, and the strange events which deepen and strengthen it. However even this grim figure is subordinate to the intense influence and force of the scene.

"On all this part of the coast, and especially near Aros, those great granite rocks that I have spoken of go down together in troops into the

sea, like cattle on a summer's day. There they stand, for all the world like their neighbours ashore; only the salt water sobbing between them instead of the quiet earth, and dots of sea-pinks blooming on their sides instead of heather. On calm days you can go wandering between them in a boat for hours, echoes following you about the labyrinth; but when the sea is up, heaven help the man that hears that caldron boiling! Off the south-west end of Aros these blocks are very many, and much greater in size. Indeed they must grow monstrously bigger out to sea, for there must be ten sea miles of open water sown with them as thick as a country place with houses, some standing thirty feet above the tides, some covered, but all perilous to ships. So that on a clear westerly-blowing day I have counted from the top of Aros the great rollers breaking white and heavy over as many as six-and-forty buried reefs. But it is nearer in-shore that the danger is worst; for the tide here, running like a mill-race, makes a long belt of broken water—a Roost we call it—at the tail of the land. I have often been out there in a dead calm at the slack of the tide; and a strange place it is, with the sea swirling and creeping up and boiling like the caldrons of a linn, and now and again a little dancing mutter of sound, as though the Roost was talking to itself. But when the tide begins to run again, and above all in heavy weather, there is no man could take a boat within half a mile of it, nor a ship afloat that could either steer or live in such a place. You can hear the roaring of it six miles away. At the seaward end there comes the strongest of the bubble; and it's here that these big breakers dance together—the dance of death it may be called—that have got the name in these parts of the Merry Men. I have heard it said that they run fifty feet high, but that must be the green water only, for the spray runs twice as high as that. Whether they got their name from their movements, which are swift and antic, or from the shouting they make about the turn of the tide, so that all Aros shakes with it, is more than I can tell."

The sound of those dreadful breakers goes through all the exciting narrative that follows; and their mirth, "a portentous joviality, as when savage men have drunk away reason, and discarding speech, bawl together in their madness by the hour," seems to echo in the reader's ears as he hears them out of the lonely sea-girdled house, with its mystery and misery, "shouting by Aros in the night."

Mr Stevenson has taken the opportunity afforded by this volume of reprinting the very curious sketch called "Will of the Mill," one of the earliest of his productions if we are not mistaken—a singular performance done in neutral tones, and of the kind which certainly is caviare to the general, whatever impression it may make upon better qualified judges. The quietism with which he began, and the strain after effects too fine, and sentiments too ethereal for ordinary humanity, which were the highest fashion at that time, comes strangely upon us with a sense of antiquity, not at all justified by the mere tale of years. Mr Stevenson himself, however, has travelled so very far from these early experiments that we need not hesitate to remark upon the extraordinary effect of remoteness and fictitious antiquity which is in this curious and tentative piece of work, in which the artist's hand shows like that of Corot or of Mason, in twilight effects and dim far-stretching distances, with nothing defined in the landscape or comprehensible in the *morale*, which, notwithstanding, is full of delicate and bewildering suggestions. The dim and doubtful picture becomes more bewildering than ever when we think of it as executed by the same hand which has since then produced the

amazing history of 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde,' besides many other more legitimate and as thrilling dramas. Even at this advanced period of time, Mr Stevenson does not quite seem to know what he is going permanently to be at. The stories in this book are curiously mixed: they belong to all his styles, and they are interesting to the critic as the somewhat fantastic patterns and "swatches" of a very independent literary hand always are—with the one exception, however, of "Olalla," which has all Mr Stevenson's faults with very few of his merits, and is not at all worthy either of him or of his reputation. But once more we must enter our protest against these baskets of fragments. Let the feast be over at least before these scraps of a banquet are put forth upon the literary table, as if they were the freshest and most nourishing fare.

We think it is M. Alphonse Karr who says somewhere that a lady who writes commits a double fault, in increasing the number of books and diminishing the number of women. We are not aware what effect Mrs Main's literary efforts may have upon herself or upon her sex taken as a whole, but we certainly pronounce her guilty of having wilfully added to the already too great number of books without adequate cause or justification. It seems to be now the accepted theory that any person venturing out of her Majesty's dominions, even without extending their travels to the very moderate distance which forms the standard of the Travelers' Club, is entitled to inflict upon the public a detailed account of his or her experiences. This craze for communicating personal details is

to be found in a mild form among the mere sojourners in towns and cities; but it apparently rises to acute mania among those who belong to what Mrs Main calls "climbing circles." We should be very sorry that the world in general should not have the opportunity of reading such books as Mr Whympers's 'Scrambles among the Alps'; but we think an enlightened censorship of the press, which would restrict this class of literature (as indeed many other classes) to so many volumes a-year, would confer a benefit upon society. Perhaps it was some such thought which induced Mrs Main to veil her purpose of relating her Alpine experiences under an incomprehensible title.¹ 'High Life; or, Towers of Silence,' may be taken to mean anything under the sun or above it; our first thoughts, indeed, were of an essay on the House of Lords.

Mrs Main complains that the uninitiated reader of Alpine books delights chiefly in accidents. If so, he will not be interested in the wanderings of our author, who, in most cases, comes off successfully, or at any rate with safety to life or limb. Indeed we confess to feeling that something is wanting in a book where not a guide, not even a porter, is in any way injured. There is, it is true, an English gentleman who nearly faints on a glacier under trying circumstances in the dead of night, and we freely admit that this is something; but as Mr Boffin would say, "It ain't much." Otherwise, beyond some harmless avalanches, we have nothing more serious than the loss of a guide's ice-axe. Mrs Main, to be sure, does not always succeed in her scrambles: but

¹ High Life; or, Towers of Silence. By the Author of 'The High Alps in Winter; or, Mountaineering in Search of Health.' London: Sampson Low.

futile attempts at ascents do not appeal to our feelings; it seems to us that we could fail to go up a mountain ourselves. At the same time, heaven forbid that we should not acknowledge the genuineness of the dangers so boldly faced by Mrs Main; rather would we jump three of Mr Rider Haggard's chasms than follow that intrepid lady up the Dent du Géant. One of the most interesting of these tales of peril is her attempt to cross the Stelvio in a time of heavy snow, which leads to some amusing and some thrilling incidents; but the stories of her various adventures are somewhat lengthy. Nor can we find very much amusement in the sketches of English and American travellers with which the book is filled up. Some of the Swiss-English, however, is amusing; and we have a deep respect for the porter who, being questioned in his examination as to how he would treat a traveller who wanted to rest on a glacier when cold and tired, and would not listen to advice, answered succinctly that he would beat him. Mrs Main appears to be well up in Alpine literature, and brings in little commendatory notices of other people's works with some skill; but surely there must be some mistake when she speaks of Dr Emile Zsigmondy's '*Les dangers des Montagnes*.' We only know of one Montaigne, whom we have never found dangerous, but rather soothing. Perhaps, however, there are others of a fiercer kind.

At a moment when the very name of Ireland is explosive, and the difficulties of her management, which have gone on growing for so many centuries, seem to have come at last to a climax, it is curious to light upon a book on this subject which has nothing to

do with politics, but much with those practical questions on which the prosperity of nations and individuals chiefly depend. Everything in Ireland, unfortunately, has given way to politics; and she is perhaps the one country remaining in the world in which people not altogether devoid of reason are still capable of persuading themselves that revolution means wellbeing, and that prosperity is to be attained through the action of Parliament. Notwithstanding all the injustice towards it with which we are credited, the great qualities of the Irish race have always had recognition at least in literature. That great gift of purity, which is its admirable distinction, has been dwelt upon by alien tongues and pens more than by those native to the country; and nobody has been able to ignore the proverbial wit and fun and fancy, probably much greater in the report than in reality, which, for the last hundred years at least, English writers have vied with each other in celebrating.

"For fun, and frolic, and all that,
In the wide world was not the match
of Pat,"

says Sir Walter in the *Search for Happiness* which his melancholy Sultan set forth upon in the beginning of the century. It seems only just, however, to recognise at the same time those other qualities which are as characteristic of the race. Hatred, violence, and contention did not come into the Island of Saints with the Saxon invader and his detested rule. Count de Montalembert, whose sympathies were all with Ireland, though his French clear-sightedness would not allow him to delude himself as to his disappointment in O'Connell and conviction that the Liberator was

more or less a humbug, gives in his 'Monks of the West' an unwilling testimony to the characteristic vices, as well as to the characteristic virtues, of the race. He finds the Irish from the beginning pure (thanks to St Bridget) but murderous—moral but bloody, their early story when they were undisturbed by strangers nothing but a succession of mutual struggle and massacre. It is not a new feature, but the characteristic of the race.

"An Englishman," says the proverb, "is never content but when he's grumbling; a Scotsman is never at home but when he's abroad; an Irishman is never at peace but when he's fighting."

We all gave a very genial interpretation to that fighting in former days, when it was associated with Donnybrook and the shillelagh. It has grown into a darker vision now, with a love of blood and torture which perhaps always was inherent in the gloomier developments of the national character more than any looker-on was willing to acknowledge, but which native perception has embodied in some of those darker tales which we owe to the once well-known O'Hara family, to Carleton, and other genuine romancers of the race. The extraordinary and powerful picture lately added to these by the author of 'Hurrish,'¹ brings a fresher insight into that long-standing wonder—the phenomenon of a people, the last in the world to retain, through all the efforts of civilisation, that primitive development, the absolute indifference to human life, the love of blood, and pleasure in the sight of suffering, which philosophers hope belong to savage races only. The

first thing to be done towards the extirpation of a disease is the diagnosis of it, and recognition of its character. In this point of view it would be a good thing that this national characteristic should be understood. The bad quality is like the good, inherent. Englishmen and Scotsmen are less moral, but they are also less cruel. They have more pleasure in vice, but less in blood. If we acknowledge the one, which no one has ever attempted to deny, it is right that we should acknowledge the other also. Perhaps in no other country could such spotless relations between man and woman exist as those which Miss Lawless depicts in the wretched cabin where her noble peasant, in the full force of his life, lives side by side with the tender visionary girl, the predestined saint, Ally, without thought or dream of harm; but at the same time it must be allowed that in no other country called civilised could it be so natural a thing, so simple, almost laudable, to take vengeance on your enemy. Even in Corsica a *vendetta* is a horror and wild dramatic excitement. But in Clare it is the course of everyday. The Irish mother triumphs in the fact that her son has had the courage to rise superior to prejudice and kill his foe, as if she had been the mother of a Sioux brave. And even Hurrish himself, the good-natured and mild, has no sense of pain or regret, no haunting consciousness of that first great remorse of humanity, "I have slain a man to my wounding." Nothing can be more curious than this survival, certainly not of the fittest, of primitive inclinations, which is as real and

¹ Hurrish: A Study. By the Hon. Emily Lawless, Author of 'A Chelsea Householder,' 'A Millionaire's Cousin.' Third Edition. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

characteristic as are the finer universal qualities of the race.

It is not to this tragic particularity, however, but to other characteristics equally real, and almost equally serious, that our attention is called by the book before us.¹ Mr Dennis's little work is of the calmest, both in subject and treatment. It has nothing to do with politics. It does not even inquire into that fertile question whether English misgovernment is the occasion of all Irish ills. It takes the Irish ills as existent, not the criminal part of them, but the economic and practical, and suggests the remedy—a remedy not far to seek, having nothing to do with rivalries of race, or conflicts for ascendancy. His very plain statement is that Irish industry is dying, as Irish comfort has died, if it ever indeed existed, not from political causes, but from the extraordinary carelessness and indifference of the Irish nation. The indictment is very broad and general, and it is not of an agreeable character. Lynch-law might easily, we should think, lay hold of the man who thus ventures to charge a quarrelsome race with neglect of its best interests and a deliberate throwing away of all its advantages. Mr Dennis does not do this, however, with any heat or indignation. He pours forth no lamentations nor even very much blame. It is rather to the world, and the bystanders who look on at the lamentable spectacle of a whole country sinking into idleness and want, that he states the case with the seriousness which it demands, than as making any assault upon the culprits themselves. Ireland has everything a country wants for prosperity—all

that is necessary to make her "the source of employment and comfort to her own people," he says. Mr Dennis does not even tell us that she is over-populated. He says of the Irish that they are "a starving people in a land of plenty." "A country," he tells us, "capable of producing in abundance every necessary of life for a population as dense as that of Belgium, fails in point of fact to support a population less dense by 280 persons per square mile." It is not, then, even over-population that does it—not too many mouths to feed, not an impossible problem such as we have been made to believe could only be solved by emigration. But perhaps emigration itself, with all its difficulties, would be an easy cure in comparison with the simple remedy which Mr Dennis proposes, which is in so many words that the Irish nation, that much-discussed, much-described, little-understood entity, should get up like a man and work out its own salvation by honest act and deed, by no new expedients but the use of means which lie ready at its hand; by simple care and pains, and a fair day's work, and the sweat of its brow. This is a very tremendous prescription—it is almost as hard as that which Bishop Berkeley, a sanguine Irishman, proposed to his people in his day—which was only to be good and honest and true, no more. Mr Dennis does not trouble himself about the goodness of the people he discusses. It is as a practical man of business that he regards them and their ways. He speaks the language of proverbs, but without their terseness. He says, in other words, Waste not, want not; he says, If a man will not work, it stands to

¹ Industrial Ireland. By Robert Dennis. London: John Murray.

reason that neither shall he have wherewithal to eat. All this is as plain as any pikestaff; but whether it will convince any Irishman that this and not Home Rule is the panacea for his country, or persuade a troubled Government to set up model farms, model fisheries, model dairies, in order to teach that "bould pisantry, its country's pride," how to do its own work, is a different matter, and one less easy to decide.

Here is Mr Dennis's description of the foundation of evil, the first cause of Irish wretchedness:—

"Why is the potato so much grown and consumed in Ireland? It is because potato-growing and potato-eating form the simplest process by which the Irish tenant can keep body and soul together. He turns up his land, plants it, waits four or five months, and then digs the crop. The product of these operations is his sustenance. It has not, like cattle, or wheat, or any of the higher products of farming, to be turned into money before it can be made available for his own use. The complex transactions by which producers and consumers in a civilised society provide for the wants of others and secure the satisfaction of their own, do not enter into the economics of the Irish peasant. He sticks his potato into the ground, and in due time he gathers the harvest. Feeling hungry, he goes to his store, deals himself out potatoes enough for a meal, claps them into a pot, eats them, and is content. The substitution of oats for the potato would place him one degree higher in the scale of agricultural progress by processes which need not be described. We should then get the Irish tenant past the stage at which a man lives from hand to mouth on the free yield of nature, into the stage at which agriculture becomes an industry, providing him by exchange or sale not only with mere sustenance, but with comforts of which he has hitherto had no experience."

We have always ourselves had a great fancy for the idea of self-sus-

tenance in this primitive way, and remember considering the condition of a Highland proprietor on a little estate, where he grew his own mutton, grouse, and trout, gooseberries and honey, as one of almost perfect bliss. To be sure, the laird bought a good many things in addition and sold some, and his table was more varied than that of the potato-grower. We had fancied also that the potato was modified, in all but the poorest cases, with occasional stirabout; and perhaps Mr Dennis's estimate of the kindly root is a somewhat stern one. But when he comes to subjects better within our understanding,—to the crop which is left to rot because "Irish farmers have not yet learned the simple art of compressing hay for carriage by rail"—nay, more, refuse to learn it: and the butter, which loses its market and is superseded on all sides because it is badly made, badly packed, produced from cows uncared for by workers careless and untrained,—the repetition of the endless story begins to work upon the mind with a sickening effect. Fish swarming at the very doors, but no boats to take them, no nets—the women with their handy fingers so easily trained to lace and other dainty work, unable to weave these first necessities of the natural trade, an almost incredible folly; flax, for which Irish fields are specially adapted, a most profitable crop, abandoned for the trouble it gives, so that it has to be imported for the use of the happily still existing loom, the only persistent trade that keeps its hold of Ireland, thanks to the energy of the North; the recurrence of these fatuities and failures, the constantly repeated tale of waste and loss, the work dropping from nerveless hands, will at last begin to tell upon the nerves of the calmest reader.

All these miseries, according to every human law and calculation, must increase, if ever the country is cleared from the class who can alone set better things going, and delivered into the hands of the peasant, whose only idea is to satisfy his appetite straight from the produce of his fields. Mr Dennis's suggestion in every case is, that Government should take the matter in hand. The training of dairymaids alone, in schools established for the purpose, would do much for one great industry, as has been proved by an experiment already made. "And if to the instruction of the dairymaids were added the instruction of the farmers as to the management and feeding of their stock, it is calculated that the output of butter in Ireland, even with the present inferior breed and the lack of buildings and appliances, could

be raised from six millions to twelve millions annually, while the quality of the butter would be so greatly improved that it might face the competition of the finest Danish." To do this, and to do it all round in everything,—to cultivate the fisheries, the flax-growing, the conveyance of meat—to teach the Irish peasant how to work in every one of the primitive trades which nature has put into his hands, but which *his* nature incapacitates him from doing by any impulse of his own,—would afford full scope for the most paternal of Governments. Perhaps in the long-run it would be cheaper than State emigration. But where is the "still strong man in a blatant land" who will set this system of reform in action? It will certainly not be done by the action of peasant-proprietors, either in Ireland or elsewhere.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEWER AND RUSSIA.

THE attention of the public has been drawn in a marked manner to a series of articles on "The Present Position of European Politics," now appearing in the pages of the 'Fortnightly Review.' I do not propose to deal with either the first or the second of these papers, referring respectively to Germany and France; but on the third, dealing with Russia—or rather, on that portion of the third which deals with the designs of Russia in Asia, and the chances of success of an aggressive policy on her part in those regions—I ask your permission to say a few words. The question is of far too great importance to this country to be left in the position in which the Fortnightly Reviewer has left it; but, in pointing out his sins of omission, I shall at all events be concise.

The Reviewer, after dealing in a masterly manner with the causes which have embittered the relations between Russia and England in the East, enters frankly upon the question of the possibilities of a Russian invasion of India. Commencing by urging the serious responsibility of one who is not a soldier to undertake to pronounce a confident opinion on this subject, the Reviewer submits with perfect fairness the conclusions of the military experts of foreign countries. These conclusions point to the probability of the success of the invader: and these the Reviewer combats. Before I proceed to the main argument of this article, I shall examine, very briefly, the reasons urged on this head by the Reviewer.

I give those of the Reviewer's reasons which appear to me shal-

low and untenable in his own words. He says:—

"I doubt whether the Russians have more than a few hundred Turcoman cavalry ready for a long march; but above all, I think that Russia would have, for a great number of years to come, far more difficulty in finding the enormous train which would be necessary for marching 100,000 men across from Herat to Kandahar, than we should find difficulty in supplying an army of 80,000 men at Kandahar, which would be sufficient to hold in check the advance of 100,000 Russians from the Caucasus and 20,000 from Turkestan."

The Reviewer then, after devoting about half a page to the real dangers which, he thinks, threaten India, carries off his reader to Vladivostock and the Amur, leaving Russia waiting patiently behind her present frontier for "some revolution in Herat, or a dexterous use of Ayoub Khan."

For those who like to live in a fool's paradise such a prospect may be brimful of consolation; but I doubt much whether it will commend itself to the ordinary reader, still less to the thoughtful men who have carefully studied the subject. Throughout his long article the Reviewer alludes only twice, and then in a very cursory manner, to the Persian Gulf, and he does not refer at all to the possibility of the absorption by Russia of the country which would give her the command of the Persian Gulf; and yet these are matters pertaining to the Indian question, and well within the range of practical politics. What are we to think of a writer who, like this Reviewer, professes to deal with the whole subject, and yet does not even mention its most

important branch? He is too well informed, has been too much behind the scenes, to be ignorant of its importance. How great and all-absorbing that branch is, how intimately connected with British interests in India, I shall have no difficulty in making clear to the most ordinary reader.

Let such a reader look at the latest map of Persia, he will see that that country is in the very jaws of Russia. To the north, the Russian frontier extends from Michaelovsk, on the eastern shore of the Caspian, along the northern boundary of Khorasan, to Askabad; thence, turning the eastern angle, to Sarakhs, that Sarakhs of which the late lamented Sir Charles MacGregor pithily recorded that it was "an eye to see and an arm to strike." Sarakhs commands Mashhad, the sacred city of the Persians; and from Mashhad to Teheran, the capital, the way is neither long nor difficult. To the west, the possession of Batoum and Kars gives Russia a vantage-ground of which, in case of need, she can always make effective use. To the south is the Persian Gulf, 550 miles long, and having a breadth reaching occasionally to 220 miles, much coveted by Russia as one of the bases from which, when the proper time arrives, she will act against India. Now, at this moment Russia is massing large bodies of troops in her possessions east of the Caspian. Those masses threaten, it is true, the territories of our ally, the Amir of Afghanistan, but they equally threaten Persia on her most vulnerable frontier. It is, of course, quite possible that a sudden development of trouble in Afghanistan, similar to that which occurred between the years 1863 and 1869, might tempt Russia to act in that country the congenial part of sov-

ereign mediatrix. The rôle is familiar to her, and she would know how to play it to her advantage. But should matters remain as they are at present, she will hesitate long before she attacks, from her present base on the Caspian, an Afghanistan supported by England, so long as a far more easy prey lies within her very grasp. Such a prey is Persia, already morally subdued. There is not a village in Khorasan which is not permeated by Russian ideas; there is not a province in Persia the inhabitants of which do not regard Russia as the future arbitress of their destinies. And the worst of it is that Russia, fully conscious of this fact, knows that she has but to give the word to become mistress of those fertile valleys of Khorasan, which would become a new and effective base for future operations. Like the King of Israel in the sacred record, the Tsar is in a position to say at any moment to his Chancellor: "Know ye not that this kingdom of Persia is ours, yet we be still and take it not from the hands of the Shah?" At any moment he might give the order to march; and, let it be clearly understood, it would be little more than a march. There would be no fighting, properly so called; there might be a skirmish or two, and all would be over. The Persians, in fact, are already conquered before they have fought. From the moment England entered upon the fatal policy of "masterly inactivity" this was a foregone conclusion. It was simply a question of time.

Let us examine now, for a moment, what it is that Russia will gain by her occupation of Persia. In the first place, she will gain, in Khorasan—the ancient Parthia—a territory very fertile, possessing a climate well suited to Europeans,

mountains ranging to a height of 7000 feet, and valleys producing all the necessaries of life, and to a great extent unexplored. If those valleys do not equal in fertility the famed valley of the Herirud, they are surpassed by no other. From the chief town, Mashhad, the march to the capital, Teheran, is easy, the surface being level the whole way. From Teheran to the ancient capital, Ispahan, the distance is only 220 miles; and, as the Afghans found in 1722, when Ispahan is gained, all Persia collapses.

But a new base for future operations does not represent all, or nearly all, the advantages which Russia will reap from the occupation of Persia—an occupation, be it always borne in mind, which may become an accomplished fact whenever, and as soon as, Russia chooses. Not only will she gain this new base, second only in value to that which Herat would afford, but in Ispahan she will obtain a position flanking the line from Herat to Kandahar. It is all very well to object that that line is covered by an impassable desert. The desert is there, but it is not impassable. That which has been once done may be done again. In January 1722, Mahmoud of Kandahar marched from that city, at the head of an army 25,000 strong, in the direction of Ispahan. He took the route by way of Sistan to Kerman, by the siege of which he was detained many days, and thence, by way of Yezd, to the capital, arriving before it on the 7th March. It is not recorded that he experienced many difficulties from the nature of the country, or that he sustained any losses except from the swords of the Persians, and even those were inconsiderable. The very fact that such a flanking position existed, and might

be utilised, would constitute a necessity on the part of the defenders of India to provide against it.

The third and most important advantage to Russia would be the command of the Persian Gulf, an advantage so great that it is not to be measured by words. The possession of the Persian Gulf will accrue to the Power of the first rank which shall hold Persia. To obtain command of that Gulf has been the dream of every thoughtful Russian politician during the past fifty years. "We talk of India," they have said, "but we really want the Persian Gulf; and you English will not be able to prevent us." This is their dream, and it is a dream which may become a fact at any moment.

There is yet a fourth advantage which will accrue to Russia from her occupation of Persia, and that is the supply of men inured to the climate which it will place at her disposal. It is true that it is the fashion to sneer at the Persians as cowards, and I am free to admit that, as at present constituted, their army is despicable. But their army is despicable because the men have no confidence in their officers, and the officers have no confidence in themselves or in one another. But when a man has arisen to lead them—a Nadir Shah, for instance, himself a Khorasani—the Persians have fought well. Under the leadership of that marvellous chieftain they even beat the Russians. I am quite sure that were they subjected to the same training as are the Sikhs and the Gurkhas in India, and officered by the same officers, they would prove efficient soldiers. And there can be no reason why a similar result should not follow their incorporation into the Russian army.

I have now given four reasons to prove the enormous advantage

which would accrue to Russia from her occupation of Persia : I have shown that such an occupation offers no difficulties ; that, compared with an attack on India, it is the merest child's-play ; and that it will be attempted as soon as opportunity offers, certainly long before the more difficult enterprise is even thought of. And yet this *Fortnightly Reviewer*, who professes to expose all the designs of Russia, to give in detail all her means of operating against British interests in Asia, and discusses the chances of success of an attempt to invade British India, avoids all reference to the subject, which is far more prominent in inner Russian politics than an attack on India—which has prompted the recent movements of the Russian troops in Asia—and to cover which, demonstrations are incessantly made against the frontiers of Afghanistan. Neglecting the substance, the Reviewer has exhausted all his energies to combat the shadow.

But this is not all. Even when he refers to the chances of success of an invasion of India by Russia, the Reviewer greatly underrates the advantages at the disposal of the latter Power. He says, for instance, that he doubts "whether the Russians have more than a few hundred Turcoman cavalry ready for a long march." What, then, I may ask, has become of the survivors of the defeat of Geok Tépé in January 1881 ? Of the many thousand Turkmen who fought, some thousands at least submitted. What, too, has become of the Turkmen of Merv ? The whole of these yielded without striking a blow, and we may be sure that Russia did not slaughter them in cold blood. It cannot be that they have no trained horses. The testimony of many travellers, from

Burnes down to Vambéry, proves that there has ever been an abundance of horses among the Turkman tribes : horses ready to do the work of the desert, hardy, stout-hearted, full of endurance. No : in those nomadic countries it is safe to assert that history repeats itself. From the earliest days, from Mahmoud of Ghazni down to Nadir Shah, the Turkman cavalry have invariably taken service with the conqueror of their desert homes, more especially when they have realised the fact that that conqueror designs to lead them to pastures rich in booty. As light cavalry they can scarcely be surpassed ; they are accustomed to Eastern warfare ; they make war support war. With such men Russia could ill dispense, and we may be sure that she has not dispensed with them. There are, at this moment, not hundreds, but thousands, of them at the beck and call of Russia.

Again, the Reviewer adds : "But above all, I think that Russia would have, for a great number of years to come, far more difficulty in finding the enormous train which would be necessary for marching 100,000 men across from Herat to Kandahar, than we should find difficulty in supplying an army of 80,000 men at Kandahar." Is the writer, then, ignorant of the marvellous fertility of the valley of the Herirud ; that its natural productions alone fit it to become the base of operations for an army second to none in the world ? It may be that the irrigation works which fostered the natural fertility of the valley are in a state of disrepair ; but a conqueror such as Russia, who never makes a step except to gain ground towards a predetermined goal, could in a very brief space of time repair those damages, and

restore to the "granary and garden of Central Asia" the prosperity which procured for it that significant title. Then, once more, the distance to Kandahar, what is it? Under 370 miles. The first 160 miles and the last 75 present but few difficulties to an army. Between the points reached by these two lines—that is, between Farrah and Girishk—the road is not easy, and there is a scarcity of water. But a great Power like Russia, which should have had time to settle in its new base on the Herirud, — and it would not take long, — would make light of such difficulties. It seems probable, indeed, that she will have a line of rail to Girishk before England has one to Kandahar. And then, on whose side would the difficulties be the greater? When the Russian line is open to Sarakhs, it will not, under the altered circumstances of the day, long stop short of Herat. And after that, it will go on, by easy stages, to Sabzwar, to Farrah, to Girishk. Between that place and Kandahar, or, possibly on the Helmand, not far from Girishk, will occur, in some future time, the inevitable conflict.

But if the Reviewer has underrated the power of Russia for mischief, and misconceived her immediate aims, in Central Asia, he has, on the other hand, enormously exaggerated her striking capability in Europe. His estimate of the total mobilised army, amounting to four millions, is absurd. In the admirable article on the Russian army which appeared in 'Maga' for last month the correct figures are given. These figures, which are confirmed by Colonel Vogt's 'Die Europäischen Heeren der Gegenwart,' reduce the Reviewer's numbers by one-half. "How many of these," pertinently asks a writer

in the 'St James's Gazette,' "could be assembled on the western border to confront a European foe? For of the above totals but 1,275,000 men, with 2982 guns, are available for this purpose, and 400,000 are reserve divisions with their artillery, whose formation would require considerable time. The best judges opine that nothing approaching a million could be brought into the field against a western enemy."

Whence, then, does the Reviewer obtain his four millions, a host which is to eat up Austria-Hungary, and the contemplation of which makes even Bismarck tremble? Not more than nine or ten years have elapsed since the whole might of Russia, aided by Roumania, was brought into the field to crush Turkey. Not only did she accomplish her self-imposed task with great difficulty, but unless she had corrupted more than one Turkish general, she would have failed altogether to accomplish it. Is it possible that she has grown so much within the last ten years as to be able now to meet in the field, without a pang, the combined armies of Germany and Austria-Hungary—this nation which then, though ably supported by allies, was but just able to cope with Turkey? Common-sense forbids one to think so. The historical conscience of every man who has studied the European question repels the idea. It cannot be, it is not, true.

One word more, and it is a word personal to myself. The Fortnightly Reviewer singles out for attack an idea I propounded a short time ago, to the effect that in the event of a war for existence between England and Russia it would be a wise policy to land a combined army of English and Turkish troops on the isthmus which separates the Black Sea from

the Caspian, and thus to sever the communications between Russia and her Asiatic army. I had not put forward this idea without much thought, or without the conviction that superficial critics would run foul of it. I am, however, spared the trouble of defending it in these pages, for this Reviewer, whilst attacking it in one place, completely justifies it in another. Whilst, in page 342, he calls it "mere map-maker's warfare," he admits, in page 344, "that the Russians themselves think that we could harm them in the Caucasus and keep them out of Asia Minor by cutting their maritime supply-line across the Black Sea." Further, in page 346, he allows that the very presence of an English fleet in the Black Sea would force the Russians "to keep in the Caucasus a vast force which would otherwise be available for service in Afghanistan or Persia." Surely, if the presence in the Black Sea of a British fleet alone would lock up "a vast force" in the Caucasus, the dread of the landing in those regions of a combined British and Turkish army would retain there all the troops which otherwise

would go to make up the invading army of Persia or of India. What an opportunity for England to recover her lost influence in the former country!

I have now concluded my criticisms. If, in many points, I have differed from the Fortnightly Reviewer, there are at all events some on which we are at perfect accord. I desire here publicly to thank him for his protest against the gratuitous unwise surrender of Port Hamilton, the reduction of the Horse Artillery, and the timorous policy regarding the New Hebrides: I wish to acknowledge the patriotic tone of his article, and to welcome his conviction, which I share, that whenever the tremendous battle between England and her colossal antagonist shall occur, England, if true to herself, will ultimately win. The conviction that an Englishman cannot be beaten has stood our countrymen in great stead on many a hard-contested field; but never has it been more necessary that such a conviction should be firmly held than it will be in the coming struggle between the Anglo-Saxon and the Russ.

G. B. MALLESON.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

BY SCHILLER.

"Vibos hoco; mortuos plango; fulgura frango."

*Firmly walled up in the earth
 The mould is set of well-burnt clay;
 To-day the Bell must have its birth!
 Then bustle, lads! To work, away!
 Hotly from the brow
 The sweat must trickle now,
 If the work is to sound the Master's praise.
 But the blessing, it comes from above always.*

With our grave task were fitly blended
 A grave and serious word or two:
 If 'tis by goodly talk attended,
 Then toil goes light and briskly through.
 So let us now contemplate duly
 What's shaped by our weak hands and thews;
 The man is despicable truly,
 Who ne'er his handiwork reviews.
 'Tis this, that man's especial grace is,
 For this was reason given, that he
 Within his heart and soul retraces
 The things his hand has made to be.

*Logs of pine now have them ready,
 Dry and seasoned well belike,
 That the flames, compact and steady,
 May against the cauldron strike.
 The copper's fluxed; now in
 Quickly throw the tin;
 That the tough bell-metal so
 Duly may combine and flow.*

What in the pit there, darkly glooming,
 Our hands with help of fire shall frame,
 High in the belfry turret booming,
 Our doings loudly shall proclaim.
 On many an ear, on many a morrow,
 'Twill vibrate on to distant time,
 Will with the heavy-hearted sorrow,
 And with the hymnal chorus chime.

What to earth's sons, to wound or quicken,
 The fitful change of fate may bring,
 Upon its rim metallic stricken,
 Shall far a pregnant moral ring.

*See! white bubbles now rise thickly!
 Good! the mass is fluxing fast.
 Stir in the potash thoroughly, quickly,
 Then 'twill soon be ripe to cast!
 From all scum, too, free,
 Must the mixture be;
 So may its voice, full, clear, and round,
 From the pure metal then resound.*

For when a babe some union blesses,
 It greets him with a festal strain,
 As, lulled by slumber's soft caresses,
 His earliest step in life is ta'en.
 For him as yet within time's breast
 The lots of storm or sunshine rest.
 A mother's cares are round him drawn,
 From harm to shield his golden dawn.
 Years arrowy-swift sweep on amain.
 The boy, his girlish playmate spurning,
 With fiery heart is bent to roam;
 Through distant lands he storms, returning
 A stranger to his parents' home.
 And now, youth's glorious light arrayed in,
 As if from heaven the vision came,
 Before him stands the ripened maiden,
 Her cheeks with modest blush aflame.
 Anon, with nameless yearnings hidden
 Deep in his heart, alone he strays;
 Tears to his eyes rise up unbidden,
 He shuns his rough companions' gaze.
 Blushing he haunts her steps, her glance is
 A joy to him all joys above,
 Fair flowers he culls, whate'er he fancies,
 To make sweet posies for his love.
 Oh, Hope entrancing, yearning tender,
 Our first love's golden time! The eye
 Sees all heaven open bathed in splendour,
 The heart is lapped in ecstasy.
 Ah, would young love's delightsome time
 Ne'er lost the freshness of its prime!

*How brown the tubes grow, have you noted?
In I dip this wand. If it
Come out, with glaze all over coated,
The time for casting will be fit.
Now, my lads, draw nigh!
Test the mixture! Try!
If soft with hard is blending well,
'Twill then a good result foretell.*

For where the stern and gentle, where
The firm and mild are mated, there
Rings music clear, and sweet, and strong.
Prove, then, ere you for life are bound,
If heart in heart its mate have found!
The dream is brief, the penance long.

Through the maiden's tresses stealing,
Gleams the bridal chaplet bright,
When the church bells, blithely pealing,
To the wedding-feast invite.
Ah! when life's sweetest rite is ended,
Life's Maytime glories wane and pale;
In twain the fair illusion's rended
With the girdle, with the veil.
Away passion flies,
Love abides and takes root;
The flower-bloom dies,
To give place to the fruit.
Out the husband must go
Into life, to contend there;
Must toil and must struggle,
Must plant and must spend there,
Must wrestle and juggle,
Be wary and bold,
If he is to get hold
Of gear and of gold.
Then riches stream in with continuous flow.
Things costly and rare fill his storerooms capacious;
He adds field to field, his house grows more spacious.
And paramount there
Is the housewife, the mother;
Her household she keepeth
Well under command,
Directing, controlling
With motherly hand.

She teaches the girls,
 The boys she holds tight,
 Her hands never idle
 By day or by night ;
 Makes by managing skill
 Her store greater still ;
 With treasures fills presses with lavender spread,
 And twines round the swift-whirring spindle the thread,
 And stores in chests polished and spotlessly bright
 The shimmering wool, and the linen snow-white.
 And joins what is good with what's comely and fair,
 And resteth ne'er.—

And from his home's high roof, with gaze
 Of rapture the father around surveys
 The good things wherewith he is richly blest,
 And tells them over with eager zest.
 He sees the huge sheds their shadows throwing,
 And the barns that are filled to overflowing,
 And the storerooms bending beneath their strain,
 And the billowy sweep of the ripening grain,
 And says in his heart, with a throb of pride,
 "Firm as earth's self, whatever betide,
 Stands my house, in its lordly state,
 Proof against every assault of fate."
 But who with the Powers of Destiny may
 A compact weave, that will last for aye?
 And very swift is Disaster's stride.

*Good! Now the casting may begin,
 Clean and sharp is the fracture there ;
 Yet, or ever we run the metal in,
 Send from the heart a fervent prayer !
 Now strike out the tap !
 God shield from mishap !
 Smoking the fiery tide shoots down
 The handle's arch, all dusky brown !*

The power of fire is a power of good,
 When tamed by man, and its force subdued,
 And whate'er 'neath his shaping fingers grows
 To this celestial power he owes.
 Yet dread must this power celestial be,
 If she tears herself from all trammels free,

And, tameless daughter of Nature, breaks
Away by the path for herself she makes.
Woe, when she, set loose, o'erbearing
All resistance that she meets,
Hurls her firebrands wildly flaring
Through the people-crowded streets!
For whate'er men's hands create
The forces elemental hate.
From the clouds of heaven
Streams the blessèd rain;
From the clouds of heaven,
For blessing or bane,
Shoots the forkèd levin.
Hark! What sounds from the watch-tower swell!
'Tis the tocsin's knell!
And see, the sky
Is red as blood!
Not there the flood
Of daylight broke!
Along the street
What tumult and roaring!
Volumes of smoke
Shoot up! and fleet,
From pillars of flickering fire upsoaring,
The wind-fanned flames through all the length
Of street rush onwards, gathering strength.
Hot as the breath from a furnace flashing
Is the stifling air, beams crackle and blaze,
Pillars are toppling, windows are crashing,
Children whimper and whine, mothers wander a-craze.
Beasts in their stalls
Are lowing beneath the crumbling walls;
All is running and rescuing, dread and dismay,
And night is as light as the broad noon-day.
From hand to hand, the line along,
The buckets fly, and, arching high,
Shoot sheets of water in torrents strong.
Anon the blast comes howling by,
It seizes the flames with triumphant roar,
Falls with a crash on the dried-fruit-store,
Through the long range of the granaries spreads,
Grips the dry beams of the stalls and sheds,
And, as if with a fury fierce and frantic
'Twould tear along in headlong flight
The frame of earth, if so it might,

It grows and grows, up, up to a height
 Gigantic!
 Hopeless now,
 Man to the might of the gods must bow;
 Amazed, benumbed, he sees what made
 His joy, his pride, in ruin laid.

All round, the ground
 Is burnt and bare,
 For the raging tempests a rugged lair.
 Ghastly and drear
 Are the yawning gaps that have windows been,
 And the clouds of the welkin peer
 Down on the wreck within.

One look upon the grave
 Of all was his so late
 The father casts behind him, then with brave
 Stout heart he grasps his staff, and fronts his fate.
 Though the ruthless flames have despoiled him so,
 One comfort is left him to sweeten despair,
 He counts his beloved ones' heads, and lo!
 Not one dear head is awaiting there.

*Now 'tis lodged within the ground,
 The mould is finely filled! Ah, will
 The bell come forth complete and sound,
 To recompense our toil and skill?
 Has the cast gone right?
 Has the mould held tight?
 Ah, while we still are hopeful, thus
 Mischance perhaps has stricken us!*

To holy earth's dark womb do we
 Intrust the work our hands have made;
 The sower intrusts the seed, that he
 Hopes forth will shoot in leaf and blade,
 So heaven ordain, that this may be.
 Sadly a seed more precious still
 We hide within earth's darkling womb,
 And hope that from the grave it will
 Into a brighter being bloom.

From the steeple
 Booms the bell,
 Dull and slow,
 The funeral knell.

Sad escort are these tones that mourn
 To one on life's last journey borne.
 Ah, it is the wife belovèd !
 Ah, it is the faithful mother,
 Whom the Shades' dark prince doth wrest
 From a doting husband's breast,
 From the group of children, whom
 She bore him in her early bloom,
 Whom she beheld with mother's pride
 Grow up and flourish by her side !
 Ah, rent is that sweet bond of home,
 And never can again be knit !
 For in the Shadow-land she dwells,
 Whose love maternal ordered it.
 No more her gentle sway is known,
 No more her wakeful care and pains ;
 Within those widowed chambers lone
 A stranger, hard and loveless, reigns.

*Till the bell cools down, we now
 From our anxious toil may rest.
 Free as happy bird on bough,
 Each may do as likes him best.
 At set of sun,
 His duty done,
 The 'prentice hears the vesper toll,
 But rest there is none for the master's soul.*

The wanderer, far in the forest wild,
 Quickens his pace, as he hears it knell,
 To the cottage home, that he loves so well.
 The sheep draw homewards bleating,
 And the cattle, trooping in,
 Broad of forehead, sleek of skin,
 Lowing loud, as evening falls,
 Fill their old accustomed stalls.
 The creaking wain
 Staggers in with its load of grain ;
 See on the sheaves
 The chaplet lie,
 Bright with flowers
 Of every dye !
 And off to the dance the young reapers fly.
 Market and street grow hushed and still ;
 Round lamp's and hearth-fire's social flame

The houses' inmates gather,
And grating harsh the town-gate shuts.
Earth shrouds her then
In black; but night
To the citizen
Brings no affright,—
Night, that from their darkling den
Rouses the wicked, their prowl to make;
For the eye of Law is ever awake.

Holy Order, with every kind
Of blessing fraught, who like doth bind
To like by ties, gall not nor fray,
Who did of towns the foundations lay,
And into them from wood and wild
The savage, that shuns his kind, beguiled;
Entered the hovels of men, and taught
The virtues by gentle manners wrought,
And wove, of all ties the dearest, pride
In the land where our forefathers died.

Industrious hands, their labours plying,
Work on in friendly league, and so,
Each in his craft with other vying,
Their powers to higher achievement grow.
To guard fair freedom's sacred treasure,
Master and man their force unite,
Each in his station finds his pleasure,
And pays the scorner slight for slight.
Toil is the burgher's crown of merit,
His guerdon some true blessing won;
Kings from the state which they inherit
Take honour, *we* from the things we've done.

Oh, blessed peace,
Oh, Concord sweet,
Hover, oh hover,
With kindly sway,
Over this town of ours, I pray!
Oh, may it never dawn, the day,
When grim War's ruthless crew
Shall riot this calm valley through!
When the heavens, which evening's mellow red
Colours with hues so fair,
Are all aflame with the ghastly glare

Of blazing towns, and the havoc dread
Of villages burning there !

*Now, break me down the walls there ! They
In our work have done their part—
That our successful casting may
Rejoice both eye and heart.
Smite, stroke on stroke,
Till the cover's broke !
Ere the bell can rise from the pit below,
The mould must into pieces go.*

The master may, when all is ready,
Shatter the mould, for sage is he,
But woe betide, if in fiery eddy
The hot ore is by itself set free.
With thunderous crash, blind-raging, from its
Ruptured cell, it bursts in flame,
And fiery wreck and ruin vomits,
As though from the jaws of hell it came.
Where brute force rules, unchecked by brains,
Form cannot be, mere chaos reigns ;
When the populace breaks from restraint away,
Alas for their weal on that woful day !

Woe, when in cities, smouldering under,
Fire spreads and spreads with silent force,
And the people, tearing their chains asunder,
In self-deliverance seek recourse.
Then, tumult tugging the ropes, the bell
Peals on the ear like some madman's yell,
And what was vowed only to peaceful things
To ravage and rapine the summons rings.

Liberty and Equality ! High
Through street and alley swells the cry !
The peaceful citizen flies to arms,
With gathering crowds street, market swarms,
And ruffian bands, that erst shunned the day,
Come trooping about, as they scent their prey.
Then women turn to hyenas there,
And make of horrors a scoff, a jest,
And rend with panther-teeth and tear
The heart yet warm from some hated breast.
Nothing is sacred more ; flung loose
Is every tie of restraint and shame ;

The Good gives place to the Bad, and all
 The Vices run riot, uncurbed by blame.
 To rouse the lion in jungle bedded
 Is perilous, fell is the tiger's tooth,
 But of all dread things to be chiefly dreaded
 Is man, divested of reason and ruth.
 Woe to those, who hand light's heaven-sent torch
 To the purblind fool! Its kindly ray
 Is no light for him, it can only scorch,
 And cities and countries in ashes lay.

*God unto me great joy has given.
 Behold! Like any golden star,
 From its shell the metal kernel riven
 Shows clean and smooth, not a flaw to mar.
 From crown to rim it gleams,
 Bright as the bright sun's beams;
 The scutcheons, clear and sharp also,
 The skill of the hand that limned them show.*

Now, comrades all, this way, this way!
 Close up your ranks, that so we may
 Baptise and consecrate the Bell.
 Its name shall be CONCORDIA!
 Let her to all our townsmen say,
 "In unity and loving concord dwell!"

And this be the vocation still,
 The Master framed her to fulfil!
 With heaven's blue canopy above her,
 High o'er our toils and struggles here,
 Shall she, the thunder's neighbour, hover,
 And border on the starry sphere;
 A voice she shall be from above,
 Even like the shining starry throng,
 That, moving, praise their Maker's love,
 And lead the circling year along.
 To solemn things, and only such,
 Let her metallic music chime,
 And let her, swiftly swinging, touch,
 Each hour, the flying skirts of time!
 Let her to fate an utterance lend,
 Herself without a heart to feel,
 And on life's change and chance attend
 With evermore recurring peal.

And, as the clang dies out, that, riding
Far on the breezes, loudly boomed,
So may she teach, nought is abiding,
All things of earth to death are doomed.

*Now tackle to the ropes and prise
The bell up from the pit, that so
She to the realm of sound may rise,
High up aloft, where the breezes blow!
Pull, pull, lads! See,
She waves, swings free!
Joy to our town may this portend,
PEACE the first message be she forth shall send!*

THEODORE MARTIN.

TWO MONTHS OF THE SESSION.

THE fogs which have so constantly enveloped London during the last two months have been scarcely more dense and disagreeable than the political atmosphere in which we have been living and moving during the same period. The one bright spot, indeed, in the darkness of the horizon, has been discernible in the action of that hereditary branch of the Legislature which is the object against which the shafts of modern Radicalism are continually directed. The House of Lords has been working after a steady sensible fashion, which puts to shame its detractors, and proves it to be more really the representative body of a practical people than the elective assembly in which it is so often denounced. Since Parliament met on the 27th January, the peers, without having indulged themselves with late sittings, or abandoned their time-honoured custom of getting their debates over by the sacred hour of dinner, have settled down to the work of the session in sober earnest. They have passed the Glebe Lands, Church Patronage, Lunacy Acts Amendment, Justices' Jurisdiction, Pluralities Acts Amendment, Appellate Jurisdiction, Law of Evidence Amendment, and other important bills; they have practically passed the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, and have commenced their discussion upon the proposed alteration in the laws relating to Tithes. Upon each and all of these measures there has been debate and discussion by men who understood the subject, amply sufficient for all practical purposes, and of a character which has fully maintained the re-

putation of the chamber in which they have taken place.

Meanwhile, if we turn our attention to the Lower House, the prospect is by no means of an equally satisfactory nature. In fact, a parallel might not be inaptly drawn at the present moment between the existing House of Commons and that unhappy country which occupies so much of its time, and demands so much of its attention. Both have been disturbed by reckless and turbulent spirits; both have been more or less the prey of lawlessness and disregard of constituted authority; both have required vigorous and determined action in order that they might be restored to the condition in which honest and patriotic men would desire to see them. No intelligent observer will deny that the character and reputation of the House of Commons has grievously suffered during the present session, and that representative institutions have been largely discredited by the conduct of those whose chief aim and object should have been to secure an exactly contrary result. One of the worst features of the case is to be found in the encouragement given to tactics which it is hardly too much to call disreputable, by persons who have held high office under the Crown, and from whose position and experience we might have expected better things.

It would perhaps be invidious to mention by name those members of Mr Gladstone's late Administration who, in the debates so unnecessarily prolonged by their Parnellite allies, have only seen a legitimate occasion upon which to annoy and embarrass a Tory Gov-

ernment. There are, however, grave and experienced politicians among the Gladstonian ranks (although it is true that the best and ablest of the Liberal leaders have severed themselves from the Separatists); and when we see such men lending themselves to obstructionist tactics, and promoting the useless discussion of points of procedure which have already been fully discussed and practically decided, we cannot but feel that we are witnessing the melancholy deterioration which is habitually undergone by those who keep bad company. The scandal which attaches to the waste of time of which the House of Commons has lately been guilty, reflects the gravest discredit upon those who have been in any degree parties to it; and although there may be but a few statesmen of any position who have been individually prominent in the matter, it is impossible to acquit the front Opposition bench of having, as a body, either actively or passively assisted the policy of obstruction. Notably was this the case upon one remarkable evening when, just as the House had disposed of "questions," and was about to enter upon the Procedure business, Mr Howell moved the adjournment. This gentleman had gathered from 'Truth,' or some equally reliable source of information, that the Corporation of the City of London had improperly expended corporate funds in promoting opposition to the "Government of London" Bill of Mr Gladstone's Administration. The matter could hardly be called one of "urgency," and could have perfectly well waited for a month, or for three months, without any detriment to the public interest. But, coupled with the opportunity which it afforded for delay, it assumed an

enormous importance in the eyes of Mr Howell and his friends, and they felt justified in interposing its discussion before that for which the House had been summoned. On the Speaker asking, in accordance with the standing order of the House, whether forty members endorsed the motion for the adjournment, the Nationalists rose in a body, together with all the Gladstonians, save and except those on the front bench. The marked and pertinacious manner in which the latter remained seated would, to a suspicious mind, have afforded proof of previous concert with the obstructionists, and the farce was complete when Mr Gladstone subsequently rose, during the debate which followed, and stated that he and his "friends near" him "had taken no part in promoting the discussion of the subject" mooted by Mr Howell, because, although they "perceived at once that the matter was one of the gravest importance, yet" they "did not feel satisfied that it was one which ought to be brought forward to the prejudice of all other important matters and the business before the House." But surely, if the tactics of obstruction are to be discouraged, it is not by the somewhat ignoble method of remaining seated and silent while those behind them facilitate those tactics by rising, that the official leaders of the Opposition can be said to have properly discharged their duty and responsibility to the House and to the country. A dignified protest from Mr Gladstone, and an appeal to his followers on behalf of the credit and character of Parliament, would have been the only fair and reasonable course, in order to have acquitted himself of complicity in the obstructive transaction, and to have proved the sincerity of his

desire to forward public business. The leader of the Opposition has his responsibilities as well as the Minister, and the Government may well complain that they have not received from Mr Gladstone and his colleagues that assistance which they had a right to expect during their repeated attempts to vindicate the reputation of the House of Commons.

It may perhaps be urged that the turbulent followers whom Mr Gladstone leads are amenable to no control, and susceptible of none of those influences of good manners, gentleman-like feeling, and decorum, which formerly enabled the House of Commons to maintain the dignity and high character of its debates. This may indeed be true of political buffoons like Mr Labouchere, to whom notoriety, however obtained, is as the breath of his nostrils, and sundry other "free lances," whom it is useless to name; but if the weight and authority of the front Opposition bench were really thrown into the scale, and seriously employed for the sake of that representative principle which has been so grievously brought into contempt of late, it is at least probable that a public opinion might be formed within the House itself, which would assist in repressing those obtrusive and self-opinionated nobodies, who are impervious to the milder influences of good sense and patriotic feeling. If there are within the walls of the House of Commons men whose deliberate aim and object it is to bring the British Parliament into discredit, it should surely be the primary object of every British statesman to defeat these enemies of his country, and no party object or possible party advantage can excuse Mr Gladstone and his colleagues from this obligation.

If, indeed, it had only been on one or two occasions that they had failed to maintain their own dignity by assisting to uphold that of the House of Commons, the fault might have been forgotten, if not condoned. But, night after night, during the Procedure debates, we have seen the same thing; and the 18th March, on which night the first "closure" resolution was at length passed, witnessed one of the worst examples of irregularity on the part of the Nationalists, and inability or unwillingness in the Opposition leaders to repress their turbulent allies. Upon that memorable evening, immediately before the "Orders of the Day" were called, Mr Dillon rose to move the adjournment of the House, in order to bring forward a matter of "urgent public importance," and his demand was supported by most of the Liberal, *i.e.*, the Gladstonian Liberal, members. The matter of "urgent importance" was one from the discussion of which at the moment no practical result could possibly have arisen. A priest of the name of Keller or Kelleher, resident at Youghal, had been subpoenaed as a witness in the Court of Bankruptcy, had disobeyed or refused to obey the subpoena, and the judge had consequently, as a matter of course, issued a warrant for his arrest. There had been a riot at Youghal in connection with this affair, in which the police had been stoned, and, having been ordered to charge, had killed one of the mob. As this part of the business was already the subject of judicial inquiry, it was obviously improper to discuss it at the moment in Parliament; and unless it was to be contended that Roman Catholic priests in Ireland are above the law, it does not seem very clear what possible reason there could

have been for dragging the case before the House of Commons, especially as the news had arrived by telegram, and full and accurate details could not be known until the following day. Nevertheless, the forms of the House seem to have permitted the absolutely useless and obstructive debate, which lasted for six mortal hours, to the utter disgust of all right-minded persons. Then the Irishmen divided on the question of adjournment, and, according to the 'Times,' Sir William Harcourt, Messrs J. Morley, H. Fowler, Marjoribanks, and other Gladstonians who occupy seats on the front bench, thought it consistent with their duty to walk out of the House and abstain from voting. This miserable exhibition of party spirit will doubtless not be lost upon the country; but it is almost enough to make one despair of the future when one sees such a total absence of patriotic feeling, not to say of decorum and the common decencies of parliamentary life, in men who aspire to be leaders of a great political party.

It must be painful to old members of Parliament, who remember what the House of Commons has been, to witness the melancholy deterioration which it has undergone of late years. Night after night, during the present session, has the Speaker been called upon frequently to interpose his authority, either to reprove unbecoming language or to check the irrelevant remarks of diffuse and rambling orators. As to obeying the feeling of the House by refraining from speech when the sense of the majority present is obviously in favour of coming to a decision upon the question before it,—this, which in old times was the almost invariable practice, seems now to be regarded as antiquated and obsolete; and the

greatest bores in the House, if interrupted, only pause in their harangues, and with a smile of conscious superiority, await the return of the silence which will enable their sweet voices to be heard.

Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to note the success which has been achieved by good temper, forbearance, tact, and common-sense, in the person of the new leader of the House of Commons. Mr W. H. Smith has fully justified the confidence of his colleagues in intrusting him with the arduous and delicate duties of this position, rendered still more difficult by the sudden resignation of one who had, during his brief tenure of the same office, evinced so conspicuous an ability and so completely won the confidence of those he led. Those who watched the short and brilliant career of Lord Randolph Churchill in his capacity of leader of the House of Commons, and who had prognosticated therefrom his great success in the future, may have been surprised to witness, but cannot have failed to recognise, the satisfactory result which has been brought about by the simple display of the qualities to which we have already alluded. Mr W. H. Smith has won for himself the respect and regard of every well-regulated mind in the House of Commons, and both friends and opponents must now admit the wisdom of the choice which placed him in his present position. The House of Commons never fails to appreciate straightforward honesty, and quiet, unobtrusive determination to do the work which has to be done; and many a more brilliant orator and experienced statesman than the present leader of the House of Commons has failed to secure such a general consensus of approbation. Of course, the utmost tact and most invariable

good temper on the part of Mr Smith cannot enable him to escape the attacks of those "irreconcilables" among the Nationalist party to whom delicacy and decorum are alike unknown, and who, by their language and conduct during the present session, have afforded incontestable proofs of the unfitness of Irish representatives to conduct the business of that separate Parliament in Dublin which Mr Gladstone fondly believes to be the end and object of their political aspirations.

Of the unfitness, indeed, of Ireland for such an institution, and of the impossibility of handing over to her "native" government the control of law and order, a striking proof has just been afforded in the very case of Father Keller, to which we have alluded. Having been most properly arrested for contempt of one of her Majesty's Courts, this reverend gentleman was permitted to select a slow train for his journey to Dublin, in order, we are informed by the newspapers, "to give time for arranging a demonstration on his arrival in Dublin"! At every station on the way crowds of people, warned by telegram of the coming of the hero, were present to greet him with enthusiastic cheers. At Thurles he was met by Dr Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, twelve priests, and some thousands of people. At Dublin he was received by the Lord Mayor and several Nationalist members of Parliament, and driven in the Lord Mayor's carriage to the Imperial Hotel. At the several places mentioned he received addresses, and replied in short speeches, describing himself as a martyr to his devotion to the "rack-rented and oppressed tenantry," of whom he was the pastor. Be it observed that this priest was no victim to an

arbitrary Government, but simply a man who had refused to attend the summons of a judge to give evidence before his court. In no other country in the world would such proceedings as we have related have been permitted on the part and in behalf of a person who had deliberately refused to obey the law; and that they should have been allowed to take place, affords the most striking comment upon all the balderdash and nonsense which Irish demagogues pour forth against the tyranny of the government to which Ireland is subjected. An idle and foolish attempt has been made to represent Father Keller as one of whom it had been required that he should reveal secrets committed to him as a Catholic priest. This, however, is utterly untrue. The priest was committed to prison—not, be it observed, by any action of the Government, but by the order of the judge whose authority he had deliberately defied—for refusing to answer a simple question as to whether he remembered being at a certain place upon a particular day,—a question which had nothing to do with the secrets of the confessional, and an answer to which he could not have been allowed to refuse without the admission that a Catholic priest, as such, may decline to answer questions at all, or indeed to appear as a witness when duly summoned by the constituted authorities. Immediately upon the committal of Father Keller, two of the Nationalist members of Parliament addressed an excited crowd, to whom one of them pointed out what had just occurred as part of the "infamous system of alien misrule" existing in Ireland. One is curious to know what would be the system of "native rule" as opposed to that which is thus so

emphatically condemned. Recent events have shown us that juries would be compelled to disregard their oaths, and to give their verdicts not in accordance with the evidence, but with the opinions of the people—*i.e.*, of the National League; and if this is to be one of the results of "Home Rule," we can hardly be surprised if it should be carried a step further, and that no witness should be compellable to give evidence, if that evidence might be attended with unpleasant consequences to the followers and servants of the same authority. Seriously speaking, it has long since become painfully evident that the time has come when the law must be strengthened, and, having been strengthened, must be put in force.

Many of our Conservative friends have been inclined to murmur against the Government for a want of vigorous action during the past six months, during which the spirit of disaffection has been rampant in Ireland, and the authority of evil men has set at defiance that of the law. The answer, however, that all has been done which the ordinary law permitted, has appeared to us to be sufficient, but only sufficient upon the understanding that further powers would be demanded as soon as the opportunity could be obtained. That opportunity has come at last, and the Government may rely upon the support of public opinion in any and every attempt which they may make to enforce the law. It is not our purpose to discuss to-day the particulars of the demands which Lord Salisbury's Cabinet have thought fit to make under the exigencies of the present moment. We do not hesitate to say that the position of Ireland and of Irish affairs is so critical, that whatever demands might have been made by

the responsible Ministers of the Crown, it would have been the duty of Parliament to have acceded to them with as little delay as possible. That there should be bitter opposition to the granting of such demands is a natural consequence of the lessons which Mr Gladstone has been teaching his party ever since he awoke to the consciousness of the necessity of the Irish vote to his political predominance. If, however, that opposition is conducted beyond a certain point, the indignation of the British people will infallibly be aroused. Indeed the tone and language of a portion of the Gladstonian press has already been calculated to excite deep and justifiable anger within the breasts of peaceful citizens and law-abiding people. It is bad enough to stigmatise by the opprobrious epithet "coercion," legislation which has for its sole object the enforcement of obedience to laws which have been adopted by every civilised community, and which are absolutely essential for the preservation of society and the protection of the lives and property of innocent people. But when such legislation is described as "trampling on the Irish," and we are solemnly warned that "after coercion is passed, *every outrage that the Irish may commit, from moonlighting to dynamite, will be condoned in advance,*" the matter is becoming somewhat serious. Yet such is the language of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' no later than March 17th, with other expressions tending to palliate and excuse such crimes as have already disgraced Ireland and stained the name of Irishmen. We hope, indeed, that when the same newspaper declares that "a union of heart and of sympathy has sprung up between the English Liberals and the Irish Nationalists," and that "we are all

brothers-in-arms—allies in the same campaign," it is not intended to intimate that even the extreme class of "Liberals" for whom alone the 'Pall Mall Gazette' can assume to speak, are prepared to countenance crimes which are repulsive to all law, human or divine. Yet such is the inference which may certainly be drawn from such language, and it is melancholy to read such an approximation to the direct encouragement of crime. Indeed, we fear still further encouragement will have been given by the amendment moved by Mr J. Morley upon the proposal to facilitate the introduction of the "Bill for the better Prevention and Punishment of Crime in Ireland," and the culpably unpatriotic tone adopted by the Gladstonians in the debate which followed.

This style of comment upon coming legislation; the hostile criticism of a Bill which had not even been introduced; and indeed the whole attitude of the Gladstonians and their Nationalist allies since the beginning of the session,—must have convinced all reasonable and impartial men of the wisdom and patriotism which dictated the course adopted by the Liberal Unionists in opposing and defeating the Home Rule Bill of last year. These men knew with whom they had to deal: that the Nationalists would never be satisfied or contented, and that Mr Gladstone would never weary of concession, if only by concession the great end of keeping his party together and himself in office might be accomplished. They saw that a stand must be made somewhere against the extravagance of Nationalist demands; and although we may wish that they had resolved to make this stand some years ago, before the Parnellites and Land-Leaguers had been so greatly

strengthened by the concessions so obviously made in deference to their agitation, we cannot but recognise the patriotism which induced them to take action last year, and the resolution with which they have held their ground. The attitude of the Liberal Unionists has been an interesting study for some months past, and is, up to the present moment, alike of interest and importance.

Their treatment by the Gladstonians has been amusing in the variations of its impertinence. At the time of the general election, every Gladstonian, from the great leader himself down to Mr Labouchere, vied with his neighbour in the strength of the abuse which he poured upon the followers of Lord Hartington and Mr Chamberlain. We remember the strenuous advice given by Mr Gladstone to the electors of various constituencies to reject Liberal Unionists—how Mr Ferguson was overthrown at Carlisle by a bitter speech delivered during the stoppage of a train—how honest Peter Rylands was assailed with cruel words, and encountered by a contest which is said to have shortened his life—how an opposition to Lord Hartington was suggested and encouraged—Mr Courtenay's rejection advised—and triumph expressed over the defeat of Mr Goschen and Sir George Trevelyan. Until the elections were over, and the constitution of the new Parliament definitely ascertained, no language was too hard for the poor Liberal Unionists. To do justice to the advanced wing of the Radical Gladstonians, they have scarcely deviated much from the tactics then enjoined by the leaders of their party. Mr Labouchere and political nobodies of his rank and type have persistently said such disagreeable things as they could

concoct of those Liberals who preferred patriotism and their own convictions to that servile following of Mr Gladstone, which is just now the fundamental article of the Radical creed. But, as soon as it became apparent that the Liberal-Unionist strength was sufficient to enable them to overpower the combined Gladstone-Nationalist vote by supporting the Government, a wiser spirit began to influence the ex-officials of the late Administration, and the more prudent of their supporters. Then came whispers of regret at the severance of men who held so many principles in common—of conviction that, after all, the differences between them had rather been differences of detail than of principle, and of desire that such a sad state of things, entailing the continued existence of a Tory Government, should no longer be allowed to continue. Hence came about those famous conferences, the actual proceedings at which, whether conducted at a "Round Table" or elsewhere, have never been divulged, but the main object of which was to reunite the scattered divisions of the army which had once been led by Mr Gladstone.

It matters but little from whom the suggestion of such conferences originally came. From the first we entertained neither doubt nor fear of their result. The attempt to reconcile irreconcilable principles can never succeed in reality, and only in appearance when it is unprincipled men who have to discuss the terms of reconciliation. The leaders of the Liberal Unionists had given proofs too strong and too recent of having been actuated by high principle to allow us for a moment to suppose that they could be persuaded to a course of action which might commend itself to men of more flexible temperament

and easier political virtue. Sir George Trevelyan, indeed, has certainly gone to the very verge of concession in some of his recent utterances, and curiously enough, while hinting that the language of the 'Times' savoured more of devotion to the interests of the Conservative Government than to those of the Union, has induced the belief that the unity of the empire was scarcely of more value with him than the reunion of the Liberal party. Sir George Trevelyan, however, is a strictly honourable man; and although we regret that in his desire to reconcile and to be reconciled to old friends, he should have made speeches which have encouraged the idea that he was prepared to approximate more nearly to the Separatist party, we have never feared his abandonment of the flag under which he fought last year, or doubted his attachment to Unionist principles.

Of course it is now the object of the Gladstonians to dwell upon their points of agreement with, just as at the general election it was their policy to make prominent their differences from, the Unionists. If we study Mr Gladstone's speech at the dinner so conveniently given by Mr Barran, M.P., on the 17th of March, we shall find that in speaking of those who "stand on quite a different footing" from "the Tories," "nearer to ourselves" (the Gladstonians) and "appearing to take pleasure in the name of Liberal Unionists," Mr Gladstone "will not say anything that could be possibly understood as censure or condemnation of any one." Nay, more,—“in regard to those friends of the Liberal party from whom” Gladstonians “are momentarily divided,” Mr Gladstone thinks that “there are two duties incumbent” upon his followers, the first of which is that they “shall do no-

thing that can wound," that they "shall say nothing that can wound and nothing that can embarrass them." Mr Gladstone even goes further in this after-dinner oration, for he declares that he desires his friends to regard the Liberal Unionists as they "regarded them two years ago," and to repent of any words which they may have used "which seem at variance with such a declaration." All this Gladstonian honey is, of course, intended to catch such Unionist flies as may be weak enough to put their trustful feet within its reach. If there be such, however, and if they should be inclined to forget the scornful vituperation which was hurled at their heads when there was a chance that it might injure them, they will do well to read Mr Gladstone's speech several times over, as indeed all Mr Gladstone's speeches must be read, by those who desire to discover their real drift and meaning, or rather the several drifts and meanings which are usually discernible to the careful reader. In this instance, among all the civilities addressed to Liberal Unionists, coupled with the hope expressed that "a variety of points" may be discovered upon which "improvements may be made" in the Home Rule proposals of last year—improvements, of course, which would tend to conciliate the Unionists—there are three sentences, pregnant with meaning, to which the attention of the reader should be directed. The first is, that there "could be no greater misfortune than that" the Unionists and Gladstonians should "pretend—not falsely, but conscientiously—pretend and profess" that they "had made an agreement, when in point of fact" they had "only agreed upon certain forms of words which, when

they came to be examined, proved to be without value." The second sentence is as follows: "As regards *the main proposals* we have in view, *it is futile to talk of receding*;" and the third, with reference to arrangements for the settlement of the land question by some plan for the purchase and sale of Irish estates, declares that any such plan known to Mr Gladstone "absolutely and essentially requires as a vital condition the institution of a real Irish Government able to speak and act for Ireland, "without which," says the speaker, "*I do not see how to stir a step towards the adoption of such a plan.*"

From the above quotations, Liberal Unionists will see that Mr Gladstone adheres to that proposal for a separate Parliament and separate Government for Ireland which was rejected last year; and that if they should allow themselves to be cajoled into the belief that he intends to make any such concessions as would bridge over the gulf of principle which really divides them, not only will they have deceived themselves, but Mr Gladstone will be able to point to this speech as a proof that they have done so with their eyes open, and they will have only their own credulity to blame for the awkward position in which they will have been landed. It is easy enough to talk about the bills of last year being "dead and buried"; but it is palpable to the most casual observer that their principle—that of the division of the power and Parliament of the empire—is as much alive as ever, and that if this were not the case, Mr Gladstone would at once lose the support of the Parnellites. To obtain that support he has already done much, and as far as one can judge of the future by the past, he is more likely to bid higher for its retention than

to risk its loss by receding from last year's demands. Upon the probability of the contentment and pacification of Ireland being obtained by concession to these demands, it is well to note Mr Bright's letter to a Birmingham Home-Ruler on March the 15th. Mr Bright avows his continued sympathy for Ireland and the Irish; and with respect to Mr Parnell and his Nationalist colleagues, he thus expresses himself: "I am asked why I cannot trust those leaders. I do trust them most entirely. I have seen their course for seven years past, and have heard and read their speeches. I believe in those speeches, and see in them only hatred to England and disloyalty to the Crown, and I am unwilling to intrust to their tender mercies any portion of the population now under the government of the Imperial Parliament." If we contrast the calm, sensible tone of this letter with the wild ravings of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' and the intemperate nonsense of Gladstonian orators upon provincial platforms, and, alas! even in the House of Commons itself, we shall not have much difficulty in discovering where the truth is to be found, and which is the right path for patriots to follow.

Let it, moreover, be ever borne in mind that in calling upon Unionists, whether Conservative or Liberal, to band themselves together and stand shoulder to shoulder against the common enemies of the empire, we ask no one to sacrifice his opinion and convictions upon any of the grave political and social questions which await solution in the future. We only seek to have it recognised and accepted, that the crisis is so grave, and the danger to the empire so real and serious, that everything

else must be postponed until that crisis has been passed and that danger trodden under foot. We freely admit that the Radical Unionist, who anxiously desires reforms in Church and State, the furtherance of which may have been his principal object and interest in political life, has a greater demand made upon him than that which is made upon his Conservative fellow-worker in the Unionist cause. But he is asked to abandon no opinion and to surrender no principle. On the contrary, if he has confidence in his own ideas and theories, he should feel that he is far more likely to disseminate the one and obtain the adoption of the other by being brought into contact and alliance with men who, recognising his honest loyalty to the empire in the hour of its peril, will in the future regard him and his opinions with increased consideration and respect. Conservative Unionists may hope, on the other hand, that their alliance with the more moderate of their heretofore political opponents may show the latter how small and unimportant are the differences which have as yet prevented them from a thorough and perfect combination, and that such a desirable event may yet be the outcome of the present condition of affairs.

We are by no means insensible of the difficulties which lie in the way of even such an alliance as that which at the present moment happily exists between the different sections of politicians who constitute the Unionist party. As Mr Chamberlain justly observed in a recent speech at Birmingham, it is almost impossible to persuade Tories to vote for Radicals, or Radicals for Tories; and the abstentions from going to the poll on this account lost many seats to the Unionist cause at the last general

election. The ties of party are immensely, nay, absurdly strong in England, so that men will constantly submit to very great sacrifices of personal opinion sooner than incur the reproach of disloyalty to their party by refusing to follow the policy of its leaders. But when, as in the present case, those leaders are divided, and the question of policy is one which vitally affects the very existence of the United Kingdom, something even stronger than party ties should awake in the breast of every Briton who is worthy of the name. There would be no greater mistake than to suppose that the contest was finally decided at the election of 1886. Those who were defeated have too much at stake to accept as final the verdict which was then recorded. Every effort will be made to obtain the reversal of that verdict; and to defeat such efforts loyal men must be firm, resolute, and united.

Our opponents are never weary of telling us that they are as much for the Union as we are, but that it is a real union of heart and soul which they desire. And yet, with these professions in his mouth, Mr Gladstone, with strange inconsistency, takes every opportunity of pointing out to the several nationalities of which the United Kingdom is composed, that they have separate and divided interests, and that it is England which is unduly outweighing and overbearing the opinions of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. One would have imagined that a statesman who really desired a union of heart and soul between the people of these islands, would have rather loved to dwell upon the interests which they possess in common, and the many reasons which exist for such a union. Mr Gladstone, however, prefers to take a contrary course, and, not content

with trying to set by the ears the four recognised nationalities within the kingdom, his last effort has been to set up an additional nationality, and to persuade the great county of York that she, too, has some interest separate and apart from that of the rest of England. Yorkshire, forsooth, returned a majority of Gladstonians as her representatives at the last election, and therefore, according to Mr Gladstone, Yorkshire has in some inscrutable manner been wronged by the fact that collective England happily returned a majority of Unionists. This, however, is only one more example of the mischief which would arise from the adoption of Mr Gladstone's views. Everywhere they tend to division and disunion. Carry them out to their legitimate conclusion, and we must have a separate Parliament and Government in every county, if not indeed in every hundred or wapentake, or even in every parish of a county. It is indeed the idea of self-government gone mad, which seems to have taken possession of this eminent statesman's brain. Self-government is doubtless in itself an admirable thing, but, like other admirable things, it may be spoiled by overdoing; and that every part of a country should govern itself, irrespective and independently of the other parts, is, of course, a state of things incompatible with the existence of that country in the shape of a great and united empire. To common-citizenship in such an empire Mr Gladstone apparently attaches no value, or if he values it at all, it is as something quite secondary and inferior to the possession of a distinct and separate nationality, however helpless and unimportant the latter may chance to be. But it is in the aggregate of nationalities, closely united by common bonds

of interest, of affection and loyalty, that we Unionists find the strength and glory of the country which we love.

In our eyes, the nationality of every one of Queen Victoria's subjects is to be respected, but the nationality of the United Empire is an object of still greater respect and admiration. It is for this that Unionists contend, and it is this which they intend to preserve. Nor will we be diverted from our purpose by all the arts which unscrupulous faction may employ to embarrass or defeat our efforts. When our adversaries declare that many useful legislative measures are impeded, and many desirable reforms are delayed, because "Ireland blocks the way," we reply that it is not Ireland, but the mischievous and ill-considered legislation which the objectors themselves have proposed for Ireland, which is "blocking the way," even after its emphatic rejection by the constituencies at the general election. When these men affect to regret the waste of time which has brought the House of Commons into contempt, we answer that it is upon their own shoulders that the responsibility rests; and that the conduct of the Parnellite obstructives in the Imperial Parliament, in which they figure as a minority, has amply justified that decision of the electorate which has refused to establish them as a majority in a separate Parliament at Dublin. More time may yet be wasted, for not even the "closure" can entirely put an end to the exuberant verbosity which finds its way into popular assemblies such as the House of Commons, and obstruction will die hard—being, in fact, an evil which has sprung from that freedom of debate which is in itself good, and which would never have

been restrained if it had not been abused to an extent which rendered its restraint a matter of necessity. But in spite of obstruction, of waste of time, and of the delay of useful legislation, we have such confidence in the goodness of our cause that we do not for a moment doubt its triumph over every obstacle which the ingenuity of faction can devise. Lord Salisbury's Government has received its mission from the country, and that mission will be duly fulfilled. The first two months of the year may not have seen all that work accomplished which loyal and patriotic men could have desired; but they have at least proved to the Government that public opinion is upon the side of patriotism and loyalty, and that in a resolute determination to repress disorder in Ireland, to uphold the authority of the Crown, and to vindicate the majesty of the law, they will receive the cordial and unflinching support of the Unionist majority in the British Parliament.

P.S.—It is impossible to close our review of these two months without one word in reference to the new Secretary for Ireland, and the treatment to which he has been already subjected by those Nationalists who are so anxious to prove their fitness for the discharge of legislative functions. Mr Balfour, quitting the congenial duties of Secretary for Scotland, for which he had already evinced an aptitude and ability which promised a great success, promptly responded to the call of duty, and stepped into the post rendered vacant by the unfortunate illness of Sir Michael Hicks Beach. In the first answers which he returned to the questions asked by Parnellite members, Mr Balfour displayed a calm courage and determination

which at once aroused the wrath of those parliamentary bullies who are striving to overawe the House of Commons by their vulgar bragadocio. Accordingly, on the night of Friday the 18th of March, when Mr Dillon had succeeded in dragging the case of Father Keller before an unwilling House, Mr Balfour was contradicted, interrupted, and subjected to insulting language which would have disgraced Billingsgate. We grieve to say that it was not only Irish Parnellites who took part in this shameful behaviour. Perhaps no better could have been expected of Mr Labouchere, who has never shown the slightest respect for the dignity and character of Parliament; but the citizens of York can hardly be proud of the part played by their representative, Mr Lockwood. This gentleman, owning to "the very small experience of the House which he possessed," took upon himself to lecture Mr Balfour upon the way in which he "had chosen to deal with the question," accused him, forsooth, of "want of respect" to Mr Dillon, and of approaching the subject "in a dictatorial spirit." This impudent attack probably had no effect upon Mr Balfour, but certainly did not reflect anything but discredit upon its author. It was both wanton and unnecessary, besides being most ungenerous, when we consider that it was made upon a man who had only filled his present office for some three days, and in whose speech there was really nothing which could in the least justify Mr Lockwood's bitterness. Nor was it on Friday only that Mr Balfour was treated in a manner so

conspicuously unfair as to call for notice. On Monday the 21st, the Irish and their Radical allies forced the House of Commons to sit through the whole night and far into Tuesday. The discussion was upon the Estimates, and had there been a real wish to discuss an Irish question, opportunity could have been found therein. But these honest and kindly opponents waited until Mr Balfour, after a long sitting, had gone to bed, and then, raising a discussion which could lead to nothing, insisted upon his presence, and refused to go on with the business until he had been sent for. Mr Balfour is not believed to be strong, and it appears to be the desire and intention of the genial Nationalists to wear him out. We trust and believe, however, that they are reckoning without their host. Even after the long sitting on Monday, and the lack of time to make any preparation for Tuesday's debate, his reply to the laboured invective of Mr J. Morley was spirited, pointed, and full of vigour. Mr Balfour has given evidence that he has a brave heart and determined spirit, and will not be daunted by the unworthy course taken by men who are unable to cope with him by fair and legitimate argument. For ourselves we are proud of our fellow-countryman, and confident that the public opinion of Great Britain will applaud his bold tone and courageous bearing, whilst all loyal men will uphold and support him and his colleagues in their resolution to enforce obedience to the law in every part of her Majesty's dominions.

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JOYCE.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

It was a coming of age, and yet not a coming of age. The hero in honour of whom all these festivities were, was a brown and bearded man, who had been absent in all sorts of dangerous places since the moment when he was supposed formally to have ended the state of pupilage. That had been later than common, since the will of his uncle, whom he had succeeded, had stipulated that he was to come of age at twenty-five. He was now near thirty when he came home, bearded as has been said, bronzed, with decorations upon his breast, and a character quite unlike that of the young hero to whom such honours are usually paid. His position altogether was a peculiar one. The estates of the family were not entailed, and Mr Bellendean of Bellendean, the uncle, had passed over his own brother, who was still living, and left everything to his nephew; so that Norman was in

the peculiar position of being received by his father and mother in a house which was not theirs but his, and of standing in the place of the head of the family, while the natural head of his own branch of the family was put aside. The character of the people made this as little embarrassing as it was possible for such a false position to be, but still it was not easy; and as the young man was full of delicate feeling and susceptibility, notwithstanding an acquaintance with the world unusual in his circumstances, he had looked forward to it with some apprehension. Perhaps it would be wiser to say that he thought he was acquainted with the world. He had been "knocking about" for the last ten years, seeing all the service that was to be seen, and making acquaintance with various quarters of the globe. He thought he knew men and life. In reality he knew a little of Scot-

land, a great deal of India, and had a trifling acquaintance with some of the colonies ; but of London, Paris, all the capitals that count for anything, and all the life that counts for anything, he was as ignorant as a child.

This combination is one which was not at all unusual in Scotland a generation since, and produced a kind of character full of attraction, the most piquant mixture of experience and ignorance, of simplicity and knowledge, that can be conceived. A man who had an eye as keen as lightning for the wiles of an Eastern, were he prince or slave, but could be taken in with the most delightful ease by the first cab-driver in the streets ; who could hold his own before a durbar of astute oriental politicians, but was at the mercy of the first flower-girl who offered him a rosebud for his button-hole, or *gamin* who held his horse. He had the defects as well as the virtues common to a dominant race, and probably was imperious and exacting in the sphere which he knew best ; but this tendency was completely neutralised by the confusion which arose in his mind from the fact of finding himself suddenly among a population entirely made up of this dominant race, to whom he could be nothing but polite, whatever their condition might be. He was very polite and friendly to the railway porters, to all the people he encountered on the journey home, and reluctant to give trouble to the pretty fair chambermaids at the hotels, or to pass without inquiring into their story, the women who begged or sold trifles on the streets. "A respectable-looking woman, and English by her accent," he would say. "We must stop and inquire into it. There must be a reason, you know." "Oh yes ; probably

there's a reason. Come along, or you'll have all the vagrants at your heels," his more experienced companion would reply. They had thus a little difficulty in getting him safely through the streets at his first arrival. Home was strange to him ; it was a place where all the men were honest and all the women true. He was ready to believe everything that was said to him in the new England which somehow was so unlike the old which he had seen only in passing so long ago.

The party he had brought down with him consisted of two or three brother officers, unnecessary to dwell upon here ; an older friend, Colonel Hayward, whom he had known very well and served under, and who had now retired from the service, who joined young Bellen-dean in Edinburgh, being already in the North ; and a young man about town called Essex, who had made a tour in India a year before, and was very willing to repay the kindness shown him then by taking care of his military friend and steering him through the dangers of London. Essex, who had a mild handle to his name, and was Sir Harry, would have liked to prolong the period of his tutorship, and lead his young soldier about into pleasures and wonders unknown. But the claims of Bellendean and the great festivities concerted there were supreme. And then it was drawing towards the end of July—a period when philosophy becomes easy. It was thus a party of four or five young men, chaperoned, if the word is applicable, by the *vieux moustache*, the steady old soldier, as ready for a frolic as any of them, who was yet, as he assured them, old enough to be their father, who arrived at the Bellendean station, where flags were flying, and the militia band

blaring forth its welcome, and a body of mounted farmers waiting to escort their landlord to his paternal halls. For Bellendean it was a very fine reception indeed; and Norman himself, being of a simple mind, was much impressed. If the others laughed a little, that was partly, no doubt, because they were by no means the heroes of the day, and because, in the eagerness about "the Ca'ptain," the desire to identify him, and the disdainful indifference shown to everything that was not he, these gentlemen were thrown into the background, where they grinned and looked on. Colonel Hayward, however, was as much impressed and still more delighted than Norman. He would have liked to shake hands with all the tenantry as he did with Mr Bellendean the father, and assure them all that "there could not be a finer fellow;" and when they raised a cheer as the carriage drove off, joined in it lustily, with a mingled sense of being a spectator yet an actor in the scene which it was delightful to see.

Bellendean was a handsome house, of no particular age or pretensions, not very far from Edinburgh. That beautiful town was indeed visible from various points in the park, which, on the other hand, commanded a view of the Firth and the low hills of Fife, at the point where the great estuary closes in, and with a peaceful little island in mid-stream, and a ruin or two on the margin of the water, forms that tranquil basin, in which—driven by storms of wind and storms of nations, the Athelings, pious folk, the Confessor's kindred, not strong enough by themselves to hold head against fierce Normans and Saxons any more than against the wild tides of the Northern Ocean—once found a refuge. The

rich and mellow landscape, brightened with vast rolling fields of corn and ripening orchards, startled the visitors from India, whose ideas of Scotland were all Highland; but increased their respect for their lucky comrade, of whom they had been accustomed to think that his estate was some little patrimony among the mountains, where there might indeed be grouse and perhaps deer to make poverty sweet, but nothing more profitable. The Lowland landscape lay under a flood of afternoon light. The roads were populous with passengers,—there were groups of ladies in front of the house, on the terrace to which the long windows opened. Everything was wealthy, almost splendid—a beautiful park and fine trees, and all the evidences of that large life which a country potentate leads in what our fathers called his "seat." Bellendean himself felt a certain awe as he looked upon all this which was his own. He remembered everything keenly, and yet it had not seemed to him so great, so imposing in his recollection as it was in reality. He had remembered his own favourite haunts, which were not the most important features in the scene. He turned to his father with a curious shyness and embarrassment. "I had forgotten what a fine place it was," he said; but his eyes said something else, which natural reserve and the presence of strangers kept from his lips. What his eyes said was—"Pardon! that it should not be yours but mine."

"It is a fine place," said Mr Bellendean. "The places we have known only in youth are apt to look diminished when we come back. I am glad it has not that effect on you. All the same, my dear boy, I am glad it is you and not I that have to live in it."

Neither Mrs Bellendean nor I care for Bellendean."

At this Norman grasped his father's hand, and said, "You are very good, sir," in a way which much perplexed the excellent Colonel, who did not understand wherein the virtue lay, and who was further stricken dumb by the next question. "In the confusion and excitement of seeing you again, I believe I have not asked for Mrs Bellendean?"

The reader is too experienced not to perceive that this question, which bewildered Colonel Hayward, conveyed the not very extraordinary fact that Norman had a step-mother, which was one of the chief reasons of his long absence. Not that Mrs Bellendean was a harsh or cruel step-mother, or one of those spoilers of domestic peace who flourish in literature under that title; but only that the young man remembered his mother, and could ill bear to see another in her place. She stood on the steps of the great door at this moment, awaiting the carriage—a woman not more than forty, tall and fair, dressed a little more soberly than her age required, but full of youth and animation in look and figure. A number of ladies stood behind her, some of them "as pretty creatures as ever I saw," the Colonel said to himself, cousins of all degrees, old playfellows, old friends. The *vieux moustache* stood by while these pleasant spectators surged about young Bellendean. He stood aside, and made his remarks. "I shouldn't wonder now if he might marry any one of them," he said to himself. "Lucky fellow. I shouldn't wonder now if they were all waiting till he throws the handkerchief. Talk about sultans! all those pretty English—no, they are Scotch—girls: and

he could have any one of them!" The Colonel sighed at this thought. He belonged himself to an age in which statistics had no place, before it was known that there was a million or so of superfluous women, and being a chivalrous soul he did not like this thought. He was much pleased to discover afterwards that several of the young ladies were married, and so out of the competition. But it was a pretty sight.

After this the days were tolerably well filled. There was a dinner to the neighbouring gentry, and a dinner to the tenantry. There was a ball. There was a great supper in tents to the labourers and cottagers on the estate; finally, there was a vast entertainment for the school children in the united parishes of Bellendean and Prince's Ferry. The Colonel went through them all manfully. He carried out his original impulse, shook hands with everybody, and said, "I assure you he's a capital fellow." "I had him under my command at So-and-so, and So-and-so, and I know what's in him," he said. In this way Colonel Hayward was himself a great success. The old county neighbours liked this assurance, and the farmers delighted in it. And when it came to the turn of the masses, and the old soldier went about among the tables at the labourers' supper, repeating his formula, the enthusiasm was immense. "Eh, Cornel, but that's a real satisfaction," the old men said. "Sae lang as he's done his duty, what can mortal man do mair?" His own assurances and reassurances went to the good Colonel's head. He felt like a trumpeter whose note was the word of command to everybody, and marched about with his head high. "I assure you he's a capital fellow, a capital

fell——” He was in the very act of repeating them, when the words seemed to fail him all at once. He stopped in the middle with his mouth open, and gazed at some one who at that moment for the first time caught his eye.

Was it because her place did not seem to be there? A girl of twenty or so—tall, slight, her figure like a lily-stalk slightly swaying forward, her head raised, with a tremor of sympathy in every feature. Her face was like a lily, too, pale, with large eyes, either brown or blue, he could not be sure which, and long eyelashes uplifted; and the most sensitive mouth, which smiled yet quivered, and made as though repeating the words, which the eyes seemed to divine before they were said. She was seated at the end of a table with two old people, too old to be her father and mother, looking as if she had strayed there by some strange chance, as if she had nothing to do with the vulgar features of the feast, like a young princess who had sat down among them to please them. The words were stopped upon the Colonel’s lips. He broke down in the middle, and stood staring at her, not knowing where he was. Good Lord! that face: and sitting there among the common people, among the labourers, the ploughmen! It did not seem to Colonel Hayward that anybody about was surprised at his stare. They, too, turned round and looked at her kindly, or—not kindly, as the case might be. But they were not surprised. They understood his wonder. “Ay, sir, she’s a very bonnie lass,” said one old man. “A bonnie lass! a bonnie lass!” the Colonel repeated; but not with the tone in which he had spoken about the capital fellow. It was as if some blow had been struck at him which

took away his utterance. He hurried up to Mrs Bellendean, who stood at the head of the tent looking on. “A young lady, my dear Colonel? there are no young ladies there.” “You must know her if I could but point her out to you. She is like no one else there. It is not curiosity. I have a particular reason for asking.” “Tell me what she was like,” the gracious lady said; but just then her husband came to consult her about something, and the opportunity was lost.

Colonel Hayward retired from his trumpeting for that night. He let Norman’s reputation take its chance. He was very silent all the rest of the evening, not even repeating his question when he had an opportunity, but sitting by himself and thinking it over. It was a remarkable face: but no doubt the resemblance must be a chance resemblance. There are so many faces in the world, and some of them here and there must resemble each other. It must be something in his own mind, some recollection that had come to him unawares, an association from the Scotch voices he heard round him. That, when he came to think of it, must have been working in his mind all day; indeed, ever since he came. And this was the issue. Every mental process (people say) can be explained if you trace it out. And this one was not so difficult after all, not difficult at all, when you came to think of it, he said to himself, nodding his head; but all the same, he could not help wishing that Elizabeth had been here. And then he began to think again of that girl. She was not like a girl to be found sitting with the ploughmen’s families. He seemed to see her before him, especially when he shut his eyes and gave himself up to it, which he did in a

retired corner on the terrace after everybody had gone away. Though it was late, there was still light in the skies, partly the lingering northern daylight, partly the moon, and he shut his eyes while he smoked his cigar and pondered. He could see her before him, that girl, in a dark dress made (he thought—but then he did not know much about it) like a lady's—certainly with a face like a lady's, or how could she have resembled——? Of course, it was only association, and the recollections that came back to him with those Lowland voices. The Highland ones had never affected him in the same way. The fact was, he said to himself, he was never half a man when Elizabeth was not with him. She would have understood the sequence of ideas at once. She would have found out in five minutes who the girl was and all about her, and set him at rest. He was interrupted in those thoughts by the sudden irruption of the band of young men with their cigars into the balmy quiet of the night. It was warm, and they had found the smoking-room hot. "And there is old Hayward gone to sleep in a corner," he heard one of them say.

"He must not sleep," said Mr Bellendean; "wake him up, Norman. The air here is too keen for that."

"I am no more asleep than any one of you young fellows," the Colonel said, jumping up. "But as old Hayward has more sense than a set of boys, he kept outside here in the cool while you were all heating yourselves in the smoking-room. I don't think they've got the best of it this time, Mr Bellendean, eh?"

"They don't half so often as they think," said the other old gentleman. They were neither of

them very old, but they drew together with a natural sympathy amid that band of youth.

Next day was the concluding day of the Bellendean festivities, and it was chiefly to be devoted to the children. In the afternoon the park was turned into an immense playground. Every kind of game and entertainment that could be thought of was provided. There was a conjurer, there was Punch, there was a man with marionnettes, and what the children liked still better, there were games of all kinds, in which they could themselves perform, which is always more agreeable than seeing other people do so. And finally, there was tea—a wonderful tea, in which mountains of cake and cookies innumerable disappeared like magic. The ladies were all there, serving actively the flushed and happy crowds of children, throwing themselves into it with much more sympathy than they had shown with the substantial feasts of the previous days. The young men were set free, they were not required to help in the entertainment of the boys and girls; and except Norman, who had bravely determined to do his duty to the end, the male portion of the company was represented only by Mr Bellendean and the Colonel, who looked on from the terrace, and finally took a walk round the tent where the meal was going on, and partook, as the newspapers say, of a cup of tea at a little separate table in a corner, where Mrs Bellendean was taking that refreshment. It was when the Colonel (who liked his tea) was standing with a cup in his hand, just outside the great tent, which was steaming with the entertainment, that he suddenly stopped once more in the midst of a little speech he was making about the

pleasure of seeing children enjoy themselves. He stopped with a little start, and then he set down his cup and turned back to watch something. It was afternoon, but the sun was still high in the skies, and even under the tent there was full daylight, impaired by no shadows or uncertainty. The shade within gave a suppressed and yellow glow to everything, something like the air of a theatre: and in the midst there she stood once more, the girl of last night! The Colonel gazed at her with an absorption, an abstraction, which was extraordinary. He saw nothing but only her alone. She had been seated by the old ploughman on the previous night as if she belonged to him; but now she was moving about among the children as the young ladies were doing, serving and encouraging: her dress was very simple, but so was theirs, and there was not one of them more graceful, more at her ease. Everybody knew her. She seemed to be referred to on all hands; by the children, who came clinging about her—by the visitors, who seemed to consult her upon everything. Who could she be? The clergyman's daughter perhaps; but then, how had she come to be seated last night between the old couple, who were clearly labouring people, at the cottagers' supper? And how had she come by that face? Whoever she might be, gentlewoman or rustic maiden, how had she come by that face? That was the wonder. The Colonel stood fascinated, immovable, at the tent-door, looking in, seeing all the moving crowd of faces only as a background to this one, which seemed, in his fancy, to reign over them all. Her face was not still and attentive, as on the previous night, but full of animation and life. He watched the

children come round her as they finished their meal, which was pretty to see; he watched the ladies coming and going, always circling more or less about this one figure. He watched Norman going up to her, holding out his hand, which she took, showing for the first time a little rustic shyness, curtsying as if he had been a prince. Then he saw a quite different sort of man from Norman, one of the schoolmasters, go to her in his turn and say something in her ear, with an evident claim upon her attention and a lingering touch on her arm, which spoke much, which made the Colonel angry, as if the fellow had presumed. But the girl evidently did not think he presumed. A smile lighted up her face, which she turned to him looking up in his. Colonel Hayward felt a movement of intolerable impatience take possession of him: and then a still stronger feeling swept across his mind. As she turned her face with that look of tender attention to the man who addressed her, she turned it also to the spectator looking at her from the tent-door. The line of the uplifted head, the soft chin, the white throat, the eyes raised with their long eyelashes—"Good God! who is she?" he said aloud.

Mrs Bellendean saw the absorbed expression in his face, and came and stood beside him to see what he was looking at. Her own face relaxed into smiles when she found out the object of his gaze. "Oh, I don't wonder now at your interest, Colonel. I am sure she has had no tea; she would never think of looking after herself. Now, come, you shall see her nearer; she is worth looking at: Joyce!" she cried.

"Joyce! Good God!"

CHAPTER II.

Colonel Hayward sank down upon a bench which stood close to the tent-door. The light swam in his eyes. He saw only as through a mist the light figure advancing, standing docile and obedient by the side of the great lady. The name completed the extraordinary impression which the looks had made; he kept saying it over to himself under his breath in his bewilderment. "Joyce! Good Lord!" But presently the urgency of the circumstances brought him to himself. He breathed in his soul a secret desire for Elizabeth. Then manned himself to act on his own behalf, since no better could be.

"This is the very best girl in the world, Colonel Hayward," said Mrs Bellendean, with a hand upon Joyce's shoulder. "I don't wonder she interested you. She has taught herself every sort of thing — Latin and mathematics, and I don't know all what. Our school is always at the head in all the examinations, and she really raises quite an enthusiasm among the children. I don't know what we should do without her. Whenever we come here, Joyce is my right hand, and has been since she was quite a child."

If it was condescension, it was of the most gracious kind. Mrs Bellendean kept patting Joyce on the shoulder as she spoke, with a caressing touch: and her eyes and her voice were both soft. The girl responded with a look full of tenderness and pleasure. "Oh, mem, it is you who are always so good to me," she said.

The schoolmistress then! That was how the ploughman's daughter had got her superior look. When he saw her closer, he thought

he saw (enlightened by this knowledge) that it was only a superior look, not the aspect of a lady as he had supposed. Her dress had not the dainty perfection of the young ladies' dresses; her hands were not delicate like theirs: and she said "mem" to her patroness with an accent which—— Ah! but what did that accent remind him of? and the face? and, good heavens! the name? These criticisms passed like a cloud across his mind; the bewilderment and anxiety remained. He rose up from the bench, nobody having thought anything of his sudden subsidence, except that perhaps the old Colonel was tired with standing about. Oh that Elizabeth had been here! but in her absence he must do what he could for himself.

"Young lady," he said, "would you tell me how you got your name? It is a very uncommon name: and your face is not a common face," he added, with nervous haste. "I knew some one once——"

His voice seemed to go away from him into his throat. It was curious to see him, at his age, so unsteady and agitated, swaying from one foot to another, stammering, flushing under the limpid modest eyes of this country girl, who, on her part, coloured suddenly, looked at him, and then at Mrs Bellendean, with a faint cry, "Oh, sir!"

"Where she got her name?" said Mrs Bellendean. "It is not so easily answered as perhaps you think. I will tell you afterwards. It is a very uncommon name. Joyce, my dear, what is the little secret you have been plotting, and when is it to be made known?"

The young woman stood for a moment without replying. "How can I help wondering?" she said, with a long-drawn breath. "How can I think of common things? Nobody has ever asked me that question before." Then, with a sudden effort, she fell into her usual tone. "It will be nothing," she said quickly, as if to herself; "it will be some fancy: I'll go back to my work. It was no secret worth calling a secret, Mrs Bellendean—only some poems they learned to please me—to say to you and the other ladies, mem, if you will take your seats."

"Where would you like us to take our seats, Joyce?"

"Yonder, under the big ash-tree. It's very bonnie there. You can see the Firth, and the ships sailing, and St Margaret's Hope; and you will look like the Queen herself, with her ladies, under the green canopy. Will I put the chair for you?" cried the girl, in the Scotch confusion of verbs. She gave the Colonel one glance, and then hurried off, as if determined to distract her own attention. There were a few garden-chairs already scattered about under a clump of trees, which crowned a little platform of green—a very slight eminence, just enough to serve as a dais. She drew them into place with a rapid and cunning hand, and caught quickly at a Turkish rug of brilliant colour, which lay beside the tea-table, placing it in front of the presiding chair. Her movements were very swift and certain, and full of the grace of activity and capacity. Meantime the Colonel stood by the side of Mrs Bellendean, surveying all.

"She is excited," said the lady. "She is a strange girl: your question—which I have no doubt is a very simple question—has set her imagination going. See what a

picture she has made! And she could sketch it, too, if there was time. She is a sort of universal genius. And now she is all on fire, hoping to find out something."

"Hoping to find out—what?"

"Oh, my dear Colonel, it is a long story. I will tell you afterwards—not a word more now, please. I don't want her to form expectations, poor girl—— Well, Joyce—is that where I am to sit? I shall feel quite like the Queen——"

"With the young ladies behind," said Joyce, breathless. Her eyes were full of impatient light, her sensitive lips quivering even while they smiled—a rapid coming and going of expression, of movement and colour, in her usually pale face. The Colonel stood gazing at her, his mouth slightly open, his eyes fixed. Oh, if Elizabeth were but here, who would know what to do!

The scene that followed was very pretty, if his mind had been sufficiently free to take it in. The little girls, in their bright summer frocks, subdued by the darker costumes of the boys, poured forth from their eclipse under the tent, and gathered in perpetually moving groups round the little slope. The ladies took their places, smiling and benignant—Mrs Bellendean in the centre, two of the prettiest girls behind her chair, the others seated about. They all submitted to Joyce, asking, "Shall I sit here?" "Shall I stand?" "What am I to do?" with gay docility. When it was all arranged to her liking, Joyce turned towards the children. She stood at one side, pointing towards the pretty group under the trees, holding her own fine head high, with a habit of public speaking, which the Colonel thought—and perhaps also Norman Bellendean, who was looking on—one of the prettiest sights he ever saw.

"Children," said the young schoolmistress, lifting her arm, with simple natural eloquence, "this is a tableau—a beautiful tableau for you to see. If you ever read the word in a book, or in the papers, you will know what it means. It is a French word. It means a living group—that is like a picture. This is our Scots Queen Margaret—a far grander Queen than her they call the Queen of Scots in your history-books—Margaret that was the Atheling, that married Malcolm Canmore, that was the son of King Duncan, who was murdered by—who was murdered by—— Speak quick! what do you mean, you big girls? Why, it's in Shakespeare!" cried Joyce, with a ring of indignant wonder in her voice, as if the possibility of a mistake in such a case was beyond belief.

There was a movement among a group of girls, and some whispering and hasty consultation: then one put forth a nervous hand, and cried, but faltering, "Macbeth."

"I thought you would not put me to shame before all the ladies!" cried Joyce, with a suffusion of sudden colour: for she had been pale with suspense. Then she added, in a business-like tone: "It is you, Jean, that are to say Portia. The Queen will hear you. Come well forward, and speak out."

It was not a masterpiece of elocution. The speaker blushed and fumbled, and clasped and unclasped her fingers in agonies of shyness—while Joyce stood by with her head on one side, prompting, encouraging, her lips forming the words, but only twenty times more quickly, as her pupil spoke them. The Colonel was so absorbed in this sight, that he started when a voice spoke suddenly at his elbow, and recoiling a step or two instinctively, saw that it was the young man,

evidently a schoolmaster, who had been with Joyce in the tent. He was looking at her with a mixture of tenderness and pride.

"It is quite wonderful how she does it," he said. "I've no reason to think I'm unsuccessful myself with my big boys; but I have not got them under command like that. They will make very acute remarks, sir, that would surprise you, in the Shakespeare class—but answer like that, no. It is personal influence that does it—and I never saw anybody in that respect to equal Joyce."

It gave the Colonel a sensation of anger to hear this fellow call her Joyce. He turned and looked at him again. But there was nothing to object to in him. He was not a gentleman; but he was what is called in his own class quite a gentleman—a young fellow of very tolerable appearance, whose clothes were of the most respectable description, and who wore them as if he were used to them. He had as good a necktie as Norman's, and a flower in his coat. But when he stood by Norman it was apparent that there was a good deal wanting. He was in all probability much cleverer than Norman. He spoke of Shakespeare with an awe-striking familiarity as if he knew all about him—which was more than the Colonel did. All the same he felt a sensation of offence at the use by this man of the girl's Christian name.

"Miss Joyce—is evidently a young lady of unusual gifts," he said.

The face of the young man flushed with pleasure. "Sir," he cried, "you never said a truer word. She is just running over with capability. She can do anything she sets her hand to. I sometimes feel as if I grudged her to be in the line of public tuition all her life. But when there are two of

us," he added proudly, "we will see what we can do."

What did the fellow mean? two of them! and one this wonderful girl? the Colonel turned his back upon him in indignation, then turned back again in curiosity. "Is it common," he said, "in Scotch parish schools to have a Shakespeare class?"

"Our common people, sir," said the young man quietly, with a look of self-complacence which made the Colonel long to knock him down—"our common people are far more educated as a rule than you find them in England. But no—I would not say it was common. There are many of my friends that have poetry classes, which are optional, you know, on a Saturday afternoon or other free moment. I'm not ashamed to say that it was from her I took the hint—though you will say it is seldom a woman takes the lead in such a matter. She started it, and several of us have followed her example. She is, as you say, a creature of most uncommon gifts."

"And yet a ploughman's daughter in a Scotch village: with that face—and that name!"

The young schoolmaster gave a sort of doubtful cough, the meaning of which the Colonel could not divine. "That is how she has been brought up," he said; "but you are perhaps not aware, sir, that many a wonderful character has come from a Scotch ploughman's house. Not to speak of Burns, there was——"

"Oh, I am aware the Scotch are a most superior nation," cried the Colonel, with a laugh.

"That is just the simple truth," the young man said.

Meanwhile the recitations were going on, which perhaps were not equal in quality to the rest of Joyce's arrangements. She was in

extreme earnest about it all, it was evident to see, and eager that everything should produce the best effect. A few mothers, who had known what was going to happen, had gathered about, listening with proud delight yet anxiety lest they should break down, each to her own child. Among them was a little old woman, sunburnt and rosy as a winter apple, with an old-fashioned black bonnet tied down over her ears, and a huge Paisley shawl almost covering her dark cotton gown. "You think but of your own bairns," she was saying, "but I think of them a'; for it's a' my J'yce's doing, and she will just break her heart if there's any failure."

"There will be nae failure; they're owre weel trained for that."

"I've no a word to say against J'yce; but she's awfu' fond of making a show," another woman said.

"If she's fond of making a show, it's never of hersel',—it's always your bairns she puts to the front; and if you dinna like it," cried the old woman, "what brings ye here?"

The Colonel, who had the best of manners, stepped forward and took off his hat. "I guess by what you say, ma'am, that you are Miss Joyce's mother?" he said.

The old woman was a little startled and fluttered by this unexpected address. She, too, hesitated, as they all seemed to do. "Weel," she said, "sir, I'm all the poor thing has had for one; but no so good as she deserved."

"Ma'am," said the Colonel, "the result of your training speaks for itself, and that is the best practical test. Will you let me ask you a question—and that is, whether the name Joyce is a family name?"

The old woman's mouth and her eyes opened in astonishment.

"Joyce," she said feebly, "a family name?"

"I mean—does she take it from a relation, as I have always heard was the admirable Scotch way?"

"Weel, sir," said the old lady, "if that is all, I have little doubt ye are quite right. She would get it, it's mair than probable, from her mither."

The Colonel gazed upon her with surprise. More than probable! what did she mean? "Then it is your name too," he said, with a little disappointment. There arose from the group a sudden burst of laughter and explanation and denials, of which he could not make out a word. "Na, na,"—that was all that reached him clearly. But what was meant by it—whether that it was not the old mother's name, or what other negative—he could not make out: and just at this moment Mr Bellendean and Norman came up to him and drew him away.

"You have had enough of this, I am sure, Colonel. Come along, we are going down to the Ferry to see what Essex and the rest are after. It's very good of you to give us your countenance to the last."

"My countenance! nothing of the sort, Norman. I'm very much interested."

"In the little girls and their 'pieces,'" said Mr Bellendean.

"In the young lady there who has taken so much trouble."

"What young lady?" said the elder gentleman, looking about. Then he added, in a careless tone, "Oh, Joyce! Yes, she's an interesting creature, isn't she? It will please my wife if you admire Joyce."

"I think then, sir," said Norman, "I'll please Mrs Bellendean too."

"Oh, you! you're a different matter. You had better keep to your own set, my boy," said the

father. "If you are so absorbed, Colonel, we'll leave you till you have had enough. You'll find us at the Ferry. Come, Norman, and look after your friends."

The two gentlemen went away, the Colonel stayed. He was becoming accustomed to the name and the face which had so much disturbed him. If indeed it was a family name—and likenesses, we know, are very fantastic—still for the sake of the name and the face, he would like, he thought, to see something more of her; he would like to give her some little token of his interest, if she would let him. He did not think that he had ever been so much interested in any one before. He thought he could never forget this little scene. Perhaps, on the whole, he was tired of the recitations. He took a little stroll about, but came back always to a point where he could see her. If Elizabeth were but here! She would have known in a moment what to do. She would have found out all about it; how the girl got that name at least, if not how she got that face. By-and-by the little performance came to an end, and Mrs Bellendean made a gracious little speech praising every one, and got up from the place under the trees where she had been posing as Queen Margaret; and the children began to get into movement, to arrange themselves in their respective bands, and to prepare for going away.

"How good of you to stay all the time, Colonel Hayward! They did their best, poor things; but even Joyce cannot create a soul in the Jeanies and Jennys. Now I think we had better go in; it is almost time to dress," Mrs Bellendean said.

The Colonel could not but follow, but he cast wistful looks behind him. "I suppose it would

only annoy her: but I should like to see more of her," he said.

"Of Joyce? Colonel Hayward, I am afraid you are a dangerous person. I can't have you turning the head of the best girl in the world."

He looked round again, lingering, unable to quit the spot. The little procession was marshalled and ready to set out. But on the spot where she had stood prompting and directing her pupils the young schoolmistress was still standing, lingering like himself. She was looking after him with wistful eyes, with a look of wondering disappointment, as if she had expected something more. That look awakened all the old excitement, which had partially calmed down in the Colonel's heart. The attitude, the raised head, the wistful look in the eyes, all moved him again as at the first, with an overpowering sense of likeness, almost identity. "What does it mean?" he said; "I feel as if I could not tear myself away. Who is she? There must be something in a resemblance like that."

"Whom does she resemble, Colonel Hayward?"

The Colonel turned round again and gave his questioner a look. He looked at her as if he wanted

to know how far he could trust her. And then his eyebrows and his mouth worked. "Of some one—a lady—who has been long dead," he replied, "and her name—her name!"

"You are very serious, Colonel; it is not only a passing interest? It is really something—something! Oh, forgive me. I cannot have her disturbed. She is all quivering with imagination and wonder."

"Mrs Bellendean, there is some mystery about this girl. Why should she wonder, why should she be disturbed? Me, yes. I am much disturbed. It is something—of which I have not spoken for years. Oh, if Elizabeth were only here!"

"Then come with me to my room," Mrs Bellendean said; "if we stay here we shall be interrupted every moment. I am beginning to get excited myself. Come this way. The window is always open, and nobody will know we are there."

She turned for a moment and waved her hand to Joyce, who had just taken her place at the head of the band. Then turning up a side path, led Colonel Hayward round an angle of the house to the open window of a little morning-room. "Here," she said, "we can talk in quiet here."

CHAPTER III.

It was a little business-room, but the business in it was chiefly feminine. There were baskets of work, shelves full of books in homely covers, a parish or Sunday-school library, and all the paraphernalia of a country lady who "takes an interest" in her poorer neighbours. It was the room in which Mrs Bellendean interviewed those of her dependants or retainers who came to ask her advice, or

whom she sent for to be reproved or counselled. Her own chair stood in front of a formidable-looking writing-table, and one other stood close by, awaiting the respondent or defendant, whoever he or she might be. The windows looked into a closely surrounding shrubbery, which shut out the view—as if landscapes and such vanities had nothing to do with the sternness of the business transacted

here. Over the mantelpiece hung a large engraving of Dr Chalmers—the presiding divinity. Colonel Hayward came in after her, somewhat tremulous, with a sense that some revelation was about to be made to him. The excitement which he had tried to put off, which he had tried to represent to himself as without foundation, as proceeding from merely accidental resemblances, had once more gained command of him, and with more power than ever. He felt certain now that some discovery deeply concerning him was about to be made.

“Joyce,” Mrs Bellendean began, “is——”

“I beg your pardon. Joyce what? Tell me her other name.”

“My dear Colonel Hayward, if you will only listen to me! Joyce—has no other name. Oh yes, she takes the name of the good old people who have brought her up, who love her like their own child. She is a foundling, Colonel Hayward.”

“A foundling!” The word did not discompose him as she had expected, but evidently took him by surprise. A look of profound perplexity came upon his face. He shook his head slightly, and gazed at her, as if he did not know what to think.

“The story has been told to me so often that I feel as if I had known all about it throughout, though this happened long before I came here. It is a little more than twenty years ago. A lady arrived one evening at the inn in the village. It is a very poor little place. The sort of place where people coming out from Edinburgh on Sundays——”

He made her a little silent yet impatient sign of assent.

“You know? Yes, a little bit of a place, where they had a

humble room or two sometimes to let in summer. She arrived there quite unexpectedly. She had been going by Queensferry to Fife and the North, and was too tired to go on. And they had no room for her at the Ferry hotel. She had no maid or any one with her, but she seemed a lady to the people here. They were all quite sure she was a lady—very like what Joyce is now, pale, with that little movement of her lips which I tell Joyce—— Colonel Hayward, you look as if you knew, as if you had known—— Oh, do you think you can throw any light——”

“For God’s sake go on—go on!”

“To spare you the details,” said Mrs Bellendean, “the poor thing was about to have a baby, but showed her condition very little—so little that there was no alarm, nor any idea of a—of a catastrophe. She walked about a little in the evening, and perhaps overtired herself. Anyhow, in the middle of the night she was taken ill. The people made a great fuss when they knew what it was, and wanted her to tell them who her friends were, and her husband, and all that, which probably made everything worse, though they had no unkind meaning. And so when the child was born——”

The Colonel got up from his seat. He went to the window and looked out, turning his back upon her; then returned to his chair like a man distracted. Mrs Bellendean paused in her narrative, startled by the sudden movement, and sat silent watching him. He said, in a sort of hoarse whisper, “She died?”

“Not immediately. What happened was almost worse than dying; she went out of her mind. Women have many things to bear that nobody thinks of. They are subject

to attacks of that kind at such times. The doctor thought she would get better of it; but she did not live to get better, poor thing! My sister-in-law, who was here then, heard of her, and was very much interested and did all she could. But the poor girl died in about three weeks, without ever being able to tell them where she came from or who she was. They made out that her name was Joyce, from her own wanderings and from the letters."

Colonel Hayward said with his lips, "The letters?" scarcely making any sound.

"There was a letter, without any envelope or address, which appeared to be from her husband. And on the night she arrived, before she was taken ill, she had begun to write, to him, apparently, about something that had come between them, something that had driven her nearly mad. Colonel Hayward! Yes, they were read by the people who took charge of the poor little baby and who managed everything. I understand what you mean; it was like prying into the secrets of the poor dead lady. But what could they do? What do you say? Name? No, there is no name. The husband's letter is signed only H—— Ah! you know! I am sure you know!"

The Ah! which came from Mrs Bellendean's lips was very nearly a scream. The Colonel had risen to his feet, with a pallor upon his face and a gasp for breath which frightened her. He stood as if any touch would have knocked him down, as if scarcely conscious what he was about. His faculties seemed to fail him for the moment. He put up his hand with a sort of dumb appeal, as if to stop what she was saying. Then he himself with an effort broke the silence. She leaned forward with the greatest

excitement and expectation. But all that was audible were the words that had been going through his mind all day, "Oh, if Elizabeth were only here!"

"Elizabeth, who is Elizabeth?" Mrs Bellendean cried.

He did not make any reply, nor did he seem to hear, but began to walk up and down, passing and re-passing between her and the window. He seemed to be arguing, talking to himself, comparing what he had heard with something else. "But I never suspected that—never. She said nothing. There might be another—another. It might be all the while, it might be all the while—some one else. How can I tell? Only a name, a name! and so long ago. Oh, if I only had Elizabeth here! Elizabeth would know."

Mrs Bellendean here rose up too and touched him on the arm. She was trembling with the excitement of this encounter, which suddenly made the story of the poor young mother, which had been a tradition and a tale, into something real. "Colonel," she said, "you know something; you can tell us something? For God's sake, if there is any clue, don't let it go. Tell me, for that poor girl's sake."

Her touch seemed to restore him to himself. He looked round vaguely, and seeing that she was on her feet, drew forward her chair with old-fashioned politeness. "A boorish fellow," he cried, "a boorish fellow you must think me, not to perceive that you were standing. How can I beg your pardon? The fact is, that without Elizabeth—without Elizabeth—there is no good to be got out of me."

Mrs Bellendean was a woman full of energy and promptitude. "If that be so, then let us send for her at once," she said.

The Colonel made a hasty movement of satisfaction. "But I am

scarcely known to you myself," he cried. "How could I take such a liberty? Only your son's old colonel; and he is not even your son."

"He is a great deal more—he is the master of this house. Who should be so welcome as his own friends? And if I count for anything, and any light can be thrown on this mystery—oh, Colonel!"

"I don't know," he said; "I don't know. My mind is all in a whirl. There are some things that make me think—and then there are other things. It is more than I can make head or tail of—alone. And then it's a serious thing—oh, a very serious thing. If I were to do anything hasty, and then it were to turn out a mistake——"

He said this with such an air of trouble, and at the same time of confidence, that his listener met his look with one of involuntary sympathy, and murmured an assent.

"She will say I am hasty. I am always hasty; but then, in the circumstances—— And it is not a case for half measures. If this should be!" A shiver of strong feeling seemed to pass over him. "It would make a revolution in our lives," he went on; "it would change everything. There must be no half measures. If ever there was a case in which she had a right to be consulted—— And then she'll understand in a moment—she'll see through it. If it's credible: it sounds incredible; but on the other hand——" He gave her once more that appealing look, as if the dilemma in which he found himself must be evident to her, then added hastily, "Will you really be so very good, notwithstanding the little you know of us? But I might go and get rooms at the Ferry, and not trouble you."

"You shall do nothing of the

kind," she said peremptorily, with a decision that was balm to him. "Let us not lose a moment, Colonel Hayward. Here is a telegraph paper; will you write it yourself, or shall I?"

He took it from her, and lifted a pen from the table, but his hand shook. "I am very nervous," he said. "It is absurd, but I can't help it. If you will write, 'Come at once; I am in great need of you.' That will do."

"Come at once. I am in great need of you," repeated Mrs Bellendean; "had not you better add that you will meet her by the early train? Will she be likely to travel by night?"

"She will come by the first train, whenever that may be."

"That will be the night express. I shall add, 'Will meet you at Edinburgh.' And now you must put the address."

He paused a little without replying. "You would think that alarming, perhaps, if you got it all at once without any warning?"

"Yes," she said, with a smile, "I fear I should; but then no one thinks my help so important as you evidently feel your—this lady's to be."

"My wife," he said gravely; "my wife. Yes, she is very important. Perhaps you will put at the last, 'Nothing that is alarming—rather good.' I think that will do. To Mrs Hayward, the Dell, Richmond, Surrey. How can I ever thank you enough!" He stooped over her hand, which held out the paper, and kissed it with old-fashioned gratitude—"to let me send for her when I am but a stranger myself."

"I hope she will be able to help you, Colonel Hayward; and I hope my poor Joyce will get the benefit."

"Ah!" he cried. He had come to himself by means of the ready

intervention of the practical in the person of Mrs Bellendean, but faltered again at this as if she had struck him a blow.

"Perhaps," she added hastily, "you would like to see—the letters, and the other relics? perhaps——"

He rose up from his seat. "I must go and send this," he said, and hurried from the room. He came back again, however, a moment after, looking in through the half-opened door. "When Elizabeth comes," he said, and disappeared again.

Mrs Bellendean had been greatly excited by the idea of thus touching upon a real romance of life—a story such as comes to light rarely in the commonplace world. The old Colonel's emotion, the excitement with which he had listened to the narrative, the evident stirring up of old recollections in his mind, and attempt to piece it out from his own knowledge of something which had passed long ago—had wound her up to a pitch of suspense and eagerness almost as great as his own. But a certain comic element came in with the sudden summons of Elizabeth, and the evident determination to put the whole matter, whatever it might be, on his wife's shoulders, and to put off the inquiry until she should appear. Poor Elizabeth!—probably a comfortable mother, suddenly shaken out of domestic peace, and sent for in hot haste to unravel a mystery with which most likely she had nothing to do. Mrs Bellendean laughed softly to herself: but then changed her expression, and sighed. She was herself of no such importance to any one. She reflected that, if any difficulty should happen in the life of her own husband, she would be the person from whom, above all others, it would be concealed. No one in the world would think of

summoning *her* to aid him in a desperate crisis. She would be spared all unpleasant knowledge: what everybody would say would be—Don't say anything to her; why should we disturb her? Perhaps the Elizabeth of Colonel Hayward's thoughts would have been glad to be so exempted from the troubles of life. But Mrs Bellendean was not glad. She envied the other woman, upon whom it appeared that, habitually, all that was troublesome was thrown. What kind of a woman must she be—an old campaigner, a strong-minded person—who kept the good old Colonel in subjection? That was the most probable explanation. She sat a little thinking this over, and then she went back to her duties, to see after her guests. The school treat had been happily the end of all the public performances; but with so large a party in the house, every dinner was a dinner-party. When she went out again upon the terrace, the children were just disappearing in a many-coloured line through the avenue of limes, watched by the ladies who had been made to form Queen Margaret's Court under the great ash-tree. The younger ladies of the party gathered about her as she reappeared. There was one of them who was her special favourite—the only daughter of one of her dearest friends, a distant relation—a little Margaret, to whom she had given her name, and in whom, accordingly, every element of preference centred. Mrs Bellendean had said to herself that if Greta (which was her pet name, to distinguish her from Maggies and Margarets without number) and Norman should by any chance take to each other—why then! But it must be understood that no match-making was thought of, no scheme, no trap laid—only if they should happen to take to each other!

Greta was one of the eager band who came forward to meet the lady of the house. She was a slim girl of nineteen, with silky brown hair and grey eyes—the slightest willowy figure, the most deprecating expression,—a fragile creature, who begged pardon for everything—though in looks, not in words—and yielded at a touch to the bolder spirits about. It was perhaps for this cause that Greta was always made the spokeswoman when anything was wanted in her family and connections; no one had the heart to refuse the pleading of her eyes.

“Aunt Margaret, they want so much to have tableaux to-night, after dinner, before the gentlemen come in, just for ourselves.”

“Oh, I don’t see that,” said a voice out of the group behind her. “We may as well have an audience.”

“And we want them to help. We must have an Edgar Atheling, and a Malcolm Canmore, and all the Court gentlemen.”

“Oh no; dresses for the gentlemen are *impossible*,” said another, more peremptory. “We can manage for ourselves, but how could we get things for them? Oh no, no!”

Greta stood looking round upon her somewhat rebellious following. “I wish,” she said, with a slight vexation in her tone, “you would make up your mind what you do want, before you send me to ask. Aunt Margaret, may we get them up? and will you be Queen Margaret, as you were to-day? And will you let us ask Joyce?”

“Oh, we must have Joyce!” cried the chorus. “Joyce is indispensable. None of us know much about Queen Margaret. Please let us have Joyce.”

“The tableaux as much as you like,” said Mrs Bellendean. “I

have no objection; but Joyce—Joyce is quite another matter.”

“How is Joyce another matter?” cried the little surging crowd. “Joyce is the very first necessity of all. Oh, Aunt Margaret! Oh, Mrs Bellendean! Oh, Queen, Queen! Why, she is the one that knows. She is the one——”

“My dear girls, you don’t think. How do you suppose she can like it, to come and take her part with you, and be complimented by everybody, and then to go away to Peter Matheson’s cottage and boil the potatoes for supper? Besides, there are other circumstances——”

“What other circumstances? Oh tell us! Oh, I hope she is going to break it off with that Mr Halliday. He is not half good enough for her. But why should that keep her from helping us?”

“Don’t ask me fifty questions all in a moment. Hush! don’t say anything. Perhaps she may be going to find out about her mother.”

This was very indiscreet of Mrs Bellendean: but she was so full of her new information that she could not restrain herself. And then there arose from all those soft throats a unanimous “Oh!” which ran like a little breeze about the house, and disturbed the flowers in the big baskets. “Who is she? Is she a lady? I am sure she is a lady!” the girls cried.

“I can’t tell you any more. And you must none of you say a word, for she knows nothing; neither do I. I only know that I think—some one knows about her,—some one who is here.”

Who could it be? the girls consulted each other with their eyes, and immediately ran over every name of all the dwellers in the house and all the guests, excepting

only the old Colonel, of whom nobody thought.

"If there is to be the least hint given, or so much as a look, or anything to awaken her attention—remember, in that case, she must not come. She must not come: I cannot have her excited and disturbed."

There was a universal cry of indignant protestation. Tell her! oh no! No one would do such a thing. What did Mrs Bellendean think of them? Were they such silly things, with so little feeling as *that*? Oh no, no! On the other hand, to be taken out of herself, to be made to forget it, would be such a good thing for Joyce. And how exciting and delightful for everybody! To think she might be a duke's daughter perhaps, or a foreign princess, or, in any case, something altogether out of the common way!

"Well, if it must be so," said Mrs Bellendean. "Greta, I think I can trust you to take care of her. Not a word; not a hint. For after all, it is the very vaguest possibility, and it may come to nothing at all."

"In that case, don't you think it was a pity to say anything about it?" said the matter-of-fact, common-sense voice of Mr Bellendean.

He was a man said to be full of common-sense. His wife considered him a wet blanket, always putting out her fires, and quenching all enthusiasm. He had a horrible way of being right which was doubly exasperating. And she had of course regretted that premature hint of hers the moment she had made it. When she turned round and found out that she had taken her husband and his son unwittingly into her confidence, she felt, to use her own words, "as if she could have cried."

"Perhaps it was a pity," she

said; "but one can't always be prudent, and none of you will say a word."

The young ladies redoubled their protestations, and hurried away to make up to Joyce before she reached the village with her charge. As for Mrs Bellendean, to avoid further criticism, she turned quickly round upon Norman, who had said nothing, but whose eyes had followed the girls with pleased observation. It was natural, for they were a pretty group.

"Are you very well acquainted with Colonel Hayward?" she asked.

"Acquainted? with old Hayward? Oh yes, I think so," he said, with a little surprise.

"Then who is Elizabeth?"

The young man had been looking at her with a little curiosity. His face suddenly changed now from grave to gay. His eyes lighted up with humour. "Elizabeth!" he said, with a laugh, "have you found her out? She is Mrs Hayward, I know; but I have never seen her. She is his other self—no, that's not the right way of putting it. She is himself, and he is the other. Oh, everybody knows about Elizabeth."

"She is coming here to-morrow," said Mrs Bellendean.

"Coming here! none of us have ever seen her," he replied. "She was always at the hills, or home for her health, or something; though some people said she kept close in the bungalow like a native lady, and never would show——"

"Good heavens! she is not a native, Norman, I hope? Don't say that, please."

"One of your usual hasty proceedings, my dear; but it would be some fun to have a Begum in the house."

"I don't think it is likely; but I don't know. He was always wishing for her. We made rather

a joke of it, I fear. I have heard him, when he was giving his orders—and he is a very smart soldier, dear old fellow, though perhaps you think him a—— I have heard him say between his teeth, ‘If Elizabeth were but here,’ when most men were only too thankful their wives were out of the way.”

“I like that,” said Mrs Bellen-

dean, with a sigh. “I like it very much. Women would be a great deal happier if their husbands would always treat them so.”

“What! take them out to face the enemy?” her husband said. But he knew very well what she meant; and though he was a very well-bred man, and showed no sign of it, he resented both her little speech and her smaller sigh.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not very far from the terrace at Bellendean to Peter Matheson’s cottage in the village, which was a cottage with a but and a ben—that is, an out and an in. Two rooms down-stairs, into one of which the door opened, and two others above. There was nothing in front but the village street, from which you could tap at the window of the kitchen in which the family lived; but behind there was a little garden, with some large lilac and rose bushes, and an ash-tree with a small plot of grass round its patriarchal feet. Joyce had come back tired from the dusty walk with the children just as her granny, as she called the old woman who had been her guardian all her life, had taken off the large Paisley shawl and the close black satin bonnet, which were her state costume out of doors. Mrs Matheson—called Janet in the village, a freedom which Joyce resented—had folded up carefully her “grand shawl” and laid her bonnet upon it, to be put away presently, and had seated herself in the high-backed wooden chair to rest. The kettle was beginning to boil on a fire kept as low as possible in compliment to the hot July day. Though she had shared in the refreshment under the tent, Janet was not contented to accept that in place of

the much-prized cordial of her own brewing. “Na, na; what ye get out o’ an urn may be gran’ drinking,” she said, “but it’s never like my tea.” She was waiting till the kettle should boil to “mask the tea,” which even Joyce did not do altogether to her liking. When the door opened and the girl came in, Janet was sitting, musing as she waited, near the fire, according to cottage custom. She was old, and it was not too warm for her, and she was tired and enjoying what it requires the long habit of toil to enjoy thoroughly, the entire quiescence of physical rest. To sit there, doing nothing, was sweet at her age. In former times she could remember being impatient for the boiling of the kettle. In these days she would have whipped up her bonnet and shawl and ran up-stairs with them, thinking it an idle thing to leave them there even for a moment: and she would have set out the cups while she waited. But now she was not impatient: there was no hurry, and rest was sweet. She looked up when her child came in—who was her child certainly, though not her daughter—with a pride and admiration of her looks, and her dress, and everything about her, that never failed. Joyce wore a dark dress, which she had made herself, after the model

of a dress of Greta's. Her little collars and cuffs were like those the young ladies wore, without the slightest ornament. It vexed Janet a little that she would not wear a locket, as all the girls did in the village and as the young ladies also did; it was as if they took her siller from her, or hoarded it up, or grudged her any bonnie thing she would wear. "Eh! if it was me," Janet said, "she would be just as fine as the best; there's naething I would not ware upon her—a gold chain on her neck, and a gold watch at her side, and a ring upon her finger; but she will not be guided by me. And to see her looking like a young queen, and no a thing to show for it but just her ain bonnie looks; eh! I hope it'll not be remembered against us if we're awfu' proud: for Peter is just as bad as me." But all this was said in the absence of Joyce, and to her face the old mother gave utterance to little phases of detraction, as it is the part of a mother to do.

"You're very soon back; you're back maist as soon as me. I am just waiting for the water to come a-boil, and then I'll mask the tea. You will be better, after a' yon botheration, and the trouble you've been giving yoursel', of a good cup of tea."

"I had some in the tent, granny," said Joyce, sitting down wearily near the door.

"Oh ay! in the tent. If yon's what pleases the leddies, it doesna please me. What's the matter with ye? You've just wearied yoursel' with thae weans and their pieces, till ye canna tell whether you're on your head or your heels. Na, na; sit still and rest. I've had naething to tire me. I'll get out the cups mysel', and we'll keep the teapot warm at the side of the fire for Peter. He likes it a' the

better the mair it tastes o' the pot."

"What did you think of it all, granny? Who did you like best? Did you like the tableau, with the Queen and the ladies? Wasn't it like a picture? I wonder if the real Queen Margaret was as handsome as ours, and all her maidens as sweet."

"Your head is just turned with them, J'yce; and yon would be your doing, too? Putting up Mrs Bellendean upon a throne, as if she was the duchess. I thought that bid to be one o' your fancies; and they just do what ye tell them, it seems to me, young and auld; and the leddy hersel'. Your head would be just turned, if it werena for me, that never spoilt ye. Sit to the table like a reasonable creature, and take your tea."

"I don't want any tea, granny. I'm only tired. There was a gentleman there——"

"And what's that to you, if there were a hundred gentlemen?" said her guardian, quickly. "Na, na; there is to be nae talk about gentlemen between you and me."

"It was an old gentleman, granny," said Joyce, with a smile curving slightly the grave lines of her mouth.

"The auld anes are often waur than the young anes," the old woman said.

"Oh, granny!" cried Joyce, "what is that to me, if they are old or young? This one asked me—granny, listen! listen! for my heart is beating hard, and I must get some one to listen to me;—he asked me, where I had got my name, —who had given me my name? with a look—oh, if I could let you see his look! Not as some do, just staring, which means nothing but folly—but a look that made his eyes open wide, and the colour go out of his face."

"It was just very impudent of any man to look at you like that."

"No, it was not impudent. He was an old man with a sweet face, as if he was somebody's father—some girl's father that is my age. And he asked me, 'Young lady' (he did not know who I was)—'young lady, where did you get your name?'"

The terms of this address moved Janet much more than the meaning. "Well, I'll not say that I'm surprised: for if ever there was a young lass that looked like a lady, no to flatter ye—for flattery's no my way——"

"Granny, granny, you don't see what I mean. It was not me that he was thinking of. He was wondering to hear me called Joyce; and he knew somebody—he knew—some one that was like me—that had the same name."

Old Janet paused in the act of pouring out the tea. "I mind now," she said. "There was somebody asking me where ye got it,—if it was a name in the family; but I took no thought. Bless me! can ye no be contented with them that have done their best for you all your life?"

"I am very well contented," said Joyce; but the involuntary movement of her mouth contradicted her words. She added, after a little pause, "No one is so well off as I am. I have the kind of work I like, and my big girls that learn so well, and you, granny dear, that are always so kind."

"Kind!" said the old woman with quick offence; "if you think I'm wanting to be thought kind——"

"But I should like," said Joyce, who in the meantime had been murmuring something to herself about the "Happy Warrior," and had not given much attention to this disclaimer—"oh, I should like

to hear who I am,—to hear something about *her*, to know——" She paused, as if words were insufficient to express her thoughts, with a thrill of meaning more intense than anything she could say, quivering in her lips.

"Oh ay," said Janet, "I know what you mean; to hear that you were born a grand lady, though you've been bred up a cottage lass, that you're Leddy Joyce or maybe Princess—how can I tell?—instead of just what you are, Joyce Matheson, that has made herself very weel respectit, and a' her ain doing—which is a far greater credit than to be born a queen."

"Granny, you whip me, but it's with roses—no, not roses, for there are thorns to them, but lily flowers. Oh no; not Lady Joyce, nor anything of the kind," she went on, with a tell-tale blush suddenly dyeing her pale face. "I might have thought that when I was young—but not now. It is only a kind of yearning to know—to know—I cannot tell what I want to know—about my mother," she added in a lower tone.

"Bairn," said Janet, "let that be—let it be. Poor young thing, she's been long long in her Maker's hands, and a' forgotten and forgiven."

"If there was anything to forget and forgive; you take that for granted, granny!" cried the girl, with a sudden flush of indignation.

"Anything to forgive? There's aye plenty to forgive even to the best; but oh, J'yce, my poor lassie, take my advice and let it be. Many strange things happen in this world: but a poor thing that wanders into a strange place her lane with no a living creature to care if she lives or dies—oh, J'yce, my bonnie bairn, let it be!"

Joyce had risen, as if the remark

was intolerable, and stood at the window looking out blankly. It was a discussion which had taken place often before, and always with the same result. Old Mrs Mathe-son took, as was natural, the matter-of-fact view of the question, and felt a certainty that shame as well as sorrow must be involved in the secret of Joyce's birth, and that to inquire into it was very undesirable. But, as was equally natural, Joyce, since she had been old enough to understand, had built a hundred castles in the air on the subject of her birth, and occupied many an hour with dreams of perhaps a father who should come and seek her, perhaps a mother's mother, like an old queen—people who would be noble in look and thought—perhaps, who could tell, in birth too? The Lady Joyce, with which old Janet taunted her, had not been altogether a fiction. Who could say? Mysteries were more common among the great than among the small, the girl said to herself. And how many romances are there in which such a story appears? There was the 'Gentle Shepherd,' the one poem beside Burns and Blair's 'Grave,' which was to be found in the cottage, and which she had known by heart almost before she could speak. Was not the shepherd Patie a gentleman all the time and Peggy a lady? and both of them in their first estate full of poetry, and distinguished among their seeming peers, as Joyce was well aware she had always been?

By some strange grace of nature Joyce had escaped the self-conceit which is so common to the self-taught, so usual, must we say it, in Scotland? Her consciousness of being able to do a great many things as other people could not do them, got vent in a little innocent astonishment at the other

people, who either were dull beyond what is permitted, or would not "give their thoughts" to the proper subjects. She grew impatient by times with their determined stupidity, but thought it their fault, and not any special gift of hers that made the difference. It was for this reason that she had very sedately accepted the addresses of Mr Andrew Halliday, who was schoolmaster in the next parish. He was a young man who was full of intellectual ambitions. He could talk of books, and quote poetry as long and as much as any one could desire. Joyce had been moved by enthusiasm on their first acquaintance. She had felt herself altogether lifted out of the vulgarities of common life, when he talked about Shakespeare and Shelley, and Scott and Burns—and with a little smiling commendation, as from a superior altitude, even of the 'Gentle Shepherd.' It sobered her a little to find that, like the other "lads" in the village, he was intent upon a "lass," and that she was the object of his choice. But she gave in to it with dignity, feeling that he was indeed the only person with whom she could mate; and looked forward to the career of the schoolmistress, the schoolmaster's wife, with an adaptation to herself of the now so well-worn lines of the "Happy Warrior," which Joyce was not aware anybody had ever appropriated before. Yes; she would work out her life upon the plan which had pleased her childish thought. For it had been her ambition since ever she began to be able to do and learn so many things which the girls around her would not in their invincible ignorance be persuaded to attempt to do—to coax, or drag, or force them into better things. Who but a teacher who would never let them rest, who

would give them no peace till they understood, could do that? And she was resolved to do it, with a hope that Providence might throw in the possibility of something heroical—the saving of somebody's life, the redemption of some one who was going wrong—to make up. This was all laid out before her, the career which was to be hers.

But nevertheless (though she had abandoned all that folly about the Lady Joyce), when her mind was free, and nothing before her that compelled her attention, the romance of her unknown origin would come in, with a hundred vague attractions; and Colonel Hayward's question was more than enough to call everything back. "Young lady, where did you get your name?" and then his look! She had caught that look again, constantly coming back to her. Joyce was well enough aware what looks of admiration are like. She had met them of every kind—the innocent, the modest, the bold—but this was not one of them; not even the fatherly kind, of which she had been conscious, too. This look was very different: it was the look of a man so startled, so absorbed, that he could think of nothing else; and then he had said, "I once knew—some one"—Joyce stood and listened, yet did not listen to what old Janet went on saying behind. The old woman was launched on a subject which filled her with eloquence. She was jealous of the poor little mother who had died—jealous at least of the idea that somebody might arrive some fine morning who would turn out to have a better claim than herself upon her nursling. In her heart Janet had always been certain that this was what would happen some day. She had spoken of it freely when the child was young, bidding Peter, her husband,

to "haud a loose grip." "We maunna think too much of her," she had said; "for just when we're bound up in her, and canna do without her, her ain kith and kin will come and carry her away." She had gone on saying this until the slumbering light in Joyce's eyes had leaped out, and her quick intelligence had seized upon the expectation; after which Janet had changed her tone. She went on now in a very different strain, while Joyce stood at the window turning her back. "If I were in your place," she was saying, "I wouldna hear a word—no a word—that would maybe make me think shame o' my mother. Oh, I wouldna listen—no, if it was the Queen hersel'!" Joyce made no reply to these exhortations, but her heart burned. Her imagination rejected the idea with a fervour of suppressed indignation and resentment, which it needed all her gratitude and affection to keep in check. She stood and looked out, her foot tapping impatiently on the floor, her hand on the window. It was hard, very hard, to keep silent, though it was her duty so to do.

"Granny," she said at last, "say no more, please. For one thing, I cannot bear it—and for another, here is Miss Greta, and I think she is coming to our door."

"Miss Greta! They might have kept her to her ain right name, which is a hantle bonnier than ony of your outlandish names; but she's very free to come and very welcome, and grand company for you—I'm aye glad to see her coming here: is that her at the door? Come in, come in, my bonnie leddy. Joyce was just telling me—and we're just awfu' fain to see you, both her and me."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs Mathe-

son. Joyce! you are to come up to the house to-night," said the young lady, coming in, in the gaiety of her pretty summer dress, like a sunbeam. "Aunt Margaret has sent me to tell you: and I've run half the way, but I could not catch you up: you are to come to-night."

Once more Joyce became crimson with expectation and excitement. Her eyes seemed to ring out eager questions, and her lips to repeat the answer before the question was made. "What is it?" she asked. "Has the gentleman——" and then stopped short, devouring the young visitor with eager eyes.

"We want to have tableaux," cried the girl; "it was you yourself that put it into our head: and you must come and help us—we could do nothing without you. Joyce, we want to do Queen Margaret—the same scene we had on the lawn for one. Captain Bellen-dean said it was beautiful: and then—something else. You are the one that knows all about Queen Margaret, Joyce."

While Greta made her little speech, with a wondering sense after a word or two that she had stumbled into the midst of some dramatic scene which she did not understand, the face of Joyce was like a changing sky, save that the changes upon it were of swifter operation than those which alter the face of the heavens. It was full of a brilliant glow and flush of expectation at first: then the clouds suddenly swept over it, extinguishing all the higher lights: and then the shadows in their turn wavered and broke, and a chill clearness of self-repression came in their place, a calm which was like the usual calm of the countenance in repose, but intensified by the fact that this repose was not that

of nature but of a violent effort, and had in it the gleam of self-scorn which answered in a certain vivid paleness to the effect of the light. A few instants were enough to work out all this drama, which was the truest reflection of Joyce's mind. For one wild moment of hope, she had thought with a kind of certainty that her patroness, "the lady," the source of so many pleasures in Joyce's life, was sending for her to tell her that her anticipations were realised, that her birth and kindred were discovered, and that she was to be told who she was. So swift are the operations of the mind that in her instantaneous conception of this, Joyce had time to make sure that there was no shame but only happiness in the revelation about to be made, or Mrs Bellendean, always kind, would not have sent for her in this marked way. The thought sent the blood dancing through her veins, and though, perhaps, she did not picture herself as Lady Joyce, her mind yet rushed towards unknown glories in which insignificance at least had no place. And then there came a sense of absolute and sickening disappointment, such as seems to check the very fountains of life—disappointment so overwhelming that she felt herself stand up merely like a piece of mechanism by no strength or will of her own—a state of mental collapse from which she awoke to such scorn of herself for her former incoherent hopes as brought the blood to her cheeks again. It takes longer time to describe these varying moods than it did to go through them, one sensation sweeping through her mind after the other. She had come to herself again after mounting to those heights and descending to those depths, when she replied, rather coldly, vaguely,

to Greta's petition, "If I can get away—if I can be spared from home."

"Spared from home! oh ay, she can be spared, Miss Greta, weel spared. She is aye so busy and taken up with thae bairns that a little pleasure will just do her a great deal of good."

"Pleasure!" said Joyce, echoing the word. "I will come if the lady wants me; but there is a good deal to do—things to prepare. And then—and then——" She paused with a conscious effort, making the most of her hindrances, "I am expecting a friend to-night."

"A friend—that will be Andrew Halliday," said the old woman, again interposing anxiously; "you can see him only day of the week; he's no that far away nor sweared to come. Where are your manners, Joyce? to keep Miss Greta standing, and hum and ha, as if ye werena aye ready to do what will pleasure the lady—aye ready, night or day."

"If Joyce is tired, Mrs Mathe-son," said Greta, "I will not have her troubled. But are you really so tired, Joyce? We cannot do anything without you. And it was all my idea, for there is no party or anything: but I thought it would please—all of them. Only I could do nothing without you."

"Yes, yes, I am coming," cried Joyce, suddenly; "I was only what granny calls cankered and out of heart."

"Why should you be out of heart," said the other girl, "when everything went so well and everybody was so pleased? It is perhaps because you will miss Mr Halliday? But then he can come up for you, and it's moonlight, and that will be better than sitting in the house. Don't you think so, Joyce?"

"The moonlight is fine coming down the avenue," Joyce said

vaguely. And then she asked, "Will the old Colonel—the old gentleman—will he be there?"

"Oh, did you take a fancy to him, Joyce? So have I. Yes, he will be there—they will all be there. We are to have it in the great drawing-room—and leave to rummage in all the presses in the red room, you know, where the old Lady's dresses are kept, and to take what we like."

"That would be fine," said Joyce, "if it was for last century; but if Queen Margaret is what you are wanting, that's far, far back, and the old Lady's dresses will do little good. There will be nothing half so old as Queen Margaret——"

"Oh," cried Greta, her countenance falling, "I never thought of that."

Joyce hesitated a moment, and the light returned to her eyes. "I will go up with you to the house now, if granny can spare me, and I will speak to Merritt, and we will think, she and I; and when you come out from your dinner we will have settled something. Oh, never fear but we will find something. It is just what I like," said Joyce, restored to full energy—"to make out what's impossible. That's real pleasure!" she cried with sparkling eyes.

"Did ever any mortal see the like," said Janet to herself as she stood at the door watching the two girls go down the village street. "What's impossible! that's just what she likes, that wonderful bairn. And if onybody was to ask which was the leddy, it's our Joyce and not Miss Greta that ilka ane would say. But, eh me! though I am so fain to get her a bit pleasure, what's to come o' a' that, if she is just to settle doon and marry Andrew Halliday? That's what is impossible, and nae pleasure in it so far as I can see!"

THE TRANSYLVANIAN TZIGANES.

WALKING across the country one breezy November day, I was attracted by the sight of a gipsy tent, pitched on a piece of waste common, some hundred yards off my path. This was motive enough for me to change my direction, and approach the little settlement; for these wandering caravans have always had a peculiar fascination for me, and I rarely pass them by without closer investigation.

This particular establishment was of the very poorest and most abject description. One miserable tent, riddled with holes, and patched with many-coloured rags, was propped up against a neighbouring bank. A half-starved donkey, laden with some ragged blankets, was standing immovable alongside, and in the foreground a smoking camp-fire, over which was slung a battered kettle. There was very little fire, and a great deal of smoke, which at first obscured the view, and prevented me from understanding why it was that the gipsies, usually so quick to mark a stranger, gazed at me with indifference—not a hand was stretched forth to beg, nor a voice raised in supplication. The men were standing about in listless attitudes, and the women crouched round the fire were swaying their bodies to and fro, as though in pain. On other occasions, whenever I had attempted to approach a gipsy settlement, I had been wellnigh besieged by the noisy importunities of the people, and had found considerable difficulty in extricating myself from their grasp.

Soon, however, the shining point of a bayonet, which I descried through the curling smoke, gave me the clue to this abnormal be-

haviour; and approaching nearer, I saw the figures of three Hungarian gendarmes dodging about between the ragged tent and the skeleton donkey.

They were searching the camp, as they presently informed me, for a stolen purse; this was market-day, and a Saxon peasant had had his pocket picked. Some of the gipsies had been seen in town that morning, so of course they must be guilty—and the speaker, with an oath, stuck his bayonet into the depths of the little tent, bringing out a motley assortment of dirty rags to light, which he proceeded to turn over with scrutinising investigation.

Any person with a well-balanced mind would, I suppose, have rejoiced at the improving spectacle of stern justice punishing degraded vice. I must, however, confess my sympathies on this occasion to have been all the wrong way, and I could not refrain from wishing that these poor hunted mortals might elude their punishment, whether deserved or not.

Justice, as represented by these well-fed stolid gendarmes, who were turning over the contents of the little camp so ruthlessly, holding up each sorry rag to light with such pitiless scorn, stripping the clothes from the half-naked backs of the gipsies, with such needless brutality, appeared in the light of churlish and unnecessary persecution; while vice so wretched and piteous-looking could surely inspire no harsher feeling than compassion?

Of the females, the most noticeable was a young woman of about twenty-five, with splendid eyes, skin of a mahogany brown, and

straight-cut regular features, like those of an Indian chieftainess. She wore a tattered scarlet cloak, and had on her breast a small brown baby, naked in spite of the sharpness of the November air. One of the gendarmes approaching her, with a coarse gesture would have removed the cloak (apparently her sole upper garment) to search beneath for the missing purse; but with the air of an outraged empress she waved him off, and raising her large black eyes full upon him, she broke into a torrent of speech. The language in which she spoke was unknown to me; but the tenor of her words was easy to guess at, from her expressive gestures, and the wonderful play of feature. Her voice was of a rich contralto, as she poured forth what seemed to be the malediction of an oppressed queen cursing a tyrant. Her gesture had an inbred majesty, and her *pose* was that of an inspired sibyl. I thought what a glorious tragic actress she would make, a perfect Lady Macbeth, or a divine Azucena: even the brutal gendarme felt her influence, for he did not attempt to molest her further, but withdrew half shamefacedly, as though conscious of defeat, transferring his attentions to one of the men, whom he roughly poked with the butt-end of his gun, to force him to rise from his recumbent position.

The fruitless investigation had now come to an end; every nook and corner had been examined, the ragged tent demolished, and the skeleton donkey unladen, without so much as a single florin being found about the party. In a long parley between gendarmes and gipsies, the words "Flinka, Flinka!" were often repeated; and Flinka, it appeared, was the name of the only one of the gipsies who was at that moment missing from

the camp. She was expected back presently, they said.

Hearing this, the gendarmes proceeded to light their pipes at the lingering fire, playfully upsetting the caldron which contained the Bohemians' supper on to the ground, and prepared to await the return of Madame or Mademoiselle Flinka, one of them walking up and down as sentry, to see that no one attempted to leave the camp.

There being nothing more to see, I took my leave, for it was growing late, and I had still a long walk before me. I had almost forgotten the little episode with the gipsies, when near the town I was met by a small cart with dirty linen awning, and drawn by a meagre white horse, worthy companion to the skeleton ass. Probably I should not have given this cart a second thought or glance, for it was nearly dusk by this time; but as it passed me, two or three curly black heads peeped out from under the linen covering, and with incredible alacrity as many semi-naked children bounded out, indiarubber-like, and surrounded me with clamorous begging. While I was giving them a few coppers, I saw that in the cart was sitting a pale, haggard young woman, probably their mother, holding the reins, and waiting for the children to get in. There was no one else inside.

"Is your name Flinka?" I asked, as a thought struck me.

She gazed at me in a bewildered manner, and did not speak; but her panic-struck face was answer enough.

"Do not go back to the camp to-night," I said, speaking on the impulse of the moment; "the gendarmes are there, and they are waiting for you."

She gazed at me with positive

terror in her wild dilated eyes, the terror of a hunted animal which sees the huntsmen closing in upon it from every side; then, without a word of explanation or thanks, she abruptly turned round the horse's head, and, lashing it to its utmost speed, disappeared in the opposite direction.

Several very worthy friends have since declared my behaviour on this occasion to have been most reprehensible and incorrect; I had sided with the malefactor, and probably defeated the ends of justice by screening the culprit from deserved punishment; I had outraged virtue and protected vice. No doubt they are right; and it must be owing to some vital defect in my moral constitution that I have never succeeded in feeling the slightest remorse for what I had done. On the contrary, it was with a feeling of particular satisfaction that I thought that even- ing of the three ruffian gendarmes waiting in vain for the return of the guilty Flinka. I wonder how long they waited, and how many pipes they smoked, and to how many oaths they gave vent, when they perceived that their victim was not going to walk into the trap after all!

Among the many writers who have made of the gipsy race their special study, none has, to my thinking, succeeded so perfectly in describing their inward life as the late Abbé Liszt, in his valuable work on Gipsy Music, has done. Other authors have analysed and described them with scientific accuracy, but their opinions are mostly tinged by prejudice or enthusiasm; for while Grellmann approaches the subject with evident repugnance, like a naturalist dissecting some nauseous reptile in the interest of science, Borrow

idealises and embellishes his figures almost beyond recognition. Perhaps it needed a Hungarian to do thorough justice to this subject, for the Hungarian is the only man who is to some extent united by sympathetic bonds to the Tziganes; and he alone has succeeded in identifying himself with the gipsy mind, and comprehending all the strange contradictions of this living paradox.

I cannot therefore do better than quote (in somewhat free translation) some passages from the work in question, which, far better than any words of mine, will sketch the portrait of the Hungarian Tziganes:—

"There appeared one day amongst the European nations an unknown tribe, a strange people of whom no one was able to say who they were, nor whence they had come. They spread themselves out over our Continent, manifesting, however, neither desire of conquest, nor ambition to acquire the right of a fixed domicile; not attempting to lay claim to so much as an inch of land, but not suffering themselves to be deprived of a single hour of their time. Not caring to command, they neither chose to obey; they had nothing to give of their own, and were satisfied with accepting nothing. They never spoke of their native land, and gave no clue as to from which Asiatic or African plains they had wandered, nor what troubles or persecutions had necessitated their expatriation. Strangers alike to memory as to hope, they kept aloof from the benefits of colonisation, and too proud of their melancholy race to suffer admixture with other nations, they lived on, satisfied with the rejection of every foreign element. Deriving no advantage from the Christian civilisation around them, they regarded with alike antipathy every other form of religion.

"This singular race, so strange as to resemble no other, possessing neither country, history, cultus, nor any sort of codex, seems only to continue to exist because it does not

choose to cease existing, and will only exist such as it has always been. Instruction, authority, persuasion, and persecution have alike been powerless to reform, modify, or exterminate it. Broken up into wandering tribes and hordes, roving hither and thither as chance or fancy directs, without means of communication, and mostly ignoring each other's existence, they nevertheless betray their common relationship by unmistakable signs: the self-same type of feature, the same language, the same habits and customs.

"With a senseless or sublime contempt for whatever binds or hampers, the Tziganes ask nothing from the earth but life. They preserve their individuality by constant intercourse with nature, as well as by their absolute indifference towards all men not belonging to their race, with whom they only commune so far as requisite for obtaining the common necessities of daily life.

"Like the Jews, they have natural taste and ability for fraud; but unlike these, it is without systematic hatred or malice. Hatred and revenge are only personal and accidental feelings, never premeditated ones. Harmless when their immediate wants are satisfied, they are incapable of any preconceived and unanimous intentions of injuring; they only wish to preserve the liberty of the wild horse, not comprehending how any one can prefer a roof, be it ever so fine, to the shelter of the forest canopy.

"Authority, laws, rules, principles, duties, and obligations, are alike incomprehensible ideas of this singular race; partly from indolence of spirit, partly from indifference to the evil consequences resulting from their irregular mode of living.

"Such as it is only, the Tzigane loves his life, and would exchange it for no other. He loves his life when, slumbering in a copse of young birch-trees, he fancies himself surrounded by a group of slender maidens, their long hanging hair bestrewn with shining sapphire stones, and to whose swaying bodies the wind imparts graceful and coquettish gestures, as though each of them were trembling and thrilling under the kiss of an invisible lover. The Tzigane loves

his life when, for hours together, his eyes follow the geometrical figures described in the sky overhead by the strategical movements of a flight of rooks; when he gauges his cunning against the wary bustard, or overcomes the silvery trout in a trial of lightning-like agility. He loves his life when, shaking the wild crab-apple tree, he causes a hailstorm of ruddy fruit to come pouring down upon him; when he picks the under-ripe berries from off a thorny branch, leaving the sandy ground flecked with drops of gory red; when bending over a murmuring spring, whose grateful coolness refreshes his parched throat as its gurgling music delights his ear; when he hears the woodpecker tapping a hollow stem, or can distinguish the faint sound of a distant mill-wheel. He loves his life when, gazing on the grey green depths of some lonely mountain lake—its surface spell-bound in the dawning presentiment of approaching winter—he lets his vagrant fancy float hither and thither unchecked; when reclining high up on the branch of some lofty forest-tree, hammock-like he is rocked to and fro, while each leaf around him seems quivering with ecstasy at the song of the nightingale. He loves his life when, out of the myriads of ever-dancing stars, in the illimitable space overhead, he chooses one to be his own particular sweetheart; when he loses his heart to-day to a gorgeous lilac-bush of overwhelming perfume, to-morrow to a slender hawthorn or graceful eglantine, to be as quickly forgotten at sight of a brilliant peacock-feather with which he adorns his cap as with a victorious war-trophy; when he sits by the smouldering camp-fire under ancient oaks or massive elms; when in the nighttime he hears the call of the stag, and the lowing of the respondent doe—the soft drowsy cooing of doves; when he has no other society than the birds and beasts of the forest, with whom he forms friendships and enmities, caressing or tormenting them; depriving them of liberty or setting them free, like a wanton child despoiling his parents' riches without knowledge of their value, but knowing these riches to be too great to be ever exhausted.

"What he calls life is to inhale the breath of nature with each pore of his body; to surfeit his eye with all her forms and colours; with his ears greedily to absorb all her sounds and harmonies.

"Life for him is to multiply the possession of all these things by the kaleidoscopic and phantasmagorical effects of alcohol, then to sing and play, shout, laugh, and dance till utter exhaustion!

"Having neither Bible nor Gospel to go by, the gipsies do not see the necessity of fatiguing their brain with the contemplation of abstract ideas; and only following their instincts, their intelligence grows rusty. Conscientious of their harmlessness, they bask in the rays of the sun, content in the satisfaction of a few primitive and elementary passions, the *sans-gêne* of their soul fettered by no conventional virtues.

"What strength of indolence, what utter want of all social instinct, must these people possess, in order to live as they have done for centuries, like that strange plant, native of the sandy desert, so aptly termed the wind's bride, which devoid of root by nature, and blown about from side to side by every breeze, bears nevertheless its flowers and fruit wherever it goes, and continues to put forth shoots under the most unlikely conditions!

"And whenever the gipsies have endeavoured to bring themselves to a settled mode of life, and to adopt household habits, have they not invariably sooner or later returned to their hard couch on the cold ground, to their miserable rags, to their rough comrades and the brown beauty of their women, to the sombre shades of the virgin forests, to the murmur of unknown fountains, to their glowing camp-fires and their improvised concerts under a starlit sky, to their intoxicating dances in the lighting of a forest glade, to the merry knavery of their thievish pranks—in one word, to the hundred and one excitements they cannot do without?

"Nature, when once indulged in to the extent of becoming a necessity, grows tyrannical like any other passion, and the charms of such an existence can neither be explained nor coldly analysed: he only who

has tasted of them can measure their power aright.

"He must needs have slumbered often under the canopy of the starry heaven; often have been awakened by the darts of the rising sun shooting like fiery arrows between his eyelids; have felt without horror the glossy serpent coil itself caressingly around a naked limb; must have spent full many a long summer day reclining immovable on the sward, overlapped by billowy waves of flowery grasses which have never known the mower's scythe, gazing into the blue depths of the sky above. He must have listened often to the rich orchestral effects and tempestuous melodies which the hurricane loves to draw from vibrating pine-stems. He must be able to recognise each tree by its perfume, be initiated into all the varied languages of the feathered tribes, of merry finches and of chattering grasshoppers. Full often must he have ridden at close of day over the barren wold, when the rays of the setting sun cast a golden veil over the atmosphere, and all around appears to be plunged in a bath of living fire; he must have watched the red-hot moon rise out of the sable night over lonely plains whence all living beings seem to have died away. He must have led a life like the Tzigane in order to comprehend that it is impossible to exist without the balmy perfumes exhaled by the forests; that one cannot find rest within stone prisons; that a breast accustomed to draw full draughts of the purest ether feels weighted down and crushed beneath a sheltering roof; that the eye which has daily looked on the rising sun breaking out through pearly clouds must weep, forsooth, when met on all sides by dull opaque walls; that the ear hungers when deprived of the broad modulations of those exquisite harmonies of which the evening breeze alone has the secret.

"What have our cities to offer in exchange to senses surfeited with such ever-varying effects and emotions? What in such eyes can ever equal the bloody drama of a dying sun? What can rival in voluptuous sweetness the rosy halo of the early dawn? What other voice can surpass in majesty the thunder-roll of a midsummer storm,

to which the woodland echoes respond like the voice of a mighty chorus? What more exquisite elegy can there be than the autumn wind stripping the foliage from a blighted forest? What power can equal the frigid majesty of the cruel frost, like an implacable tyrant bidding the sap of trees and flowers to stand still, and rendering silent the voices of singing birds and babbling streams? To those accustomed to quaff of this bottomless tankard, must not all other pleasures by comparison appear empty and unmeaning?

"Indifferent to the minute and complicated passions by which educated mankind is swayed, callous to the panting, gasping effects of such microscopic and super-cultured vice as vanity, envy, ambition, avarice, and intrigue, the Tzigane only comprehends the simplest requirements of a primitive nature. Music, dancing, drinking, love, diversified by a childish and humorous delight in petty thieving and cheating, constitute the whole *répertoire* of his passions, beyond whose limited horizon he is incapable of seeing or comprehending aught."

Only the necessity of obtaining a piece of bread to still his hunger, of providing himself with a rag to cover his nakedness, obliges the Tzigane occasionally to turn his hand to labour of some kind. Most sorts of work are distasteful to him by nature, more especially all work of a calm monotonous character. For that reason the idyllic quiet of a shepherd's existence, which the Roumanian so dearly loves, could never satisfy the gipsy, to whom the sweating toils of the agriculturist are equally unpalatable. He requires some occupation which gives scope to the imagination, and amuses the fancy, as well as keeping his hands employed—conditions he finds united in the trade of a blacksmith, which he oftenest plies on the banks of a stream or river, outside the village where he has been driven by necessity. The snort-

ing bellows seem to him like a companionable monster; the equal cadence of the hammer against the anvil falls in with the melodies floating in his brain; the myriads of flying sparks, in which he loves to discern all sorts of fantastic figures, fill him with delight; horses and oxen coming to be shod, and the varied incidents to which these operations give rise, are a never-tiring source of amusement and interest.

Instinctively clever at some sorts of work, the Tzigane will be found to be as curiously awkward and incapable with others. Thus the gipsy is always handy in throwing up earthworks, which he seems to do as naturally as a mole or rabbit digs its burrow; but as a carpenter or mason he is absolutely useless, and though an apt reaper with the sickle, he is incapable of wielding the scythe.

All brickmaking in Hungary and Transylvania is in the hands of the Tziganes, and formerly they were charged with gold-washing in the Transylvanian rivers, in return for which they were exempted from military service. They are also flayers, brush-makers, rat-catchers, basket-makers, tinkers, and occasionally dentists; and in the sixteenth century the executioners in Transylvania were always gipsies.

When obliged to work under supervision, the Tzigane groans and moans most pitifully, as though he were enduring the most acute tortures, and a single gipsy locked up in jail will howl so despairingly as to deprive a whole village of sleep.

The only animals whose training he cares to undertake are the horse and bear. For the first he entertains a respectful veneration; while the second he regards as an amusing *bajazzo* whose antics de-

light him. He teaches a young bear to dance by placing it on a sheet of heated iron, playing the while on his fiddle a strongly accentuated piece of dance music. The bear, lifting up its legs alternately to escape the heat, involuntarily observes the time marked by the violin. Later on the heated iron is suppressed, when the animal has learnt its lesson; and whenever the gipsy begins to play on the fiddle, the young bear lifts its legs in regular time to the music.

The gipsies in Transylvania used to be under the nominal control of a nobleman bearing the title of a Gipsy Count, chosen by the reigning prince; as also in Hungary the Palatine had the right of naming four gipsies *Woywods*.

To this Gipsy Count were bound to submit the chieftains of the different hordes or bands, and these were elected by the votes of the separate communities. To this day still, every wandering troop has its own self-elected leader or judge, although these have no longer any recognised position in the eyes of the law.

The election usually takes place in the open field, often on the occasion of some public fair or large annual market, and the successful candidate is thrice raised in the air on the shoulders of the people, presented with gifts, and invested with a silver-headed staff as badge of his dignity. Also his wife or partner receives similar honours, and the festivities conclude with heavy drinking.

Strictly speaking, only such gipsies are supposed to be eligible as are descended from a *Woywod*; but in point of fact, the people oftenest choose whoever happens to be best dressed on the occasion, especially if he be of fine stature, and not too young—such super-

fluous qualities as wisdom or goodness having little to do with the matter.

This leader, who is sometimes called the Captain, sometimes *Gako* or uncle, governs his band, confirms marriages or divorces, dictates punishments, and decides disputes; and as the gipsies are a very quarrelsome race, the chief of a large band has got his hands pretty well full. He has likewise the power to excommunicate a member of the band, as well as to reinstate him in honour and confidence by letting him drink out of his own tankard.

Certain taxes are paid to the *Gako*; also he is entitled to certain percentages on booty and theft. In return, it is his duty to defend and protect his people to the best of his ability, whenever their irregularities have brought them within reach of the law.

Whether besides these chieftains of the separate hordes or bands, there yet exists in Hungary and Transylvania a chief judge or monarch of the Tziganes, cannot be positively asserted; but many people aver such to be the case, and designate alternately Mikolcz and Schemnitz as seats of his residence. In his hand are said to be deposited large sums of money for secret purposes, and he alone has the right to condemn to death, and with his own hands to put his sentence into execution.

No Tzigane durst ever accept the position of a gendarme or policeman, for fear of being obliged to punish his own people; and only very rarely is it allowed for one of them to become a gamekeeper or woodranger.

The relations between the sexes are mostly free, and unrestrained by any comprehension of morality. Often the unions amongst gipsies take place without any attendant

formalities; but in some hordes a sort of barbaric ceremony is still kept up. The man, or rather boy (for he is often not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age), selects the girl who happens to please him best, without any particular regard for relationship, and leads her before the judge, where she breaks an earthen jar or dish at the feet of the man to whom she gives herself. Each party collects a portion of the broken pieces and keeps them carefully. If these pieces are lost, either by accident or voluntarily, then the marriage is dissolved, both parties free, and the union can only be renewed by the breaking of another vessel in the same manner.

The number of pieces into which the earthenware has been shattered is supposed to denote the number of years the couple will live together; and when the girl is anxious to pay a compliment to her bridegroom, she stamps upon the fragments to increase their number.

Sometimes, but rarely, the Tziganes is capable of violent and enduring love; and cases where lovers have killed their sweethearts out of jealousy are sometimes heard of.

A touching instance of a young girl's devotion was related to me on good authority. Her lover had been confined in the village lock-up-house, presumably for some flagrant misdemeanour, and on looking out of the small grated window on a burning summer's day, he was bewailing his unhappy fate and the parching thirst which devoured him. Presently his dark slender sweetheart, attracted by the sound of his wailings, drew near, and, standing at the other side of a dried-up moat, she could see her lover at the grated window. She held in her hand a ripe juicy apple, but the only way to reach him lay

through the moat. The girl was naked, not having the smallest rag to cover her brown and shining skin, and the moat was full of prickly thistles and tall stinging nettles. She hesitated for a moment, but only for one, then plunging bravely into the sea of fire, she handed up the precious apple through the closed grating. When she regained the other bank her skin was all blistered, and bleeding at places, but she did not seem to feel any pain in the joy with which she watched her lover devour the apple.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago, an officer garrisoned in a small Transylvanian town, fell violently in love with a beautiful gipsy girl belonging to a wandering tribe. He carried his infatuation so far as to offer to marry her, if she would only consent to abandon her roving comrades; but this the beautiful Bohemian steadily refused to do; so that at last the lover, seeing that he could not win her in any other way, and being convinced that he could not possibly exist without her, gave up his military rank, and for her sake became a gipsy himself, wandering about with the roving band, and sharing all their hardships and privations. How this peculiar union turned out in the end, and whether *à la longue* the gentleman remained of opinion that the world was well lost for love, is unknown; but several years afterwards the *ci-devant* officer was recognised as member of a wandering band of gipsies in northern Greece.

The Tziganes are attached to their children, but treat them in a senseless animal fashion—alternately devouring them with carresses and violently ill-using them. I have seen a father throwing large heavy stones at his ten-year-old daughter, for some trifling

misdeameanour—stones as large as good-sized turnips, any one of which would have been sufficient to kill her, if it had happened to hit; and only her alacrity in dodging the missiles—which she did chuckling and grinning, as though it were the best joke in the world—saved her from serious injury.

When in a passion, all weapons are good that come to the gipsy's hand, and, *faute de mieux*, unfortunate infants are sometimes bandied backwards and forwards as improvised cannon-balls. A German writer mentions having been eye-witness of a quarrel between a gipsy man and woman, the latter having a baby on her breast. Passing from words to blows, the man, seeing neither stick nor stone within handy reach, seized the baby by the feet, and with it belaboured her so violently, that when the bystanders at last were able to interpose, the wretched infant had already given up the ghost.

Babies are at once accustomed to endure the utmost extremes of heat and cold: if they are born in winter, they are rubbed with snow; if in summer, anointed with grease, and laid in the burning sun. Their education is *nil*, beyond being taught to beg and steal.

The gipsies' religion is of the vaguest description. They generally agree as to the existence of a God, but it is a God whom they fear without loving. "God cannot be good," they argue, "or else He would not make us die." The devil they also believe in, to a certain extent—but only as a weak, silly fellow, incapable of doing much harm.

A gipsy, questioned as to whether he believed in the immortality of the soul, and in the resurrection of the body, scoffed at the idea. "How could I be so foolish as to

believe this?" he asked, with unconscious philosophy. "We have been quite wretched enough, and wicked enough, in this world already. Why should we begin again in another?"

Sometimes their confused notions of Christianity take the shape of believing in a God, and in His Son, the young God; but while many are of opinion that the old God is dead, and that His Son now reigns in His place, others declare that the old God is not really dead, but has merely abdicated in favour of the young God. Others, again, fancy this latter to be not really the Son of the old God, but only that of a poor carpenter; and they often say contemptuously that the carpenter's son has usurped the throne.

Though rarely believing in the immortality of the soul, the Tzigane usually holds with the doctrine of transmigration, and often supposes the spirit of some particular gipsy to have passed into a bat or a bird; further believing that when that animal is killed, the spirit passes back to another new-born gipsy.

The gipsies resident in villages or hamlets often nominally adopt the religion of the proprietor of the soil, principally, it seems, in order to secure the privilege of being buried at his expense. Whenever they happen to have a quarrel with their landlord, they are fond of abruptly changing their religion, ostentatiously going to some other place of worship, in order to mark their displeasure.

Two clergymen, the one Catholic, the other Protestant, visiting a gipsy confined in prison, were both endeavouring with much eloquence to convert him to their respective Churches. The gipsy appeared to be listening to their arguments with much attention, and when both

had finished speaking, he asked, "Which of the two gentlemen can give me a cigar?" One of the two being in the advantageous position of gratifying this modest desire, the scale was thereby turned in favour of the Church he recommended, and the other clergyman was sent away, doubtless with the bitter reflection, that for lack of a pennyworth of tobacco he had failed to secure an immortal soul.

A gipsy church is a thing unknown, and there is a legend current in Transylvania to explain the reason of this:—

"Once upon a time," so it runs, "the Tziganes had a right good church, solidly built of brick and stone like other churches. The Wallachians, who had neither stones nor bricks, had at that same time built themselves a church out of cheese and bacon, with sausage rafters, and a roof of pancake.

"This building filled the greedy Tziganes with envy, causing them to lick their lips whenever they passed that way, and at last they proposed an exchange of churches to the Wallachians, who gladly accepted the bargain. But when the winter came, the hungry Tziganes began to nibble at the pancake roof of their church, next they attacked the rafters, and soon there remained nothing more of the whole building. That is why since that time there has never been a gipsy church again, and why the Tziganes, whenever they go to church at all, prefer to go to the Roumanian church, because, as they say, they like to remember that it once belonged to them."

Another legend relates how the gipsies used once to have corn-fields of their own, and how, when the green corn had grown high for the first time, the wind caused it to wave and shake like ripples

on the water, which seeing, a gipsy boy came running in alarm to his parents crying: "Father, father! quick, make haste! the corn is running away!" On hearing this the Tziganes all hastened forth with knives and sickles, to cut down the fugitive corn, which of course was never able to ripen; and discouraged by their first essay in agriculture, the gipsies never attempted to sow or reap again.

Both Maria Theresa and her son Joseph II. did much to induce the gipsies in Transylvania to renounce their wandering habits and settle down as respectable citizens, but their well-meant efforts did not meet with all the success they deserved. Maria Theresa's system was to recast the whole gipsy nature in a new mould, and by fusion with other races, to cause them to lose their own identity, and, if possible, forget their very name. She decreed that henceforward they were to be called "Neubauer" (new peasants); marriages between gipsies were forbidden; and the empress herself was in the habit of doting every young gipsy girl who married a person of another race. The Tziganes too often accepted these favours, taking the earliest opportunity of deserting the partners thus forced upon them; while the houses built expressly for their use were oftenest used for the pigs or cattle, the gipsies themselves preferring to sleep outside in the open air.

Nowadays the proportion of resident gipsies in towns and villages is, of course, considerably larger than it used to be, almost every Saxon or Hungarian town, and most of the villages, having a gipsy *faubourg*, of miserable earthen huts, tacked on to one end. It is not uncommon to find in these gipsy hovels incongruous touches of valuables or luxuries, strangely

out of keeping with the rest of the surroundings. Pieces of rare old china or majolica (how obtained (?) is difficult to imagine), embroidered pillow-covers, sometimes even a silver goblet or platter of distinct value—to which things they mostly cling with a sort of blind superstition, always contriving to reclaim from the pawnbroker whatever articles they have been compelled to deposit there in a season of necessity. In the same way it is said that many of the wandering gipsy hordes in Hungary and Transylvania have in their possession ancient gold or silver vessels (some of which are supposed to be engraved in ancient Indian characters), which they carry about with them wherever they go, burying them in the ground wherever they pitch their temporary camp, and never parting from them on any account.

The Tziganes assimilate more easily with the Roumanians than with any of the other neighbouring races; and intermarriages, although not frequent, are growing commoner of late years.

Only the higher class of musicians (of which presently) are fond of calling themselves Hungarians, and of wearing the Hungarian national dress. This reminds me of a story I heard of a Tzigane player who, brought before justice for a murder he had committed, obstinately persisted in denying his crime.

"Come, be a good fellow," said the judge at last, knowing the weak side of the culprit; "show us what a good Hungarian you are by speaking the truth. A true Hungarian never tells a lie."

The poor gipsy was so flattered at being called a Hungarian, that he instantly confessed the murder, and was, of course, hung as reward of his veracity.

In general the word Tzigane is used throughout Hungary and Transylvania as an opprobrious term by the other inhabitants, whenever they want to designate anything as false, worthless, dirty, &c.

"False as a Tzigane, dirty as a Tzigane," are common figures of speech. Likewise, to describe a quarrelsome couple, "they live like the Tziganes." If any one is given to useless lamentations, it is said of him that "he moans like a guilty Tzigane."

Of a liar, they say that "he knows how to plough with the Tzigane," or that "he understands how to ride the gipsy horse."

To call any one's behaviour "gipsified," is to stamp it as dishonest. "He knows the Tzigane trade," is to say "he knows how to steal."

A showery, inconstant April day is called gipsy weather; adulterated honey, gipsy honey; coriander-leaves, gipsy parsley. A poor sort of wild duck is the Tzigane duck; the *Bromus secalinus* is the gipsy's corn; but why the little green burs are called gipsy lice is not very evident, for surely in this case the imitation has decidedly the advantage of the genuine article?

In general these phrases should not be taken to express hatred, but rather a sort of good-natured contempt and indulgence for the Tzigane, as a large, importunate, and troublesome child, who requires to be frequently chastised and pushed back, but whose vagaries cannot be taken seriously, or provoke real anger.

The Tziganes are rarely wanting in a certain humour and power of repartee, which often disarms the anger they have justly provoked. A gipsy being in prison for having sworn falsely, was visited by the priest, who tried to convince him

of the sinfulness of his conduct in swearing to what he had not seen. "You are loading a heavy sin on your soul," said the priest.

"Have I got a soul?" asked the Tzigane, innocently.

"Of course you have a soul; every man has one."

"Can your reverence swear that I have got a soul?"

"To be sure I can."

"Yet your reverence cannot see my soul: so why should it be wrong to swear to what I have not seen?"

In a travelling menagerie, the keeper, showing off his animals to a large assembled audience, pointed to the cage where a furious lion was pawing the ground, and pompously announced that he was ready to give a thousand florins to whoever would enter that cage.

"I will," said a starved-looking gipsy, stepping forward.

"You will?" said the keeper, looking contemptuously at the small puny figure. "Very well, please yourself and walk in," and he made a feint of opening the door. "Step in. Why are you not coming?"

"Certainly," said the gipsy. "I have no sort of objection to earning a thousand florins so easily; and I only wait till you remove that very unpleasant-looking animal, which occupies the cage at present."

Of course the laugh was turned against the showman, who in his proposition had only spoken of the cage, without mentioning the lion.

A starving and shivering gipsy once craving hospitality, was asked to choose what he preferred, food or warmth? Would he have something to eat? or would he rather warm himself at the hearth?

"If you please," he answered, "I would like best to toast myself a piece of bacon at the fire."

A man abusing a gipsy who had stolen his horse, declared that he could produce half-a-dozen witnesses to attest the fact. "What are half-a-dozen witnesses?" said the Tzigane; "I can produce a whole dozen who have not seen it!"

Some gipsy proverbs run as follows:—

"After misfortune comes fortune."

"Better a donkey which lets you ride, than a fine horse which throws you off."

"Those are the fattest fishes which fall back from the line into the water."

"It is not good to choose women or cloth by candle-light."

"What is the use of a kiss, unless there be two to divide it?"

"Who has got luck, need only sit at home with his mouth open."

"Who wants to steal potatoes, must not forget the sack."

"Two hard stones do not grind small."

"Polite words cost little and do much."

"Who flatters you has either cheated you or wants to cheat."

"Who waits till another calls him to supper, often remains hungry."

"If you have lost your horse, then you can throw away saddle and bridle as well."

When a gipsy dies, men and women assemble with loud howling. The corpse, after having been prepared for burial, is carried on horseback to the grave, which is made in some lonely spot. A chieftain is buried with great solemnity, his subjects tearing their hair and scratching their faces in sign of mourning. The abrupt transitions from joy to grief and *vice versa*, so characteristic of gipsy nature, are nowhere more apparent than in their rejoicings and their mourn-

ings. Thus, every wedding terminates in howlings and moanings, while each funeral ends with dancing and joyful songs.

The ever-recurring excitements and excesses of which these people's life is made up, cannot fail to have a deteriorating effect on mind and body; early undermined constitutions and premature death or dotage being the penalty paid by many for the unbridled and senseless gratification of their passions. This life, however, while it destroys many, sharpens the faculties of those whose stronger natures have enabled them to defy these ravages, bestowing on such a curious penetration in all matters relating to the senses and passions.

This theory holds good more especially in the case of the women, who, already gifted by nature with keener perceptions, and prematurely ripened in what may be called a tropical atmosphere of passion, develop an almost supernatural power of clairvoyance, which enables them with incredible celerity to unravel hitherto undisclosed secrets only by means of intuitive deductions.

"The surprising vividness of their impressions" (again to quote Liszt on this subject) "rarely fails to communicate itself, like wildfire, to the hearers. As by the contagion of a deadly poison—the mere touch of the gipsy fortune-teller is often sufficient to affect them with the sensation of an electric shock or vibration.

"A few apt reflections strewed about in conversation, casual exclamations of apparent simplicity, some primitive rhymes and verses, accentuated by passion, so to say, hammered into relief like the raised figures on a medal—such are the means which suffice to stir up in an audience whatever elements be there existing of secret wrath, of latent rebellion, of characters bent but not broken, of affections discouraged but not despairing.

"The gipsy woman herself, inti-

mately acquainted with all signs and symptoms of passion, distinguishes à coup d'œil the cause of the sallow cheek or the fevered eye of such another woman; she can feel instinctively whether the hand from which she is expected to decipher a fate, be stretched towards her with the hasty gesture of hope, or with the hesitation of fear. Without difficulty she reads, in disdainfully curled lips, or ominously drawn brows, whether the youth before her be nourishing a secret grief or planning revenge; whether he seek for love or have lost it already. She can further distinguish, at a glance, the delusive presumption of youth and beauty; the false security of possession, which would seem to defy misfortune: she knows the annihilating blows of fate and the vulnerability of the human heart too well, not to mistrust the smile of over-conscious happiness, and to prophesy unexpected misfortune to those who refuse to believe in the instability of the future.

"She cannot be called a hypocrite, for she herself has faith in her own diagnosis: believing that each of us carries within him the germs of his own fate, she is convinced that, sooner or later, her prognostics must be fulfilled. Her only care is, therefore, to clothe her predictions in a garb which, easily captivating the imagination, and thereby impressed on the memory, will spring again to life, along with the image of the prophetess, whenever the latent emotions she has detected, having reached their culminating point, bring about the success or the catastrophe foreseen from the investigation of a hand and a heart.

"After all, why should we wonder that the secrets of the future can be deciphered by one so intimately acquainted with the inmost folds of the human soul and the workings of different passions, confined in the human breast like so many caged lions or torpid slumbering reptiles?

"Passion, always accompanied by a strong sympathetic instinct, quickly divines the presence of a kindred passion. Apt to decipher the symptoms inevitably betrayed in voice and gesture, and skilled to read in that mystic book whose characters are so plainly impressed on the leaves of a physiognomy which, betraying where

it would conceal, becomes the more expressive in proportion as the heart within is agitated by tumultuous throbbings—the gipsy knows full well with whom she has to deal, and can justly estimate what sort of characters are those which seek her counsel.”

The enlightened folk who sweepingly condemn the fortune-teller as a liar and a cheat, are probably no less mistaken than the ignorant rustics who blindly believe in her as an infallible oracle. Should not precisely the superior enlightenment of which we boast nowadays be rather an argument for believing in the fortune-teller? If phrenology and graphology are permitted to take rank as acknowledged sciences, why should not the gipsy woman’s power of divination be equally allowed to count as a shrewd deciphering of character, coupled with logical deductions as to the events likely to be evoked by the action of the passions, in combination of a given set of circumstances?

It is, I think, Balzac who said, “*Si le passé a laissé des traces, il est à croire que le futur possède des racines* ;” and on the principle that every man is master of his own fate, there is no reason why these roots, invisible to the rest of the world, should not be perceptible to those who have made of this subject the study of a lifetime. Why should not the seer be able to proclaim the fruits to be reaped from the recognition of those germs which already exist?

Ignorant people, astonished at the detection of secrets which they believed securely locked up in their own breast, and not understanding the process by which such conclusions were reached, were ready to attribute the gipsy’s power of divination to supernat-

ural agency, which opinion was strengthened and confirmed by the romantic conditions of the gipsy’s existence.

But is not, in truth, this delicate and subtle perception—a perception only acquired by constant friction with passion—in itself a secret and undeniable power? A sudden inspiration, a positive intuition of what is to be, from the rapid unveiling of what already is? and here again Liszt is probably right in declaring this gift of prophecy, so universally accredited to the gipsies in all countries, to be a too deeply rooted belief in the mind of the people not to have some rational ground for its existence.

For my own part I have seldom had inclination to confide the deciphering of my fate to one of these wandering sibyls, and can therefore only affirm that on the solitary occasion when half in jest I chose to interrogate the future, I was favoured with a piece of intelligence so startling and improbable, as could only be received with a laugh of derision; yet before many days had elapsed this startling and improbable event had actually come to pass, and the gipsy’s prophecy was fulfilled in the most unlooked-for manner.

Chance probably, or coincidence, most people will say, and indeed I do not see myself how it could have been anything else but merest coincidence. I merely state the fact as it occurred, without attempting to draw any general conclusion from the isolated instance within my own range of observation.

If to the gipsy woman is given a certain power over the minds of her fellow-creatures, the gipsy man, at least in Hungary, is not without his sceptre, and this sceptre

tre is the bow with which he plies his violin.

Hungarian music and the gipsy player are indispensable conditions of each other's existence. The Hungarian music can only be rightly interpreted by the Tzigane musician, who, on his side, can play no music so well as he does the Hungarian, into whose execution he throws all his heart and his soul, all his latent passion and unconscious poetry; the melancholy and dissatisfied yearnings of a passion-beaten soul; the despondency of an exile who has never known a home, and the wild freedom of a savage who has never known a master.

Did the Tziganes bring their music ready-made into Hungary, or did they find it there on their arrival, and merely adopt it? is a question occasioning much controversy. Liszt is inclined to think the former, which would mean that no Hungarian music existed previous to the advent of the gipsies in the country. That this music is essentially of an Asiatic character is, however, no positive proof in favour of this theory; for are not the Hungarians themselves an outwandered Asiatic race? And what more natural than the supposition that one Asiatic race should be the best interpreter of the music of a kindred people? More likely, however, this music is the unconscious joint production of the two, the Tzigane being the artist who has sounded the depth of the Hungarian nature and given expression to it.

I remember once asking a distinguished Polish lady, herself a notable musician, and pupil of the great Chopin, whether she ever played Hungarian music?

"No," she answered; "I cannot play it: there is something in that

music which I have not got—something which is wanting in me."

What was wanting I came to understand later, when I became familiar with Hungarian music, as rendered by the Tzigane players. It was the training of a gipsy's whole life which was wanting here—a training which alone teaches the secret of deciphering those wild strains which seem borrowed from the voice of the tempest or stolen from whispering reeds. In order to have played the Hungarian music aright, she would have required to have slept on mountain-tops during a score of years, to have been awakened by falling dews, to have shared the food of eagles and squirrels, and have been on equally familiar terms with stags and snakes—conditions which unfortunately lie quite out of the reach of delicate Polish ladies!

Music was the only art within the Tzigane's reach; for despite his vividness of imagination, and the continual state of inspiration in which he may be said to live, he would never have become a poet, painter, or sculptor, because of the fitfulness of his nature, and of his incapacity to clothe his inspirations in a precise image, or reduce them to a given form. Every man has the impulse to manifest his feelings in some way or other, and music was the only way open to the Tzigane, as being the one solitary art which *à la rigueur* can possibly dispense with scientific training and be taught by instinct alone.

Devoid of written music, the Tzigane is not forced to divide his attention between a sheet of paper and his instrument, and there is nothing to distract him from the utter abandonment with which he absorbs himself in his play. He

seems to be sunk in an inner world of his own; the instrument sobs and moans in his hands, and is pressed tighter against his breast, as though it had grown and taken root there. This is the true moment of inspiration, to which he rarely gives way, and then only in the privacy of an intimate circle—never before a numerous and unsympathetic audience. Spell-bound himself by the power of the tones he evokes, his head gradually sinking lower and lower over the instrument, his body bent forward in an attitude of rapt attention, his ear seeming to be listening to far-off ghostly strains, audible to himself alone, the untaught Tzigane achieves a perfection of expression unattainable by mere professional training.

This power of identification with his music is the real secret of the Tzigane's influence on his audience. Inspired and carried away by his own strains, he must perforce carry his hearers with him as well; and the Hungarian listener throws himself heart and soul into this species of musical intoxication, which is to him the greatest delight on earth. There is a proverb which says, "The Hungarian only requires a glass of water and a gipsy fiddler in order to make him quite drunk;" and indeed intoxication is the only word fittingly to describe the state of exaltation into which I have seen a Hungarian audience thrown by a gipsy band.

Sometimes, under the combined influence of music and wine, the Tziganes become like creatures possessed; the wild cries and stamps of the equally excited audience only stimulate them to greater exertions; the whole atmosphere seems tossed by billows of passionate harmony; you seem to see the electric sparks of inspiration flying

through the air. At such moments the Tzigane gives forth everything that is secretly lurking within him—fierce anger, childish wailings, presumptuous exultation, brooding melancholy, and passionate despair; and at such moments one could readily believe in his power of drawing angels down from heaven into hell!

Listen how another Hungarian writer has described the effect of their music:—

"How it rushes through the veins like electric fire! How it penetrates straight to the soul! In soft plaintive minor tones the adagio opens with a slow, rhythmical movement: it is a sighing and a longing of unsatisfied aspirations; a craving for undiscovered happiness; the lover's yearning for the object of his affection; the expression of mourning for lost joys, for happy days gone for ever: then abruptly changing to a major key, the tones get faster and more agitated, and from the whirlpool of harmony the melody detaches itself, alternately seeming to be drowned in the foam of over-breaking waves, to reappear floating on the surface with undulating motion, collecting, as it were, fresh power for a renewed burst of fury. But quickly as the storm came it is gone again, and the music relapses into the melancholy yearnings of before."

These two extremes of fiercest passion and plaintive wailing characterise the nature of the Hungarian, of whom it is said that "weeping, the Hungarian makes merry."

When under the influence of music he is capable of flinging his money about with the most reckless extravagance. Fifty, a hundred, a thousand florins and more, have been often given for the performance of a single air. Sometimes a Hungarian will stick a large bank-note behind his ear, while the Tzigane proceeds to play the

favourite tune, drawing nearer and nearer till he is almost touching; pouring the melody straight into the upturned ear of the enraptured auditor; dropping out the notes as though the music were some exquisitely flavoured liquid flattering the palate of a super-refined *gourmet*, who, with half-closed eyes expressive of perfect beatitude, entirely abandons himself to the delightful sensation.

In Hungary the words Tzigane and musician are synonymous, and to say "I shall call in the Tziganes," is to mean "I shall send for the music."

Not only the people, at their rustic gatherings, dance to the strains of these brown Bohemians, but in no real Hungarian ball-room would other music be tolerated; and the Austrian military bands, so much prized elsewhere, are here at a discount, and considered of no use.

Of course the gipsy bands in the large towns are not composed of the ragged, unkempt individuals which haunt the village pot-houses, or the lovely *csardas* on the *puszta*. Their constant intercourse with higher circles has given them a certain degree of polish, and they even consent to appear in Hungarian costume; but they are intrinsically the same as their more vagabond brethren, and their eye never loses the semi-savage glitter marking half-tamed animals.

The calling of musicians has often become hereditary in certain families, who thus feel themselves to be interwoven with all the pleasures and pains, the fates and fortunes, of the nobility for whom they play; and *vice versâ*, for the youth of both sexes in Hungary, the recollection of every pleasure they have enjoyed, the dawn of first love, and every alternation of hope, triumph,

or despair, are inextricably interwoven with the image of the Tzigane player.

When the dancers are limp and uninterested, the Tzigane loses interest as well, and plays carelessly and without spirit; but if he sees dancing *con amore*, and especially if his playing be praised, he knows neither hunger nor fatigue. His eyes being free, nothing escapes his observation; and he is far better *au fait* of every flirtation, mistake, coolness, or quarrel, than the most vigilant ball-room chaperon.

A pair of lovers dancing are his greatest delight; and for them he exerts himself to the utmost, throwing his whole soul into the music, breathing the softest sighs and the most passionate rhapsodies of which his instrument is capable.

It is said that he often performs the office of a *page d'amour* in taking letters backwards and forwards between young people who have no other means of communication, his peculiar code of honour forbidding him to take any pecuniary remuneration in return. Many of these Tzigane musicians can show dainty pieces of handiwork and presents of valuable studs or pipes, received from high-born patrons in token of gratitude for delicate services rendered.

The position of these Tzigane musicians is in every way a peculiar one, the intimacy with the upper classes brought about by their calling involving no sort of equality whatsoever. The Tzigane remains a gipsy fiddler, while the Hungarian is a nobleman; and the barrier between the two classes is almost as absolute as that between Jew and gentleman in Poland. Although it is no uncommon sight in the streets of any Hungarian town, towards the small hours of

the morning, to see distinguished members of the *jeunesse dorée* (their spirits no doubt slightly raised by wine), going home affectionately linked arm in arm with the brown fiddlers; yet no Hungarian gentleman could fall into the amusing mistake of an English nobleman, who, making a point of lionising all celebrities within his reach, invited to dinner the first violin of a Tzigane band starring in London some years ago. The flattering invitation occasioned the most intense surprise to the distinguished artist himself, who, though used to various forms of enthusiasm called forth by his genius, was certainly not accustomed to be seriously taken in the sense of a civilised human being. It is said, however, that the gipsy's quickness of perception, doing duty for education on this occasion, enabled him to go through the formidable ordeal of a London dinner-party without further breaches of our rigid etiquette than are quite permissible on the part of a barbarous grandee.

The Tzigane plays every sort of dance-music with spirit; but he loves to play the *csardas* best, and it is the principal feature at every Hungarian ball.

It is curious to watch how, at the first notes of this dance, the dancers all precipitate themselves to the end of the room where the musicians are placed, crowding together and jostling each other in their anxiety each to get nearest to the music.

The bandmaster is fond of mentally selecting a couple from among the dancers—perhaps the handsomest best-grown pair, or a lover-

couple who are still in the delightful trance of an unacknowledged attachment; and at this one pair he directs his music—*aiming* it at them, if one may thus express it—following their every movement, and identifying his play with their every gesture.

To an uninitiated stranger it looks at first very odd to see this knot of dancers all pressed together like herrings in a barrel, in one small corner, while two-thirds of a spacious ball-room are standing empty; but the Hungarians declare that the gipsies only play the *csardas* with spirit, when they see the dancers close to them, treading on their very toes, and brushing up against their violins. Sometimes the band director, unable to control his excitement, breaks loose from the place assigned to the musicians, and advancing into the room, becomes the centre of the whirling knot of dancers.

In all these dances the bandmaster¹ changes the melody as fancy prompts him, only giving warning to his colleagues by two sharp taps of the bow that a change is impending. Of course the other musicians do not know beforehand what air is coming, but a note or two suffice to put them on the scent, and they fall in so smoothly that nothing rough or uneven can be detected.

Almost every one of the dancers has his or her favourite air, their *nota*, as it is here called, and it is meant as a delicate attention whenever the gipsy bandmaster, smiling or winking at a passing dancer, strikes into his air of predilection. The Tzigane's memory

¹ I call him bandmaster for convenience, though the Tziganes do not require any one to beat time for them; but their first violin is at the same time the one who directs the others.

in thus retaining (and never confusing) the favourite airs of each separate person is surprising; and not only this, but he will likewise remember to a nicety which air was your favourite one three or four years ago, and what were the circumstances to which the former melody used to play accompaniment.

Thus whirling past, in the mazes of your favourite waltz or galop, with the girl you adore on your arm, you may catch the dark eye of the Tzigane player expressively fixed on you with sly allusion, and in the next minute the music has changed; it is a long-forgotten melody they are playing now; a melody once familiar at a bygone time, when you had other thoughts, other hopes, another partner on your arm; when wood-violet, not patchouly, was the scent you loved best, and fair ringlets had more charm than raven tresses.

For a moment the present scene has faded from your eyes, and in its place you see a tremulous smile

you had wellnigh forgotten, and hear a voice long stranger to your ears.

That waltz, once to you the most entrancing music on earth, now sounds like the gibings of some tormenting spirit, and you breathe an involuntary sigh of regret for a time that is no more!

Thus the Tzigane player, unlike hired musicians in other countries, has an intimate and artistic connection with his dancers. In England or Germany the musician is simply the machine which plays, no more to be regarded than a barrel-organ or a musical-box. In Hungary alone he is something more; his power of directing being here not limited to the feet alone, but may almost be said to extend to the feelings and fancies of his audience as well—feelings which it is his delight to share and sway, with actual power to stimulate love or jealousy, and reawaken remorse or sorrow merely by the touch of his magic wand!

A MAGNETIC MYSTERY.

[It has for long been determined among his descendants that a surprising narrative, left behind him by the late Ewen Cameron, should be given to the world, in order that psychologists may have an opportunity of learning, and possibly of commenting on, his experiences. But until very lately, persons were living who would have been shocked and offended at the public revelation of events in which they themselves, or others to whom they were very nearly related, took important parts; and so the publication was delayed. Death has, however, been busy among the elder members of the house, and their contemporaries, during the last ten years. The latest remarks now to be printed were written by Mr Cameron in 1825, more than sixty years since, and there does not appear to be any good reason for longer withholding from the scientific world the following curious record. The epithet *magnetic* is used in the title because it is believed that phenomena as here described are, according to latest opinions, effects of magnetism.]

A fortunate thing it was for me that I possessed this small island in the Shetland group. I had often spoken with cruel contempt of this humble property, as if I did it the greatest honour by simply owning it; and yet, at the time when I left Edinburgh with something like precipitation, I should have been a houseless wanderer if I had not had this remote house, Quarda, and the surrounding region, to fall back upon. It was a sad reverse that I had experienced. I do not say but that it was principally the effect of my own imprudence; but, allowing that, *all* imprudent men are not punished, and I was punished severely, crushingly. I lost, largely by play, but in some degree also by an unhappy outfall of events, all my means excepting this little *piecè de terre*, and through that loss I was obliged to forego also my dearest hope—that for which chiefly I valued my worldly goods—my pretension to the hand of my charming, my worshipped, Aline Macleod.

I was convinced that Aline's inmost heart was favourable to

my aspirations. I think that I could, with patience and fidelity, have overcome all the objections to me which her father so unreasonably entertained, and that he and his would in time have been convinced of the worthlessness of that Archibald Menzies whom they so perversely preferred to me. This might have been possible, I say, if I had been able to retain my position in the gay world; but as a beggar, or the next thing to it, I was compelled to strike my colours even before such a one as Captain Menzies. It was too miserably true: everything had gone against me, and I was fain to bury myself and to hide my chagrin in what I had been accustomed to call my arctic wilds.

While I was effecting my retreat from the world, things were in such a whirl that the mere changes from one anxiety to another kept me from indulging any separate sorrow; but now in solitude, "out of humanity's reach," I could ponder without stint, and I distinguished the blows of fortune, and knew which was the sorest of them. O Aline Macleod, it was the thought

of you that made all other losses seem small in comparison. Your beauty of face and form was but a fraction of your charms. Did I not remember your soft looks and graceful gestures, the music of your voice, and were not your words and acts in harmony with all that I thought excellent in woman! Reflection showed me which was my intolerable sorrow. I could face all else, but I could not bear to be shut out from the light of your countenance. If, instead of being well endowed with worldly means, you had been poor and friendless, your sweet self, without a grain of "siller," would be to me the richest prize in the world.

But this mourning was sad folly. I had to call all my philosophy to my aid, and to school myself to leading a rude unsweetened life. There had been a short glimpse of brightness; now it was in the dark shadow that my paths were ordered. Guarda,—I was thankful enough, be it said, to have it to fall back on, but—it was a dismal home. There was a little to do as laird, there was a little sporting, and there was a very little society. The paucity of neighbours was to a disappointed man not disagreeable, though solitude probably tended to prolong my care. And fortunately, Guarda, ill found as in many things it may have been, was not without books to solace a recluse.

The lucky accident by which the place contained a library—or rather a well-furnished snug study—was known to me. For, oddly enough, an ancestor of mine had come here a fugitive just as I had done, and had taken to books—some of them rather strange ones, as I soon found. There was, however, this difference between his flight from the world and mine;—

his disaster was political, while I was a broken man of pleasure. He had cast in his lot with the unhappy Stuarts, and had saved little beyond his life from out the wreck of their cause in Scotland. If all be true that I have heard about him—and although Prince Charlie's campaign was not long ago, I am but imperfectly informed concerning my grandfather, so carefully did he efface himself—he would have died on the scaffold if he had been discovered; and to avoid that fate, he allowed a title and a large property to pass to a distant relation, he being accounted dead. He became reconciled after a time to his lot, and, as a student, found such repose as had been denied him in the busy world. Country people were then—are now, indeed—prone to ascribe to any man who follows after learning, studies which are unlawful as well as honest researches; and my fore-runner assuredly did not escape calumny of this kind. The stories about him are dying out at last; but there are old shepherds and hinds living yet, who say he could raise the devil and do feats of magic. They even declare that he did not die and return to earth as another man, but had some strange disappearance accompanied with all sorts of prodigies. They evidently had a great love of the marvellous. I wondered whether, if my miserable, worthless life should be prolonged for a season, I also should leave behind me an uncanny reputation, for I was already taking to letters.

The last thing that I should have credited myself with was an academic turn; but as I found books to physic my pain better than any other resource, I presume that literary labour must have been that which I delighted in. I spent more and more time in the study.

Not many weeks had passed since I came to Quarda, and already I had become a bookworm. It is hardly necessary to give an account of my course of reading. Let me pass that, and say that one day, during a spell of very rough weather, I tired of leaning over my desk, and began to move about the room by way of diversion. While so doing, I, without any clear design, opened a cabinet which stood in a recess of the room, and was immediately conscious of a pungent and most disagreeable odour, which seemed to issue forth as if it had a will of its own, and which assailed my nostrils. Made more earnest by this odd opposition, as it were, to my examination, I persisted in making a search. There were books there, well thumbed, and I was startled to find that nearly all of them treated directly or indirectly of magnetism and its magical powers! Here was a discovery! I also found on the shelves drawings of curious figures, long sheets of numbers, rods of wood and of metal, phials, crucibles, lamps, with inscriptions in characters quite unknown to me. I may have very imperfectly noted the contents, because my attention was suddenly drawn away by a most curious-looking block or box (I could not quite decide which), having seven sides, the diameter of the base of which may have been 2 inches, and the height of the box 6 or 7 inches. On the top was a wonderfully luminous crystal. The wood outside was light in colour; some sides were covered with complicated outlined figures, and others with unknown written characters.

I took the thing up. It was heavy, and must, I thought, be hollow, and hold something enclosed. So I went back to my chair and sat down to examine it. Being persuaded that there was

some method of opening it, I turned it and pressed it in many ways without for a long time finding a joint. At last, as I made some movement, there issued from it a sharp click such as one hears in clockwork, and a smell, like that which had saluted me when I opened the cabinet, was again perceptible. At the same time I felt a shudder pass through me, and thought my life had stopped, so depressing was the sensation. Presently, to convince myself that I lived, I made a movement towards rising from my seat, and on lifting my head discovered, to my astonishment, that I was not alone! I declare that, standing about four yards from me, there was a man, habited as I was, and, as far as I could judge, the counterpart of myself. "My wraith," I thought; "I am going to die, and no man ever met his fate with less regret." I knew somehow that the figure was not of flesh and blood. I was not frightened: I rather studied the apparition, which, however, after holding my regard fixed on it for I really cannot say how long, was suddenly gone.

I collected my wits immediately. I threw up the window, inhaled some cold air, felt my pulse—which galloped—and decided that my system was alarmingly deranged. The surprise should have been, perhaps, that I had not broken down in body before, after suffering so much in mind and spirits. Confinement would not do for me, it was clear. I was becoming subject to hallucinations, and I was sage enough to know that moderate exercise in the open air was indispensable, and might, perhaps, suffice to restore me without medicine. So I returned my puzzle-box to the cabinet, put the interior into the order in which I had found it, and locked the place up,

resolving that the reading life to which I had lately taken must be given up.

Then I took to outdoor doings again, and soon became pretty sound. Sleep and appetite had a little ago much fallen off, and, as I argued, by taking the disorder in time I probably crushed it. As for the fetch, or wraith, which I had seen, I cared little about its meaning, and would not let my thoughts dwell upon it at all. As I felt steady and strong again, I, however, did think with some astonishment that my ancestor must have had queer fancies. My father, after he grew up, had never seen Quarda; and so it was that, until I came back a stricken deer, things remained in his study much as my grandsire left them.

After a few days away from the desk, I laughed at my late visitation, looked upon it as an interesting study in physiology, and made two or three notes by way of record. The effects so far passed away that I determined one evening, after a long ramble out of doors, to have another look at that seven-sided box, and try to find what was inside it. I got it out, and went to work upon it much as I had done on the former occasion. I did not open it; but I, after some handling, produced the click, and smelled the odour which I have described before. I was painfully conscious, too, of the cold shiver and the feeling of horror. "There is only one plague more," I thought, "and that is the apparition."

I lifted my eyes, and there it stood!

"This is too bad," I muttered. "I have not been shutting myself up now. I *will* stop this weakness;" and, quite in a rage, I rose and left the study. On my way down-stairs I encountered my man,

whom I desired to bring down to the room below a book which he would find on my desk. I had hardly waited for him two seconds when he entered, bringing the book indeed, but his face blanched with terror and his whole frame trembling with affright. "God save us!" he faltered; "which is the master? Are ye abune, sir, or are ye here?"

It was not, then, my physical condition that was at fault. Other eyes had seen the spectre as well as mine. I soothed the man as well as I could, trying to make light of his fears; but I was very uncomfortable myself. I was not, however, terrified; and after a short reflection I resolved to go to the study and face the intruder. I did so. Nothing was to be seen there but the usual furniture of the room.

That night I took earnest counsel with myself: all things considered, I did so dispassionately. The conclusion I came to was—1st, That an apparition haunted the study; 2d, That it was in some way connected with the wooden apparatus on which the crystal was fixed; 3d, That it was the copy of myself; 4th, That it must indicate the coming of some accident to me; 5th, That when it might show itself again I ought to speak to it, and demand its business. I did not fear death; and I made up my mind that, if boldness would do it, I would make better acquaintance with this mystery. I would take steps on the morrow.

The morrow, however, provided business of its own. My servants all declared that they must quit Quarda forthwith, and I was really in sore embarrassment, which was only got over with great difficulty. Fortunately only one servant had seen anything. The others took their fright at second hand from

him. If he would stay, and moderate his alarm, the others probably would also be soothed. With much persuasion, and a bribe which I could ill afford, I at last prevailed upon the terrified fellow to remain.

This difficulty having been arranged, I nerved myself for an encounter with my other self. Having taken every precaution against intrusion, I proceeded as I had done on the two former occasions, handling and pressing the crystal-crowned heptagon until I produced the clicking noise. Then, spite of the odour and the shudder which ensued, I contrived to keep my eyes raised, and presently saw, come from I know not where, the startling figure at a short distance from me.

We looked at each other—I and I—sternly for a moment. Then I, steadily I think, said, “Who are you? and what do you here?”

“You see who I am,” answered the appearance. “I am here because I was summoned. You are the lineal heir of Angus Cameron, as he was latterly called. Therefore I will assist you and your heirs. What do you require?”

The voice was so exactly *my* voice, that the answer seemed but a continuation of the question. I did not, however, expend time in considering this or anything else except the matter in hand. By a sort of inspiration I saw clearly that here was an offer of aid, and that my first course should be to secure that, leaving explanations and antecedents for the present. I spoke again briefly.

“My property is gone; but the lady whom I covet more than wealth is, I believe, unmarried. I am very miserable and reckless. Can you aid me as to the troubles which I have named?”

“Do not give up your secur-

ities. Go back to Edinburgh and resume your courtship.”

“Alas!” I answered, “I wrote by the last boat from Lerwick desiring that all my stock, now almost valueless, should be disposed of.”

“Do as I have said,” repeated my double; and immediately after he had spoken I ceased to see him.

If I had been asked beforehand how I would conduct myself during such an interview as I have recounted, I should have said that I would be horror-stricken, that I should lose my head, and that I should certainly speak and act in a manner which my subsequent calm judgment would pronounce to be weak and little to the purpose. As it really happened, I felt collected, and I am sure that I held to the main requirements of my case as shrewdly as if I had had time given me for consideration. When the interview was over, I thought earnestly how I should act. This might be a delusion to lead me to my end, or into other mischief—about that I really did not care. Here was presented a chance—a chance unintelligible to me—of in some way bettering my condition. Any prudent, sedate man would simply laugh at the whole fancy—say that I had been mad or dreaming, and condemn the advice I had received as inviting to a wild-goose chase. I could not prove the contrary of this; but I *felt* that it would be worth my while to comply with the directions I had received. After twenty-four hours’ deliberation I decided that, happen what might, I would undertake the adventure. Money was, no doubt, scarce with me: but there were the scanty means with which I had come to establish myself in my forlorn retreat; my city wardrobe still remained to me; it was but the voyage to

Leith ; if it should prove to be a mere deceit, I could only return ; the secret of the matter was my own.

The announcement that I was about to return to Edinburgh raised the greatest surprise and excitement in the little circle about me. I had caused it to be understood, if I had not positively declared, that I had come to Quarda for a very long sojourn ; so this sudden change of plans was difficult to account for. There had been no arrival of letters for many days, so that I could not pretend a sudden summons from friends in the capital. I said that I had by the last packet desired to make some business arrangements with which I had, on further consideration, seen reason to be dissatisfied. I was going to consult as to further dispositions on the spot. But this did by no means satisfy my household and neighbours. They divined some unknown trouble ; and my manservant implored me with tears not to sail the seas. He had seen my wraith, he said, and he would never see me again if I tempted the waters. Maggie, my elderly cook and general manager, declared that, ill-fated as my going was, I should yet be supplied with one great chance of keeping alive ; and modified her chagrin at my departure by busying herself in the preparation of her wonderful cordial—a remedy with which I was not unfamiliar against sea-sickness and many another ill to which flesh is heir.

Spite of remarks and dissuasions, I left in a small craft for Lerwick, arrived there safely, and took passage in the very first smack that sailed for Leith. The voyage was untroubled, and I duly landed and proceeded to mine inn in the city. My first

visit was, as may be supposed, to the business people in the capital to whom I had intrusted the disposal of my property. I expected to find that the little remnant, which had been invested in bonds that were greatly depreciated on account of the long war, had been disposed of at a heavy loss, and it was with a sinking heart that I met my agent. To my surprise, however, he knew nothing of the instructions that I had transmitted, and he had taken no recent step in regard to my affairs. This was perplexing, but, on the whole, a relief. I desired that my letter, when it should arrive, might not be acted on, as I had thought of another arrangement which I could personally communicate if it should be worthy of adoption.

After this I made inquiries in a quarter on which I could rely concerning the subject which lay next my heart, and ascertained that the Macleod family was still in the capital, and that my beloved Aline remained single, though Captain Menzies was understood to be still advancing his pretensions.

I knew now how the land lay, and saw that, at any rate, the way was open to the adoption of the course which my strange visitor had recommended. But of what value was that ? The circumstances which had forced me into retirement remained exactly as they had been. I no more saw my way to a happy issue from them, than I did when I took the resolution to bury myself in my desolate patrimony. Once more I had returned to the busy haunts of men ; but for what end ? what was I to do ? I confess that I began to feel something like a precipitate simpleton, and to think that the sooner I was away again the better. Thoughts

like this vexed me all that afternoon. I could do little except brood on my troubles; for until I could see some reasonable course of action to be pursued in the metropolis, I held back from renewing acquaintances, and could only wander about fretting. At night, though without much appetite, I ordered supper, and was obliged, in deference to the custom of those days, to drink some wine, though I could ill afford, and would gladly have dispensed with, the luxury.

After the meal my head began to ache, and I felt much indisposed. It was not wonderful that I should be somewhat upset, for I had endured a considerable mental trial, the end of which was not yet in view, and I had given my limbs very little rest since I landed. I did not fancy that I was very ill, but at the same time knew well that the malady which I was feeling ought to be checked at once. There were reasons why I was most unwilling to take medical advice: in the first place, the expense of it would greatly exhaust my slender means; and in the second place, my impatience to prosecute the adventure which I had undertaken, made me shudder at the thought of being placed under restriction even for a day or two.

"A night's rest," I thought, "may be a quite sufficient doctor;" and with that idea came the recollection of Maggie's cordial, so carefully and thoughtfully provided for such a contingency. Yes, of course, I would take the elixir, go to bed, and wake up in the morning (so I hoped) a sound man once more.

I went, therefore, off to my chamber, and opened the case in which I had bestowed the restorative. I had not had the least

occasion for it on the voyage, as the weather was so moderate, and so it lay where I had myself put it in my travelling-case the evening before I left Quarda. It was soon brought to light, and I was proceeding to remove its wrappings, preparatory to regaling myself with a dose, when something in the angularity and weight of the bottle caused me to take it nearer to the light. My surprise may be imagined when I found that I was handling, not Maggie's bottle, but the heptagonal box with the crystal! How on earth could this be? I could have been on my oath that, before I left Quarda, I had put this heptagon away, and securely locked it up in a very secret place, being apprehensive, now that I knew some of the strange properties of it, lest any one should meddle with it. However, I could ponder this matter later; for the present, let me find the right package, and take my cordial. But, wonderful to relate, no cordial was to be found—not though I emptied the case from which I had drawn the heptagon, and then littered the floor with almost every article of my baggage. It was a most perplexing and annoying affair. I remembered perfectly having gone myself for the bottle, and having packed it carefully away.

On taking up the heptagon again after my rummage, I remarked (which I had not done before) that the crystal was not unlike the top of the stopper of Maggie's old-fashioned bottle, and that the two things were in form very similar, though of course the bottle was not seven-sided.

Disappointed though I was about the medicine, I could not but reflect upon the singular chance, if chance it were, by which the weird apparatus had re-

placed Maggie's bottle. Could the accident be turned to any profitable account, was the next consideration. The excitement aroused by the unlooked-for appearance of the heptagon, and the search which I had made through my baggage, had somehow a good effect on my condition: my head did not ache as it before had done, and I was far less dull than I had been when I determined to take the cordial. A new idea presented itself now. As the means of doing so were so strangely at hand, could I not summon my goblin adviser as I had before done, and obtain some further guidance? He made no noise on former occasions, and, as far as my experience could show, an interview with him might be managed as simply here as at home. After some reflection, I decided on tempting the ordeal once more; and once I had come to the resolution, I was impatient for the hour to arrive when the house would be quiet, and I could carry it out.

As the silence of night deepened, I, having lighted my chamber as brilliantly as I could (for I was unwilling to evoke remark by ordering an unusual array of candles, and at the same time inclined to receive my visitor in not too dim a scene), extracted the heptagon from the trunk in which it had travelled, and set myself to work the charm as I had done before. It proved a tedious process this time, but I was in too great a strait to be soon discouraged; and after many random movings and pinchings, I was at length rewarded by hearing the click, while the pungent odour came forth in seemingly increased strength. I resisted with all my might the oppressive feeling which ensued, as in former cases, and looked straight into the space be-

fore me for the apparition. It was not there; and after gazing for a second or two, I sighed at the thought that my experiment had failed, and that my embarrassment would now be serious. I rose from my chair, changing, as I did so, the direction of my look. Ha, goodness! what is that? My heart leaped, and my knees gave way for a moment. Then I became conscious that the visitor whom I had summoned was standing, not where I had been peering to find him, but on the far side of the bed. Recovering myself by an effort, I proceeded at once to use the opportunity.

"You have brought me here," I said; "what am I to do? You know my difficulty."

"Go again to Forsyth's," answered the figure, in my very voice; "don't be afraid to play once more: return to the life you formerly led here."

I was going to rejoin, "How, without money?" but before I could frame my question the spectre had vanished. There was not much reassurance in his new precepts. However, he did not seem to have led me very wrong before, and I thought I might follow his guidance for a day or two longer.

Amid my agitation and anxiety at the interview, I had in some way contrived to remark that my double had altered his costume exactly as I had altered mine. On former visitations he had worn the rustic garb which I used at Quarda; now he was clad as a young man of fashion. It was most perplexing; but I had, as it were, committed myself to the hands of a strange destiny, and I felt firm to go through with my enterprise. Somehow I contrived to get a few hours of sound sleep; and on waking I was again so full of my new instructions, that I for-

got about my indisposition of last night—it had, in fact, passed away, and I felt quite ready to exert myself. I turned over in my mind what advances towards recovery of my old associates I could with an almost empty pocket presume to make; I determined that I would see Aline, cost what it might to do so; and I must make my appearance at Forsyth's, dangerous as the experiment seemed, for I had been specially enjoined to be there. Forsyth's, let me explain, was a club, frequented by young men who would in the present day be distinguished as "fast." (I think we were called "bloods" or "bucks.") It was also noted for the high play that took place there. Although I had withdrawn myself from town, I had made no formal retirement from the club, and my subscription had not run out.

As soon, then, as I had despatched breakfast, I made off to Forsyth's, the only point in my day's programme to which I could go at so early an hour. The old porter seemed astonished at my appearing, but made no remark except that he was glad to see me in town again, and looking well. I asked him if there were many gentlemen in the morning-room, and he replied that I would have it all to myself, and might have my choice of the newspapers. In former days I should have thought it almost an impropriety to be seen there before noon, but my short country life had broken me a little to thriftier habits. The rooms looked quite stiff and cheerless as I entered—indeed, Forsyth's was a model of propriety until lamps and candles began to put a little freedom into it.

I soon chose a journal—news six days old was at that period considered very fresh—and began to examine the latest accounts of

what was going on across the English Channel. We were then in what afterwards received the name of "The Hundred Days," and the interest of Britons was excited to a very high pitch. I had barely, in my island retreat, heard of Napoleon's *sortie* from Elba; and I had been so downcast with my own misfortunes, that the public news which I *had* heard had failed to move me.

Once more in the city, I could no longer remain quite callous. I plunged eagerly into the accounts of efforts that were being made to resuscitate the French Empire, and shuddered at the huge European war which was once more showing "his wrinkled front." Absorbed as I was in the news, I scarce perceived the entrance into the room of another person, and it was with quite a start that I heard the new-comer say, "Cameron, my dear fellow, is that you? I'm devilish glad to see you; and I think I must not henceforth scoff at signs and visions, for by (so-and-so), I dreamt this morning that I saw you in here, and, to say truth, my early appearance is the consequence of the dream, for it made me restless."

"That is a most polite way of putting it, my dear fellow," I returned: "you were so taken with the bare possibility of meeting me, suggested by only a dream, that you broke through all rules of good society, and hazarded being seen here at eleven in the morning, to try whether the blissful vision might be realised."

"Raillery apart, you are not altogether wrong, Cameron. I have not forgotten the kind way in which you behaved to me last year about that gambling debt. For some time past I have been in a position to settle it. But you had fled, and nobody could tell me your

address. When I dreamed to-day, I felt as if a weight were to be taken off my mind, and I did come hurrying down, regardless of all custom."

"Wonders will never cease!" I said. "Fancy the hard-headed Maitland a believer in dreams!"

"I don't know about believer in them generally; that's rather strong. But I was deeply impressed, and, as you see, the dream has come true."

"Gate of horn, eh? Wonderful coincidence! Dream something better next time, Maitland."

"I have laid myself open to your gibes by confessing. No doubt, if the truth were known, you may have experienced something that you found it hard to account for. Ah! does that touch you?"

I suppose I changed colour during the latter part of his remarks. How justly he spoke I knew only too well. My own rashness at jesting on the subject of things supernatural struck me with much force. Maitland, full of gratitude, would not take advantage of my confusion, but went back to the subject which occupied him.

"Look here, old fellow!" said he. "You behaved d——d kindly, and I'm infinitely obliged to you. Do you remember what the amount is?"

"Not exactly, and I don't know for the moment where to find a memorandum. Quite two hundred, I think."

"Two hundred and thirty-five I own to. If that is not right, we can settle afterwards. Here is the amount, and many thanks with it."

"Oh, I'm quite satisfied, and will cry quits," I replied.

We had a very pleasant half-hour together, and separated with the hope of enjoying more of each other's company. The warm-heart-

ed fellow was, I believe, really glad to see me, and the meeting with him raised in me a feeling nearer to joy than any that I had experienced for many a day. Distinctly I say that the glow was caused by his friendliness; for it was not until after I left him that I saw the important effect which the *rencontre* with him might have on my fortunes. As soon as I was alone and reflected, my possession of the money which he had paid me appeared as wonderful as it was opportune. The apparition had not answered me on the subject of money wherewith to carry out his directions; but lo! within twelve hours of my short interview with him came this practical answer—money was brought me. And it was money, moreover, which I need have no scruple about accepting and using. No magic coin, which might turn to leaves or patches; no subsidy obtained by questionable acts, which might, in the long-run, bring a curse with it; but the return of a loan honestly and fairly made, and almost forgotten—a loan made before I had even thought of such visitations as I had recently received. And Maitland had, in some way, been moved by a dream to pay me to-day. Could his dream be entirely independent of the weird instructions which I had received? and was his coming to my aid in the nick of time a coincidence only? It was hard to think so.

The repayment of the money was not the only happy event of that day. Fortune (or somebody else) favoured me with a marked benevolence in another direction. Now that I had command of a little ready money, all hesitation was removed as to becoming a visitor at Mr Macleod's house, and delighting my soul by seeing and admiring his daughter. I there-

fore, in the afternoon, put on gallant attire (still keeping, as I hope, removed from dandyism), and set off to call at the house in the High Street which held the choicest pearl of the ancient city. When I was getting near my destination, I was aware of two ladies coming on foot towards me, on the other side of the way, and felt sure, even at a distance, that the graceful form and gait of one of them must belong to Aline. It was even so. As the distance decreased between the pair and me, I recognised beyond doubt the lady on whom my heart was fixed. Her companion was Mrs Fergus Fraser, a widow lady whom I used to know well. I could scarcely have designed a more eligible meeting, if I had been commissioned to choose; for Mrs Fraser was a fast friend of mine, and had, I thought, often helped me against my rival.

My unheralded appearance took Aline quite off her guard. I had every reason to be gratified at the confusion which she exhibited on meeting me. After the inquiries usual on such occasions, I asked and obtained leave to turn and escort her and her friend on their walk. They had taken the opportunity of a fair afternoon to go shopping; but, according to my observation of the occurrences of that agreeable day, the shopping was all Mrs Fraser's. That lady made certainly many incursions into shops, and did not hurry to come out again, one result of this repetition of lucky accidents being that Aline and I were frequently left together. I used my privilege as well as I knew how, and obtained a pretty clear idea of the state of things in what I may call the theatre of war. Captain Menzies was, as I was grieved to find, still in high favour with Mr Macleod, though many other people

knew that he was losing much money by play; that he was addicting himself to intemperance, and was becoming a most disagreeable acquaintance. There was no reason to think that I would be objected to as a visitor at the house, and I perceived that, as a dancing partner and a general acquaintance (that was the way in which the relation was explained to me), I might hope to be restored to my former position. Aline told me of many entertainments which were likely soon to be given, and rather hinted that she would be pleased if I could contrive to be included among the guests. It was the most cheering afternoon that I had known for a very long time.

As my return became known to one old acquaintance after another, invitations found their way to me of which I was not slow to avail myself. My reappearance was an offence to Captain Menzies, at which that gallant person did not conceal his resentment. His manner to me was repulsive; he never lost an opportunity of doing me an ill turn; and if ever I approached Aline in his presence, he, without ceremony, interrupted our conference, and acted as if he had a right to overlook and regulate her conduct. On one occasion, at a large ball, he, being, as I think, much flushed with wine, made himself especially disagreeable. I danced with Aline two dances early in the evening. He, vastly angry at her accepting me, endeavoured to break the engagement, declaring that she had promised him for those country-dances. She behaved with spirit in the matter, and let me lead her off to her place. He could hardly annoy me while she was my partner, but afterwards he took occasion more than once to be uncivil; and but that I felt myself to stand much higher in her good

graces than he did, and so was in complacent mood, I could hardly have refrained from quarrelling with him. From that ball I went away in high spirits, after putting Aline into her chair. It did not detract from my desire to win her that, if I could be fortunate enough to do so, I should bitterly disappoint and enrage this surly fellow. It seemed hardly possible that an *affair* of some sort between us could for long be averted.

While I was thus returning to my place in society, I rather went back also to an old habit. I think I could, and would, have refrained from again taking to it; but the direction of the strange adviser, under whom I was acting and certainly not losing ground, was to return to it. I mean the play at Forsyth's, in which I had been very cautiously indulging since the day when Maitland handed me the money. Now there was something remarkable in my doings in this direction. I was invariably successful; and if I had been staking large sums, which I was not, I might in a few evenings have recovered much of the losses which had driven me from fashionable society. I said once or twice to Maitland that his money had been a fairy gift, and my luck, since he handed it to me, had completely changed.

And so things remained for a little time.

Then the ordinary course of events received a startling derangement through the sudden arrival of news that a great victory had been won by the Allied army in the Low Countries. The reaction which this occasioned, after the sickening alarm which had prevailed when it became known that Napoleon was once more prosecuting his devilish designs in Europe, was almost intoxicating.

People gave a loose to their joy without stint, and idleness and revelry were for a time entirely in the ascendant.

It was during this period of excitement that I called one day on the agent whom I have before mentioned as the man to whom I had intrusted the disposal of certain securities. He chanced to be at his desk, and received me with a hearty shake of the hand and warm congratulations, observing that it was lucky for me that my letter on the subject had not reached him in due course, as the glorious victory had now trebled the value of my property. I learned from him, moreover, that the missing mail-vessel had at length turned up. Her non-arrival had been caused by a furious gale which she encountered, after two-thirds of her voyage had been accomplished in favourable weather. She had been much damaged, and compelled to refit before proceeding. The cargo was so disturbed in the storm, that the mail-bag could not for many days be found, and when discovered it could only, with great difficulty and after long delay, be forwarded by land, on account of the want of resources of the little port where the ship had found shelter. The time of her meeting with bad weather coincided strangely with that of a certain advice which I had received to return from Guarda to Edinburgh!

Very soon after this, the whole city was one afternoon put in a state of great commotion by the arrival of intelligence that Napoleon had been taken by one of our cruisers. It was premature, but we remained for quite two days under the impression that the dreaded "Boney" was in our hands, and not likely to slip out of them again; and we rejoiced accordingly. On the evening of

its arrival, the streets were literally full of people discussing the most important event, and congratulating each other on the terrible war being at length really over.

I remember the evening well, for to me it was a very eventful one. It did not become dark till near ten o'clock, but a party of men, all of whom had grown tired of the crowded streets, found their way into Forsyth's somewhere about seven o'clock. When the great event had been talked over and over, we being all in high spirits, a number of us decided to begin at once to play. We shut out the daylight, lighted the chandeliers, and went very briskly at our amusement.

I was one of those who most readily voted for the game. My dinner had been taken with one or two acquaintances, and we had drunk pretty freely to the health of the gallant sailors whom we believed to have captured our once potent enemy. By this means I had lost the coolness and caution with which I had attended the gaming-table ever since my return to town. And yet, as sometimes happens with men who have become a little elevated, I was strangely cautious on a point which probably would have engaged the attention of very few men at such a time. After dinner it kept recurring to my mind that I was now almost invariably a winner, and that if I should attempt to carry home a sum of any magnitude while there were such crowds in the streets, I might be robbed. So pertinacious was this idea that, before going to Forsyth's, I proceeded to my own apartments and loaded and pocketed a small pistol. This, though I was moved to it by wine rather than by reason, was an action of some moment, as will appear.

My run of luck had made me confident, and my pleasant dinner had not tended to make the confidence less. I may have begun gently with my stakes, but the moderation did not last long. Fortune favoured me, as she had often done of late, and I was soon ready for heavy ventures. To complete my abandonment of self-control, Captain Menzies appeared at the table, evidently in a very bad humour. The sight of my winnings doubled his ferocity. He made envious remarks about them, and joined himself in the play in order to turn the tables; but I still kept my advantage. I had already won considerably, and I now won more.

The animus of Captain Menzies was so manifest, and he so betrayed his desire that I should lose, that the rest of the company, fearing a quarrel, withdrew one by one from the game, and left it a duel, as it were, between Menzies and me. Of course most of them knew of our rivalry in another field; and so they stood as onlookers, and made jokes as we players grew hot with gambling rage. It was soon evident that my good-luck was not to be resisted. I, knowing that I had netted something handsome, wished to secure it, and was moderate. Menzies was for a time furious, and would have recklessly increased the stakes had I not objected. He seemed at last to allow that I had been right in keeping the play within reasonable bounds—indeed he could hardly fail to perceive that my caution alone saved him from being utterly ruined.

Whether it may have been the dawning upon him of this truth or not that caused his manner to change I cannot tell, but, certes, he abated much of his ferocity towards the end of our contest, and at last became quite polite, affect-

ing gaiety, and even making jests on his ill-luck. When we finished I was much felicitated on my success,—Maitland and one or two others admonishing me *sotto voce* that the omen was good as regarded a matter nearer my heart, and ought not to be disregarded.

We had commenced playing so early that now, when we were fatigued with it, the night was not far advanced. I was taking some refreshment previous to moving homewards, when Captain Menzies came up to me and said that members who had lately come in declared the streets to be still full of excited people, who, if not exactly riotous, were extravagantly jubilant. He therefore proposed that, as we were both to travel in the same direction, it might be safer for us to go together through the crowd. As I knew myself to be worth robbing, I thought there might be good sense in this arrangement, notwithstanding that it would vex me with a distasteful companion. After a moment's consideration I assented—I could hardly do otherwise.

“Very well, then,” the Captain said, “be so good as to wait for me a couple of minutes in the lobby. I want to speak to the steward. As soon as I have seen him we will start.”

He went off to the offices of the establishment, and I proceeded to the lobby. More than twice the two minutes elapsed while I waited there, and there was no sign of my promised companion. During the brief period, I had been thinking that a man like Menzies, although he was unusually amiable at this moment, was really no protection, and might be the reverse. If any little *contretemps* should occur from among the idlers in the street, he would be quite likely to make a row; and I really did not feel the

slightest confidence that he would give me any help if we should be set upon, although he would expect me to aid him with all my might. These feelings being uppermost, I resolved that if the gallant captain did not appear in two minutes more, I would try the home passage by myself.

He did not show within the prescribed time, and so I set forth. There were large crowds of people collected about, but I don't think many of them were in a mischievous humour, although they certainly were frolicsome, and treated me to some rather broad jokes. Coming at last to a space which was comparatively deserted, and where I saw an empty chair, I got into the latter, desiring the chairmen to take me by as quiet by-streets as they could find to my apartments. As I was swung along, I thought that Menzies might have something disagreeable to say about my having gone off alone; but I really did not care. He had not kept time, and I should be very short with him if he should pretend to be aggrieved. I arrived at home without accident, and proceeded to bestow my winnings in a place of safety.

This done, my mind was at ease. My feeling towards the crowds was completely changed, now that I had no property about my person; and I even felt disposed to go out among them, and observe how they were amusing themselves. Before doing so, I drew the watch from my fob, unpinned my brooch, and took from my breast-pocket the little pistol, which, as it may be remembered, I had from a prompting of prudence taken to the club. But, on second thoughts, I did not leave the weapon behind me. It might be useful on such a night; and so having looked to the prim-

ing, and satisfied myself that it was ready for service, I returned the pistol to my pocket, and issued forth.

There were bands of music in many places braying forth "Rule Britannia"; singers were performing "The Battle of the Nile," "Tom Tough," and other nautical ballads, the people joining in chorus. Then, as if remembering that a souvenir or two wholly Caledonian would be a pleasant variety, they shouted approval of "The Black Watch" and "Hey, Johnny Coup." Here and there the members of some guild or fraternity marched about with torches and banners. But the great majority of the citizens were in groups, talking over the momentous event which they supposed to have taken place, and calculating the consequences to Europe, to France, to the British Isles, and especially to the good city of Edinburgh. I need scarcely offer an explanation of my making my way, little by little, to Mr Macleod's house, near which I was pleased to see that there was not much excitement. Satisfied that there was no cause there for alarm, I wandered into some of the cross streets of the neighbourhood, getting my head cool as I did so, and endeavouring to produce the kind of healthy fatigue that conduces to sound sleep.

After a time I was in a quarter which I did not know, and which did not appear to be over-respectable, so I prepared to retreat to a less suspicious region, when suddenly a tumult of some kind compelled my attention. A gentleman (so he appeared by his dress) came at a quick pace along the street, followed by some half-dozen men in sailors' costume, who were shouting *Cosh* or *M'Cosh*, and mixing the name with such ex-

pressions as "swindler," "Damn him, old villain, we'll pay him now!" On the person pursued coming near to me, I felt sure that it was Mr Macleod, Aline's father; but there was little time to think then about his identity, for the two foremost sailors were upon him, seized his person, and threw him down. What further ruffianism they might have been guilty of I know not, but it was quite necessary to stop them, and clear that I, being one against odds, could do so by only one means. I drew my pistol, fired, and disabled one sailor, which action rather startled the assailant who was next him. "What the deuce do you mean?" I said, taking advantage of the little shock which my pistol had created; "are you going to murder this gentleman?"

"Gentleman be d——d," replied the other who had assaulted Mr Macleod. "Old M'Cosh is nothing but a cheat that sucks the blood of poor sailors."

"There is no M'Cosh here," I retorted. "This is a gentleman named Macleod who lives in the High Street, and is a friend of mine. You have made an awkward mistake. Help me to lift him up."

Most of the sailors were clustering about the man whom I had wounded. The one whom I addressed seemed rather disconcerted. Perhaps he fancied that I had another pistol ready; at any rate he became calmer, and gave a hand towards assisting Mr Macleod, who had not risen. As we got him on his feet and made him lean against a porch, I said, "Tell them your name, sir; I fancy they have made a mistake."

"My name is Macleod," he answered, feebly.

As this agreed with what I had

said, the fellow saw that they had made a mess of it. Presently a passenger, attracted by our group, came up, and called out, "Mr Macleod! can that be you, sir? What on earth can be the meaning of this?"

The sailor now seemed disposed to back out of the affair if he could. Seeing that they had been avenging themselves on the wrong person, and that punishment was likely to follow their prank, I took no further notice of him, but, with the aid of the man who had recognised Mr Macleod, began to pilot the latter towards his home. The chairmen were, I presume, amusing themselves and discussing the news, like the rest of the world, for not a chair could be seen; and perhaps this was as well, since the old gentleman was but little injured, and the effort required to make his way home on foot, I think, restored his equanimity more quickly and effectually than any other process would have done. As we went along he cannot be said to have conversed, but he kept making short exclamations, such as, "The villains would have murdered me,—they would; I could see they were set upon bloodshed." "Mr Cameron, I owe my life to you. You've proved yourself a faithful ally." "I'll not forget it,—no, never." "How that savage seized me! I gave myself for lost." "Heaven be thanked over and over, but you helped me nobly, sir." "Did ye not shoot one of the bloodthirsty wretches?"

A quarter of an hour's walk brought us to his door. Aline, who had, I suspect, looked for him earlier, came anxiously into the hall to meet him. She, of course, perceived that something was amiss; but I assured her that her father, though he had had great

cause for alarm, was uninjured, and that a little rest and refreshment would soon restore him. As she was a sensible girl, she accepted this assurance, and addressed herself to setting him at his ease and administering restoratives, instead of asking questions and demanding an explanation. The affair became clearer in a very little time. The citizen who had aided in conducting the ill-used gentleman home, took his leave when he saw him safe in the hands of his household; and I would have done the same, had not Mr Macleod particularly desired me to remain. After a short while he recovered his self-possession, and told us that he had made his way into regions almost unknown to him, in consequence of a summons, purporting to be of the greatest urgency, which he had received from an old Highlandman—a Macleod, in fact, from Skye. He had befriended this ancient person for many years, and could not now forsake him in distress, or possibly at the point of death. Therefore, inconvenient as the day was, and impossible as he found it to hire a conveyance, he had proceeded on foot to the old man's home. The elder was in a state of the greatest anxiety when he arrived, but not, as it proved, on his own account, but for the sake of his visitor. He was, it seemed, a seer, and he had had warning of a great danger which impended over his benefactor and clansman. No time, he thought, should be lost in communicating the imminence of this peril; he was unable from rheumatism to walk, and therefore he had pressed Mr Macleod to go to him. The peril, as things turned out, was created by the gentleman's compliance with the summons.

On his way back, which he was

pursuing very leisurely, Mr Macleod heard on a sudden a man call out, "As sure as death, there's that false old devil, old M'Cosh! He'll have been at more of his iniquitous work—and on such a day, too!" Presently a woman's voice put in, "Is that the scandalous old rogue?" and presently he found that people were gathering about him, making abusive remarks, getting louder and louder with their tongues, and assuming a most threatening manner. When he found that he was the object of their scurrility, he attempted to say to those nearest to him that he was a stranger there, and they must be mistaking him for another person. But close to him there happened to stalk a shrew who, directly he opened his mouth to remonstrate, set up a savage yell which drowned his voice; and, clapping her hands as if setting on a pack of dogs, she exhorted the mob to tar and feather him. Hereupon he quickened his pace; and thinking he perceived a broader street in front of him, traversing that in which they were, he made a run for it. This excited his tormentors more highly than before. They gave chase, and burst with him into the wider thoroughfare, which was the one in which I was strolling, and where I became a witness of his danger.

"Papa," said Aline, when he had given this account of himself, "was there not some other occasion on which you were confounded with somebody named M'Cosh?"

"There was," replied her father; "and, I think, more than one. The man is a contractor for some supply to the shipping, and, moreover, a bailie. How he and I come to resemble each other I cannot imagine, but there must be a resemblance."

Nothing could be more flatter-

ing, or more gratifying to me, than the terms in which he, speaking to his daughter, acknowledged the value of the assistance which he had that night received from me. I thought he would never have done with his praises, when he was at length interrupted by the entrance of Captain Menzies. That gentleman, as he came in and made his salutation, told them he had not been able to retire to rest after a day of such bustle without ascertaining that they were safe and sound. He, clearly, knew nothing of Mr Macleod's adventure, and he was talking on in his awkward pompous way, when suddenly he literally gasped, turned pale, and staggered. He had not before vouchsafed a look towards me, and it seemed to be the sight of me that produced such emotion in him as if he had seen a spectre rise. After a moment the man attempted to speak to me, and literally was unable to articulate. Whether he intended to reproach me for not waiting for him in Forsyth's lobby, I know not, for he never spoke at all. Finally, after exhibiting the most inexplicable emotion, he fled from the room, and, as it afterwards appeared, from the house, leaving everybody quite horrified by his conduct. In the beginning of his attack, I, seeing that something was greatly troubling and incapacitating him, went towards him with a view of rendering assistance; but his disorder seemed to be so intensified by my propinquity, that the greatest service I could render was to keep out of his sight.

Mr Macleod seemed quite stunned while the strange scene was going on; and Aline was so terrified by the man's irrational violence, that she could only clasp her hands wildly, and attach herself

closely to her father's chair. The disturbance, fortunately, did not last long; and the creator of it having staggered from the room, I was able to say a few words tending to throw some light on what had happened. I first entreated Miss Macleod to be seated and calm herself, and then told of the excited state in which Captain Menzies had shown himself at Forsyth's some hours ago, of his severe losses there, and of the probability that, after we separated, he had again resorted to the bottle for support. As to his paroxysm having apparently been brought on by the sight of me, I mentioned how we had last parted on unusually amicable terms; but I added that my form might certainly be associated with his losses, and if he had been drinking again to excess since they occurred, a new fury might have raged within him on meeting one so intimately connected with his misfortune. If this were not the correct explanation, it was the best I had to offer.

We had soon done with the untoward incident. Mr Macleod was glad to return to comments on his own adventures; and he extolled the service which I had rendered him rather beyond what my modesty could bear. I admit, however, that, if I was to be praised to my face, it was delightful to be praised in face of Aline also—and by her own father, too, who of old could find nothing better than depreciatory remarks and cold looks for me.

The man must be dull indeed who does not understand how I made use of this happy opportunity to make myself agreeable to Miss Macleod. She did not show the least repugnance to being propitiated; and the little visit, brief as it was, was more delightful than any that I had ever paid

at that house. For myself, I could feel neither fatigue nor heaviness; I could have stayed up all night enjoying the fairy favours which had so suddenly bestowed themselves upon me. But I knew that Mr Macleod required rest after his adventures, and I thought, too, that Aline's nerves had had trial enough to make a night's rest very desirable for her. Therefore I magnanimously insisted upon taking my leave, and did so, receiving again warm expressions of goodwill, and permission to call in the morning to make inquiries.

I had had, it cannot but be admitted, a sufficiently trying day. It is no wonder, therefore, that, spite of the pleasurable things which my mind had to feed upon, I managed to sleep soundly. But my dreams were as rosy as my waking thoughts; Aline's beautiful form pervaded the beatific visions, her smile gave light to every scene; and notwithstanding the improved prospect that I was waking to, I almost reproached the dog-day rays which put an end to the delicious enchantment.

I did not rise early, so that by the time I had breakfasted it was scarcely too early to proceed to the High Street and make my inquiries; so I was spared even the pangs of a lover's impatience. The streets were now almost empty, the late crowds being for the most part employed in sleeping off their excitement. It was going to be another blazing day; but what cared I if it had been equatorial? It would have required a large accumulation of external troubles to dash my joy. How different was the light on everything in nature from that which I had been in the habit of seeing as I made this same excursion on previous occasions! Then gloom,

doubt, and a heavy heart; now radiance, exultation, rapture! I had, however, amid my transports, discretion sufficient to make me remember, now and then, that the battle was yet to win; and, altered as things were for the better, the time had not come for taking my armour off.

Aline Macleod had risen sometimes, notwithstanding the fatigue of last evening. I ventured to hope that she expected an early visit from me, and had resolved that I should not be disappointed. She received me as kindly as I could have desired; but I perceived, as soon as I saw her, a look of anxiety, and a restlessness of manner which surprised, and indeed alarmed, me. To my inquiries after her health and after that of her father, she gave satisfactory answers; still I feared that something was vexing her, and I said so.

"There is nothing affecting myself specially, but of course this news is very disturbing."

"What?" I said. "Is there further news? Has Napoleon escaped from our ships?"

"I am not alluding to war news, but to the strange and sad things that have come to light in the city this morning."

"I am ashamed, Miss Macleod, to be so ignorant; but I did not waste a moment in hearing or reading news, so eager was I to ascertain that you had not suffered from the events of last night."

Aline simply bent her head in acknowledgment of my anxiety on her account as she replied, "There is a shocking story going about which states that Captain Menzies was last night engaged in some affray, and that he has wounded Bailie M'Cosh, the very man for whom my father was mistaken.

I hear that he is actually in custody."

"Well," I replied, "when he left us last night he seemed likely enough to do something indiscreet. But what can possibly have thrown him in the way of this M'Cosh?"

"As far as I can understand the affair," answered Aline, "it took place before he came here and showed such excitement."

"In that case," I said, "it must have happened just after he left Forsyth's, and officers must have been in search of him at the very time when he was here."

We soon heard plenty more of this strange matter. Several different accounts obtained some currency, but the story, as it survived investigation, was this: The Bailie M'Cosh had, on the evening previous, not chosen to return home by his usual route (which would have taken him over the very ground where poor Mr Macleod had been in so great peril), but had taken a longer and less frequented way. Possibly he may have had a suspicion that he would not be allowed to pass through the sailors without receiving some token of their feeling towards him; but he did not say this. He had gone far away from his office, and had reached a somewhat retired street, when he was aware of two men near him, between whom high words were passing. He drew back, not caring to be mixed in their dispute; but he observed that one of the disputants moved in such a manner as to keep close to him. The other moved in the same direction, because he appeared to be pressing on, and reproaching his companion. Presently the Bailie saw this man's face and heard him say, "Curse you, you have cheated and ruined me; and I'll have your life." Upon that the Bailie received a

stab in his breast, and fell. The assassin made off; but the excitement of that night was such, that there was somebody alive in even the least-frequented thoroughfares. Two men who had been conversing not far off heard the scuffle, and pursued the runaway. They had nearly apprehended him when, rushing through a wynd, he mingled with a dense crowd and escaped for the moment. Both had held him in view long enough to be able to identify him; and one of them having formerly been a waiter at Forsyth's, knew his name and where he was to be found.

These men sent help also to the wounded Bailie; and I may state here that the Bailie, when the proper time came, was able to swear to his assailant.

What puzzled everybody was, who had been Menzies's companion with whom he quarrelled? He seemed to have cleverly separated himself from the rest of the group, and to have escaped all recognition from those who gave evidence against Menzies. He, Menzies, professed to be most anxious to make a clean breast, and to name his companion, whom (and not Bailie M'Cosh) he declared that he had stabbed *in self-defence*. He had hardly, as he said, known of the Bailie's existence; and he had not—he could not have—harboured any ill-will to him. And whom does any reader suppose to have been the comrade?

I, even I, was the person named!

A more unfortunate invention could hardly have been made. I have given in this narrative an account of how I employed my time after I left Forsyth's on that evening. Then witnesses, in ample numbers, came to prove that I was never near the scene of the

affray between the time of my carrying off my winnings and Captain Menzies's appearance, late at night, and *after* the Bailie was stabbed, at Mr Macleod's. I myself, who was accused of no misbehaviour in the matter, and therefore had no reason for making mystery, gave evidence to the effect that I knew nothing whatever about any part of the business, having been elsewhere engaged while it was in progress.

There was, I confess, in this perplexing matter one circumstance which made me doubt whether the Captain could be wilfully and recklessly lying in the account which he gave of the affray—I allude to the terror and horror which he manifested when he recognised me afterwards in Miss Macleod's drawing-room. If he thought that he had stabbed me to the heart an hour or more before, 'twere little wonder that my appearance there—calm and sound—should have, for the moment, deprived him of his reason. And I began to think that the frenzied gambler, distracted by wine and his losses, had really, through some hallucination, imagined that he had struck me when he wounded the Bailie.

But I ought to give Menzies's account of the whole affair, as he thought proper to render it. It was authentically given to the public at last.

Menzies declared that, when he returned from the offices to the lobby at Forsyth's, on the evening when he and I played together, he found me waiting for him, as had been arranged between us. He left the house (so he said) with me, and, in order to observe the lively condition of the streets, induced me to walk towards what was subsequently the scene of the Bailie's misfortune, which was some way

distant from our club. On our way thither we got into a dispute which waxed warm, and then hotter and hotter. At last I made a personal attack on him, and he, purely in self-defence, drew a dagger, and aimed at me a blow which fell on the unhappy M'Cosh. He carried the dagger because of the excited crowds in the streets. He had borrowed it from the steward at Forsyth's during the interview with him before he left.

Now this difficulty about Menzies's companion was never satisfactorily dispelled. That somebody had accompanied him there could be no doubt; but who was that somebody? Menzies declared that I was the man—an assertion which I indignantly and solemnly deny; an assertion which has been, by overwhelming evidence, disproved in a court of law. Yet the disproof is only a very partial solution; the desideratum was that this person, so essential to the due exposition of the case, should be identified,—and he never was.

Many times there came over my mind strange ideas to which I could not venture to give utterance, and which, indeed, I endeavoured, though not successfully, to banish from my mind. Mr Macleod came cruelly near to my secret unhappiness when, one day at dinner at his house, he said, jestingly, "Now, Mr Cameron, if we could only take a Highland liberty with your personality, and establish that you have a double, or second self, the law might be satisfied; without that, it has to deal with a very strange mystery." I knew more about such dualities than he did. They had not operated to my disadvantage, so far, but quite the contrary.

Seeing, then, that the idea of a second *ego*, though only playfully entertained, had entered into an-

other human mind, I began to give it freer admission into mine. And it was not long before I framed a conjecture of the course which events had taken. My belief was, and still is, that Menzies, when he came into Forsyth's lobby, did see me, or what he took to be me. He went among the crowds with me (as he thought) at his elbow; and he led the way to the lone spot where the blow was struck, his companion not objecting to, but rather encouraging, the movement thither. Then there came the quarrel and the blow. The other I put himself close to Bailie M'Cosh, and then disappeared as the stab was delivered. This explanation can readily be accepted by a man who knows what I know of magical matters. But there still remains the unpleasant reflection that the Bailie received a serious injury simply, as it were, that my affairs might go on in greater prosperity. But further rumination brought more light and more contentment even on this head. The Bailie, as I now began to see, was doomed to mischance that night. He got away from it in one form, and Mr Macleod was near to becoming his substitute; but he fell in with the inevitable in another form. Let me add also, that I do not believe one syllable about the quarrel: that, I am sure, was a lie invented by Menzies. If I can understand anything, I perceive most plainly that Menzies intended to murder me that night; and that he would have done it had I, and not my simulacrum, been with him. I recall the sudden manner in which, towards the end of our play, he changed the fierceness which he had been displaying all the evening into gay politeness; how he proposed that we should walk together; and how he left me for a few minutes, prob-

ably to make preparations for the foul deed. He was heard, just before he struck, to accuse his companion of having cheated and ruined him. Now I remember the strong impulse by which I was prompted to depart from Forsyth's without waiting for him, and think myself well out of the tangles of that weird night.

Carried away by these ideas, which I have never uttered to a living soul, and can only reveal to my posterity, I have strayed far from the course of my narrative. Let me resume the thread. Bailie M'Cosh's wound was soon found not to be mortal: shortly it appeared that it was not dangerous, only severe. The fact that no homicide had occurred, tended to, in some degree, mitigate the public indignation against Menzies; the absence of all animus, and the conviction that he must have been demented on the occasion, further helped him; and then the impenetrable mystery about his companion left a haze about juries and judges, and inclined them to a lenient view of his case. He escaped with six months' imprisonment where many thought he ought to have been hanged.

Of course he disappeared from the society of which I never thought him an ornament, thus clearing the stage for me. Everything, indeed, seemed to have been working in conspiracy for the furtherance of my desires. I had earned Mr Macleod's favour and gratitude; I was as prosperous as I had been before my fall; my rival was disposed of,—and all this was brought about by an unintelligible power, while I remained little more than passive, following most extraordinary advice.

Although I could not but be intensely interested in the trial and sentence of Menzies (which

were not concluded until about three months after the evening when the premature intelligence of the capture of Buonaparte was received), I am happy to say that throughout this period I had other interests and other occupations which were of no small importance. Mr Macleod, after the evening above-named, was only too ready to discard Captain Menzies from his good graces. Of course that gallant person, being in custody, could do nothing in the way of active pretension to Miss Macleod's hand. Her father had evidently been converted to a belief in my merits; he was profuse in his attentions, and "oft invited me." I was allowed to be the escort of Aline and Mrs Fergus Fraser, or whichever female friend she chose to go abroad with, in their morning excursions. Everybody conspired to give me the opportunities that I used to long in vain for; and I so used them that, long before Menzies's fate was sealed in the law courts, my fortune as the accepted lover and future husband of my adored Aline was secured. Mr Macleod, in accordance with the general approval of me which of late he had been at no pains to conceal, readily sanctioned the engagement, and promised to be most liberal in the endowment of his daughter. The houses of Cameron and Macleod were all astir at the prospect of the alliance.

Our wedding took place in the autumn of 1815 with much circumstance and much gaiety. Maitland was my groomsman. I will not give further particulars, but say that I was supremely happy, and that I am to this day well pleased with the wife of my choice.

It must have been two years after my marriage, when my eldest son was an infant of only a few

months old, that I went with my dear wife and my infant heir for an excursion to my Shetland house, Quarda. There was little change among the servants since I had left them. The man who had seen my resemblance in the study was still employed about the property, and he came to express his delight at my reappearance, and the relief of mind that he experienced at finding that he had been mistaken in his forebodings. "After what ye ken o'," said he, "I never thought to see your face again; yet here ye stand sound and hearty. I'll think nae mair o' thae auld-wives' tales."

I wish to make known also that, immediately after my return to Quarda, I examined the secure recess in which I firmly believed that I had deposited the heptagon and crystal. There I found Maggie's cordial wrapped up and placed exactly as I had enveloped and set the other article. There is a possibility of a mistake having been made; if so, I must have lost my wits for the moment in which I made it, and it was a lucky error for me, as I should have been without guidance, and should probably have lost courage after my return to Edinburgh, had not the heptagon so unexpectedly turned up for my relief.

It is true that I was sound and hearty as the servant had said, and I may add that I was prosperous. The causes of my prosperity I hardly understood myself, while, at the same time, there was nothing connected with it that need cause me the slightest self-reproach. Nevertheless, out of it had arisen a little secret dissatisfaction, which, now that I had a son who would, as I hoped, succeed to my property and social position, was much increasing. My little cross was this. It was a

most natural thing that my wife should inquire how it came about that I, after having suddenly left Edinburgh, a ruined and despairing man, so soon reappeared. She did speak of this both before and after our marriage. I told her in reply what was strictly true—namely, that I found absence from her insupportable, and that, at last, throwing prudence aside, I had rushed back to the capital, hoping for hardly any greater gratification than to look on her beauty from a distance; that fortune had enormously and unexpectedly rewarded this movement of true love and admiration, and brought me to the fulfilment of my dearest wishes.

The above was, as I have said, strictly true; but every one who has read the foregoing narrative must be aware that it was not the whole truth, and that I could not reveal the whole truth to her without leading her to doubt my sanity or the purity of my religious belief. And this impossibility of telling the whole truth raised in my mind the suspicion that a commerce which I dared not acknowledge could not be altogether right. Then I occupied myself with the question, Where did I go wrong? and I distinctly and honestly say that, setting aside the fact that, after my first acquaintance with my strange visitor and resemblance, I did voluntarily bring about other conferences, there was nothing which seemed to call for remorse. I had been instigated to do nothing, I had done nothing, dishonourable or dishonest. On the other hand, I had received incalculable benefit. I had made no compact of any kind, and did not feel that I had in any way compromised myself. The good genius, or whatever it was which wrought for me, had been propitiated by

an ancestor whom I never saw. I had no evidence that even he had procured the goodwill of the genius by illicit means.

Notwithstanding that I thus made a good case for myself, I think I should have ended the doubt by destroying, as summarily as old Prospero did, all relics and appliances of the weird studies, had it not struck me forcibly that this sprite, this influence, was an *heirloom*. Though I might, through tenderness of conscience, choose to separate myself from such a power, had I any right to deprive the eldest son of my line, for as long as that line may endure, of what had proved in my own case to be a potent and beneficent auxiliary?

The end of this self-communion was, first, That in future the intercourse with the invisible world should never be resorted to by myself except in the most urgent necessity; second, That I would remove from their present place in the study at Quarda, and carefully secure, all the remains of my grandfather's mystical studies; third,

That I would prepare for the use of my son and successor (whom alone, after my death, these mysteries could concern) a clear account of the power which he would possess as the heir of Angus Cameron, of the place where the treasures of the said Angus were now deposited, and of the manner in which (so far as my experience went) the heptagonal box was to be used.

The instructions to my son and successor under this head will be found by him in paper No. 8 of the blue series.

Having now stated, for the information of my posterity (who are not to peruse these papers until sixty years from this present 1825, my eldest son being elsewhere instructed as to matters which concern himself separately), these curious passages in my history, of which no human being save myself is at the time of this writing conscious, I go on to narrate an interesting circumstance in the life of my brother Donald, the sailor. He, &c., &c.

[The MS. here turns to a totally new subject, and it is thought convenient to extract no more of it for the present.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF KAISER WILHELM.

IN the summer of 1880 I happened to find myself in the lovely little town of Gastein in Austria. Only courtesy, and the fact that there existed a portly, red-faced dignitary claiming the title of mayor, could excuse the irregular, untidy, beautiful little spot being called a town ; for a few straggling houses of the very plainest kind, one large edifice called the Baderschloss, and a tolerably comfortable hotel opposite, with the old Roman Catholic church on one side of a turbulent stream, and a new German Protestant chapel on the other, were the only buildings in the place. A great roaring waterfall, tumbling and splashing into this same stream, divided the quaint little settlement into two distinct halves, and high hills rising on either side shut in the smiling valley, green with luxuriant verdure, and gay with a multitude of bright-coloured wild flowers.

No railroad came within miles of the place, and to reach it one was obliged to drive in rumbling *diligences*, or queer conveyances which were neither cart nor carriage, drawn by horses harnessed on one side of a pole, in a curious fashion peculiar to Austria.

To this out-of-the-way valley, hidden among the hills, Kaiser Wilhelm was to come for his annual visit to the baths, and the excitement among the inhabitants increased as the day of his arrival drew near. Triumphal arches were erected along the route by which he must come, and the word *Wilkommen* awaited him on every side. The occupants of the Baderschloss were turned out bodily to make room for the imperial suite ; and fastidious travellers were, per-

force, obliged to content themselves with very modest quarters in buildings calling themselves inns, but being in fact hardly much more than houses of well-to-do peasants. Together with some friends I had rooms at one of these extremely primitive establishments, and our landlord informed us, with no little pride, that the *Hof-Prediger*, who was to be sent from Berlin to conduct the Church services during the Emperor's stay at Gastein, would also reside under his roof. In pretty German fashion a *Wilkommen* was prepared for the divine, as well as for the Kaiser ; and flowers were arranged in his room, some of them forming the friendly word of greeting upon a broad band of green across the door.

I was out at the actual moment of the *Herr Prediger's* arrival ; but the following day, when writing by my open window, I noticed a man of venerable and dignified appearance, with long white hair, walking in the garden, and concluded he must be the *pasteur* appointed to minister to the spiritual needs of the Emperor. A little later I laid aside my pen, and opening the ancient instrument which did duty for a piano, began singing some favourite bits of Schubert. Scarcely had I finished a verse, when the door of my sitting'-room was flung open, and, unannounced, the man whose calm and dignified appearance I had just made a mental note of, stood before me in a state of visible agitation.

"You sing ! and in German ! *Mein Gott*, I am saved !"

I certainly thought him lost, so far as mind and manners were concerned ; but truth, like murder, seems to come out sooner or later ;

and in rapid German, which taxed my attention to the utmost, the good man explained the situation. In all Gastein it seemed there were no voices to be found equal to the task of singing in the Sunday services—and in singing, I may remark *en passant*, exists almost the entire German form of worship. Besides, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor William was particular as to what kind of music he heard, even in the wilds of Austria.

The perplexity of the case was evident. With all his eloquence the *Hof-Prediger* urged me to help him to solve the difficulty. I protested, with an equal flow of language. How could I—a foreigner, having spent little more than twelve months in trying to master a language which Mark Twain assures us requires at least thirty years to learn? How was it possible for me to face a church full of Germans, to say nothing of the Emperor himself, and calmly to sing to them in their native tongue? But my resistance was all in vain: the old man's distress was piteous, and very real, and he pleaded eloquently and well. Finally I consented, taking my courage in both hands, and remembering the Frenchman's receipt for success—“*l'audace, toujours l'audace.*” If ever a case of sheer and unmitigated audacity existed it was the present; therefore devoutly trusting the recipe might prove a sound one, I arranged to be at the tiny grey-stone church at a certain hour, and do my best to help in the emergency.

Sunday came, and the limited space of the building was crowded, as the Emperor, tall and erect, his arm linked in that of his favourite aide-de-camp, General Count Lehnendorff, walked up the aisle, followed by the suite in attendance, to the arm-chair set apart for his use on the right of the chancel. A few

opening chords from the organ, and then, in terrible earnest, the singing began. How or why it went smoothly on, I did not at the time, nor do I now, clearly understand; but psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, whose number seemed interminable, all came at last to an end, and nothing particularly dreadful had happened.

The white-haired *Hof-Prediger* was certainly the most grateful human being it has ever been my lot to meet, and with beaming countenance he came to tell me that his Majesty had asked who had sung, and learning that it was an American lady, had sent his thanks, at the same time expressing a wish to make her acquaintance. It seemed churlish to damp the good man's pleasure in bringing this gracious message, by suggesting the thought which had at once come to my own mind—namely, that the Imperial ear had doubtless detected the fact that, whoever the singer might be, she certainly was *not* a native of the Fatherland; and this conviction it was which had prompted the courteous inquiries, so I merely accepted the flattering thanks with proper gratitude.

At La Solitude, the pretty white villa half-hidden in trees, where Count and Countess Lehnendorff were spending part of the summer, I had the honour of meeting the venerable Sovereign who to-day claims the respect of all Europe in his ripe and vigorous old age, and whose ninetieth year of an eventful life has lately been celebrated at the palaces in Unter den Linden. When Countess Lehnendorff presented me to him, he began speaking in French, but so indistinctly that I could not comprehend a word of what he said. As he paused, and evidently awaited some reply, I answered in most respectful tones, “*Votre Majesté*

est trop bonne,"—wildly hoping that the absolute vagueness of the phrase might in some way apply to the situation. Apparently it did not, for the Emperor looked a trifle puzzled, and then, with a frank smile lighting up the fine soldier-face, he said inquiringly—"You speak German? Yes, of course; you were good enough to sing for us on Sunday." From that moment it was all right; and in the course of the following three weeks, during which time I frequently had the honour of meeting and conversing with the Kaiser under Countess Lehndorff's hospitable roof, he invariably spoke in his native tongue, which I had no difficulty in understanding.

Every evening, when dining at a little table on the terrace of the Baderschloss, we could see Kaiser Wilhelm, who, having first finished his own dinner, would smoke his cigar at the open window above, and look down in amused interest at the various parties there assembled; and when eight o'clock came, an open Victoria would drive up to the side door of the hotel, upon the box-seat of which, beside the coachman, was always the faithful *jäger* who so bravely screened his Imperial master from the shots of the assassin at the time of the first attempt upon his life at Berlin. The Emperor, attended by his handsome aide-de-camp, who generally went by the name of *le beau Lehndorff*, and who was a brother of the owner of La Solitude, would enter the Victoria and be rapidly driven to the evening's entertainment, whatever it might be. Had the dance already begun, the aged monarch would remain quietly standing at the door beside his hostess, smiling at those he knew who in turn might pass him, but allowing no interruption of the dance on account of his arrival.

So soon as the music ceased he would cross the room and take possession of the comfortable arm-chair, which was placed in such manner that he could watch the dancers whilst talking to any one with whom he might wish to converse; or else, before going to his own particular corner, he would make a tour of the room, stopping to speak to those he knew, or requesting to have any he cared to know presented to him.

At one of these sociable little dances a figure was introduced into the cotillon which struck me as rather a trying one, and which, I fear, would hardly prove a success in a London drawing-room. Each lady had given to her, on a slip of paper, part of a verse of some poem, which she was to read aloud; and the man who found on his slip of paper the remaining half of the verse was likewise to read it, and then dance with the lady. Germans are passionately fond of poetry, and I was often struck by their familiarity with their native authors, therefore the responses to the ladies' readings were prompt and ready. I rather doubt the same result were "Young England" suddenly called upon to fit the remaining lines to the first half of a verse—even with the advantage of holding them written in his hand! Upon this particular occasion, I begged that my verse might be of the shortest. As a rule, I am thankful to say, I am not shy; but to stand directly in front of the Emperor of Germany, surrounded by a room full of Germans and Austrians—myself the one only foreigner among them—and amid deep silence to read aloud the words of one of their favourite poets in the German tongue,—I felt to be a trifle severe upon my nerves. However, this ordeal, as the previous one of singing in the

church, passed off without actual calamity. His Majesty was good enough to applaud the performance; and my destined partner read his part of the verse so promptly, and whirled me off in the dance so quickly, that I scarcely realised what I had done before it was all over.

At another time, when I returned to my seat after a figure in the cotillon, I found the Emperor seated beside me, he having taken my partner's place during our absence. The old man was charming—talking so easily and agreeably, that I quite forgot any previous awe which I might have felt. He spoke of his beloved Berlin, asking if I had been there; and my account of the adventures which had befallen me in that notable city seemed to strike him as so comical, that he laughed heartily, and as though no cares of empire weighed upon his shoulders, no Prince Bismarck had fallen to his lot as Prime Minister, and no Socialists awaited impatiently the chance of shortening his venerable life. Yet others felt how carefully that life must be guarded if assassins, already baffled, were to be ultimately defeated; and the Emperor William never went for a morning stroll along his favourite Kaiser Promenade, that armed soldiers and *sergents de ville* did not precede and follow him, to see that no dastardly hand lay in wait to strike down the erect and soldierly form. Surrounded by the officers and gentlemen of his suite, he would walk along the broad path named after himself, or wend his way up the steep hillside to a certain *point de vue* where a bowling-alley had been erected; and there he would watch the games, or even join in them himself, despite the fact that he carried the weight of over eighty years. One

would never have suspected his great age when conversing with him, or seeing the active life he led.

When the time came for the Emperor to leave Gastein, he sent a message through his aide-de-camp to those whom he wished to assemble in the hall of the Baderschloss to bid him adieu. I was reading in bed, about eight o'clock in the morning, when the message reached me, coupled with the intimation that I would be expected to present his Majesty with some flowers. The farewell ceremony was appointed for twelve o'clock. At once I sent my maid to get some blue corn-flowers, which are the Emperor's favourites, and which in Germany go by the name of *Kaiser-blumen*, whilst I myself made as rapid a toilet as possible. The girl returned with only a small handful of the flowers—they had all been bespoken and bought up long since, in anticipation of the royal departure. To present a trifling little bunch was out of the question, knowing how elaborate were some of the floral designs and bouquets already prepared; so I quickly made the flowers into the form of a horse-shoe, fastening in the gold hearts of Marguerites as the nails. This I tied with a Prussian blue ribbon, upon which I painted in white, "*Glück auf*," the German for "*Bon voyage*." My humble offering completed, I descended the steep hill from our villa, and found myself among the little party at the Baderschloss, where were assembled the mayor of Gastein, my friend the *Hof-Prediger*, Count Lehndorff, and several other officials, three German ladies and three Austrian. We all stood in a line around the hall, and waited until the Kaiser appeared, followed by his aide-de-camp. To each in turn the Emperor said a few words, and the

ladies presented their bouquets ; which, after taking, his Majesty handed to General Lehnendorff, who walked directly behind him in this farewell "progress." I was the last in line, and to my great surprise, as I offered my horse-shoe of flowers, the Emperor drew from his pocket a little case containing a horse-shoe in gold, which he hoped I would wear in remembrance of *der alter Kaiser*. Naturally I was much pleased by the gracious gift, which to-day is amongst my favourite possessions. I bent and kissed the old man's hand, and then watched him drive away, surrounded by his flowers, feeling that I looked for the last time upon brave old Kaiser Wilhelm.

I had myself been in Berlin when both attacks were made upon the life of the Emperor,—when Hoedle shot at him from the crowd, and Nobling from a window overlooking the celebrated street, Unter den Linden. A curious little incident occurred upon the latter occasion. As the Emperor was going for his afternoon drive in the Thiergarten, he asked an attendant standing in the hall of the palace why such an unusual and gaily dressed crowd thronged the streets.

"They go to see the Shah of Persia, your Majesty," was the answer.

"Ah ! then I also must put on gala attire," the Emperor remarked, smiling, and forthwith took from a table his Prussian helmet, replacing with its steel plating the military cloth cap which he had before placed on his head. When a few hours later he was brought back to the palace, wounded and bleeding, the helmet was dented in several places where the mixed shot used by Nobling had struck

against the metal. Had the unresisting cloth been there instead, who can tell how different the ending of the tragedy might have been ?

Two or three days after the attempted assassination, the old monarch asked to see the clothes he had worn on that fatal day. Looking at the military cape riddled with shot, and the dents in the eagle-capped helmet, he turned to those standing by his bedside, and with tears in his eyes, said, pointing to the marks of the bullets, "Thank God, it was not one of my own Berlin men who did that !"

During those dark days in the German capital while it was not yet certain what the end might be, the anxious solicitude exhibited by all classes of society from the highest to the lowest, and through the length and breadth of the land, proved that if one hand had been found cowardly enough to fire at the oldest monarch in Europe, there were still thousands of men eager to prove themselves loyal subjects of the Emperor William.

It is seldom that history records a life whose later years have only added to, instead of dimming, the greatness of its reputation ; but at an age when most men have been laid aside as useless, and long after the date which even Scripture limits as the practical end of man, Kaiser Wilhelm continued to add new dignities and triumphs to his reign ; and since establishing peace, has nobly championed the cause of peace, giving all the weight of his great influence to keep Europe undisturbed by the horrors of war. Rarely has there been an old age more honoured, or more worthy of honour ; and one and all must unite in hoping that the rejoicings of the year 1887 may not be the last to greet the gallant Emperor at Berlin.

LABOUR AND CAPITAL IN AUSTRALIA.

THE depression of trade and agriculture at present prevalent over nearly all the world is in Australia more fictitious than real. The unemployed are there in large numbers, as they are in England. But how different is their position from that of the same class at home! In Australia they are unemployed, not because there is no work waiting to be done; they do not hunger for bread and meat, but they thirst for unlimited beer, and uphold the "eight hours a-day" principle, which in their opinion is the utmost time a man ought to be required to labour for his living. Sustained by a paternal Government with daily wages on relief works, paid with the money kindly provided for them out of loans subscribed by a credulous public at home, why should they work for private employers of labour, who can only afford to pay at the rate the state of trade justifies them in giving?

"We shall not accept work from you," they say to the employers, "at a lower rate than Government pays us. No matter what is the state of the labour market, no matter how depressed trade may be, *we* must not suffer. Employers may be ruined, but Government can raise loans which will be utilised for public works—works to be made by us at a rate of wages which we consider necessary for our existence. As long as there is a Government, it is our right to demand from it that it should provide us with employment and wages."

The Government, from the nature of its constitution, of necessity agrees with this. It cannot

resist, for manhood suffrage has laid it at the feet of the working classes. What they demand must be conceded. Loans, therefore, are raised, and the working man prospers for the present. What matters it to him how much the loans increase, how much public debt is piled up? He has no future interest in the country, and as long as money can be borrowed, as long as labour can be kept up at a fictitious price, so long will he stay and prosper. But when the time comes—as it surely will come, unless forms of government different in material respects from those at present in use arise to control the future—when no more money can be raised, then will the working man depart to some other place. "What need *we* look to, except to the present?" is his cry; "we have no stake in the country; the Government stock is not ours; we can always go away and try the same old game elsewhere."

At the same time, the representatives of the working classes see, and see very clearly, that if the unemployed of England and other countries ever become acquainted with the real facts of the case, and understand the nature of the position, then will their day be nearly done. Other men willing to work will flock out to their shores, and their trades-unions, at present the most powerful in the world, will be unable to absorb them all, and the price of labour will fall to its proper level. The result, however disastrous to this selfish policy, would be that the country, which at present is insufficiently populated, would become rapidly opened up. Millions of acres of land in

Australia which are practically valueless because of the expense of clearing at the present excessive rate of labour, would become available. Land which would be profitable if cleared at £8 an acre, now lies as useless as the desert of Sahara for all practical purposes, simply because it would cost from £15 to £20 per acre under the existing state of affairs to clear it.

About six months ago, the writer happened to be in Sydney when an emigrant-ship came in. At that time there were a number of unemployed at Sydney—that is, a number of men employed on the Government relief works, at the high Government rate of wages—and there were immediately loud outcries in the local papers against the Government for bringing more working men into the country. Nearly every man in the ship was engaged on the day of its arrival, at what would be very high wages in England, and there was a demand for at least four or five times the number—especially for agricultural labourers. Everywhere the same complaint was heard, that men were not to be got at any reasonable wages for the stations. Yet the Government of New South Wales dare not encourage emigration. The reason is not far to seek—the members of its Parliament are elected under the constitution by manhood suffrage. The working men have thus the Parliament under their thumbs, while they themselves are governed by their trades-unions, which say that the price of labour must be maintained. The latter know that the most effectual way to maintain it is to discourage as far as possible emigration, although they are sharp enough to be aware that in doing this they must be careful not to run down

the credit of their colony in a way that would stop the supplies in the shape of loans, which alone enable the Government, really worked by the trades-unions, to obtain money to pay the demands of the so-called unemployed.

Have not the action and power of the trades-unions in New South Wales, since the arrival of the emigrant-ship mentioned above, been shown in the Government regulations of the colony on emigration, where there is now written, “No application for assisted passages can at present be entertained”?

Do the paid delegates of the New South Wales trades-unions, lately sent to England, think they have succeeded in hoodwinking their fellow labouring men? If so, they make a mistake. They for the time may have thrown dust into the eyes of the many, but it will be wiped away. Let the English working man only ask these same delegates one simple question—How much does the man seeking Government relief in New South Wales receive as a daily wage, in money and money’s worth, for his most valuable services? When that question has been answered, the Englishman will be better able to appreciate and understand why his colonial friends kindly take so much trouble to warn him against their adopted land. The responsible Governments of Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia have ceased granting assisted passages to emigrants; but the colony of Queensland, where the squatters are more numerous and powerful than in the other colonies, do so to a certain extent.

The rate of wages is highest in New South Wales, where it exceeds £50 per head per annum.

It is lowest under the semi-responsible Government and amidst the sparsely populated lands of Western Australia, where alone nominated emigrants are sent out free of cost. Yet even there the general labourer in town receives 5s. to 7s. *per diem*, carpenters and masons from 8s. to 10s., farm-labourers and ploughmen in the country 15s. per week with board and lodging.

The responsible Governments of New South Wales and the other Australian colonies to a certain extent, and that of South Australia to a very great extent, have been forced to become, through the action of manhood suffrage, a part, and a most important and necessary part, of the machinery of the trades-unions. It is to the Government that the unions look for supplies to pay their working men to fight against the employers of labour. The Government at present, on account of their loans, have practically nearly unlimited power of capital to fight against the employers of labour, who have only their own private means to back them up. The result must be, either the withdrawal of private capital to places where it can be employed at a profit, or to so raise the import duties that capital can earn its fair profit as well as labour. This is what has actually occurred in Victoria, where, owing to its great natural resources, both agricultural and pastoral, and to the heavy import duties levied in that colony, a few manufactories are springing up which are able to a certain extent to supply the local wants of the people. The finances of Victoria are also in a better state than most of the other colonies. The trades-unions, and through them the Parliament of Victoria, have per-

ceived that it sometimes pays the working classes better in the long-run, even at a slight apparent sacrifice, to do a *little* for the employer of labour, by levying heavy protective duties on manufactured goods, rather than, as in New South Wales, to act always in opposition to his interests, under the mistaken notion that what is good for the capitalist must of necessity be bad for the labourer. New South Wales, with its coals and its minerals, is really a richer country than Victoria, with all its gold, yet it does not prosper as a country; while Victoria, which has done something for the capitalists and employers of labour, is becoming, in spite of the same defects in its constitution, more prosperous every day. The Victorian working man looks as far as an *immediate* future, while the working man of New South Wales looks *only* to the present.

So great is the *unrealised* wealth of the Australian colonies, so great is also their *realised* wealth, that if they are only governed by intelligent men, who, even while governing for the benefit of but one class, whatever that class may be, are yet not actuated by a short-sighted and narrow policy, they must advance. But if the government is given up to those who do not see beyond the immediate present, is there any known land rich enough to prosper?

There is one class in England, at present suffering from the bad times, who at this moment might with great advantage emigrate to Australia, whose prospects would be immensely improved by doing so, and who of all the classes would be the most likely to succeed—namely, the tenant farmer, who sees his little capital day by day decreasing at home. A prac-

tical farmer with two or three sons, with a small capital of from £500 to £1500, who has been bred up all his life on a farm, and who has had that practical education in his business which is instilled by daily association—such a man would in Australia be bound to succeed to a certain extent. He would most probably have the satisfaction, as he gets on in life, of seeing his sons started prosperously, either as managers of stations, or perhaps as the owners of stations themselves. There are ups and downs for every one in this world, but there is more chance of “ups” for people of this class than the reverse. It is from this class that most of the rich squatters have come. Their fathers originally emigrated to the country, and they have got their experience at a cheap rate—an experience that is even more valuable in Australia than in most parts of the world. A man like this *knows* the value of the land, which few of the new arrivals, and of those who have even lived in the colony, really do, although they think so. He will, if he is a prudent man, have saved a little nest-egg, and will probably clear, or partially clear, some new land, which he will eventually sell for 100 to 150 per cent more than it has cost him altogether. He will gradually go on at this till he has rolled up for himself one of those immense fortunes, in the same manner as most of the rich squatters have made theirs. It is not the young gentleman who comes out to Australia with capital who usually succeeds. It is the son or the grandson of the small man who usually eats up the bigger man. In Western Australia this has occurred to a very large extent. The sons and grandsons of the men who settled there originally

have taken the place of the sons and grandsons of their servants. The fathers of those who are now servants were originally masters, and the descendants of the masters are now servants. The fathers who send out their sons from England with £5000 or £6000 capital are the men who in reality make the fortune of Australia's richest sons. Better would it have been for these same youths' fortunes, in most cases, if they had been kept at home. They go out there having little experience of farming, probably having been educated at one of our large public schools, and brought up in a society where they have had no experience of what hard work really is. How can they succeed, even if they are hard-working and industrious?

In most cases they buy a station for which they pay too much, or even if they have the good fortune to obtain one at a fair price, they buy too big a property in proportion to their resources. Instead of buying a station with half the amount of their capital, and investing the other half, they buy a property which swallows up nearly the whole. We will allow that the station is prosperous for the first two or three years. There are good seasons, &c., and they probably reinvest their profits in their own station, or enlarge it in order that more may be made out of it, even if they do not increase their personal expenditure. Then bad seasons come, there are droughts or other misfortunes, capital is wanted to carry on the necessary expenses of the station, and they have no funds to fall back upon. They borrow from the banks at 9 or 10 per cent—these banks which in the colonies are little better than huge pawnbroking establishments. Sooner or

later, when they are once in the hands of the banks, their end is sure to come. The interest due to the banks swallows up the profits they derive from the station. There may be good seasons again, but in few cases will they probably be good enough to enable the borrower to totally clear off a debt backed up by such heavy interest. Even if they manage to pay it back, bad seasons will return, and unless in the meantime experience has shown them the necessity of parting with a portion of the station, even at a considerable loss, in order to give them a certain amount of ready capital to fall back upon, they will again be forced to have recourse to the banks, and a succession of bad seasons coming on, these will foreclose, while the depression caused by the droughts is probably at its worst. The station will then be sold at an enormous loss, most probably to one of those large squatters referred to before, who will hang on to it till such time as good seasons return, when he will resell it to another of these small capitalists at a large profit. The original proprietors will become bankrupt, and have to start afresh in the world. This is the history of many a young man who goes out to the colonies with his few thousand pounds. These small capitalists hardly ever invest their money in a colony during a depression, but generally in times of prosperity, when there has been a succession of good seasons, and when their imaginations have been dazzled by hearing of the fortunes made. Usually they buy at a fictitious price, calculated on the few preceding prosperous years. In Queensland this occurs oftenest, because when prosperity comes there in the shape

of rain, enormous profits are to be made, but where also enormous losses are suffered in bad times. Usually in Queensland the property is not freehold, but leased from the Government, the price, when passing from hand to hand, being generally calculated at so much per head of the stock at the station. This stock of course, in good seasons, increases to a very large extent, but the losses are frequently quite as great. A friend of mine bought a property just before the last great droughts, and lost half his capital invested in the station in a few years, his stock dying for want of water. In the other Australian colonies neither the profits of stations nor the losses are usually so great. Of course a man may, although a fresh arrival, make a certain amount, either through luck or owing to naturally good abilities and shrewdness; but such a one, with a small capital, will probably make more with it at home than in Australia, as here he would have better means of knowing what he is about. In England he has the advantage of the experience and advice of friends. He is not in the position of a stranger coming in and filching from the older residents some of the profits which they think ought to be theirs alone.

The small capitalist, on arriving in Australia, is looked upon by the old squatters somewhat in the light of a pigeon to be plucked. If they found that nothing is to be made out of him, they would do all in their power to hinder his getting true information about the value of the property he is looking for, fearing that, as an outsider, he might spoil their market and lessen their profits by sharing them.

The colonial squatter certainly encourages the small capitalist to come out, knowing that the stranger will have to buy his experience, and their experience is not to be bought at too cheap a rate.

They will also, in their simple hearty manner, do everything to assist these young men to buy stations from themselves at a price calculated on the inexperience of the buyer. The colonial squatter certainly, as a general rule, welcomes the stranger (with capital), *and takes him in* in one sense. But it is not to be supposed that his moral principles will admit of his doing things by halves, for it is to be feared, unless he can take the stranger in, his welcome will be problematical.

In conclusion, there can be little

doubt that, owing to the depreciation in the value of land in England for agricultural purposes, were a man able to buy and farm his own land, he could hold his own in fair competition against foreigners—supposing that transfers of land were made simpler and easier than at present, and if instead of the heavy burdens being placed on home produce *alone* by the enormous rates and taxes on the land on which it is grown, taxes were placed in equal proportions as well on foreign as on our own *produce*. Under the above conditions, would our small capitalists, seeking investments in land on which to settle, be under the necessity of leaving the mother country in order to ruin themselves on distant shores?

THE OLD SALOON.

FRENCH CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS.

OUR fathers, in the beginning of the present age when the century was young, and criticism may be said to have arisen as a literary power, had in some respects a much easier task than their successors,—they had no novels to review. We will not say that the subjects which occupied them were more robust, for we remember that a great deal of time and fervour, sometimes rising to the height of passion, were occupied with poetry not always of the highest quality; and that knights in full panoply of steel, with shiver of lance and clash of mail, met over Betty Foy and Alice Fell, in the destruction of which humble individualities no one would now think Wordsworth's great fame was involved. It was on a nobler issue that Wilson stood forth against Jeffrey and his myrmidons in defence of the great philosopher-poet, the apostle of nature, the seer of the mountains and the lakes. But we remember no criticism uttered here, in our own traditionary dwelling-place, nor elsewhere in the higher floors of the old town, where the fiery spirits of the 'Edinburgh Review' cultivated literature on a little oatmeal, upon Fiction—the now overwhelming and all-encompassing stream which so often threatens to carry the tribunes of the Republic of Letters off their feet. Fiction in these happy days meant Sir Walter, against whom no one dared to utter treasonous animadversions, and a few fair accompanying spirits—Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, and Miss Edgeworth. The novels of the previous century

were classics; the Minerva Press was unworthy of anything but a jest. Nor was there beyond the bounds of our own isle anything in this kind which called for criticism. No good or evil fortune placed upon this table anything like the pile of yellow volumes which now overflow upon the carpet and cover every available corner. The first great wave of French fiction—so splendid, so varied, and abundant—had not yet washed up against our shores. Balzac, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, had not begun. On this side of the Channel, one great Magician, incontestable and above criticism; on the other, silence, broken only by such phenomenal utterances as 'Corinne' and 'Delphine.' What a wonderful difference now, both in the absent and the present! How many great names have been added to the list! how many infinitely small!

We wonder whether in the future developments of history there will ever arise any writer brave enough to do justice to that reign of Louis Philippe which ended so disastrously, and which, in the shame of its conclusion, has suffered an unjust eclipse, and gets no credit for its real glory. Since Louis Quatorze there has been in literature no such brilliant age; and whatever may be thought of the conquest of Algeria, it was at least a school of arms in which France, humiliated and discouraged, learned again to face the world. The country, at least by the mouth of its wits, cried out against the *bourgeois* king, with all his

little respectabilities, his shabby Court, and the indiscriminate admission of everybody to his unsacred presence; yet there has been no king in France whose age has been one of greater distinction. In the particular branch to which we have already directed the reader's attention, France had done little before his time. The endless tomes of the Grand Cyrus, the brilliant fables of Voltaire, the too ethereal romances of Bernardin de St Pierre and his school, were escapades of the imagination from the oppression of a period surcharged with luxury and wretchedness, and those contrasts of splendour and depravity, of wild display and of hideous suffering, which produce the cynic and the sentimentalist—he who scoffs at all possibility of virtue, and he who evaporates it into something too fine for flesh and blood. The great school of French novelists who rose together in the calm days of Louis Philippe were not moralists; they were given up to no idolatry of virtue—perhaps rather that nature to which they held up the mirror was one to which vice has never appeared so vicious as to the soberer peoples of the north: and there was no literary tradition among them against the pictorial use of immorality when they found it. But it cannot be said of these great writers that they selected revolting subjects, or pretended to find in them the natural incidents of life; neither did they represent to us a society in which everything turned upon unlawful love, and the sole motives worth taking into account were the excitements of sensual passion. Balzac, for example, devotes his extraordinary power to the harpies who, in shameless greed and rapacity, devour Le Cousin Pons and his inheritance, with the same im-

partiality and tremendous force of exposition which he devotes to the still more odious scenes in which La Cousine Bette is the administrator and servant. The seventh commandment is broken freely, and with very little regard to any squeamish objections; but he does not dedicate himself to all the phenomena of that breaking, as is the custom of his successors. The wonderful and terrible history of Père Goriot, for example, is not written for the sake of the passions and intrigues of the daughters, but to elucidate that horrible, tragical self-sacrifice of paternal love which respects nothing and retains nothing, throwing all the laws of morality and all the instincts of self-preservation to the winds, in order that his children may have what pleases them. The picture is appalling, and with aching hearts we allow ourselves to hope that such a mixture of the highest and lowest is impossible; but it is written for the sake of this tragic figure, the old *bourgeois*, with his pride and his love, to whom the world contains nothing worth a thought but the daughters who accept all from him, and leave him to die alone. Their amours come in by the way, but it is not for them the book is.

Alexandre Dumas, the most delightful of story-tellers, is of the same mind. He is not afraid to call a spade a spade, nor does he avoid vice when it comes in his way. He treats it with that impartiality which is the strange characteristic of his nation, not ashamed or reluctant to render upon his canvas any scene that may occur; but in this point he is like his graver and greater contemporary. He is occupied with the big stirring life of incident and adventure round him, as the other is with the mysteries of that ter-

rible *Comédie humaine* which he investigates without cease. The frail wife and the deceived husband, the frantic raptures and miseries of one generally degrading passion, are not the principal objects of their art.

And with what power, what splendour and wealth and variety, that great band of romancers did their work! From the gloomy grandeur of that medieval Paris, full to overflowing with the life and inspiration of the past, though already touched with that point of the grotesque from which Victor Hugo rarely emancipated himself—to the fresh and breathing innocence of those rural idyls, to which, in her happy moments, no one could give so exquisite a touch as George Sand, how full is their range, how amazing their power! The impression of boundless resource, of endless variety, of a flood and stream of animation, incident, and interest that never flags, has had a curious effect upon the mind of at least the English reader—an effect which perhaps is the result of a little slowness of national intellect, mingled with that faithfulness to an impression once formed, which is one of the special characteristics of our countrymen. The intellectual classes, or those who so consider themselves, the clever people in society, and everybody who hopes to be counted among them, almost without exception own an admiration for the French novel,—a conviction of its superiority—which is, in scientific language, a survival of the oddest description. Putting aside that section of the community which really enjoys filth, and considers the analysis of passion not much better than bestial, to be a high triumph of art, this generally expressed and quite honest belief is nothing but a reflection

from the good days in which the French novel was in reality a work of genius. That time is past; the skies of our neighbours have narrowed—their world has contracted. It is not the cheerful, bustling universe of Dumas, any more than it is the great world, seething with a thousand contradictory passions and sentiments, as in Balzac—or big with fate, and tragic, irresistible preordination, against which man's utmost ingenuity is powerless, as with Victor Hugo. That large existence has shrunk into a monotonous, often-repeated, never-exhausted tale,—the tale so called of love; the record of a passion often in its latest phase brutal—nay, bestial; at its best, a thing of guilt and imposture, limiting the mental as well as infecting the moral atmosphere. All this great world reduced to a little apartment in Paris, where a young man rages against the bad woman who enslaves him, and blasphemes because he cannot get rid of her, and falls back under the disgusting influence whenever she smiles upon him; or a desecrated house, where a woman and her lover seek feverishly for opportunities of meeting, and stave off as long as they can the inevitable discovery. In almost every case the pair loathe each other before they are done, their passion changing into disgust and horror—or a weariness and monotony far more appalling in its dullness than that of the dullest respectable household that ever was known. And this is life according to our neighbours. And this is what the English reader, slow but sure, having got into his head the conviction of French greatness in fiction from the age of Balzac, Hugo, and George Sand, carried on with faith into the age of Zola and his innumer-

able imitators—accepts, though with some bewilderment, and a hazy sense that, disagreeable as it is, it must be somehow the cleverest and most entertaining of all fiction, considering how it is vaunted by all the world !

This is perhaps too long a preface for a review of the French novels of the day. We need scarcely tell the reader that it is not to instruct him in the varieties of uncleanness that we turn over those yellow volumes, in that form for which English writers and readers sometimes sigh, especially the former—with fond hopes that the royalty upon a book which the public buys by thousands, instead of the hundreds taken by the great circulating libraries of England, would ensure him a better recompense for his work. When, however, a writer reaches the position of M. Ohnet, whose latest performance bears upon it the gratifying inscription of *cinquante-cinquième édition*, or of Mr Besant (of whom we beg pardon for the conjunction of names), it perhaps does not greatly matter to him under what *régime* his books are published. And for less popular authors, we greatly doubt whether the public which buys his one, is a much better patron than the public which hires their three volumes—nor can it be said to be more discriminating. The popularity of M. Ohnet, for instance, is as bewildering as is the popularity attained in our own country by Mr Hugh Conway. We are at a loss to understand the reason for it, or what it means. There is no meretricious flash of brilliancy, no unjustifiable means employed,—nothing to appeal to that bad side of human nature which sometimes responds so quickly. M. Ohnet, in

short, is rather more respectable than most of his compeers. And ‘Noir et Rose,’¹ his latest performance, is as inoffensive as it is futile. It is a prettily printed little book, containing two magazine stories (as we should say on this side of the Channel)—one very *noir* indeed, entitled “*Le Chant du Cygne*,” which sets forth how a young English lady, the daughter of a lord, falls in love with and marries a Hungarian violinist, and lives very happy, until she falls ill and dies, with this picturesque and tragical person, whose performance upon his violin, as the yacht of her cruel father carries away her corpse to its burial, is the swan-song which ends his life. Stenio Marackyz is the long-lost hero, Byronian, impenetrable, wrapped in that very cloak, and with those dark locks and darker glances, which we remember from our youth up. He ought to have been “originally published” in an Annual, Keepsake, or Forget-me-not, and would have stirred some gentle and ingenuous hearts forty years ago, as perhaps he may now. The cheerful part of the book is a mildly amusing story of much the same calibre, the “*Malheur de la Tante Ursule*,” which is perfectly adapted to be read in any young ladies’ school, and of which, accordingly, the reader may be pleased to hear. Perhaps this is the reason why it has reached its fifty-fifth edition. In the absence of respectable light literature, a very small matter which is innocent and decent may thus gain a fictitious acceptance. But M. Ohnet is not always unexceptionable; and we prefer to believe that it is, as in our own country, the mere caprice of that strangest of strange beasts, the public, which has suddenly laid hands upon a me-

¹ Noir et Rose. Par Georges Ohnet. Ollendorff : Paris.

diocrity, and given an altogether *banal* crown to a quite unremarkable writer who has no claim to the highest rank, nor even to the lowest, but holds that *juste milieu* of talent which has been supposed the last thing likely to be distinguished by any crown. We have long been of opinion, however, that this was a mistake, and that mediocrity *arrangé*, as the French say, with some certain sauce which pleases the general palate, is as likely to secure success as the greatest genius. To find out the ingredients of that sauce is the difficulty. What is it? To our own palate it is indistinguishable; but M. Ohnet has found it, and so did Mr Hugh Conway, with results which we all know.

The fifty-fifth edition! Think of that, poor little English romancers, glad and proud of a second! Mr Besant speaks at his ease of selling 20,000 copies; but how many of you do that? Such as do—let the voice of experience be heard—will never have to complain of their publisher, whether he sells the book at (nominally) 31s. 6d. or 3 francs 50 centimes. Such writers want no intervention, no protectorate. But it is a lesson for rising genius to learn from the beginning of its career, that such writers are by no means necessarily the best. M. Ohnet's book is the only one before us which has acquired this distinction, and it is absolutely the most trifling and inconsiderable of the collection, which is a thing that *donne à pensée*; and the thoughts arising from that consideration are not bright.

The next in popularity, as in lightness and insignificance, is a little book by M. Halévy, a collection of short stories such as seem to have become fashionable in France as in England. M. Halévy is in his thirty-fourth edi-

tion. His book is not so correct as that of his brother-author, but it gives us what M. Ohnet does not, an extremely lively and clever portrait of what we may call a new type. The ambitious young lady, bent upon making a good match, is not new in fiction; but the girl, who is an amusing, bright, and nice little girl, and who yet sets herself with all her might, and by every means in her power, to secure the sort of husband she approves—which is primarily a prince, and afterwards what Heaven may send—is a really delightful new revelation. Such a picture could only be Parisian, or rather Parisienne. This young lady has the misfortune to be Catherine Duval, the daughter of a rich papermaker living in the Marais—rich, respectable, and *bourgeois* to the last degree. There is a very pretty little sketch of the serious homely house, of the delightful mother, modest, a little timid, a little *dévoté*—the best housekeeper, the best wife and mother imaginable, without a thought beyond her mild interior, or a preoccupation except that of finding for her daughter a secure and well-established *ménage* like her own. The scene opens with a conversation between mother and daughter returning from a ball, a ball of their own class, in celebration of a marriage in that respectable *bourgeoisie* which Mademoiselle Catherine despises with all her soul, the mother asking anxiously, "How did you find him?" the daughter pretending not to understand, though she is very well aware that the person in question is "un certain blondin tirant sur le roux lequel m'avait été présenté par Madame Marquesson, une mariouse enragée," and who is a young engineer of great promise, the most respectable and the most *bourgeois* that can be conceived. Catherine

has already refused seven or eight, "all from the École Centrale or the École Polytechnique," and she is in despair.

Nothing, however, can be prettier than the home scene. The marriage of the father and mother has been a love-match—*absolument comme dans les romans anglais*; and they have lived happy ever after, were it not for a son who loves pleasure too much and a daughter who loves engineers too little, and who do their best to spoil their parents' peace.

"Papa has always lived for his manufactory, and mamma for papa. The works flourished, papa was well, everything was well. They continued to live in the same house, in the same way as people lived fifty years ago. In the drawing-room the same old mahogany easy-chairs ranged against the wall as in the First Empire, furniture made by Jacob—dreadful, incapable of wearing out, eternal, indestructible. I have tried to break one of the chairs, and failed. An excellent cook and a very good table was our sole luxury, for papa is something of a gourmand, and when he has been working hard all day likes to dine well at night. As for mamma, she has not a fault—not one—not even that little one. She could live upon a penny roll and some fried potatoes; but she watches papa at his dinner, and when she sees that he is satisfied she is happy."

This excellent mother is, however, the despair of her daughter, whose "folie," she confesses, "*c'était la toilette*." Mamma does not know what it is to have a proper gown. She lets them put anything upon her shoulders, and considers herself dressed; and answers all the entreaties, the protestations, the supplications of her daughter to have a dressmaker worthy of her—"une couturière qui me comprend, et que fasse de moi ce que on en peut faire"—by declaring that she will never give up the

dressmaker who made her wedding-gown. Mademoiselle Catherine's wits, however, when set to work, are too strong for this excellent but not ingenious woman. The young lady is pushed on by her brother Octave, whose laudable attempts to "*se faufiler dans le monde*" have succeeded to a certain point, but who feels that a great marriage for his sister is by far the best way of attaining his end. By a fortunate chance, he has been elected a member of the "*Cercle des petits-pois*," an enormous step in advance; but the progress of a young man whose name is Octave Duval is necessarily slow. The discussions of these two young people as to how this conquest of society is to be managed, carried on behind-backs at stolen moments while the respectable parents are out of the way, and the plans that ferment in the active brain of the charming, affectionate, merry, calculating little minx in the tranquillity of the evenings at home, when "*Catherine, un peu de Mozart*" is enough for the happiness of the excellent pair over the fire, are extremely amusing, as light as air, yet full of spirit and character. Mademoiselle contrives at last, by a secret appeal to her father, to obtain a skilled and capable maid. The marvels that follow are enough to bring tears to the eyes of any lively girl. Nothing but white muslin is permitted by the careful mamma; but white muslin manipulated by the hands of Félicie! "*Quelle robes! C'était comme un brouillard blanc qui m'enveloppait. Je me sentais nuage. Je ne touchais plus terre.*" "*Elle n'était pas contente, maman*," adds the young lady; "*mais j'ai la joie de voir que papa était ravi, absolument ravi. Il me trouvait délicate.* Quant à Octave—il ne me dit que ces simples mots, '*Tu es une mer-*

veille, une merveille, une merveille !' Soit : mais la merveille voudrait bien émerveiller autre chose que le Marais—un mari, un mari, un mari !”

Needless to say that the *mari* comes in time,—a prince no less, and in other respects so delightful, that Mademoiselle Catherine actually believes, that she will fall in love with him in earnest—a thing totally unnecessary, however, to her scheme. The curiosity, however, is that this little mercenary maiden is delighted; and that her schemes, and her independence of action in the more than narrow quietude of her home, and the calculations which French freedom exacts as to the husband to be chosen, throw a quite new and most amusing light upon the *bourgeois* interior, so respectable, so peaceful, so well-ordered. It is the pleasantest rendering we know of what might very well be rendered as vulgar ambition,—the determination of the *nouveaux riches* to wriggle into society, *se faufiler dans le monde*.

Very different from this pleasant froth is the last work of M. Cherbuliez,¹ which ought to have been placed at the head of our list, not less because of the importance of the author, who is an Academician, one of the Forty Immortals, but also because of the book itself, which is in many respects of a very high class, full of philosophical observation, and discussions which are always clever and interesting, if somewhat above the range, we should suppose, of the ordinary readers of fiction. *La Bête* (the French seem to have taken a fancy to titles of this kind : witness ‘*La Morte*’ of Octave Feuillet, a lugubrious name quite undescriptive of the book which bears it) is the supposed original foundation of our

human nature, as discussed in different senses by the philosophers who surround M. Sylvain Berjac, the hero and teller of the tale, whose story, as contained in the earlier part of the book, is already a miserable one. He has married—being the educated gentleman-son of a peasant family rich in vineyards, and accordingly a very *bon parti* in his district—the daughter of a ruined nobleman, with whom he lives in very dubious happiness for a few years, then discovers in *flagrante delicto*, and proceeds with fury, not to kill, which French law justifies in such circumstances, but to divorce. It is some time before he can get over the agitation and rage into which he is thrown by this catastrophe; and his friends do what they can by reason and argument to restore him to the calm which is natural to him. One of these is Dr Herquier, the physician of the village, whose first attempt to reconcile Sylvain to his fate is by persuading him that “le monde n’est qu’une grande mécanique,” and that it would require a continual series of miracles to keep good men from suffering—miracles which, according to his philosophy, are all false and ridiculous. He also lends him, by way of curing him of his misery, *deux gros volumes*, which make him acquainted with the system of Evolution, a system which Sylvain finds but moderately satisfactory. His arguments on this point are simple, but somewhat embarrassing for his friend the doctor, who begins the discussion by asking, “What do you think of Darwin?”

“There are things in your Darwin which I approve, and others which go against the little good sense I possess. He seems to me a great philo-

¹ *La Bête*. Par Victor Cherbuliez, de l’Académie Française.

sopher ; but I suspect he has as much imagination as science, and that sometimes he amuses himself at our expense. If we believe him, there was once in an unfruitful garden a pair of snails who loved each other dearly. . . . It was not Darwin himself who saw this ; he learnt it from a M. Lonsdale, who, according to his account, had all his eyes about him. From my childhood I have studied these creatures, and all the Lonsdales in the world will not persuade me that they are sensible to the affections. Doctor, do you believe that snails have tender hearts ?

“ ‘I must confess,’ said he, ‘that up to this time they have shown me no signs of it. But what of that ? Fine souls keep their own secrets.’ ”

“ ‘The story of the snails,’ I resumed, ‘made me suspicious. I have little esteem for bakers who don’t weigh their bread, and for people who pay their debts with false coin ; and I am not fond of philosophers who give their guesses for certainities. . . . Is it certain, for instance, that an extreme desire to please his mate inspires the Argus pheasant with the happy idea of painting his plumage and ornamenting it with eyes of every colour ? Sexual selection seems to me a very doubtful affair ; I doubt whether the female pheasant accords her favours only to those who thus decorate themselves. I doubt also whether beings better endowed and better fed have a stronger faculty of reproduction than others, and that this is the secret of the perfection of races. Do not we see the beggar, living on privation, produce a large family, while a duke, fearful of seeing his possessions fall to strangers, marries twice without being able to accomplish the poorest little offspring—the child in whom he would survive and continue the race ? Consult the first gardener you find. He will tell you that certain plants too much cared for, too highly nourished, become sterile in the very greatness of their growth. The wood grows and strengthens, but farewell to flowers and fruit ! while the self-sown plant by its side covers the ground with them, as if in mockery of wasted trouble and vain science. Believe me,

there is a great deal of chance in the world, and much romance in the systems built upon it. . . . Doctor, what do you think ?’ ”

“ ‘*Ma foi !* I was not there ; nor, to tell the truth, was any one there except the Ascidians, who have not written their history. But we must be of our century. Formerly everything was explained by great causes acting in sudden movements. At present, what we believe in are small beginnings which work ceaselessly in the dark—accumulating effects. To the theory of violent and successive revolutions has been substituted the theory of an evolution continuous and insensible. I prefer it so. I never liked the revolutions.’ ”

“ ‘In this way,’ said I, ‘it is an affair of individual preference,—let each take that which pleases him.’ ”

The doctor, however, has not by any means said his last word. He has even an ingenious answer ready to the question why the process of evolution is arrested for these few thousand years. It is man who is the cause—not because he is the climax of creation, but because of the unnecessary activities and wants which he has brought with him into the world. *L’homme a tout gâté par son industrie. L’outil est le grand criminel*—in which Dr Hervier agrees, by the way, with the latest of our own home-born philosophers, who considers the steam-engine the cause of our present troubles and future ruin. If it had not been for these unhappy inventions, the gradual processes of evolution would have produced by this time something better than the very imperfect being who occupies the chief place in the universe, and who “loge aujourd’hui la sagesse d’un dieu dans le corps d’un animal médiocre.” When Sylvain, however, tired with all this philosophy, and unable to dismiss his own trouble from his mind, demands of his friend to explain to him how it

was possible that a woman, for whom he had done everything, should have betrayed him for a wretched creature like the lover whom she had preferred to him, the doctor crosses his legs, and with perfect calm explains:—

“‘My dear neighbour,’ he said, ‘you are a bad reader; you have not learned to decipher the Scriptures: otherwise Darwin would have taught you what is meant by a survival. Horses, you are aware, have the power of moving certain portions of their skin by a contraction of the muscles; and some men, by a similar contraction, of which you and I have not the secret, move at their pleasure the skin of the head. It is a pretty accomplishment, and an evident survival. I have told you man is the one being out of order (*le grand déclassé*) in creation, sometimes aspiring to ethereal regions, sometimes piteously retrogressing towards his humble origin. There are also women whose life is a survival’ (*des femmes à reversions*).”

At this period the much-musing hero encounters in a railway carriage an old schoolfellow, a philosophical vagabond, a certain Théodule Blandol, just returned from roaming about the world with another vagabond (but rich) philosopher, a certain English Sir John Almond, who has filled him with maxims and reasonings for every occasion. Sylvain asks his old friend to dinner, and Théodule establishes himself as a permanent visitor, from whence again arises much philosophising and many discussions. This new authority will hear nothing of the theory of survivals. Quoting his great authority,—“The great sage whom I have had the honour of rubbing against, and who has had the kindness to give me a small, a very small pension to recompense me for having been his disciple,”—he exclaims, “Tous les mépris sont

bêtes; mais le plus bête des mépris est le mépris de la bête!”

“‘It is in this point above all that the wisdom of the animals, who are our instructors, is made apparent, as well as the follies of the Sylvain Berjacs, who flatter themselves that they can explain, as survivals, our excesses, our immodesties, all our unrestrained appetites. The animals, as a great thinker has said, are always well regulated in their conduct. . . . Alone among the animals, man—and who says man says also woman—possesses the fatal gift of limitless desire. And to what does he owe this? To his accursed imagination, which he has too much cultivated, and which represents to him all that is possible and impossible, amuses him with vain hopes and chimeras, disgusts him with what he has while adorning all that is new with lying charms, tyrannises over his will, urges him to exceed his strength, to undertake what is beyond his power, and persuades him that the unknown reserves joys for him which the known has refused. Let us beware of the intemperance of our imaginations,’ said Sir John. ‘There is not an excess, not a disorder which the best man in the world has not committed in his dreams.’ . . . Sir John added, ‘We shall never be equal to the animals, who have nothing to repent of: but, failing instinct, we have a reasonable foresight; let this serve us to forestall our repentances.’”

It is impossible, though very tempting, to enter into the philosophy of Sir John Almond, as set forth by his faithful disciple. The worship of the mystic Mylitta, with her double characteristics, is, we confess, beyond us, as well as a little beyond the all-receptive Sylvain; but the shadow of the whimsical philosopher, who has an answer to every objection, and whose scheme of the universe is so fully reasoned out, is thrown upon the canvas with just the exaggeration and faint uncertainty which such a reflection requires, and is done with the greatest success and power.

The momentary introduction of the sage himself is perhaps a mistake, but it is so very brief as to do little harm. Théodule, with his "petite, très petite pension" of a hundred and fifty pounds; his satisfaction in settling down in the house of his friend, and easy assumption of its management; his intellectual superiority, his flute, even the colourless complexion of the *blondin*, with too little blood in his veins to concern himself about other people's opinions of him,—is also extremely good and characteristic.

The book is half ended amidst all these philosophisings before, accompanied by another philosopher, her father, the heroine comes upon the scene. She is not much wanted as a heroine, but she is a good example of the very delightful, sprightly, and sweet young woman, full of French vivacity and charm—a being totally different from the frightened and silent girl who, we are told, represents the unmarried element in French female society—which some French writers have learned to put in as the high light in their pictures. We have not ourselves encountered in real life many specimens of the suppressed and silent girl. Nothing could be more charming than Louise Havenne; and the hero has the good sense at once to see and perceive, notwithstanding the hitherto very indifferent specimens of womankind that have crossed his path, that here at last is one with whom safety and happiness lies. How, always reflective and cautious, he goes off, on the eve of declaring himself, in order once more to think over this all-important step, and coming back hears that Louise has fallen heiress to a great fortune, and that to declare himself now will be to expose himself to the imputation of seeking that and not her;

how he falls ill, and, on his recovery, finds Théodule and the Darwinian doctor both received as constant visitors at the young lady's house, and both paying their addresses to her in her new position of heiress; and how, finally, her father tricks the two intended suitors into an exhibition of their true motives, and assures the happiness of the really excellent Sylvain,—is in reality the least important part of the book. It is a concession to the requirements of the reader, who wants a story, or something like a story, in everything that calls itself a novel; and it is very pleasant, and comes to a conclusion which has something touching and sacred in its joy: but this is not the object of the book. The philosophisings are resumed with still greater force when M. Havenne, a scientific and learned personage, is added to the little circle of Sylvain's instructors, and *la bête* becomes again the subject of discussion. M. Havenne begins the following conversation with a little discourse upon the swallows and their migrations, and their forgetfulness, in obeying this social instinct, of the domestic instinct which up to this time had kept them busy with their families:—

"Animals have rarely two ideas at the same time. One nail drives out another. Man alone has the dangerous faculty of combining contrary sentiments so that the stronger does not kill the weaker: he is the only being capable of carrying within himself and of supporting for a time the most irreconcilable contradictions. He suffers from this often, and sometimes even dies of it.

"'I don't know if the swallows have a conscience,' said Théodule, 'but I know that ours is a very odd machine.

"'Conscience,' cried the Abbé Poncel, striking his fist against his knee, 'is the protest of God against the devil.'

"'Conscience,' said Dr Hervier, 'is the judgment which a perfected brain forms against an animal body which is not perfectible.'

"Ah, permit me,' answered M. Havenne; 'when the animal part of us is innocent (*sage*), which happens now and then, our reason is too reasonable to despise it and its pleasures.'

"Conscience, which I call *the other*,' I asked him, 'is it something natural, or is it acquired?'

"'It is something,' he replied, 'which one learns without knowing how.'

"'Conscience,' cried Théodule, 'is a watch which every man regulates according to the clock of his district.'

He proceeds to tell the story of a traveller to whom a savage chief sends among other presents his daughter—a gift which the visitor's scruples prevent him from taking advantage of—and ends with Sir John Almond's opinion on the subject, which is that these scruples were justly offensive to the chief, and that "Altruism, properly understood, commands us sometimes to sacrifice our own conscience to the conscience of others." The word rouses the wrath not only of the priest but of the other philosopher.

"'Altruism!' said the Abbé Poncel, crumpling his *soutane*. 'A horrid word, a horrid thing, invented to take the place of charity!'

"'It costs me little to range myself on your side, M. le Curé,' said M. Havenne, who was wroth with Théodule for interrupting him. 'You are right, a thousand times: their famous sympathy, with which they deafen us, is but a poor invention, and I defy them to draw morality from it. You cannot build upon a bog. *Eh! parbleu*, sympathy is but a sentiment, and sentiment is a small matter. It may induce me sometimes to make myself agreeable to those who please me; it will never render me just towards a man whom I dislike, or in whom I may find a rival, which is the real question. Do we want a

moral rule to keep us from injuring those we love? Monsieur le Curé, I am a sad unbeliever; but I prefer an Augustine to an Altruist. That which they have done yesterday answers to me for what they will do to-day; and whatever may be their faults, I prefer those upon whom one can rely.'

We have given perhaps too much space to this book, and its arguments perhaps do not lead to any very clear decision; but they are extremely interesting, with a mingling of character and epigram which keeps the reader's attention. There are episodes, we must add, which seem quite unnecessary and out of place in such a work, which M. Cherbuliez must surely have added to please the vulgar among his audience, to whom a spice of immorality is the necessary salt to tempt the palate. The disgusting wife and her lover were perhaps as much a necessity as the epigrams, and divorce is the delightful new expedient in fiction of which the weary novelist is so glad to avail himself. But what can we say to the little scene—very brief, it must be allowed—in which the young wife of his friend, who apparently has no harm in her but a little coquetry, as good as offers herself to the hero? He is a very Joseph, and no harm happens; and the lady turns out the best of wives and mothers, a fact for which he modestly takes credit to himself. A similar accident happens afterwards with a pretty but bold girl in the village. If Frenchmen think this sort of thing probable, it behoves Frenchwomen at least to look to it. If ever there was occasion for a feminine protest, surely this is one. The imputation is easy, and suits the depraved atmosphere which is breathed, at least in the world of imagination, in France; but we do not for a moment believe

it to be true. Society may be vicious, and no society takes more pains to give itself credit for being so than our own; but that is a very different thing from the suggestion that every young married woman is ready to be led, nay to lead astray, and that it is the virtuous resistance of the man whom she attempts to seduce which throws her back upon the best of sentiments and an irreproachable life. M. Cherbuliez, with so many better things in his mind, notably with that delightful picture of old Francine, the old Huguenot housekeeper, and her big Bible, and the tender ecstasy with which the book concludes, has done ill to adopt this vulgar trick by which to secure, we suppose, the *petits jeunes gens*, the senseless audience, who will not read his book, we promise him, notwithstanding this bait.

M. Hector Malot is one of the best known of French novelists in England. His '*Sans Famille*,' with its fine flavour of Dickens, mingled with its native piquancy and the innocence of the subject, so unlooked for by sober English readers, made him at once known and received on this side of the Channel. It is not always safe to trust even M. Hector Malot, but his present book¹ has very little against, and a great deal to be said in, its favour. There is still that fragrance of influence from our own great story-teller which may be detected in various French authors, — not so much in the humorous parts, in which we ourselves prefer him, as in those domestic and sentimental pictures which we do not generally think Dickens's strong point. The French apparently are of a different opinion; and it is curious

not only that they should be influenced by him, rather than by Thackeray, for example, whom we should have supposed, with his keener eye for all the *nuances* of human character and caustic force of social criticism, to have been much more likely to attract them — but that they should have chosen precisely that side in which the genius of Dickens was least happy. It is so, however, let us account for it as we may. Zyte is introduced to us in a travelling show, or rather in a strolling company of the humblest description, of which she is the star. We cannot do better than give the reader the benefit of the introduction, — the picture of the two vans struggling through one of those winter landscapes for which the French artist has a special aptitude: —

"The setting sun lost itself in the midst of the ruddy vapours which, in the distance, filled the horizon over Paris, and already the grey shadows of the February night had covered the sky from north to east. The temperature, which in the morning had melted into a thaw, turned to cold again with the approach of night, and the remains of the snow, mixed up with the thick mud of the highroad, had converted itself again into ice, crackling under the foot. Not a peasant in the fields, not a cart to be seen on the desolate plain, where several mounds of earth broke with black points the sheet of snow which had begun to melt: everywhere solitude, the dead silence of which was broken only by an icy air which breathed the song of winter through the naked branches of the poplars, and by the croakings of some belated crows.

"Notwithstanding, two carriages of the kind which, in the world of strolling players, are called *roulottes*, descended the slope of Champs, drawn by lean horses of no particular colour. In the calm of the evening the creaking of the stored furniture and trap-

¹ Zyte. Par Hector Malot. Paris: Charpentier & Cie.

pings of the ambulant theatre might be heard, making the shrill continuous plaint of inanimate weight. The one which came first, drawn by two horses, was a long edifice in alternate red and yellow planks, upon which might be read, in huge white letters, *Grand Théâtre Duchatellier*. Its sides were diversified by windows with green shutters, and from its roof came a stove-pipe in the form of the letter T, from whence smoke was coming. The front formed a verandah, with a round gallery and glass doors. Smaller and more humble was the second *roulotte*, drawn by a single horse, although it seemed heavily charged, to judge by the planks, the trestles, and canvas rolls of scenery which were heaped up upon the imperial.

"Beside these vans marched men in costumes as remarkable in their form as in their colour, and which evidently had little to do with ordinary life, but had been drawn from the stage wardrobe when the wind began to blow, as a defence against the cold. It was the grey overcoat, with little capes, of *Chopart, dit l'Aimable*, which enveloped the driver of the first vehicle, M. Duchatellier himself; the torn cloak of Don Cæsar de Bazan was wrapped round old Lachapelle, the business man of the troupe, who for the moment led by the bridle Belisarius, the old blind horse which drew the second van. Théodore, the comedian, had wrapped himself in the mantle of the Duke de Brabant; Joseph, the lover and first walking-gentleman, was muffled in the shawl which was used for comic Englishmen; and Stanislas, as the son of the house, who could take all liberties, had allowed himself the use of the judge's cape of white rabbit-skin, combined with the fur bonnet, without which no good jailer ever appears on the stage."

This cavalcade descends with the greatest trouble, and only by dint of immense precautions, the dangerous and icy slope, the women being called out of the vans to make the descent easier. They consist of Madame Duchatellier, an excellent mother, who "à représenter les princesses avait pris

des attitudes de dignité, et des habitudes de lenteur majestueuse : " Zyte, the eldest daughter, the genius of the company; and Marietta, the younger, who "jouait les rôles d'enfant ainsi que ceux d'amoureuse, selon les nécessités du répertoire allant intrépidement de l'âge de sept ans à celui de vingt ou de vingt-cinq."

These feminine figures complete the troupe. They arrive at length at Noisy, where they are received with enthusiasm by the wayfarers about the streets. "*Les Duchatelliers—les Duchatelliers!*" cry the *gamins*. "C'est que pour Noisy, l'arrivée des Duchatelliers était la promesse de deux mois du plaisir, on allait s'amuser, rire, pleurer,"—for the strolling company was well known and much appreciated. Before they even sup or rest after their journey, the men hasten to proclaim their arrival with trumpet, cornet, and drum, after which M. Duchatellier announces the series of entertainments. In all this there is a very visible trace of Dickens, but M. Malot succeeds in interesting us in his poor players and their whimsical ways. It is unnecessary to say that one of them, Joseph the *jeune premier*, is passionately in love with Zyte, who does everything she can, with the prettiest kindness and indifference, to cure him of this passion, but in vain. It is equally unnecessary to add that amid this homely troop—her father, full of pompous belief in himself, her mother playing *contre cœur* because she cannot help it, and very badly, while the others fulfil their parts with ordinary success, to the satisfaction of the village audience—Zyte is the one born actress, whose appearance on the stage bewilders and entrances the visitors of a higher class, the little party of Parisians whom chance has (as

a matter of course) brought that way. From the setting up of the theatre itself, which is made easy by the *aptitudes particulières* of Théodore and Joseph, who, before they became actors, had been workmen—Joseph a carpenter, Théodore a painter—to the details of the representation, we are behind the scenes and see everything: and the vain, good-humoured, friendly group in the *camaraderie* of the *roulotte*, are all set before us with genuine spirit and sympathy. The old man of the party, *le Père Lachapelle*, holds to Zyte the position which old Bowes the fiddler held to the famous Miss Fotheringay, otherwise Costigan, when young Pendennis first made that lady's acquaintance. He has trained her to a higher art than any which the *roulotte* is acquainted with; and when the Parisians bring to the little theatre at Noisy a young but already well-known dramatist, whose piece is about to be performed at the Odéon, but who has no one good enough to play the part of his heroine, Zyte electrifies him by her power and capacity, as she does the manager of the Odéon, to whom she is taken by her pleased yet discontented father, who cannot understand why it is Zyte that is wanted, and not himself. The girl steps at once from the *roulotte* to the chief rôle in the Odéon, and does not lose her head. But astonishing as this development is, it is very well managed, and the enthusiastic intelligence of the young creature, who has learned her part before it is supposed she can have read it; her interest in her art—the art to which she has been born; her freshness and grace, and good sense and zeal, are extremely attractive. It is no small business to equip her for that decisive interview with the

manager which is to make or mar her fortune. The *roulotte* meets and draws forth its little purse, each man offering his savings; but we are at first in doubt how the matter is to be managed, for Zyte sets out with her father for Paris in an old alpaca dress, which her mother sits up half the night to mend, in Madame Duchatellier's Sunday bonnet, and a cloak which some good Christian has given to Marietta. In this humble garb she is taken to the shop of a *marchande de toilette*, whence she issues a different being, dressed not in old clothes, as we at first fear, but in a pattern dress bought at the end of the season, in which the poor daughter of the *roulotte* feels herself transformed, as much as did M. Halevy's little coquette of the Marais in the first costume concocted by the clever Félicie. The article of dress, and the unfailing feminine—and for that matter, masculine too—satisfaction in it, is never overlooked by the French romancer. He is instinctively convinced of its importance to the morals, as well as to the comfort of his characters.

Zyte, it is unnecessary to say, has a complete success in the modern play, in which she is at first called upon to act. But when she comes to the great ordeal which awaits every rising actress dreaming of the Comédie Française, and has to play Chimène, her heart begins to fail her. Everything depends upon this. Zyte sends for her old master, Lachapelle, who is not satisfied with her appearance at the rehearsal, and at first is in despair, for there are but ten days in which to amend all faults and attain perfection. Finally, he decides that there is but one way in which this can be done, which is to procure for Zyte the instruc-

tions of a certain great actress who had played Chimène in her day as nobody ever played before, but who had retired many years since, in the full blaze of her beauty and talent, *à la suite d'un désespoir d'amour*, to her native village in the depths of Normandy. Zyte has two performances on Sunday at her theatre, but none on Monday, and she sets out at midnight with her old friend in search of this mysterious instructress. We are not sufficiently learned in the records of the French theatre to know whether this brief but curious episode is founded upon fact. The travellers, after their night journey, find themselves in the extreme quietude of the country, the early morning just brightening over a plain covered with apple-trees, and a church-tower and some tiled roofs shining in the rising sun. The great actress, *une femme aux cheveux tout blancs*, whom they follow from the church-door, where she has heard the early mass, to a peasant's cottage covered with thatch, in the midst of an orchard of blossoming apple-trees, grants with much reluctance Lachapelle's prayer, and gives Zyte an admirable analysis of the great part she has to perform. Nothing can be finer than the criticism and exposition of Chimène, which reminds us a little of the more eloquent and prolonged analysis of her favourite characters, lately given to the world by Lady Martin, whose retirement from the scene of her glories had, happily, no such melancholy cause as that of Mademoiselle Rousseau. Full of enthusiasm and eagerness, Zyte listens and watches "ne la quittant pas des yeux, suspendue à ses lèvres, tâchant de saisir ces gestes et ses accents qui transfiguraient cette femme à cheveux blancs, redevenue

pour une heure la Chimène dont Lachapelle parlait avec sa pieuse enthousiasme." Decidedly M. Malot, if he has no real counterpart in his eye, must have read the charming and graceful delineations of our own great actress *éméritée*. They work together all day, with an excitement and fervour which calls forth all Zyte's dawning genius; and when she and her old friend return to the village *auberge* for the night, they continue their rehearsal until the whole house is troubled. "Qu'avaient ils donc à crier comme ça?"

"A curious maid, who had listened at the door, explained the enigma. 'It is a lady who has lost her father; I don't know what was the old gentleman's name, but what she said was, I have lost my father. Poor thing!'"

In the middle of the second day, when the travellers take their leave of Mademoiselle Rousseau, in order to hasten back to Paris for Zyte's performance that night, the recluse takes a tender leave of her disciple, in words which convey a prophecy of fate:—

"My child, you are very pretty, and you seem to have a tender heart. May God turn aside misfortune from your path. Love your art: love nothing but that."

A shiver goes through the young actress at these words, and with reason; for she loves already the gentle-hearted but weak-minded young man who has been instrumental in the first place in bringing her to Paris, and misfortune is on its way.

We cannot follow the story in all its details. Gaston Chamontain is the son of one of those self-made men with whom we are so familiar in fiction. Chamontain *père* has married his only daughter to a duke. He means his only son to be equally fortunate: and the idea of his marriage to

an actress drives him out of his senses with fury. He is quite willing to accept any, the most ruinous *liaison*, but marriage, never. The fact that Zyte is by this time *sociétaire du théâtre Français*, and at the head of her profession, which she simply believes will tell in her favour, is nothing to the enraged *parvenu*. The duke, on the other hand, the son-in-law, who has had a part in the discovery of Zyte, and who is a sketch of some power, a determined egoist seeking his own ends with every outward appearance of good sense and feeling, sees his advantage in covertly pushing the young man towards this marriage, which is precipitated by the refusal of Zyte to continue her intercourse with Gaston, with whom she will form no unlawful relations, and marriage with whom she considers as an impossibility. Finally they are married however, and Gaston, entirely disowned by his father, has to subsist upon the earnings of his wife, which cuts him off from all his former world of fashion and extravagance, and reduces him to the most domestic of rôles, a state which the experienced reader soon perceives cannot last. In the meantime his father keeps up a complete observation of his house, and all that goes on in it, with a regiment of detectives at work, and Zyte's very maid an agent in their hands, so that every letter she writes or receives is subject to scrutiny. For here again the new divorce law comes in as an active agency, and the hope of the father from the day of the marriage is to procure some evidence which may make it possible to separate his son from his wife.

At length the occasion occurs : and it is a proof of the interest with which the author has managed to invest his heroine, that

it is with a warm indignation, even anger against both, that we look on while she works out her own undoing. Joseph, the hopeless lover of the *roulotte*, has prospered too in his profession, though not like Zyte, and they have remained faithful friends, though he has ceased since her marriage to see her, except at the theatre or in chance encounters. He has built himself an odd little cottage at Varennes, and is very eager that she should come to see it. Tired of saying No, she consents to go one afternoon, when Gaston has been summoned out of Paris. The cottage is on an island in the Seine. It is a quaint little hermitage, and Joseph does the honours with brotherly tenderness. In the evening, while they sit and talk, and he tells her the amusing story of his early *débuts* on the stage, a storm bursts over the river. It continues while time passes, and one train after another is lost : at last, when Zyte insists upon going, and there is no longer time for any but the last train, they prepare to leave the cottage. But the tempest has broken forth with new violence, the lightning blazes round them, the thunder is deafening. There is nothing for it but that Zyte must remain all night. Nothing more simple, more blameless, could be than this enforced stay. But the reader feels, with an impatience which is the best proof of the force of the story, that nothing ought, and nothing would, have made the energetic Zyte yield to a necessity which compromises her so frightfully. It is true she is an actress, accustomed to much freedom of action ; but she is not in any sense of the word a fool, and *must*, one feels, have done something to free herself from this web of circumstance. In no other way,

however, could M. Chamontain's divorce have become possible, and we have to yield to the exigencies of the story. Notwithstanding all she can say in her defence; notwithstanding her explanation before the judge, which charms him, "Quelle admirable comédienne!" notwithstanding even the yielding of the weak husband, who forgives and condones everything, but nevertheless is carried off by his father, and prevented from giving effect to his repentance; notwithstanding even the intrigues of the duke in her favour, whose schemes are spoiled by the divorce,—the edict goes forth, and Zyte loses at a stroke both husband and child. The day when the divorce is finally concluded, a friend of Gaston, a young millionaire who has been a witness of her whole career, offers his hand and name to the forsaken woman, who rejects him with gratitude but despair:—

"I am no longer a wife. I am no longer a mother. I am an actress only. A great artist, who had also suffered though her love, said to me four years ago words which for some months past have returned perpetually to my ear. 'You have a tender heart; may the good God turn aside misfortune from your path. Love your art—love nothing but that.' Her prayer has not been granted. Her counsel shall be followed. Marriage, what a jest it has been made—what a farce—most tragical!"

The book leaves one's heart aching. We cannot but think it likely that M. Malot must have another chapter of 'Zyte' to say, and that a sequel will come, which will be less perfect art, but a concession to humanity. If the new law of divorce has had as much effect in life as it has had in fiction, it must have been potent

indeed in France. We have heard unfortunately too much of it of late on our own shores. But no one in England has advised himself as yet to take it for the subject of a novel—no one, at least, of the force of M. Hector Malot. Mr Hardy, in the curious novel of the 'Woodlanders,' just published, where the still life is as fine and the human characters as queer as is usual in that gentleman's productions, makes his high-minded and delicate heroine encourage the attentions of a former lover, in the simple faith that she can, as her rustic father believes, obtain a divorce from her husband, who has gone away, supposedly, with another woman; but Mr Hardy has peculiar ideas in this way. We fear, however, that the French reader is scarcely likely to believe much in the superiority of English taste in this respect.

'L'Affaire Froideville'¹ is a work of a very different kind. M. André Theuriet is perhaps not so well known to English readers as his merits deserve. We should have said a little while ago that the bewildered traveller, especially when of the feminine gender, in admiration (in the old-fashioned sense of the word) before a shop-full of French romances, knowing not how to select something which will not revolt his (or her) sense of what is lovely and of good report, yet shall be good French and worth the trouble, might have been safe with anything that bore his name. But since then this fine writer, some of whose books breathe the very spirit of the woods and fields, has followed the bad example of his brethren, and in 'Le Paradis des Enfants' has given us a miserable story of a brutal intrigue which ruins a poor little inoffen-

¹ L'Affaire Froideville. Mœurs d'employés. Par André Theuriet.
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sive girl, and spoils what might have been a pretty and touching study. Had M. Theuriet possessed the unspeakable advantage of having before his eyes the dread of that Young Person whom our last great British success in the way of romancers declares to be the English novelist's bugbear, he might have been preserved from destroying a quaint and delightful character-piece by this vulgar and unutterably tiresome expedient. However, 'L'Affaire Froideville' opens up to us an entirely new field. French romance of the present moment seems to delight in presenting itself as illustrating the life and ways of certain classes of society. *Mœurs militaires*, *mœurs d'ouvriers*, *mœurs d'employés*—they abound in all senses. It is at once something more and something a great deal less than those scenes of the Comédie Humaine which Balzac set himself to expound with force and knowledge so tremendous. It is into the interior of a Government office in Paris in the year 1864 that our present guide introduces us, at the mid-day hour of general repose, when all the *personnel* of the office, in happy indifference to the wants of the public, are breakfasting or resting after the brief labours of the morning. It is possible that in English official life there may be a similar sacred pause consecrated to luncheon. At such a moment the applicant in want of information or of furtherance in his affairs appeals to the civil servants of their country, it appears, in vain.

"This misfortune befell on an April morning an unfortunate stranger, whose outline might have been seen from time to time appearing at the head of a stair, stumbling against the great wooden benches, at obscure corners, then plunging again into the

darkness of the corridors. Sometimes in the distance, at the extremity of a passage lighted by some end window, the poor man might be seen wiping his forehead, stammering a timid question at the door of an anteroom. Breathless and lost, he toiled up staircase J, hurried along corridor N, then stopped, consulted his notes, and with a gesture of despair went down staircase B, and lost himself again in the labyrinth of passages in that great wilderness of the Government office, at that moment as silent as a deserted island."

This is a simple suitor from the country, anxious to open again the question of the Froideville succession, a story of family wrong and injustice. His wife's mother had been the wife of the Marquis de Froideville, one of three brothers, a man of sombre humour, who ill-treated and banished her from his house, affecting not to acknowledge her daughter as his own, a supposition altogether without foundation. He died some time after, leaving his fortune to the State, under the supposition that he left no heir. The *affaire Froideville* is the lawsuit brought by the neglected and disowned daughter, who has, however, a strong body of evidence in proof of her identity. It is scarcely necessary to say that the humble inquirer is her husband, and that it is in the interests of his charming and beautiful young daughter that he wishes to revive the arrested lawsuit. This is the necessary occasion of the story, as it is, of course, admiration for the young lady which moves M. Jacques Marly, one of the clerks (his grade being that of *redacteur*), to overhaul the dust-covered *dossier* in which all the papers pertaining to the cause are preserved. But the little romance is of no particular consequence, and the object of the book is to set before us the

office, with all its ambitions and intrigues, and the manner in which the representative of the Froideville family, a certain Count d'Entrevignes, counterchecks every movement, and finally attains an ignoble victory by flattering the ambition and serving the interests of the different officials. Marly, who takes up the case, and reports it favourably to his immediate superior, is quite disinterested, or rather he is interested only on behalf of the young plaintiff whose rights, and to a certain degree her honour, are involved. But as the suit proceeds from *sous-chef* to *chef*, from hand to hand, it becomes more and more a question of interest, of flattered vanity, of mutual services. There is a great deal of humour, sometimes grim enough, in the portraiture of the group of officials. Deshorties, *sous-chef aux Instances*, is the first presented to us:—

“His horizon was limited to the details of official life. He perceived nothing outside of those limits, and the little irritations of the existence of the office bore tragic proportions in his eyes. Although he might have been sufficiently accustomed to all the defects of that career, its injustices still exasperated him beyond measure. Since he had attained the position of *sous-chef* two of his subordinates had been promoted over his head—Perceval made *Chef aux Instances*, and Couturier *Chef aux Epaves et Déshérences*. He pardoned the elevation of Perceval, whose merit he acknowledged even while grumbling; but he could not swallow that of Couturier, his comrade, originally promoted at the same time, and who, according to his belief, was a fool (*un sot—il prononçait sotte pour donner plus d'énergie à cette qualification*). From the day of Couturier's promotion to the head of his department Deshorties had placed him in quarantine. He never addressed nor even recognised him again. When he met him in the corridor he stared him in the face, then turned away his

head with a growl of contempt. This treatment, which, thanks to their close vicinity, was repeated five or six times in the day, had the power of exasperating to the last degree the nervous and cowardly Couturier. Deshorties had the effect upon him of Medusa's head. When he caught a glimpse of him at a distance, he took refuge in the shadow of a doorway, or in the room of a colleague. Then Deshorties triumphed.”

The third *chef* is a certain Dubrac, *chef du personnel*, between whom and Perceval there is a silent struggle for the office of *sous-directeur* (we do not pretend to understand nor translate the exact value of these different grades), which is supposed likely to be shortly vacant. It is by means of these three *chefs* that the *affaire Froideville* is lost and won. All seems to go well at first. The contempt of Couturier for the famous suit enrages Deshorties, who recommends it to the consideration of his immediate superior, M. Perceval.

“‘The Froideville business,’ repeated Perceval. ‘Yes, I remember—an old affair. The parties themselves gave it up. Let it drop: the State has no interest in opening it up again.’

“‘However!’

“‘No, my friend, I know all about it. Couturier has told me.’

“‘Has M. Couturier also told you,’ answered Deshorties, emphasising the name of his enemy with the most contemptuous tone, ‘that General Jametz takes a great interest in it?’

“‘The Senator Jametz!’ exclaimed Perceval, pricking up his ears. . . . The name of the Senator Jametz, thrown in carelessly by his subordinate, had modified at once the opinion of the ambitious head of the office. At bottom, Perceval had but one dominant idea, that of replacing the *sous-directeur* Pécoul. For this reason, his chief object was to make friends in the political world, and secure influential patrons who

would lend him their aid when this decisive moment came.

"‘You are right,’ he said, after looking over the papers. ‘The plaintiff has certainly some strong arguments which are worth looking into over again.’

"‘That was what I thought,’ said Deshorties, adroitly, ‘and if our department neglected the matter, General Jametz is quite capable of addressing himself to M. le Directeur-General through M. Dubrac.’

"As Deshorties had foreseen, the name of Dubrac, Perceval’s rival in respect to the hoped-for vacancy, at once fired his chief. He gave a nervous start in his chair.

"‘You are right, Deshorties ; the thing is important, and must not be taken out of our office,’ he said.”

By this time young Marly has managed to interest several journalists in the matter, and an article in one of the newspapers calls forth the Comte d’Entrevernes, the representative of the Froidevilles, in right of his wife, whose fortune would be diminished by half if she was compelled to acknowledge Madlle. Sombornon, the young plaintiff, as cousin. The Comte descends upon the office, little doubting that he will bring its head to reason.

"‘I am myself an official,’ he says. ‘I have the honour to see her Majesty the Empress daily, . . . and it has often been my good fortune to ask and happily to obtain for my friends the august support of her Majesty. She is extremely kind to me, and rarely refuses my requests. But, pardon me, let us go back to the real question at issue. All that I would say is, that it lies in your department to extinguish in the bud the unlucky appeal of these Sombornons, and that I come with all frankness to ask you whether, legally and without injury to the Government, you could not put a stop to it.’

This statement dazzles the ambitious official. He abandons the applicant whose cause he had

taken up, and throws himself at once on the side of the great man who has the ear of the Empress. The other *chef*, Couturier, is influenced in a simpler way. His wife is deeply humiliated by the fact that her husband is not yet *décoré*. The moment is approaching when the yearly promotions take place, and poor Deshorties has already announced to his friends that he is to have the ribbon, by special recommendation of the Director-General. But Deshorties knows nothing of this little intrigue going on underground, the issue of which is that it is his enemy Couturier, and not himself, who is *décoré*, and that the *affaire Froideville* is once more remitted in its *dossier* to the dust and oblivion of the office shelves. There is a moment of despair in the office, where all young Marly’s friends have ranged themselves on his side : followed by a renewed onslaught from the papers (in which they all write more or less), which once more awakes the public attention and that of the Minister ; and the Comte d’Entrevernes returns annoyed to Perceval, all efforts having thus failed, to threaten and implore. Perceval defends himself with dignity : he has done all he could, but how to succeed in face of the clamour of the papers, and the fact that the Minister has sent back the *dossier* to be re-examined.

"‘I look for promotion,’ continued the head of the office, ‘and the place of *sous-directeur* is about to fall vacant. This is a piece of good fortune which happens seldom, and many mouths water for it. I have a dangerous competitor, strongly backed in the secretary’s office, and if in my wish to please you in respect to the new inquiry into the Froideville case, I put myself in opposition to the Minister, who will defend me?’

"‘I, sir,’ the Comte answered coldly,

"if you will. I can settle the affair by the aid of her Majesty the Empress."

"Ah, Monsieur le Comte!" murmured Perceval, bowing deeply."

It is not, however, by any open betrayal of public duty that the chief earns his promotion. He suggests, with still more cruel treachery, to his imperious and powerful visitor another way of settling the matter, which is to threaten the young lady with the instant dismissal and dishonour of Marly, on the plea that he has betrayed the secrets of the office to the newspapers, unless she instantly signs the deed of renunciation. Marly and Thérèse by this time, of course, have fallen in love with each other, and the high-spirited girl who had rejected with scorn the first offer of a compromise, yields in despair to the supposed danger of her lover. Thus the *affaire Froideville* comes to an end.

The *mœurs d'employés* thus opened up to the world belong to the period to which the Frenchmen of to-day are delighted to attribute all the corruptions and treacheries that can be found in a political system; and it is neither chivalrous nor generous to bring in the name of a lady whose long-suffering and patient dignity, after her romantic promotion to the unsteady, but for a time splendid, throne of the Second Empire, has procured for the latter part of her life a more universal respect than the glory of such an eminence could attain. But the picture is extremely curious. The little world of the great office with its crowd of men, from the high officials secretly plotting against each other, to the *garçon de bureau*, half humble clerk, half porter; the young men with their cheerful

noise and gossip, their auxiliary professions of pen and pencil—for half of them write for the newspapers, and Marly is an artist; the elders, more bitter in their jealousies, on the watch for all those little preferences and promotions which are so keenly contended for,—is a remarkable study, and has every appearance of being a true one. Our own officials of the same class are on a higher social level; but one wonders whether perhaps some hapless petitioner's plea might not now and then be shuffled about from one department to another, stifled by innumerable delays, and dropped into hopeless oblivion, under the manipulation even of their more immaculate hands?

The little thread of story ends pleasantly enough in the marriage of Thérèse with Marly, who has indignantly thrown up his appointment, while the poor girl is signing away her rights (all but two hundred thousand francs, which is the composition offered her) to preserve him. Two hundred thousand francs is not a large sum of money, but French notions are moderate, and it is a respectable *dot* after all. It is, however, in the intrigues of the office, of which we have necessarily given but a very imperfect sketch, missing out its humours and gaieties, that the interest of the book lies.

'André Cornélis'¹ is the work of a younger man, and one whose literary aspirations have not yet settled down into the beaten ways of romance. It is a gloomy but remarkable book, full of power, and a sweep and concentration of passionate feeling, which will sometimes prove almost too much for the nerves of a simple reader. The severe unity of the subject, and

¹ André Cornélis. Par Paul Bourget. Paris: 1887.

the few characters introduced, increase the intensity of the narrative, the only defective point of which is the length of the descriptions of agonised personal feeling, the cries and tears of which a French hero is nowise ashamed. The hero in this case begins his story at a tragical moment when, being nine years old, an only and much-beloved child, the news of his father's murder is suddenly brought to the house. The father, simple, gentle, and kind; the mother, a beautiful, superficial, but tender creature; and a friend of the house, a man superior to both, cultivated and eloquent,—form the party, fixed in the boy's imagination, on the occasion of the last family meal, from which M. Cornélis withdraws, saying that he has an appointment. He does not return for dinner, nor is there news of him next day.

"The evening came again. My mother and I sat alone at the square table where the empty chair seemed to give a body to our anxiety. M. Jacques Termonde, whom she had informed by a letter of what had happened, arrived after the meal. I was sent away when he came, but not before I had time to remark the extraordinary light in this man's eyes—blue eyes which usually shone coldly out of that refined countenance, framed in light hair, and a beard almost pale in colour. Children collect the smallest details, quickly effaced, but which return to the memory later, in contact with life, as certain invisible inks show themselves on paper when brought near the fire. While I insisted to be allowed to remain in the room, I observed mechanically with what agitation his fine hands, which he held behind his back, turned and re-turned his cane, which was the object of my secret envy. If I had not so much admired this cane, and the combat of centaurs in Renaissance work which ornamented its silver head, that sign of extreme emotion would have escaped me."

Next day the body of André's father is found in a room in a hotel where he had gone on leaving home to keep a business appointment with a stranger. The circumstances are all wrapped in mystery, the murderer having had two days to secure his escape before the body was found. The horror of this murder, and the burning desire to bring its perpetrator to punishment, come over the child's life like a cloud; but nevertheless he is childishly happy with his mother, whom he admires as much as he adores her, for the short period which remains before she becomes the wife of M. Termonde. Then a great change comes over his life. He cannot identify in his mind the moment when he begins to suspect and fear this man who had caressed and petted him from his childhood, but it is not long before he finds that his home is no longer his, and that his mother's new husband has no pleasure in seeing him there. The enmity that grows between the man and the boy, the consciousness of wrong and dim perception of an answering jealousy and opposition which André feels to the bottom of his heart—yet the strict justice and apparent care for his wellbeing which actuates his step-father, are worked out with great care and skill. The constant self-restraint and calm of Termonde, and the petulant passion, indignation, and strain against an inexorable will that rules him however he may resist, in the boy—grow gradually in intensity and concentrated bitterness with the progress of the years—though there is nothing to complain of in the action of the step-father, nothing that might not be consistent with an enlightened desire for the best interests of his wife's son. Between the extreme self-command and power of her hus-

band, and the passionate nature of her son, the mother, a pretty slight creature, full of tenderness and kindness, of parties and balls, of chit-chat and toilet, who perceives nothing of the dark and silent struggle going on beside her, and never indeed suspects its existence, is a wonderfully fine and delicate study. A suspicion which he can neither formulate nor explain, the consciousness, quite unjustified by anything he knows, of some connection between his father's unavenged murder and his mother's second husband, weighs upon the young man when he grows up, and is emancipated from all bonds, which his step-father takes care to accomplish on the earliest possible occasion, placing his fortune in his own hands, and launching him upon life. André, however, has no heart for Parisian life; and he has begun secretly to open up again the long-arrested search for his father's murderer, when he is suddenly summoned to the deathbed of his aunt Louise, the only other personage in the self-restrained and severe tale. She has been struck with palsy, and when he arrives is unable to speak to him, but he makes out by signs that she is agonisingly anxious to have a certain packet of letters which she indicates burnt, before she can dispose herself to die. André sees that the letters are his father's, and written in the year preceding his death—and unable to resist the temptation to read them, only pretends to obey his aunt's directions. When she is dead he reads the fatal letters, and sees as in a mystic picture the tragedy of his father's life. First his melancholy persuasion that his wife does not love him as he loves her, then the gradual appearance of Termonde between them, the growth of his influence, the persistence of a com-

panionship in which there was nothing to reprove, the gradual displacement of the husband though the intruder was no lover, and transgressed no law or decorum—all of which is told to his sister unconsciously in detail, sometimes with prayers for her advice, and accusations of himself for miserable jealousy and fear. “C'est si triste de sentir qu'on est de trop dans sa propre maison, qu'on possède une femme par tous les droits, qu'elle vous donne tout ce que ses devoirs l'obligeant à vous donner, tout excepté son cœur qui est à un autre, sans qu'elle s'en doute peut-être, à moins que—à moins que——!” This broken sentence, conveying as it does a most dreadful doubt, penetrates the son's heart. He has no longer any doubt that it is Termonde who has killed his father: is it possible that his mother is culpable too?

The most powerful chapter in the book, though the least tragic, is that which follows, in which the mother arrives to do the last duties to the aunt Louise whom she has never loved, all unconscious of the horrible doubt with which her son meets her, and notes her every word and look to see if he can discern any sign of guilt. His fears are dispersed by the sound of her familiar voice, by the naturalness of the sight of her, and the softness of her tones, and all the well-known indications of that character he knows so well.

“Neither her sorrow for me, nor her anxiety for the health of her husband (whom she had left ill), had prevented that poor mother from providing, even during the absence of a few days, for her little habitual comforts and elegancies. Her maid was there, accompanied by a porter, both of them charged with three or four bags of different sizes in English leather, carefully buttoned into

cloth cases ; a dressing-case ; a box with her writing-materials ; a satchel for her purse, her handkerchief, her book ; and besides, a bottle for hot water on which to place her feet, two cushions, and a carriage-clock in an open case.

"As I put her into the carriage she added, 'There is still a bonnet-box and a trunk.' She half smiled in saying this to make me smile in my turn. It was an old subject of little quarrels between us, the quantity of small and useless packages with which she encumbered herself. In any other condition of mind, I should have suffered to find in her, even while she gave me so great a mark of affection in coming, the constant traces of frivolity. But that very frivolity was sweet to see at this moment. This was, then, the woman whom I had imagined to myself as arriving with the gloomy purpose of searching through the papers of my dead aunt, to steal or destroy the accusing pages which might be found among them ! This was the woman whom I had represented to myself that very morning as a criminal bending under the weight of a cowardly murder. What a tranquillising power was in that folly, that gentle weakness ! I held my mother's hand. I longed to ask her pardon, to kiss the hem of her robe, to tell her that I loved her. She saw my emotion, and attributed it to the grief with which I had been stricken. She was sorry for me. Several times she said to me, 'Mon André !' It was so rare to me to find her thus, all mine, and in exactly the sympathy of heart of which I had need."

The poor lady confirms this gentle impression both by her natural emotion and by her simple self-indulgences. She sits by the fire and cries, and tells him how his father brought her to this house on their marriage, and the whole story of that marriage, which he had never heard before. In the midst of the gloom of the book, this picture of the innocent woman, disculpating herself with every unconscious word, while her son,

ashamed of his doubts, happy in his shame, relieved of the most horrible of fears, sits penitent and listens, is very fine and touching. The tremendous duel which takes place after, prolonged from interview to interview, between André and Termonde, the little French Hamlet struggling into proof and certainty : and the final scene in which, that certainty being attained, André calls upon the murderer to kill himself, or else be given up to justice, is gloomy and terrible enough to make it unpleasant reading late at night or in a lonely place. But much the highest note in the book is struck in the scene with the mother. Revenge is apt to be tedious, and the record of mental struggles must be made more or less in a monotone ; but the fine discrimination of such a sketch is possible only to a fine artist.

We are compelled by space to put aside several books which demand notice, and which we had intended to add to this handful of the newest efforts of French fiction. Madame Henry Greville, who is an established favourite in England, gives us in 'Frankley' a sketch of American manners as they appear to a stranger, which no doubt is as true as a stranger's ideas on such a subject can be, and illustrate the wonderful "young girl" of that great country with some originality and power ; but we have so many of these studies at first hand, that it is scarcely necessary to choose the reflection when the original is so easily obtainable. The work with which we shall conclude is one which has made a sensation of another than a literary kind.

A military book is by no means a rarity, but a book which really tells us something about soldiers is. Tales of military adventure are

common enough, and there will always be far too great a supply of sketches of garrison life and its humours; but we scarcely know where a genuine description of the *soldatenleben*, the interior life of the soldier, is to be found. This is the more remarkable in France, where, as the author of the 'Cavalier Miserey'¹ says, "Nous avons tous dormi sous la couverture grise et dans les lits étroits de la chambrée,"—where every one, or almost every one, has served his time in the army, and is liable to be called upon to serve again in case of emergency. For us it is different. We grumble enough when we have to pay taxes to keep up the army, reserving the right to crouch behind it in times of danger; and when our soldiers return victorious from distant climes, it is open to us to wave our hats and shout, or sit at the club window and sneer, according to our different temperaments; but as a rule we can remain placidly unconscious of their existence. In France, the military service forms a real part of the national life; yet, even there, M. Hermant tells us he can find nothing but "Chauvinist tirades, conventional caricatures, the sentimental reminiscences of one-year men, the indiscretions of fashionable officers whispered at the confessional of the 'Vie Parisienne,' or mere flying pages, picturesque bits caught by amateurs" in contemporary literature. We do not exactly see under which of these heads fall the delightful works of MM. Erckmann-Chatrrian, who have presented to us many types of military life,—from the enthusiasts of the first republican armies to the unwilling soldier of Napoleon's conscrip-

tions; from the pacific National Guard, reluctant even to defend the town he lives in, to the fierce heroism of the peasant volunteers. But, at any rate, no one has yet touched the barrack life in time of peace, which is the study of M. Abel Hermant.

Trooper Miserey's experiences are so entirely in time of peace, that he finds it hard to realise that there is any such thing as war, or, at any rate, that his regiment should ever have to take part in it. The idea strikes him with astonishment when he notices the names of battles inscribed on the walls of the school of arms. He only knows the last one, at which his father, who had risen from the ranks to be lieutenant in the same regiment, was present.

"The 21st had charged at Niederbronn, and Miserey, the father, got a scar across his face, and won his stripes there. As for the other names, —Jemmapes, Austerlitz, Puebla,—he remembered that they were the names, of battles inscribed on the colours. And for the first time he began to think that there were really battles and charges, and men who fought to the death. No one had yet spoken to him of any such things since he had joined the regiment. He asked himself if it was not all stories. Fancy the 21st charging! He could understand his comrades in their fatigue-jackets, at their work, quiet and contented. He could understand them in full uniform, pipeclayed up to the nines, capable of keeping their ranks fixed and immovable for an hour; but how about really sharpened swords,—swords that strike something else than the Turk's head, points that prick and edges that cut? Besides, what would be the good of it all? Has one any other duty to do than to get up at the *réveil*, to go to the instruction, to rub one's horse down, to eat one's rations, and sleep at night? And then he read again

¹ Le Cavalier Miserey, 21^e Chasseurs. Par Abel Hermant.

on the wall, *Honneur et patrie—Gloire à la France*; and he had a confused kind of notion that these things were not included in the system—that he was not taught that."

The reception of the recruit by his new comrades, the kindness and consideration with which the older soldiers initiate him into his duties, the gradual absorption of the individual into the community till he loses all consciousness of himself except as a part of his troop, are minutely described by our author, and form, with some rough sketches of character and a few distinct scenes, the principal subject of the earlier part of the book. The officers of the regiment, with their different little peculiarities,—Simard, with his stuttering "Ahé, ahé;" Weber, with his catchword of "C'est embêtant;" Coudougnan, with his scraps of Latin,—give one more the idea of faithful portraits than of fancy sketches; and, indeed, we believe that the publication of the 'Cavalier Miserey,' besides causing a considerable sensation in the French army, has induced certain officers, who believed themselves to be personally caricatured, to defy M. Hermant to mortal combat—a consequence which our English authors fortunately have no need to fear.

Perhaps the most remarkable figure is that of the colonel of the regiment, the Comte de Vermandois—one of those excellent law-abiding citizens whom a paternal Government has lately expelled from France for the crime of being descended from its former sovereigns. The departure of the Prince from his regiment, when the order for his dismissal has been resolved upon, is one of the most striking scenes in the book, and has probably a foundation in fact. His officers, warned by Miserey, who

learns it by chance, that their colonel is leaving them, go in a body to salute him at a small station which his train must pass. Their silent muster in the early morning is thus described:—

"There were no more stars in the sky. The day was breaking over the silent streets of the slumbering quarter of St Sever. From time to time the gallop of a horse was heard on the stones. Then the sound of the gallop grew fainter, and died away in the distance. Officers met each other, called out to each other, 'Are you going?—You too?' and they galloped on side by side. A group had halted in front of the barracks. Pimpernel shouted, 'This way, gentlemen! The others are here.' Captain de Simard was waiting on the grass-plot in the Place des Chartreux. . . .

"At the same moment Commandant de Marcy la Tour appeared in the Place. He did not slacken the speed of his horse; he said simply, as he passed, 'Come, gentlemen.' And he started first. Coudougnan came up behind, crying, 'Here I am, here I am!' Nothing more was heard on the road but the gallop of the close troop of horses.

"The road was straight, the country bare and unbroken. The thirty officers galloped on in a light cloud of dust. The morning sun was pale, and the blue dolmans looked very light in colour. Some officers had wrapped themselves in their black cloaks. Swift had his little cape with its hood.

"They passed through a village; they saw the Seine far off, and the hills draped in mist, as in the folds of a white robe. Marcy la Tour looked at his watch, and said, 'Let us make haste.' They quickened their pace, and at last they caught sight of Oissel, the station, and the level crossing. They grouped themselves by the paling. Their horses were covered with sweat, their necks and hind-quarters smoking. On the platform, porters and peasants, men and women, looked with astonishment at the brilliant troop of officers. An electric bell was tinkling in a continuous and irritating fashion; the telegraph wires

vibrated, and birds perched upon them, and plumed themselves with their beaks.

"A horn sounded. The white smoke of the train rose in the air, and the sound of the carriages rolling on the rails was heard. A sudden agitation came upon all the men. As the engine passed the horses started and shied. The train stopped. The Prince's head was seen behind the window of a carriage. He, too, caught sight of his officers at once. He turned pale, then his face lighted up; he let down the glass, and showed himself, and saluted ceremoniously. Then all saluted him with the same stiff, military gesture, carrying the right hand up to their caps, rigid and erect in their saddles like simple troopers in their ranks. Then the Colonel drew back, and the Countess de Vermandois appeared in her turn, and waved a greeting to them. And all the officers uncovered, and remained bareheaded till the departure of the train.

"After the train had gone, they stayed still a moment, looking after it. Then they turned their horses, and came back at a foot pace, without exchanging a word."

The relations between officers and men are much closer than in our army. This is to some extent explained by the fact that all classes alike must serve their time in the ranks. It would certainly seem strange to us to think of a trooper going in full uniform to call upon his captain at his house in the town. It is true that Miserey was in a peculiar position, as being the son of a former officer of the regiment; but there seems to be nothing out of the way about this visit. Many little details strike us as strange,—such as the whole regiment on the march singing catches, led by one of the captains. Perhaps the queerest scene of all is that following the sudden irruption of Gresset, an officer, into one of the bedrooms, the night before the regiment starts for the

manœuvres. Gresset is an Algerian veteran, much dreaded for his severity, and he commences by finding fault with everything.

"But suddenly the men were amazed to hear his monotonous voice tremble and falter. . . . 'If you had only suffered what I have suffered.' And he began to relate to them in simple phrase, with expressions they could understand, how he had left the country, crossed the sea, and for six months had not slept in a bed, for six months sleeping in holes dug in the burning sand, where one woke up in the morning chilled to the bone by the dew, a whole campaign without receiving a single letter from home, exile and loneliness at eighteen. And his eyes filled with tears. He explained to these men, all grouped round him now and listening attentively, that he was afraid he had lost his natural goodness of heart through intense suffering. He asked their forgiveness for the way he had worried and punished them,—asked for pardon in the name of the great sufferings he had endured, and the obscure labours he had gone through. And then the ardour of eighteen returned to him. He regretted that accursed and beloved land of Africa, where the hardship of exile is largely compensated by the joy of battle and hard blows. He spoke to them of his Spahi's cloak and his olive-wood saddle. He declaimed against the dull existence of an officer in time of peace, the demoralising influence of garrison life. And the men, no longer able to distinguish clearly among all these complicated matters, yielded to the illusion and the pathos of the narrative, and imagined, at the sight of their packed saddles, of the forage-carts and ambulance waggons which blocked up the square, and the bedding folded as if for a start, that they were actually going off on a genuine expedition. They stood there serious, with eyes moistened with the grave joy of duty accomplished and the sadness of a farewell."

The story of the book consists of the rise and fall of Miserey,—the

earlier part, which is purely military, and by far the most interesting, treating of his gradual advancement till he receives his promotion. From that point he begins to fall. The author appears by this time to have exhausted his originality, and falls back upon the stock subject of his *confrères*, whose motto usually seems to be that it is no matter how dull a book may be, provided it be sufficiently indecent. We do not suppose that a French novelist of the present day, except with a very firmly established reputation, would venture to publish a book in which there was nothing *risqué*, but we may be allowed to regret that we cannot have one break in that long monotony of cheerless dirt which characterises contemporary fiction in France. So M. Hermant ploughs his way along through the mire till he shakes himself free at last, and regains his former liveliness and reality of description in the final scene of all, when Miserey, in the face of his regiment, is expelled

from the army as unworthy to bear arms. He is marched along the head of the regiment, drawn up in line to witness his degradation.

"On the quay he turned right round as if he had been shot. They pushed him on, but it was impossible to make him go further. He stood fast like a stone built in to the pavement.

"The 21st marched past, — first the trumpeters, then the first troop, then the second, then the others, four abreast. The regiment passed before Miserey, proud as it stood long ago in the barrack-square, under the kingly glance of the Comte de Vermandois, triumphant as in the plains of Pacy. Miserey stretched out his hands to it one last time in despairing supplication. But it passed inflexible, living and glorious, in the apotheosis of its sounding trumpets and its triumphal flourishes."

We have scarcely touched at all upon the reigning school of French fiction in these notes upon some of the books of the day. It is an agreeable surprise even to the writer to find so many which can be handled without contamination.

BURMA REFORMED.

It appears scarcely too much to say that the results of the winter campaign of 1886-87 in Upper Burma have fully equalled the most sanguine expectations of all who are most interested in the pacification of that country. The change that has come over its face during the past few months may reasonably be said to be a surprise, a pleasing surprise, to those who were eye-witnesses of its disturbed condition during the hot and rainy season of 1886, and who have since seen the flame of rebellion brought well under control by a brief but arduous and energetic campaign of barely two months' duration. I, of course, except from the number of those to whom this surprise has afforded gratification the rebel leaders themselves and their adherents. What a change has come over the spirit of their dream! A few months ago all, or almost all, was for them *couleur de rose*. To loot mails and convoys, ambuscade small bodies of troops, shoot down officers and men from almost inaccessible places in scarcely penetrable jungle, to rush on unprotected and weakly garrisoned posts, to shoot sentries at night, to fire and pillage villages friendly to or under the protection of the British forces, and massacre their inhabitants; to quarter themselves and their adherents on any unprotected village, extorting supplies, money, arms, and recruits, the penalty of refusal being death and destruction of property by fire or plunder; to make stern examples of those Burmans whom they deemed traitors to the national cause by putting them to the horrible death of crucifixion *à la Burmese* (it is to be feared that

this fate befel even one or two British subjects who were taken prisoners),—such were some of the main features of the existence of the rebel Burmese forces.

I say "rebel," because such is the term in vogue. But, as a matter of fact, up to the close of the winter of 1886-87, the annexation of Upper Burma was rather nominal than real. The brief lull that followed the occupation of Mandalay and the deposition of Theebaw in November 1885, followed by the peaceful visit of his Excellency the Viceroy of India in January and February 1886, was but a temporary delusion. The rebel leaders, who have now become notorious by their prolonged and successful resistance to British domination, no doubt required time to collect and organise their followers, and prepare a plan of operations. The fire of rebellion was but smouldering, and the august visitors from India had barely shaken off the Burmese dust (it really was dust then, though if the British soldier were asked for what Burma is most remarkable, he would say emphatically "mud") from their feet, when it burst forth into a flame, strong, lurid, and menacing. From February to November 1886 almost every day was marked by some skirmish or engagement with the rebels. It has been the custom to designate the Burmese forces who took the field against us when King Theebaw's army was broken up, as dacoits. Such a term is erroneous. Undoubtedly some of the Burmese leaders were dacoits under Theebaw's rule; but in taking up arms against the British army of annexation they

may reasonably be credited with at least partially patriotic motives. The British troops were very far from being invariably successful in these brushes. In many instances they were greatly outnumbered, in others hampered by the long and inevitably straggling convoys that they had to protect; and, furthermore, in almost every case where the rebels attacked or stood to fight, they were in a position naturally advantageous, hard of access, and from which a safe retreat was easily effected.

Those who have watched the course of the recent guerilla warfare in Upper Burma will have remarked that only on rare occasions did our troops succeed in inflicting heavy loss on the enemy. This is mainly due to the nature of the enemy's tactics. With the Briton victory means the capture or the successful defence of a position, coupled, if possible, with a minimum of loss to his own side, and a maximum of loss and demoralisation on that of the enemy. It may happen, however, that the losses of the victor exceed those of the vanquished. We all know the historic exclamation of Pyrrhus—"One more such victory, and I am undone!" The Burman has, and rightly, a very different object in view. It matters little to him who remains master of the *terrain*, provided he inflicts serious and sustains little loss. He is an adept in jungle warfare. He knows every track and bypath through his native forests; and with his small, wiry, scantily clad frame he readily evades the pursuit of the soldier or sepoy hampered with arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and somewhat cumbersome clothing. If it is a close thing, the Burman promptly abandons his arms. The "*relieta non bene parmula*" that

seems to have weighed somewhat on the mind of Horace, conveys no sense of shame to the Burmese conception of honour and duty. With him all is fair in war, even a weaponless flight. His first motto may be "Slay;" his second certainly is—"He that fights and runs away, will live to fight another day." It is in conformity with these principles that the Burmese never, or hardly ever, commit themselves to the defence of a position in which they can be surrounded and annihilated. Many and many are the carefully laid plans of continued operations for attack on Burmese positions that have been arranged, but few and far between are those that have been crowned with success. During the past year, any Burmese force occupying a position within possible striking distance of any body of British troops has almost invariably been attacked, and generally forced to withdraw.

But on whose side was the loss the heaviest? I fear on our side often. It would be exceedingly interesting to peruse a Burmese account of the past year's warfare (were any such obtainable), with details of losses sustained and inflicted according to their reports. As it is, we have only our own reports—at least officially—to go upon. It is a well-known and quite irresistible tendency in warfare to minimise our own and magnify our enemy's losses. And yet how often we have seen in the account of an engagement with our Burmese enemy the statement, "enemy's loss unknown." The reasons for this absence of known loss are the following: in many cases the engagement resulted from a sudden attack, an ambuscade arranged by the Burmese. A column is marching along a narrow path or an open river-

bed (Burmice, *chaung*), flanked in either case by dense jungle, and in the case of the *chaung* by high, often precipitous, banks. All who have experience of Burmese warfare know that in very close jungle it is practically impossible to work flanking parties consistently with the reasonably rapid progress of the column. The flankers, too, are apt to get lost. Consequently the column pushes on with the usual advanced-guard. The Burmans very soon learned by experience that, provided their own line of retreat is not threatened, it is advisable to let the advanced-guard pass on and reserve their fire for the main body, at whose head marches an officer. On that officer the greater portion of their fire is concentrated, and not improbably he and several of his men fall. The Burmese, having delivered their volley, bolt back through the dense jungle. Not a man of them is ever seen. Possibly a shot or two, or a volley or two, are fired at the spot whence their fire was delivered; but it is any odds to nothing that such random fire is ineffectual. If the column thus attacked is one unencumbered in any way, the Burmese probably would not venture near it again. If, however, it is escorting a convoy, which it cannot for obvious reasons leave, the enemy would often hang round it in the jungle for several hours, and fire on it as opportunity offered. It is in this sort of warfare that many a good officer and soldier has been laid low during the past year.

The other class of engagement is when our troops attacked the Burmese in their own defensive positions, which were generally strengthened by breastworks and stockades, and rendered difficult of access by *abattis* and bamboo spikes or stakes. The latter are essentially Burmese; and the ingenuity with which they

are disposed and dissimulated, and the severity of the wounds they inflict, are best realised when seen. Such positions the Burmese defend only so long as their flanks and rear are not threatened. The means of retreat from them is usually secure, and through or into dense jungle where pursuit is impracticable. When their line of secure retreat has been threatened or cut off, the Burmese have been known to conceal themselves in the jungle and let our troops pass close to them, without daring to fire a shot at them. It is hoped that this description of Burmese military tactics will explain why it has been found so very difficult to inflict severe loss on them, why the many little victories of our troops have been so barren of tangible results, and why at one time the pursuit of the wily Burman seemed nearly as hopeless as that of the will-o'-the-wisp. There were many, I believe, who a few months ago looked upon the destruction and dissipation of the rebel bands as an impossibility.

The Burmese bullet, however, was very far from the worst enemy with which our troops have had to contend. The arch-foe has been, and, I fear, will be again, during the coming hot and rainy season, disease. It is unnecessary to enter into detail about the ravages of cholera, malarious fever, dysentery, heat-apoplexy, &c., &c. It is very easy to produce statistics, if required. The average death-rate from disease, from May to October 1886, was, roughly speaking, from 100 to 150 a month. Of officers who have been killed in action and succumbed to wounds or disease, the list is a long one. It is a *façon de parler* to expatiate on the ideal death of a soldier. I am under the impression that soldiers, as a rule, do not indulge in any ideal of

death. On the contrary, they sincerely hope, at the commencement of a campaign or action, that they may find themselves alive and well at the end of it. There is, however, one thing regarding which I have no doubts, and that is, that to be shot down from behind a bush by Burman flint or matchlock is the ideal death of no man. Such, however, has been the fate of many a good soldier and sepoy during the past year.

It were easy to enter into greater detail about the guerilla warfare that our troops have waged in Upper Burma throughout the hot and rainy season of 1886; to dwell on the intense stifling heat, so trying to Europeans; to strive to depict the awful state of the so-called roads, several feet deep in mud and water, and for miles and miles traversing a network of flooded rice-fields; to describe the weary night-marches, and the passage of flooded streams and rivers. The refrain of the best known popular air among the troops in Upper Burma is, "One more river to cross." But there are scenes and facts to which no efforts of descriptive power can do justice. To be realised they must be experienced; and the experience is dearly bought. I had an idea that we should, during the past winter, have seen a good many visitors in Upper Burma. But such has not been the case, despite the unprecedented number of distinguished travellers who have spent the cold weather in India. And yet nothing is simpler and easier than a voyage up the Irrawaddy. Not that such a voyage would afford the globe-trotter any insight into the nature of military operations in Upper Burma. That can only be acquired by a trip into the interior, where are, or were, the fastnesses of Boh-

Shwé, Buda Yaza, Hla-Oo, and other prominent rebel-leaders.

Before passing on to the military operations of the last two months, which have so materially contributed to the pacification of Upper Burma, there are one or two questions affecting the condition of the country that merit some notice. Within a very short time after the occupation of Mandalay, in November 1885, the basis of a Civil Government was established and martial law abolished. This step having received the sanction of the Government of India, a retrograde movement became difficult, if not impossible. Nevertheless it was the opinion of a numerous section of the Indian community, and one well qualified to judge, that the step was premature. Sir Charles Bernard resolutely set his face against any retrogression. That was but natural, the forward step having been taken at his instance, and he being the chief representative of the civil power. On the other hand, if rumour be true, the supreme military authority in Upper Burma advocated the restoration of martial law. This was also only natural. As a matter of fact, however, the exercise of civil power has been purely nominal. To all intents and purposes martial law has prevailed up to the present time. In a country that is under civil government, it is an understood thing that the resources of that government are sufficient to enforce order and respect for the civil laws. Such, as is well known, has not been the case. Early in 1886 large drafts of police—some seasoned soldiers from the native army of India, others raw recruits from the Punjab and North-West Provinces—were hastily raised and hurried off to Burma. When they arrived, they proved in the main

useless. They knew nothing of the Burmese language, they had few or no competent officers, they were without arms, equipment, clothing, training, or discipline—almost without organisation. The year 1866 passed away in preparing this police force to be useful. In the meantime our regular troops controlled the country. The Government styled itself a Civil Administration, whereas without the aid of the troops it could not move a hand's turn. The name of power lay with the civilians, and the reality of it with the military. Thanks to the latter, the former have been enabled to maintain a semblance of jurisdiction up to the present time, when there is at least some hope of their being able ere long to render the civil administration a reality, and not a mere farce.

It is not pleasant to look back on the condition of Upper Burma for the first ten months of 1886. The retrospect presents no single feature that reflects credit on the administrative capacity of those with whom the responsibility rested. The only class that comes well out of the ordeal is the army of occupation, who, for ten months, struggled manfully to do their duty, despite climatic drawbacks and inadequate numbers. The experience therein gained enabled Major-General White, V.C., C.B. (now Sir George White, K.C.B.), to give the military authorities in India sound and reliable advice as to the best measures to be adopted to insure the permanent pacification of the country by the campaign of the winter of 1886-87. During the hot weather of 1886, General White had at his disposal only one regiment of cavalry (2d Madras Lancers) and a few hundred mounted infantry. Despite the almost impassable state of the country during the rains, and the

obstacles it presented to the effective operations of mounted troops, the cavalry and mounted infantry (especially the latter) did such good work, that General White decided to ask for three more regiments of cavalry, to arrive in Burma in October, and the augmentation of the mounted infantry to 825 men—*i.e.*, eleven companies of 75 men each (25 British and 50 native soldiers), to be distributed among the several brigades. His request was granted. The three regiments of cavalry (1st Bombay Lancers, 3d Regiment Hyderabad Contingent Cavalry, and 7th Bengal Cavalry) all arrived in Upper Burma in October. By that time, too, some progress had been made in the formation and equipment of the eleven companies of mounted infantry, the whole being placed under the command of Major (now Brevet Lieut.-Colonel) Symons of the South Wales Borderers. The chief difficulty was the provision of a sufficient number of ponies for the mounted infantry. The Burmese ponies are well known, at least in India, and it may seem strange that difficulty should have been experienced in obtaining 825 ponies in a country with three to four millions of inhabitants. Still, so it has proved. However, the numbers and equipment of the mounted infantry were sufficiently complete to enable them to contribute very materially to the pacification of the country. At the same time that the mounted branches of the service in Burma were largely increased, considerable additions were also made to the number of infantry battalions. The total strength of the troops was raised from about 15,000, the approximate hot-weather strength, to 25,000, including the Lower Burma garrisons. At the same time the police force, numbering

some 3000 or 4000 men, was just beginning to be sufficiently acquainted with drill and discipline, and police duties in general, to be of some use. In a short time the battalions of Panjabi police, now serving in Upper Burma, will form a very fine body of troops, fit not only for police work, but for any military duties. Their numbers are being largely augmented by recruiting in India, and by volunteers from all the native regiments now serving in Burma and also in India. It is hoped, by the commencement of the hot season, when a large proportion of the regular troops are to return to India, that there will be about 16,000 police, more or less perfectly trained, available in Burma for the maintenance of peace and the prompt repression of all attempts at a revival of rebellion and dacoity.

But I am rather anticipating. I must first give a brief account of the active operations of December 1886 and January 1887 before I pass to their results. Practically speaking, little was done before the close of November last—both the climate and the state of the country, with its flooded roads and vast area of rice-fields, being unfavourable to active operations. The force under General White was apportioned into six brigades; and from 3000 to 4000 men, from one-fourth to one-third, being British soldiers, were placed at the disposal of each brigadier. Each brigade had approximately two squadrons of cavalry and two companies of mounted infantry. Artillery, of course, there was; but it may be fairly said that for all the use the guns have been during the past winter in Burma, they might just as well have been in India or Great Britain. Indeed this winter campaign has been

essentially a campaign of the mounted branches. The infantry and artillery have not been in it. These two branches are invaluable when the enemy makes a stand; but when they persist in running away, there is only one branch of the service that is of any use, and that is the cavalry. Even the mounted infantry were not in it at all, when the cavalry were there. The advent of three regiments of cavalry, armed with lances, completely demoralised the Burmese rebels. The sight of a single lancer terrified them into headlong flight or abject submission. One sowar of the 1st Bombay Lancers alone routed forty or fifty rebels, and brought in, with the assistance of some friendly Burmans, a dozen prisoners. To use a sporting expression, all the big bags of the season have been made by the cavalry; and it is to the complete demoralisation that they set on foot among the rebels that we owe in a great measure the present comparatively quiet state of the country. As a matter of fact, had the enemy been worth anything at all, they would have inflicted severe losses on the cavalry. Nothing is easier for infantry than to worst cavalry in difficult country, cut up by ravines and covered with dense jungle. As a squadron marched along a narrow track in Indian file, many and many a time might the Burmese have poured volleys into them with disastrous effect. But from very fear they dare not do it. The old game of breastworks and stockades was played out. The enemy had no thought but to avoid all contact with our troops, especially the cavalry and mounted infantry. The rebel leaders, with their following, hurried from place to place, getting no peace or rest, and ever fearful of surprise. The

way the cavalry and mounted infantry would drop in upon them about daybreak at their bivouacs, or in the villages, soon taught them that they were not safe if our troops were within twenty miles of them. To be rudely awakened at dawn from one's slumbers by the thunder of horses' feet, and then ridden down like a sounder of pig, must be very unpleasant. Still, such was the early morning meal that was not unfrequently prepared for a rebel-gang that deemed itself secure in its jungle fastness. But despite the fact that our Burmese foe rarely showed fight, few troops have ever had harder work than those that have taken part in these operations. It was one incessant march from the 1st of December 1886 to the 1st of February 1887, late and early, day and night. It was the only way to do it, the only way to catch our wary-slippery foe. Many a time have the mounted branches covered forty or fifty miles in a day, and had several brushes with the enemy *en route*. On more than one occasion long marches (thirty-five to forty miles) through difficult country lasted from twenty-five to thirty hours, the troops being under arms and on the move all that time. Fortunately the climate was tolerably favourable, the nights not being very cold nor the days very warm. It was real hard arduous work while it lasted; but the fruits of that work, and good work it was, are now being reaped in the dispersal of the rebels, the peaceful state of the country, and a well-earned rest for the troops. Not that it would be justifiable to assume that the last spark of rebellion is stamped out. Far from it. Let the experiences of the past year teach us to indulge no such false delusion. It is but a year

since the Government of India talked of reducing the army of occupation in Burma at an early date. So far from its being reduced, it was augmented by 10,000. Now once more it is going to be reduced, but this time on good grounds.

The rebels have been so severely handled, that they will think twice before they again take the field against our troops. A very large body of trained police (by April 1887 there should be some 10,000 available) are ready to replace the troops and garrison all the posts and stations. There seems now good ground for believing that Upper Burma is well on the road to pacification, and that the future is not distant when the troubles of the past will be repaid by a considerable surplus of revenue. The soil of Upper Burma is almost everywhere fertile. True, at present thousands of square miles are overgrown with jungle. But thousands of square miles, as many as the present scant population can till, are producing rich crops of rice, maize, cotton, oil-seed, jowari, &c. When the population increases new lands will be cleared and cultivated. The Irrawaddy, Sittang, and other large rivers, afford every facility for commerce. The Lower Burma railway system is being extended from Tonghoo *via* Ningyan and Yemathen to Mandalay. The next step will be to carry it northward into Assam, and thence onward until it connects with our Indian railway system on the banks of the Brahmaputra. Good roads are now being constructed, or will be shortly, throughout the length and breadth of the land, both to facilitate trade and aid the repression of rebellion. The peaceful inhabitants—that is, those who have taken no active part against our troops—have received incontrovertible proof that we can con-

tend successfully with the rebels, and pursue them and hunt them down in the thickest jungles and in their remotest fastnesses. They have been convinced that we are the stronger power, and policy will therefore counsel them to conciliate us; and they will further be encouraged to resist by force any demands that rebel bands may in future make on them for arms, supplies, money, and recruits. The establishment of a network of posts held by military and police will enable us to extend the ægis of our armed protection to the friendly villages, and at the same time to prevent the collection of armed hostile bands in their vicinity. We have also gained much experience and an intimate knowledge of the geography of the country—a knowledge that is most essential for the conduct of military operations. In view of all the facts detailed above, it is reasonable to conclude that the work of reformation in Burma has made considerable progress of late, and is established on a sound basis not easily to be shaken. The question of the health of the troops in Upper Burma is a serious one.

In the absence, however, of abnormal hard work and exposure to heat and damp, there is every reason to anticipate that a material improvement in the health and decrease in the death-rate of the garrison of Upper Burma will take place. The cavalry will all be recalled to India, to avoid the decimation of the horses by *kamri* (loin disease). Their place will be taken by the mounted infantry, whose numbers, according to a report that has been circulated, are to be increased from 75 to 100 per company. Two mule batteries have been specially raised for service in Upper Burma, and will replace those that are about to be recalled to India. In short, the numbers of every branch of the service in Upper Burma are being largely diminished, except of the mounted infantry. This is as it should be, since the cavalry are being withdrawn; and, next to the cavalry, the moral effect of mounted infantry on the Burman is the greatest.

A. C. YATE.

YEMATHEEN, Feb. 5, 1887.

"HER MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION" IN 1887.

To those who have faith in Parliamentary government, the condition of the representative, or, more properly speaking, the elective, branch of the British Legislature must at this moment be a matter of the most profound disappointment and regret. The most practical and hard-working of races would seem to have intrusted the performance of its legislative business to hands which are either totally incompetent or utterly unwilling to discharge that business after a sensible and workmanlike fashion. The waste of time is enormous, the hours consumed in discussions of an eminently unpractical character are numerous beyond measure, and it is impossible but that the reputation of the House of Commons should be lowered in the eyes alike of the British public, who have hitherto regarded it with pride, and of the world beyond the seas, which has believed it to be one of the main bulwarks of the free constitution of Great Britain. The causes of this deterioration in the Lower House of Parliament may be variously estimated and explained. There are those who will attribute the evil solely to the change which, since the Reform Bill of 1832, has gradually crept over the constituencies, causing them to require different qualities in a representative from those which, before that date, were accounted his best recommendation. When borough or county seats were in the hands of patrons or of a small body of electors, it was not so necessary as at present that a candidate for a seat in Parliament should possess the art of ingratiating himself with electors

by means of those oratorical displays which have become almost essential in these days of large constituencies and extended franchise. Such displays, having gained the desired end of election, have been perhaps expected, by the local electorate before whom they have been exhibited, to be repeated before the House of Commons with an equally satisfactory result. Thus, even if the ingredient of personal vanity has been absent, the new member has found himself urged, by the necessity of satisfying his constituents, to address the House of Commons on various questions which could have been satisfactorily discussed and settled without his intervention; and by this means the length of debates has increased to an indefinite extent, and the power of the House of Commons to transact business has been proportionally curtailed and diminished. From this point of view, it is fair to allow that there is some excuse for honourable members, who know that their chances of re-election to a new Parliament depend, in a greater or less degree, upon their maintaining in the debates of the House their local reputation for oratorical ability. It is needless to discuss the question whether such a cause sufficiently accounts for the state into which the House of Commons has fallen, or whether the increase of business which has to be performed, in comparison with that with which the unreformed Parliament had to deal, must not also be partly credited with the evil of which we complain. A still graver and more melancholy cause may perhaps be discovered in the scarce-

ly disguised desire and intention of a section of members to discredit the British Parliament, and prevent the transaction of its business unless and until their own unreasonable demands are conceded. If a combination for such a purpose really exists, it only renders it more desirable that public attention should be called to another, and that one of the greatest and saddest causes of the deterioration of the House of Commons and its practical inability to do the work of the nation.

We allude to the attitude which has recently been assumed by those who constitute the “regular Opposition,” and their refusal to separate from party considerations and the influence of party tactics those questions of order and procedure which lie at the root of all parliamentary government. It is by no means our desire, either now or at any other time, when assailing or defending a principle, to single out individuals for attack, or to resort to personal criticism where such can be avoided. It is impossible, however, to avoid reference to Mr Gladstone in the present instance, partly on account of the position which he has held, more than once, as leader of the House of Commons, and partly because of the general recognition of his leadership by the present Opposition, and his evident intention to assume and maintain that character. Such being the case, the responsibility for the conduct of the Opposition in the House of Commons cannot be evaded or denied by the veteran statesman who alone possesses the authority requisite to control that conduct, and prevent its degeneration into misconduct and confusion. Even if Mr Gladstone had taken no personal action in the scenes by which the House of Commons has suf-

fered so greatly in public estimation, he could not have been held blameless in the matter, so long as there was no attempt on his part to exercise his authority over those who profess for him such boundless esteem and admiration. Unfortunately, the case can be carried much further, and it is impossible to acquit the leader of the Opposition of the charge of having directly encouraged the breach of old and healthy parliamentary traditions, and assisted the party of obstruction in a manner which has in no small degree added to the loss of *prestige* and character which has fallen upon the House of Commons.

One of the greatest abuses which has arisen of late years in the Lower House is the mischievous prolongation of the debate upon the Address in answer to her Majesty's gracious speech in opening Parliament. This is an innovation which cannot be defended upon any grounds of parliamentary privilege or public utility. No measure, of however great importance, can be advanced, because none can be proposed, upon the debate upon the Address, and the circumstances must be exceptional which can legitimately delay the conclusion of such a debate beyond the first or second night. Such circumstances have undoubtedly from time to time occurred, as, for instance, when the existence of a Government has been challenged by an amendment to the Address, moved by its political opponents. But the moving of multitudinous amendments upon every conceivable subject, at a time when no practical result can by possibility be obtained, is an abuse of parliamentary privilege, against which responsible statesmen, upon both sides of the House, should long since have set their face, and which

has done much to discredit the branch of the Legislature in which it has become a custom. It is understood, indeed, that Mr Gladstone himself objects to the practice, and he has certainly expressed himself strongly against the moving of irrelevant amendments to the Address, although he did not scruple to avail himself of one moved by "a certain Mr Collings," which had the incidental effect of transferring him, at the beginning of the year 1886, from the Opposition to the Treasury Bench. However, when the general election of last summer had placed the Unionist Conservative Government again in power, Mr Gladstone's objections to this class of amendments appear to have revived, and his name was conspicuous by its absence from the division list when such an amendment had been moved to the Address upon the opening of the present session of Parliament. Absence from a division, however, is an undignified and unsatisfactory manner in which to convey the disapproval of a leader of the line of action taken by his followers. Something more is required in order to give reality and force to an objection honestly entertained by a person in Mr Gladstone's position. In the year 1881, when he occupied the position of Prime Minister, the House of Commons met on the 6th January, and it was not until the 20th day of the same month that the debate upon the Address was concluded. Upon the 28th, when speaking upon Mr Forster's motion for leave to introduce a Bill "for the better protection of persons and property in Ireland," Mr Gladstone, pleading for the closing of the debate, remarked that, although it had only lasted three nights, "on the other hand, honourable gentlemen had achieved an

extraordinary feat on the Address to the Throne," in which "they had surpassed all former performances;" so that, even if they yielded to the feeling of the House at that moment, they would still "be able to say that they have spent many more days and hours of the time of Parliament in opposing the measures of the Government than has ever been so consumed in any Parliament and by any representatives before." These having been Mr Gladstone's views in 1881, one would have supposed that he would have felt some sympathy with a Government which, during the present session, has been exposed to opposition of a similar nature, and in an aggravated form. One would have hoped that an emphatic protest would have been made by him against the enormous exaggeration of the evils of 1881, which has occurred in 1887. Such a protest might or might not have been effectual; but it would have shown a respect for the dignity and character of Parliament, which would have been alike creditable to the man from whom it came, and useful to the cause of order and good government. What, however, has been Mr Gladstone's course? Far from rendering any such assistance to the transaction of public business as might have been afforded by such a protest, he has not only refrained from any action of the kind, but has actually taunted the Government with the delay which his own friends and supporters have indefensibly caused. The unprecedented length to which the debate upon the Address was extended, the obstructive tactics pursued by the Opposition during the discussions upon the Rules of Procedure, the intolerable repetition of speeches identical in form, substance, and ideas, the con-

temptuous disregard of the proprieties of debate, and the ill-advised sympathy with obstructionists which has been evinced by the most prominent among his lieutenants, appear to have aroused within Mr Gladstone's bosom no more generous feeling than one of satisfaction that his political adversaries should have been annoyed. Indeed, he absolutely condescends to accuse the Government of not being careful of the time of the House, because they have been unable to perform the impossible task of keeping within the reasonable limits of fair and orderly debate the unruly and turbulent body which recognises him as their leader. It is this practical abdication of the duties of leader of his party, when that party requires restraint, accompanied by a readiness to come forward as their spokesman and defender when they seek still further to delay the business of Parliament, which cannot fail to have weakened—and justly weakened—Mr Gladstone's position in the country, but which at the same time has exercised a most pernicious influence upon the proceedings of the House of Commons.

In that debate of the 28th January 1881 of which we have spoken, Mr Gladstone appealed to his Irish opponents to allow the House to divide, mainly upon the ground that, since the meeting of Parliament on the 6th, there had been, in one form or another, sufficient discussion upon the subject before it. This appeal was refused, and the division was not taken until after a continuous sitting of forty-one hours, which terminated upon the 2d February. Immediately after the division, Mr Gladstone gave notice that the second reading of his "Coercion" Bill would be moved at 12 o'clock upon that same day. To expose the

inconsistencies of Mr Gladstone is indeed a superfluous task; but it is almost inconceivable to an ordinary mind how any man who had played the part which fell to his lot in 1881 could have taken the course which he has deemed it right to adopt under very similar circumstances in the present session. There is hardly a single point upon which he has not contradicted his own teaching, acted in Opposition in a manner directly antagonistic to that which he followed in office, and discarded all respect for parliamentary tradition and precedent. Contrast for a moment that appeal of January 28, 1881, with the demand made by Mr Gladstone of the present Government upon the 1st April of this year of grace 1887, that they should give more time for debate upon the introduction of their Bill for the amendment of the criminal law in Ireland. In the first instance, the session had lasted from the 6th to the 28th of January. In the second instance, the session had lasted from the 27th of January to the beginning of April. In the first case, the debate upon the Address had occupied a fortnight, and that on the Protection of Life and Property Bill had lasted three days. In the second case, the whole of the time from the 27th January to the first April had been consumed by the debate upon the Address, the Rules of Procedure, and unusual and desultory discussions upon Supplemental Estimates, whilst the debates upon the question whether "urgency" should be applied to the Government Bill to amend the Irish criminal law, and whether that Bill should be introduced (which practically dealt with the same subject), had occupied nine days, and only wanton obstruction could be served by a

further postponement of the division. Yet Mr Gladstone pressed for further delay and more debate, and his friends have been hurling their denunciations against the Government for having moved the second reading of their Bill—not, according to Mr Gladstone's own precedent, at 12 o'clock the very day and within two hours of its introduction being carried, but after an interval of three days, accompanied by a promise to afford full time for its discussion.

It is absolutely monstrous and unreasonable to pretend that any undue limit was placed upon the discussion on the motion for leave to introduce the Bill. If Mr Gladstone and his friends chose to debate at great length the demand for urgency made by the Government upon their responsibility, and to employ in their protest against granting that demand all the arguments which more properly belonged to a discussion upon the measure itself, they have only themselves to blame if the House and the Government declined to allow a repetition of the identical tirades which had been already delivered, and insisted upon allowing to the responsible Ministers of the Crown, after three nights' debate, that privilege of laying their Bill upon the table which, in the Upper House of Parliament, is granted to any member as a matter of right. Of course it will be denied that one single unnecessary speech has been made, or that the Parnellite-Gladstonians have been guilty of obstructive tactics. Above all, it will be insisted upon that, whoever else may have been to blame, the immaculate leader of the "regular Opposition" is above the censure, or even the suspicion, of ordinary men. But the people of Great Britain are apt to look matters straight in the face, and

to take a common-sense view of occurrences which have transpired before their eyes. They see that the whole time of the House of Commons has been absolutely wasted since the meeting of Parliament—that the Government have not been able to bring forward their measures, and that speeches of almost interminable length have been continually made at times and upon questions which could lead to no result but delay. Seeing this, they will at the same time recognise that Mr Gladstone has been again and again proclaimed as their leader by the very men who have been foremost in this policy of obstruction, and they will naturally come to the conclusion that a leader must be more or less responsible for the conduct of his followers.

To every impartial mind, and to every man who cares for the character and efficiency of the House of Commons, it must certainly appear that Mr Gladstone's refusal to exercise his authority over the unruly obstructionists who delight to applaud him as their champion, conclusively proves that either he fears lest that authority should be disregarded if attempted to be exercised for the legitimate purposes of orderly procedure, or that he is unwilling in any way to assist the administration of law and order when the responsibility for that administration happens to be in the hands of his political opponents. One would have imagined that upon such a momentous question as that of the protection of the lives and properties of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland, Mr Gladstone, and indeed any man who had ever held office under the Crown, would have felt bound to cast upon the Government the responsibility of demanding urgency, and of producing at

once the measure for which that urgency had been demanded. This would have been the true constitutional course ; and if the provisions of the measure had afterwards appeared to be objectionable, no one could have blamed the Opposition for resisting them in every legitimate manner. This, however, has not been Mr Gladstone's plan. It is all very well for Mr John Morley to tell the South London Radicals that “no leader has ever been more unjustly charged than Mr Gladstone is now with lending himself to obstructive and factious devices.” Will Mr Morley venture to say that no such devices have been attempted, and if so, what are we to think of the leader who has made no effort to prevent them, and has gone so far as to ask for more delay, after nine days' preliminary debate, upon a question of vital importance?

Of course this importance is denied, and the necessity of any such measure as that proposed by Government is treated in the same way. Just as Mr Sexton told Mr Gladstone in 1881 that there was no increase of crime to justify the measure which he then introduced, so Mr Gladstone tells us the same thing in 1887. In the assertion which he makes in a letter published in the ‘Observer’ of April 10, Mr Gladstone apparently disputes the statement of Mr Sexton, for he says, “It is *the first time* when coercion has been proposed for Ireland *without an attempt by the Ministry to show, what we know they cannot show, a state of exceptional, flagrant, or growing crime.*” But, whether or no Mr Gladstone was able to show “an increase of crime” in 1881, it is a fact to be borne in mind that it was not only, nor even mainly, upon an increase of crime that he based his so-called “Coercion”

Bill in that year. Upon the 6th January he told the House of Commons that it was “the duty” of the Government “to state, in the most distinct terms, to Parliament and to the country,” “what is the real state of the case which constitutes the justification for asking for those powers.” “Our justification,” he went on to say, “is, not that we have not sufficient police and military force at our command,—not that the stipendiary magistrates are unwilling to do their duty,—but that *whatever is done by them to give effect to the laws for the protection of life and property and to prevent illegal meetings is frustrated, and that we are totally unable to restore life to the administration of justice in Ireland through, not the difficulty, but the impossibility of procuring evidence.*” Let any fair man read these words, and afterwards read Mr Balfour's speech on introducing the Bill of the present Government, and ask himself how it is possible that the statesman who uttered the words can now be denouncing the Bill. Yet so it is: that which in Mr Gladstone is, we suppose, to be termed a generous and noble inspiration, but which in the case of any other living man would be called a factious and bitter spirit of partisanship, prompts him to denounce a measure less severe than one for which he has himself been responsible, as “the worst, most insulting, most causeless Coercion Bill ever submitted to Parliament.”

These are the concluding words of the letter of Mr Gladstone to which we have just alluded, and we cannot avoid the remark that the epithets are much more applicable to the letter itself than to the Bill. For, save and except his wicked attempt to separate the “masses” and the “classes” (so

well described by Mr Goldwin Smith as "a deliberate attempt to set class against class, and to poison the heart of society for a party purpose"), Mr Gladstone has seldom written more mischievous and unjustifiable words than those in which he has striven to excite the mining population of the North and the "working men of London" against the measure of the Government. He is right when he says that there is a "question of shame and dishonour for England" in this matter, for dishonour and shame it would indeed be if the Parliament of Great Britain should be persuaded to refuse that protection to the law-abiding inhabitants of Ireland which is the real and simple object of the Government Bill. Well, indeed, did Mr Hobhouse write to the East Somerset Liberals as to the real difference between his own honest and really Liberal views and those of the men who are trying to drag the whole Liberal party at the heels of Mr Parnell, and seeking to reunite their broken ranks by the cuckoo cry of "coercion." "They," wrote Mr Hobhouse, "object to the proposed coercion of criminals by the law. I object to the active coercion of law-abiding citizens in Ireland by intimidation, boycotting, and moonlighting;" and he goes on to tell a home-truth which we commend to Mr Gladstone's notice—"The present struggle is not between Liberals and Conservatives, but between those who desire to make the Queen's Government possible in Ireland, and those who wish to render it impossible." This, indeed, is the issue which cannot be evaded, and to which Mr Gladstone will not succeed in blinding the people of Great Britain. During the earlier stages of the debate it suited his purpose to minimise the melancholy state in which Ire-

land has been existing under the baneful rule of the National League, and even to make light of a cruel outrage upon a girl who had committed the crime of speaking to a policeman, because, forsooth, some crimes of a similar character had been perpetrated in the wretched days of 1798, and therefore it could not be charged that this was a crime newly invented by the present party of disorder! Again, he deemed it becoming to extenuate agrarian outrage, upon the extraordinary plea that it was not directed towards the abolition of rent, but only towards the lowering of rents unjustly high—as if the amount of guilt to be attached to an action in itself unlawful entirely depended upon the result at which the perpetrator ultimately aimed by its commission.

But the utmost amount of oratorical artifice or argumentative finesse will not lead sensible men away from the plain issues which are before the country. It is easy, of course, to sneer at the instances of crimes quoted by Mr Balfour, which have been committed without detection of the criminal, and to call them "unauthenticated" because the names were not always given. No men know better than those who sneer, how terrible would be the risk of those who had ventured to tell the tale of their sufferings, if their names were publicly announced to the agents of that foul and lawless tyranny under which the loyal part of the Irish population are now so truly coerced. Here, again, the people of Great Britain will not be deceived, for they well know that a Minister of the Crown would never propose legislation to the British Parliament, unless supported by facts which he had taken care to verify beyond doubt—although, for such good reason as that to which we have alluded, he

might deem it his duty to withhold the names by which those facts were authenticated.

There is something else, too, which will not escape the intelligence of the British people, and which they will doubtless lay to heart. The leader of the Opposition has not been content with the encouragement to factious obstruction and the abuse of parliamentary privileges which he has so recklessly given in his place in the House of Commons. The letter to which we have called attention is one which raises a grave constitutional question. We have recently extended the elective franchise so widely, that the very smallest amount of prudence and frugality will enable almost any individual, eligible by age and sex, to obtain a vote. To a constituency thus enormously enlarged, two appeals have been made within less than twelve months, so that the new electorate has had sufficient practice in the matter of voting to render it tolerably certain that, upon the second general election at least, the answer to the appeal was given in an intelligent manner, and without risk of confusion or mistake. That answer was unequivocally opposed to the Home Rule project of Mr Gladstone. And now, forsooth, in the very first session of the new Parliament, Mr Gladstone deliberately appeals from the Parliament to the mob, and calls upon the "mining population" and the "workmen of London" to assemble and overawe the representatives of the people. Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, when an ex-Prime Minister and a great party leader appeals from the popular assembly and the extended electorate by which that assembly has been constituted, to the pressure which may be exercised by the mass meetings of a

metropolis with several millions of inhabitants. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the excuse for an appeal, at once so mischievous and so unconstitutional, is the introduction of a Bill, in some respects infinitely less stringent than similar measures for which Mr Gladstone has himself been responsible, and one, moreover, which, at the time at which the appeal was made, had not been discussed, either in principle or in detail, by the legitimate representatives of the people.

It is not possible to protest too strongly against this last assault by Mr Gladstone upon the constitution—this arraigning of Parliament before the mobocracy—this dragging of legislation into the streets. The protest should be made more earnestly and more emphatically by the lovers of democracy than by those who doubt the virtues of democratic institutions, because it is these which are really and directly imperilled by a course of proceeding which teaches the people that there can be nothing stable or trustworthy in a Parliament elected by the democracy, but that its deliberations must be continually submitted to the masses outside for their judgment and direction. Mr Gladstone cannot, of course, be held responsible for all the language used, or the sentiments expressed at the gatherings which he and his lieutenants have excited and encouraged. Still, it is well to remember that lawless and violent words, and the utterance of dangerous and inflammatory sentiments, must be expected to follow an appeal made by persons in Mr Gladstone's position from the calm decisions of a legislative assembly to the partisan spirit of a defeated faction, and the excited passions of a mob. Thus, at one meeting,

we find the name of Mr Balfour greeted with a cry of "Shoot him!" At another, regret is expressed that the attempt to assassinate the Czar did not succeed, coupled with a desire that Lord Salisbury and Mr Chamberlain might receive by parcel-post some "chemical" preparation which would remove them. The individual who uttered the last wish went a little too far for the Gladstonian member of Parliament who presided at the meeting whereat this speech was made; but, if we mistake not, he afterwards stood side by side with Gladstonian orators upon one of the platforms in Hyde Park, probably upon that platform at which, according to one report, a coffin, with "Coercion" and "Balfour" inscribed upon it, served as a sounding-board for some of the orators who were endeavouring to justify the murderous policy of the National League. Again, we find that at the Liberal demonstration at Truro—where Lord Spencer, to the great regret of all those who have appreciated and approved his courageous administration of Irish affairs, lent the weight of his name and influence to the agitation—a spirit was displayed which should show the better sort of Gladstonians what are the real materials out of which their party is constructed. One of the speakers, in his delight at Lord Spencer's visit to Truro, declared that "the compliment paid to Truro was *second* only to that in 1880, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited the city for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the Cathedral." The mention of the Prince's visit was received with "loud hisses and cries of 'First'"—a reception which must have been as displeasing to Lord Spencer as it was discreditable to the disloyal

supporters of Mr Gladstone's agitation.

This journey of Lord Spencer's to the west is deserving of special attention. It was an attempt made by the Radical organisations of Cornwall to display their strength, and to overawe those Liberal Unionists who, in Cornwall, and still more in the adjoining county of Devon, have shown, not only strong vitality, but a resolute determination to prove that the old true principles of the "Liberal party" have not been, and shall not be, trampled under foot by the Separatist section of Radicals which follows Mr Gladstone, without a protest from those who have a better right both to the principles and the name. As a demonstration, there can be no doubt that the Gladstonians achieved a very fair amount of success, as, indeed, the trouble they had taken certainly deserved. Lord Spencer was received with respect and enthusiasm, and made a speech in which he justified his adherence to Mr Gladstone and his opposition to the "Coercion Bill" of the present Government. If, however, we analyse the speech, we shall probably be strengthened in the opinion that Lord Spencer is influenced rather by personal affection and reverence for Mr Gladstone, and by the power which a stronger nature exercises over one cast in a more feeble mould, than by any real and reasonable conviction of his own unbiassed judgment. The manner in which he gets rid of the charge of inconsistency is as delightful in its simplicity as it is pitiable in its weakness. "I administered exceptional criminal legislation in Ireland," says Lord Spencer, "when I did not believe that it was possible to give Home Rule to Ireland. I continued in the same

belief until 1886 ; but then, having been converted to Home Rule, I became at liberty to oppose such legislation, as I now oppose that introduced by her Majesty's Government.”

It is melancholy to read such opinions expressed by such a man. Let us put the proposition in a more simple and intelligible form. When he was responsible for the peace of Ireland, Lord Spencer asked for, obtained, and exercised with a firm hand, exceptional powers. Now, not being responsible for the peace of Ireland, he is prepared to resist those who are, and who upon their responsibility, declare that exceptional powers are necessary, in their demand for such powers. And the poor, pitiful excuse which he alleges as his justification is that he has, in the interval, become convinced that Home Rule may be safely given to Ireland. But even if this were so, and if the country had expressed no opinion, ay or no, upon “Home Rule,” it would be a serious error upon the part of a patriotic statesman, such as we take Lord Spencer to be, to refuse to the Executive Government powers which it asks upon its responsibility, unless he was prepared, not to quibble about the increase of crime as proved or disproved by the uncertain value of statistical evidence, but to deny the existence of a state of things in parts of Ireland which places an illegal authority above that of the Queen, and supersedes the ordinary law. But, when we come to consider that the country, specially appealed to upon the point, has emphatically refused to give Home Rule to Ireland in Mr Gladstone's sense of Home Rule, then Lord Spencer

must be held to be both inconsistent and unpatriotic in refusing to his successors powers which he himself demanded and obtained when in a similar position. There is a still more remarkable passage in Lord Spencer's speech. He contrasts the way in which Lord Cowper and Mr Forster dealt with the Land League, with his own manner of dealing with the National League, which he admits to be the “natural successor” of the Land League—i.e., of that body of which Mr Gladstone stated that crime “dogged its footsteps.” Lord Cowper and Mr Forster had put down the Land League by arresting and imprisoning its leaders. Lord Spencer magnanimously says “we never exercised that power, and we thought the proper way of dealing with the National League was to see that it kept within the law.” This is mighty fine talking ; but is it Lord Spencer's opinion that the National League has kept and is keeping within the law ? And does not Lord Spencer perfectly well know that it is not the question whether or not the League and its agents have broken or are breaking the law, but whether the law has not been so paralysed that it cannot be put in force ? If a Northamptonshire tenant of Lord Spencer's had offended the “Farmers' Alliance” or any similar organisation in England, and if, in consequence of such offence, his cattle should be maimed, his daughters have their hair cut off and pitch poured upon their heads, or if he himself should be shot in the legs or otherwise grievously injured, Lord Spencer would probably be of opinion that condign punishment should follow such an outrage.¹ Would he be content

¹ As a sample of the eagerness with which the Separatists are casting around them in every direction for excuses, and of their anxiety to extort from the

with the statement that the law by which such outrages should be punished was "not in harmony with the opinion of the people"? Of course not. Yet that is the answer which is given to us by Gladstonian orators and the Gladstonian press when we protest against similar outrages in Ireland; and in that answer Lord Spencer practically concurs when he refuses to the Government power to enforce the law. Why is a loyal and law-abiding subject of her Majesty to be outraged in Ireland any more than in Northamptonshire? Does Lord Spencer really believe that Home Rule would be a remedy for such a depraved state of public morality as that which tolerates such things in the parts of Ireland in which they occur? He may rely upon it, that public morality must be improved, and criminal outrages punished with a strong hand, before any concessions can be made to Irish demands; and that to make such concessions, in any shape or form, until the supremacy of the law has been vindicated and established, would be at once a blunder and a crime.

Lord Spencer protests against the proposed permanence of the Government measure. He entirely forgets that it is only to be ap-

plicable to districts proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant, and that the proclamation can at once be removed, in the event of a better order of things being established, or the advent of a Government which deems it desirable that this should be done. Lord Spencer objects to an Irishman being tried in England by an English jury; but it is questionable whether the proposal in the Bill of Mr Gladstone's own Government, that the trial might take place before three judges without any jury, was not of a more novel and stringent character. Throughout the whole of Lord Spencer's speech it is but too evident that he has allowed himself to be so entirely mesmerised by Mr Gladstone, that he can only see with the eyes and hear with the ears of his "venerable and beloved leader"; and under these circumstances, the best wish we can bestow upon him, as a loyal and well-meaning man, is that the trance may be of no long duration.

We have not much time to bestow upon Lord Spencer's late colleague and subordinate, Sir George Trevelyan. No man has ever yet been able to achieve perfect success in the laudable endeavour to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds" at the same time, and in this Sir

language of their opponents some condonation of their own position, we may refer to a remark made by Mr Childers at the party meeting in Edinburgh on 20th April. The right honourable gentleman actually held up "Maga" as the defender of boycotting! In the Magazine we had written, "Let the Conservative party universally and firmly act upon the principle of withdrawing their business from all tradesmen they employ who do not support the Conservative candidate." We certainly said so, and do not feel called upon to retract our advice. But we did not say, "Let those Conservatives who are of our way of thinking compel all other Conservatives to carry out this principle; and if they do not do so, ostracise them, belabour them, maim their cattle, compel them to leave their fields untilled and their crops to rot, ruin them in every possible way, and shoot them down if you can do so with any prospect of impunity." If we had said this, there might have been some point in Mr Childers's quotation. But as we did not, we can only infer that the right honourable gentleman was adapting himself to the intelligence of his audience.—ED. B. M.

George has succeeded no better than his predecessors. Hay is honestly objected to Mr Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, and described it in strong terms of reprobation, Sir George underwent an honourable martyrdom in the Hawick Burghs, and was enrolled in the list of those Liberal Unionists with whom patriotism had proved stronger than party. Since then, party has been constantly endeavouring to win him back from patriotism, and, judging from various letters and speeches, his mental conflicts must have been of a curious and distressing character. To day it would seem that the cuckoo-cry "*Coercion*" has been too much for his virtue, and that he has discovered that exceptional powers which may safely be intrusted to Liberal officials cannot be left in the hands of their opponents. It will be seen that the weight of party is, at the moment, the heavier in the scale. To-morrow, perhaps, it may be different. We can only hope for the best, and at the same time regret that the certain result is that this vacillation will very much have diminished the confidence which the public were disposed to place in a man who had, on one occasion at least, acted according to his conscientious convictions, and done good service to his country by a courageous vote. Sir George Trevelyan must forgive us if we do not follow him in his really paltry criticism of one or two minor details in the Government Bill, which can, if necessary, be amended in Committee, and which do not at all affect the general scope, aim, and object of the measure, which have been emphatically accepted by the Unionist leaders, with whom Sir George has lately been associated, and whom he cannot now desert upon these com-

paratively minor issues without forfeiting the respect to which he has been entitled by his previous action.

The frantic efforts of the Gladstonian-Parnellite confederates to excite the mobocracy against the Parliament have evoked a feeling throughout the country which will inevitably grow in force and intensity, as the subject is more and more impressed upon the public mind. Already, in many parts of the United Kingdom, loyal men, Liberals as well as Conservatives, have met to support the Queen's Government against the unconstitutional action of their unscrupulous opponents. Those opponents, meanwhile, have to look to their own position, which has not been improved in the eyes of the law-abiding people of this country by the revelations which have lately been made concerning some of their associates and allies. On Friday the 15th of April, Colonel Saunderson ventured to say in the House of Commons that which has been said, without refutation or contradiction, in the columns of the '*Times*,' with respect to the connection between certain leaders of the Parnellite party and men who have been obliged to fly the country under accusation of terrible crimes. It is possible that Colonel Saunderson, carried away by justifiable feelings, may have been somewhat too outspoken in his language, and may thus have afforded an excuse for the indignation, real or pretended, which his words evoked from the Nationalist allies of Mr Gladstone. It is impossible to prove that men who have associated with persons upon whom the guilt of murder and outrage has been afterwards fastened, were cognisant at the time of such association of the real or imputed guilt of those persons. None the

less, however, must it be held culpable on the part of individuals, be they politicians or not, to establish intimate relations between themselves and men of whose character and antecedents they are ignorant. If charity be stretched so far as to make us believe that the Parnellite leaders were entirely ignorant of the practices and intentions of their chosen companions, the damning fact remains that the companionship existed, and that there has been no such emphatic condemnation and denunciation of the men and their doings as might have been expected from men whose confidence had been so shamefully abused. On the contrary, the public has been led to believe that some of those very men have, up to a recent date, acted, if they are not even now acting, as the main supporters and upholders of the Parnellite funds; and Mr Parnell and his friends are believed to be upon as good terms with this wing of their army as with Mr Gladstone and his lieutenants. Be this as it may, the simple denials of the Parnellites, in however violent and vulgar language they may be couched, will have little weight with the British public.

In his noble and outspoken speech on the 18th April, Lord Hartington demolished their position. Mr Sexton, in an able but discursive speech, had alluded to the statements, ample and detailed, which have recently appeared in the columns of the 'Times' newspaper, and which, unless contradicted, seem to bring home to some of the Parnellite leaders connection with the Fenian conspiracy, or at least with its members and organisers. In relation to these statements, Mr Sexton had used the words "slander" and "malignant forgery," but had gone on to

say that he should, so far as he was himself concerned, treat them with contempt. A criminal action might indeed be brought; but Mr Sexton stated in so many words that an Irish member could not hope for justice at the hands of a British jury. Lord Hartington well remarked upon this statement that it did not harmonise very well with an expression of confidence in the British people and their opposition to "coercion," to which Mr Sexton had just given utterance; and as Lord Randolph Churchill subsequently pointed out in his speech at Nottingham, if Mr Parnell had no confidence in an English jury, he could submit his case to either a Scottish or an Irish one—the statement having been circulated by the press of the three kingdoms. But perhaps the most effective part of Lord Hartington's speech was that in which he tore away the mask from the face of "her Majesty's Opposition," and showed in plain terms the nature of their tortuous and unpatriotic conduct. They had no need, said Lord Hartington, to hunt up all kinds of excuses for their opposition to a Bill which was much less stringent than some which they had themselves introduced and passed. These Bills were intended to arm and strengthen the law, which had been defied and frustrated by the National League. But since they had become converted to Home Rule, they had come to the conclusion that the administration of the law should be practically placed under the control of that very League; and it was therefore natural that they should no longer support this kind of legislation. Lord Hartington's speech had a marked effect upon the House, which was by no means diminished or weakened by the petulant harangue which was

delivered by Mr Gladstone somewhat later in the evening. Mr Gladstone must have been well aware of the false position in which he is placed, at once by the inconsistency which he displays in his opposition to a measure recommended by arguments which he has himself again and again enforced, and by the reckless conduct of some of his followers and lieutenants, who have used language which plainly justifies rebellion against the authority of the Queen. Mr Gladstone's speech on the 18th April added nothing to his reputation; and the whole debate, as well as the outside agitation which he has endeavoured to stimulate, simply prove to the world that the “regular opposition” is no longer conducted upon the high principles which formerly guided British statesmen, whether in or out of office, but that, under the guidance of the “old Parliamentary hand,” alliances have been formed and sentiments openly professed, which will strengthen the determination of every loyal subject of the Queen to rally round that Conservative-Unionist Government which is carrying out the mandate of the country in the face of the most unscrupulous and unprincipled opposition with which a British Government has ever been encountered. The majority of 101, with which the second reading of the Crimes Bill was carried, affords an indication of the unabated strength which the loyal and Unionist party possesses in the House of Commons, and will doubtless encourage the Government in their determination to re-establish the authority of the Queen in Ireland, despite all the efforts of the Gladstonian Separatists and their Parnellite allies.

In his speech at the “Eighty Club” banquet, held upon the

night subsequent to that on which the second reading of the Crimes Bill took place, Mr Gladstone certainly out-Gladstoned himself. In his criticism of the accusations against the Parnellite leaders, he absolutely declared that, although he had “in other years” had great differences with “these gentlemen,” “neither now nor at any time have I given utterance to the sentiment, or have I entertained a suspicion that they were associated with crime.” We leave our readers to judge how far “marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the empire,” or belonging to a society, the “footsteps” of which are “dogged by crime,” constitute a crime; but, whether this be so or not, if Mr Gladstone's words are to be accepted as true, it follows that he imprisoned Mr Parnell and sundry other Irishmen when he did not even suspect them of being criminal. Surely this is as heavy a charge as could well be brought against any man—namely, that of persecuting innocent people—advanced against himself by Mr Gladstone, in the most open and emphatic manner! With regard to the accusations now made, Mr Gladstone again makes use of the most extraordinary argument in order to shield his new allies. “The burden of proof,” says he, “lies on those who make the charge, and *unless they make the charge with evidence that will bear the test of investigation*, they are wanton calumniators.” Very good. But Mr Gladstone forgets that the ‘Times’ has challenged “the test of investigation” in the fullest and most open manner. It had made certain charges and produced certain evidence. That evidence may be deemed sufficient by some, insufficient by others; but the only way in which it can be tested is by those who are charged proceed-

ing by due course of law against those who have brought the charge, as being "wanton calumniators." Silence under such a charge, or empty denial, in language however strong and vehement, will be interpreted by the public in various ways; but there is only one way in which innocent men could and should act, and if that way is not taken, Mr Gladstone's allies must bear the consequences.

It will be noted that Mr Gladstone took some pains to criticise Lord Hartington's speech and conduct, when addressing the select body of his adherents who were present at the "Eighty Club" gathering. His observations would have had more force if they had been delivered in the House of Commons and in Lord Hartington's presence; but he preferred the select party and the more private occasion, when he could not be answered. Considering that Mr Gladstone spoke subsequently to Lord Hartington in the debate, the postponement of his reply to the latter proves the difficulty which he has felt in encountering the straightforward antagonist who has done so much to expose the weakness and inconsistency of his policy. The incident will only tend to strength-

en Lord Hartington's position in the country and with the really sensible portion of the Liberal party.

The most notable portion of Mr Gladstone's "Eighty Club" speech, apart from the passages above mentioned, is that in which he informs his audience that the battle is not to be fought "in the walls of the House of Commons," but outside. In other words, Mr Gladstone deliberately lays it down as a canon by which the future political life of Great Britain is to be ruled, that whenever a Parliament elected by household suffrage legislates in a manner which is not approved by one or other political party, it will be the duty of that party at once to commence an agitation against the Parliament throughout the length and breadth of the land. Thus we are to expect neither rest nor peace for the future; all is to be trouble and turmoil, and the restless spirit of Mr Gladstone is to pervade the whole civil life of the nation. We have neither time nor space at the moment to criticise this mischievous teaching, further than to remark that it is one which we are confident will not commend itself to the common-sense and intelligence of our countrymen.

THE REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS.

THERE is nothing more sad in life than the disappearance of familiar faces, the closing of hospitable doors, the sudden emptiness which takes possession of a spot once warmly filled with a pleasant image. As life goes on, this is what happens constantly to us all. Often, after long tranquillity, there will arise a great wave of loss, sweeping away one after another of those whom—where they stood in the perspective of our lives, which seemed impossible without them—we had felt to be “as steadfast as the scene.” It is so natural that life should go on, and everything be as it has always been. Yet, lo! in a moment, desolation and emptiness, and what was is no more.

No figure more venerable, no friend more respected, could have been withdrawn from the scene than the admirable writer and faithful counsellor whom we have now to mourn. The Rev. W. Lucas Collins died on the 24th March at the Rectory of Lowick, near Thrapston, Northamptonshire, a parish of which he had been the incumbent for more than a dozen years, after holding several other benefices. Of his character as a parish priest, devoted to all the interests of his flock, and much beloved by them, it is not for us to speak. Could it be possible to regret a good man’s devotion to the highest of callings, we should indeed, we fear, have been disposed to do so, for it abridged his literary work, and kept him from the foremost rank which he would otherwise have been so well able to fill. He was almost the oldest contributor still spared to us, having begun his work in this Magazine so early as 1843, a period to which few memories now run. He was then a young man just from college, newly ordained, and full of all the fervour of beginning life. During the long period which has followed, few years have passed in which there has not been some fine piece of criticism, some graceful essay or sprightly tale, from his hand in these pages. We do not commend ourselves in rendering due honour to the writers, according to the old tradition of the Magazine anonymous, who have laboured with us, and given of their best to the never-ungrateful “Maga.” It would be a failure in friendship as well as in justice should we keep silent as to the merits of those who, so far as the general public was concerned, gave up their own credit and praise to the honour of the ensign under which they did their work.

Mr Collins was educated at Jesus College, Oxford, having a hereditary connection with the Principality which is chiefly represented there, and took his degree in classical honours in 1838. His earliest contributions to the Magazine were illustrations of the life of the University. He took the lighter side of bright and kindly comradeship, so dear to young men who have had their share of these delights, as the most pleasant and attractive to the general world, and told the humours of the reading party before that institution had become so well known as it is now, and discoursed delightfully upon college friends. Though he soon subsided into themes of less personal interest, the subjects both political and literary, which then occupied the world, his preference was always for matters scholastic and academical, and he was the first to

open that discussion of the great public schools of England, in which he has had so many followers. Rugby, Harrow, Winchester, and Shrewsbury were all in succession the subjects of articles; and the fuller study which he was led to give to the greatest of them all resulted in 'Etoniana,' one of the best and most interesting histories of Eton which exist. It is twenty years since that volume was published, and the great school has gone through a great many changes since then; but for the aspect which has now become historical there can be no better authority; nor is there any, so far as we know, which, in respect of literary merit, can stand comparison with it. Mr Collins returned to this ever-attractive subject many times in these pages; but he did not carry his investigations further than the limits of an article with any other of the great schools. His articles on purely literary subjects were many; and some of the ablest reviews which have appeared of the works of George Eliot and other contemporary writers were from his hand. We have always strongly maintained the advantages of the anonymous, especially in literary criticism, feeling that it gives freedom to the hand of the operator, and, whether in praise or blame, liberates him from the embarrassing difficulties of holding the literary balance steady when treating friends or acquaintances; but it certainly has this one drawback, that a writer may thus influence the minds of numbers of his countrymen, and be, under his mask, a power in literature, while his personality remains unknown.

The first conception of the interesting and popular series of Ancient Classics for English Readers, when it rose in the mind of the late respected editor of the Magazine, whose excellent intelligence and good taste originated so many successful undertakings, was associated at once by him with the name of Mr Collins, whom, with the insight which he possessed in a high degree, he immediately felt to be eminently qualified to carry it out. Nothing could have better suited the talents and inclinations of Mr Collins, or brought more effectually into play, for the service of the public, his good scholarship and critical acumen, as well as his faculty of selection and oversight. He was an indefatigable editor, giving himself up to that labour of love with judicious watchfulness, and a determination to make the series excellent which spared no trouble. The volumes which he himself contributed must always hold the very highest place among works of this description. The authors whom he treated were not picked up by hazard or got up for the occasion, as so often happens, but the favourites of long years, studied with affectionate devotion for half a lifetime before any thought of expounding and illustrating them for the public had occurred to him. The series was the first of its kind. It was in every way thoroughly successful, and its only drawback has been that it has suggested numberless other series, with which the world has been deluged since; but, as there is no such flattery as imitation, the compliment may be accepted without the responsibility. The work and the man in this case were so thoroughly suited to each other, that there could be no doubt of the excellence of the performance; and it was soon seen that a genuine want was supplied in this attempt to give the non-classical readers, who now form so large a number of the reading public, a scholar's account and description of those great works in which all

literature has its beginning. It is pleasant to see that this able and excellent series has added a modest but enduring laurel to the name of a writer whose best works had heretofore brought him but little personal reputation.

His whole literary career was thus woven in with that of this Magazine. Its readers owe him more than they knew, but not more than the more intimate circle of friends and literary coadjutors were always sensible of, owing to his clear head, and sound views, and lucid and admirable style. His contributions have diminished in numbers of late years, for his health had been delicate for a long time, and he had been obliged to spend several winters abroad on this account. But he was always a wise counsellor and a most faithful friend. For some months past little hope had been entertained of his recovery. But even with such warnings and breakings of the inevitable, the final blow always comes with a shock. Those who are left behind cannot but think of the lessening circle, the lights which are extinguished, the voices which have gone away into the silence. Mr Collins had, however, lived out the allotted time of human life in faithful service to God and man. He had gained, if not any of the higher dignities of his profession, at least an honourable place, and, to a tranquil and gentle spirit like his, perhaps the happiest of all social positions. He left no broken threads or unaccomplished purposes behind him, and we have no right to lament over such a conclusion. May it be given to us to live as wisely and to end as well !

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THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

IT is in the nature of human things that the ear should grow weary of hearing, and the mind of following the thousand devices and schemes, the rhapsodies and the commonplaces, the designs of self-glorification hidden under a cloak of loyalty, with which this year has resounded, and which, in this particular month, will make the welkin ring. The object of all these honours, could we penetrate the depths of the august solitude in which the Majesty of England dwells, will no doubt be more glad than any one to hear the last of the Jubilee. But at the same time there is something picturesque and striking in every such climax of national life. We pause, by natural impulse, at the milestones of the uncommemorated years as we pass them by, making our little personal record of events and changes—sometimes of revolutions unknown to fame, which alter the

currents of our lives—sometimes of nothing more important than that chronicle of small beer, which fortunately is commoner than the revolutions; but even in the placid tenor of a private existence, the golden, nay, even the silver wedding, is a moment at which a general review of life is the most natural occupation of the mind. Rare are the individuals to whose lot it falls to celebrate the greatest of these anniversaries. When such an occurrence happens, the man, however insignificant his position, is a living chronicle. Though he may have taken a notable part in none of them, he has at least seen a hundred changes, some which make epochs, all making history. He has seen the great shuttle moving through the loom of time. And if he has a mind to think or a voice to speak, what a crowd of incidents, what wonderful developments, what secrets new

and old, are his to tell ! The fifty years that are now accomplished are to us more impersonal. The great Lady who was, so to speak, the Bride of fifty years ago, having begun her reign in such early bloom of youth, is fortunately scarcely yet to be called old, though experienced in her august profession beyond all competitors, and learned in the course of events and all the hidden strings and mechanism of State which sway the world, as perhaps only a sovereign, who is never out of office, can be. But with that great sphere we have no pretension to intermeddle. For all so great as Queen Victoria is, and for all so splendid as is her kingdom, did there happen to fail in her realm one little implement called a pen, the glory and the greatness would be dim to future ages, and our grandsons who come after us would but guess faintly at our strength and power, and of our familiar features, and our human ways, and how we succeeded to our fathers, as they to us, would know nothing. The character of the great, the meaning of the humble, the vesture and costume of humanity, and all its records of the heart, depend absolutely upon that little implement. In the past ages the man who stands up like a mountain, or shines like a light across the plains of oblivion, is the man who has had a historian worthy of him. The annalists, the minstrels, the story-tellers, are to the past what the sovereign is to the present—the fountain of honour. Without these there is no memorial. Without their successors in the modern world, there would, beyond the limit of a generation, and often not even in that, be little mental appreciation and no fame.

It would be curious to inquire

how the succeeding age would make out to itself an image of this without the help of literature. How profoundly puzzled it would be with many things upon which at present we rather plume ourselves ! No doubt the next century will be so much superior to ourselves in all the inventions of practical science, that our attempts at railways, telegraphs, &c., will amuse it as rudimentary efforts. It will perhaps wonder, while recognising the energy of life which found expression in this network of intercommunication, how grown men should be so infantile in their adaptation of half-developed forces, and how it was that the human intellect so much vaunted should not have leaped at once to the extended use of these forces, which, mounted on our shoulders and seeing over our heads, has become easy to them. They will contemplate, we hope with admiration, certainly with wonder, our magnificent Houses of Parliament and Courts of Law, grand buildings in which to lodge the makers of our laws and the administrators thereof, so majestic, so splendid—yet without the faintest stirring of an individual impulse, art whimsically *aux prises* with science, and knocking its head in blind obedience to the rules of the past against the necessities of the present, the comforts, only half-understood as our impertinent descendants will think, imperiously demanded by an advancing civilisation. All these things our successors would have to puzzle out with much confusion, with much merry-making, probably, over an age which thought itself so wise and was so fatuous. And how strangely then would loom through the distance the great figures, growing dim and shadowy among the mists, indistinct, as of

that woman clothed with the sun in the Revelations stretching out maternal arms, the sceptre of mercy, the orb of justice over half a world—or of that dim-eyed old magician who is the favourite of all folk-lore, whose spells go so far to wreck the nations. And all this for want of the literary person whose office is but lightly thought of by the generations, though it is he only who has made them known and comprehensible to each other from the beginning of time.

At the end of this long vista of fifty years, it will not be inappropriate to place before the reader a brief survey of those writers who will hereafter be known in universal history as of the age of Victoria. It is pleasant, and gives occasion to a graceful nomenclature, that so many of the greatest periods in our literary history should coincide with the reigns of female sovereigns. It is not, we fear, because these royal ladies have specially patronised the arts. The age of Anne was the one in which men of letters were most in the way of promotion; but that was not from the patronage of the Queen, or perhaps from any other reason but the natural fitness of things—the statesmen of the period specially requiring aid, and the literary men of the period being, as it happened, capable of giving it in a marked and remarkable way. In our time no ode of Lord Tennyson or any other poet would be at all likely to affect the country as Addison's "Campaign" did; though Addison, in comparison with Lord Tennyson, is not to be named as a poet, and his work was turgid and artificial, held aloft only by the power of two or three fine lines. Even in that time, however, except that Addison was made an (indifferent) Secretary of State, and

Prior an (insignificant) ambassador, the general mass of literary workers had no distinction (except the pillory now and then) any more than they have now. Grub Street was a place of evil fame even when Johnson was autocrat, and had the privilege of being rude to the finest people in London. And though literature has now become highly respectable, it has not come any nearer to those honours and rewards which show the public gratitude for public services. We do not for our part see why there might not be a bit of ribbon, a cross of honour, for the literary man if he would like it (and no doubt he would like it), in the distributions of distinctions which will abound during this year. As it is, all that Great Britain ever awards to her instructors in literature is a pension on the Civil List, which some people consider as rather a concession to poverty than a title of honour. Lord Tennyson's peerage, to be sure, is a great exception: but peerages are prodigious prizes and a little alarming. Should her Majesty be disposed to admit her faithful servants of the year into the ranks of the Rewarded, we should with humility suggest a much milder decoration. As we do not, however, delude ourselves with the hope that our advice will be asked in the matter, we may take comfort on the other hand in the fact that the absence of such acknowledgments has never at any period done our robust literature any harm.

And we may add with all modesty that we do not think we need fear for the Victorian age in literature in comparison with most of its predecessors. Within her Majesty's reign is contained the beginning and the end of much great literary work. We do not purpose

to enter here into any discussion of the crowd of living authors whose place has not yet been ascertained by that calmer judgment which only comes when work is ended. Yet it would be impossible to review the literature of Queen Victoria's reign without referring to the two poets, still happily spared to us, who are its glory and its pride. We will avow, to begin with, a bold opinion. With every hope and prayer that Lord Tennyson and Mr Browning may live and enjoy life till they have reached the utmost possible bounds of living, we should support by all means in our power a Bill in Parliament which should ordain to those two poets silence—for the remainder of their honoured days. Is it with this intention, we wonder, that so many poets, according to the wise regulations of Providence, have died young? that no bondage of repetition, no horrible compulsion of the expected, should wring from their lips songs no longer voluntary, utterances not demanded by nature, the result of a conventional necessity or of the mistaken desire to keep a place which requires from them no such effort? We are at liberty, at all events, to consider Tennyson and Browning as men who have accomplished their day's work, and to whom it is both permitted and desirable that they should repose upon their laurels. When the Queen came to the throne fifty years ago, Alfred Tennyson was the youngest of the singers who had from the beginning of the century abounded in the land. To come after one of the greatest waves of poetical inspiration which England has ever known, while the music of Shelley's exquisite verse still lingered in the nation's ear, and Byron all aglow with fire and eloquence had left the flush of an early sunset

still on all the hills—while Wordsworth still stood like a mountain-peak unimpaired by years, though silent like that same mountain, and apt to quench lesser lights in his great shadow—was a terrible ordeal for a young poet; besides that, in the natural sequences of time, a pause has generally followed at the close of a great poetical epoch, giving time for the general public, not able for too much stimulation in this way, to draw breath. Notwithstanding all that was thus against him, there are many of the poems in the first collection of verses published by young Tennyson more than fifty years ago which remain among those which are now universally acknowledged as his finest utterances. Nothing in the 'Idylls of the King' is more beautiful than the poem which now occupies its fit place among them, and in which the first suggestion of that noble series is contained, the "Morte d'Arthur." Its new and strange music, conveying an accent of its own—a cadence unaccustomed, fine, pensive, penetrating—startled at first the general ear, and added to the force of that natural resistance with which we all make a stand against every new pretender to the rank of poet. But that opposition was factitious and short-lived: and Tennyson's first publication forms an admirable and unmistakable foundation for his fame. He has perhaps never done anything finer in the profounder intellectual regions of poetry than the "Two Voices," nothing more vivid and splendid in its power of vision than the "Dream of Fair Women." His after-work has developed during the progress of these years into as noble and as pure a collection of poetry, we make bold to say, as belongs to any English name.

Comparisons with Shakespeare are absurd. There is but one of that name, and there is nothing that is Shakespearian in Tennyson. Comparisons with Milton, also, are to a great extent out of the question. Other poets may emulate his music, but no one has reached that fine diapason of sound, those organ-notes which at their lightest have something of the sacred in them. Our Laureate does not touch so large or so solemn a scale. He gathers up rather from an older original the tale that is dear to English ears. The "very parfitt gentil knyghte," the young squire who was "as fresche as are the flouris in Maye," come back to us with a difference out of that pilgrimage which our poet would never have drawn so broadly or with such variety and human tolerance, yet in which he might have ridden with Chaucer among the gentle people at the front, marking with luminous eyes their antique courteous fashions, and gliding unawares, though with so many modern thoughts, into the place of him

"Who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold."

The modern thoughts come strangely in, yet add a not discordant note. Perhaps they go a trifle too far when they come to the flippant maiden of one of the later idyls, with her much-quoted impertinent little nose, "tiptilted like the petal of a flower," the *minois chiffonné* of a French *soubrette*, rather than the piquant irregularity of feature which belongs to an English girl. It is perhaps, however, this touch of modern delicacy of thought in Lancelot which has made him so completely the ideal knight of our modern imagination. He muses, as his original would not

have mused, without the passion which carried that paladin astray, with a sobered and tragic faithfulness which Chaucer's audience would have failed to appreciate, but which has touched the very heart of the Victorian age. His grave superiority to all blandishments and delusions, his love which has been subdued into a great, all-pardoning, all-enduring fidelity, the mournful force of that faith unfaithful which has kept him falsely true, are neither medieval nor legendary; they are of the nineteenth century, belonging to a being whose reason has got the upper hand of passion, whose imagination is under subjection to his love, not in the way of picturing its charms and raptures, but of representing the impossibility of an end to such a bond, the supreme necessity of constancy. It is the Lancelot of middle age, the knight who has outgrown illusion—a character in which the highest spiritual nobleness and devotion develops out of hasty passion and guilt. No such knight ever sat at the Round Table, we may be sure; and it is possible, if a profane impulse seized the critic, to imagine Queen Guinevere, a passionate Celtic princess, to have fiercely resented the philosophy of the thoughtful lover. But with his modern heart in his mail-clad bosom, what image more noble has this century produced than that of Lancelot? It may be a little dangerous in morals to suggest that he never could have been so perfect a knight had he not been a great sinner to begin with; but that is quite irrelevant to the question.

Lord Tennyson has made one other supreme addition to poetry, which even in this brief summary must be noted. "In Memoriam" came to the world with all the tenderest prejudices of the gen-

eration in its favour; but its effect at first was not perhaps what might be thought. There were (and are) in fact harsh verses in it, break-jaw passages about fixing the limits of knowledge, about nature, red in tooth and claw, and other matters as little poetical. And the critics objected that sorrow does not speak in so long a strain nor with such breaks of philosophy and argument and such pauses for discussion, in all of which objections there was a certain truth. But, notwithstanding, "In Memoriam" has grown into the popular heart. We can find nothing in the language to place beside it. "Lycidas" and "Adonais" are elegies, lamentations over the dead made glorious by his ending, whose going away has filled the earth with sorrow, whose disappearance is as the failing of the sun from the day or the heavenly stars from the night. But Tennyson's inspiration is a different one. It is the reverie of a bereaved and stricken soul, which he puts into a music most tender, most melancholy, the very voice of that grief which cannot exhaust itself in any passion or storm of mourning, but which is the chief occupation, the prevailing sentiment of the mind. The soft cadences of the verse wander from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, like the wild and wandering thoughts which have one centre to which they always return. Sick fancies come and go, and now the mind will follow one suggestion, now another, interrogating the spheres, questioning with itself, soaring like a bird almost out of sight of its trouble, dropping down again low to the grasses of the grave, always returning to the one predominant memory, the loss which never can be forgotten, the pang that will not be stilled. In this way it is the

poem of all others in English, or so far as we are aware in any language, which gives a voice and utterance to the varying moods, the passion and the calm of grief, the longing memories that mingle themselves with a thousand new currents of thought, yet return and return, like the circles of the lark, to the lowly bed in which all centre. To have done this, in poetry which is almost always beautiful and often most touching in its pathos and profound humanity, is glory enough for a man, and the world was so much the poorer when her Majesty began to reign, that there was as yet no such litany and ritual of grief. Other men have raised monuments, and precious ones, to those they have lost; Tennyson alone has embodied the endless vicissitudes of the sorrowing heart, the world-wide atmosphere through which our individual loss breathes a chill and penetrating sense of vacancy which all the universe cannot fill up. There are some critics who affect to despise the sane and wholesome limits within which this great poet has seen it meet to confine himself, who call his high reticence and moral purity feminine, and accuse him of bringing down the issues of life to the atmosphere of the drawing-rooms. But Tennyson's poetry will remain, we do not doubt, the highest expression of the mind of his age—an age which, unfortunately, is no longer quite this age, the happier simpler period of the reign, when for a time the standard of society seemed altogether higher and purer, when the scandals of the past seemed to have died away in a clearer moral atmosphere, wherein noxious things could not live. It is no reproach either to the Laureate or the Queen if that fine moment did not last. And poetry, like society, when less lofty, more sensual and earthly, is

apt to claim for itself the credit of a stronger manhood—a claim as unfounded as it is derogatory both to human nature and to art. Mr Swinburne has carried into more luscious sweetness the melody of words; but that broader and larger nature which stretches far beyond the monotone of passion has little place in the sweetness, long drawn out, of his newer fashion.

It is more difficult to characterise Mr Browning's poetry than that of his illustrious contemporary. He has had the misfortune, a little from his excellences, but still more from his peculiarities which are not excellent, to attract to himself the mystical worship of a sect which goes far at present to make the poet ridiculous. But he is not to blame if the difficulties of his enunciation have produced a *bizarre* worship which is to the glorification of the worshippers rather than that of their idol. We can only regret that these uncouth rites have beguiled him into continuing a series of metaphysical studies which discourage the true lover of poetry, and intensify the veil which hangs between so admirable a poet and the appreciation of the reasonable world. It is unnecessary to speak of "Sordello" or even of "Paracelsus," or these finely poetical but impracticable dramas which cannot even by the enthusiasm of the *illuminati* be buoyed into life. Perhaps Mr Browning is at his greatest in the 'Men and Women,' which stand in the middle of his poetical career, when his faculties were at their finest, and his powers least hampered by the inadequacy of words. There is nothing finer in the language than some of these poems, especially those in which he has confined the redundancy into which his laboured utterance leads him, the necessity of explain-

ing, elucidating, and repeating everything he has to say. The defect is invisible in the wonderfully pathetic picture of Andrea del Sarto, in the fine, keen, clear physiognomy of the Greek Cleon, and in some of the other wonderful studies of human thought and meaning which are in this fine collection. The poet throws himself back into the being of his temporary hero with an insight and comprehension, a visible force and vividness, which give singular reality to the picture—a mode of treatment new to poetry, and as effective as it is original. It is always the most exacting and difficult of literary studies to set forth a man in his own language, in a portion of his own existence, not acting even but thinking, disclosing the secrets of his own being, and, above all, to do this within a limited space, which gives no licence for external description, nor any accumulation of accessories. The highest gifts of the historian are sometimes occupied in the accomplishment from without of such portraits, and there can be little doubt that the habit and power of doing this has added a wonderful attraction and grace to history. But such characterisations are little known in poetry. They have hitherto been confined to the drama, where indeed it is only by his own interpretation that we understand the hero; but where he has at least the events of a highly wrought episode, an exciting series of incidents, to make his revelation by. Mr Browning has put aside all such aids in those wonderful little pieces of work. The melancholy painter in his evening talk, half musing, half speech, with the sense of his failure aching at his heart, and the still more miserable consciousness of what he might have

been and done—subdued to pathetic calm by that quiet despair and sense of the conclusion of all possibilities—is such a perfect picture as no other art could make, and overwhelms us with the pathos of a self-portraiture from which all self-deceptions have died away. The completeness of the mournful vision, which is not without a smile at itself and at all the delusions that are over, and that profound consciousness of defeat which has so few expositors, yet which is perhaps the most deeply moving of all the experiences of existence, convey to our minds a pang of pity and sympathy. Quite different, on the very opposite edge of life, is the experience of the poet, the all-accomplished, all-fortunate Greek, to whose dignified retirement the offerings and the adoration of princely admirers come, and who is surrounded by everything beautiful and rare, and the consciousness of having done all that genius and good fortune can—yet whose sigh out of his old age and that one inevitable failure of waning life which makes the great poet in his greatness less than the vigorous manhood of the slave whose muscles he casts a passing, admiring, half-contemptuous, half-envious glance at, as he raises his head from his tablets—is little less sad than that of the painter. The reader, whose verdict after all is that of final fame—he who pretends to no profounder insight, but judges the highest poetry as well as the commonest prose by the light of reason and nature—will find in this fine series nothing to alarm him or unduly tax his understanding, and much that he will find nowhere else,—the workings of a very powerful and philosophical mind, combined with a poetical genius of the highest

strain. Once again we disavow all ideas of competition with Shakespeare. Mr Browning's mind is not Shakespearian in any sense of the word. But it is not necessary to be of the stature of Jove, in order to stand high among the gods. In the persons of Lord Tennyson and Mr Browning, our half-century need not fear to hold up its head in the company of the ages.

We will not discuss the younger band, whose position is yet not wholly ascertained. Mr Swinburne, indeed, has made his mark; and posterity is not likely to reverse the decision with which his own generation has crowned this master of exquisite words and all the music that can be put into verse—all the music, but perhaps less than the due amount of meaning. Rossetti, to whom the completeness of the preterite has come, has his own niche in the Temple of Fame—a conspicuous one, yet never, we think, to be a centre of that universal consent of love and interest which is the meed of a great poet. He is a poet who never ceases to be a painter; nor does he in his most exalted moments of mystic spiritualism ever break that bond of flesh and circumstance which is necessary to his original art. His Blessed Damozel is as ready as any large-eyed model to be reproduced on canvas. No man can paint a soul; therefore it is entirely comprehensible that the heavenly vision, as revealed to a painter's eyes, should warm with the pressure of her bosom the bar upon which she leans, looking out for her lover. But it is not celestial; nor is it thus that the great poets realise the unseen. Mr Matthew Arnold is a most accomplished and distinguished writer; but our own mind is not made up about his poetry, though it has, no doubt,

reached a large degree of appreciation, especially among the cultivated classes. So has Mr William Morris. In our present undecided frame of mind, we are disposed to think that the fare provided by both these poets is of the nature of luxury—a something above and beyond the necessities of living. Perhaps some readers will think all poetry partakes of this character. We are not, however, of that opinion. Great poetry is daily bread.

It would be at once unjust and untender to pass over, in the record of these fifty years of poetry, the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who is perhaps, taken all in all, the greatest Woman-poet whom England has known. No woman, so far as we know, has ever been a great poet, or attained the level of the highest. But among those who have at all approached that level, Mrs Browning holds the first place. Some of her sonnets (so called) from the Portuguese are exquisite in their tenderness and beauty; and her only sustained effort, 'Aurora Leigh,' has much power and sweetness, and a force of subdued but sustained enthusiasm which is very impressive. Although it touches upon a loathsome subject, with that curious attraction in repulsion which seems to move the feminine mind towards what it most hates, the poem is full of the finest thought and of that love of love and all things lovely which gives one of its deepest charms to poetry. The fresh and peaceful English landscape, the "old miraculous mountains heaving forth," as Italy, almost more beloved than England, comes in sight—and the corresponding pictures of life and thought, the glow of feeling in the young enthusiasts who feel it their mission to reclaim

the world, and the profounder passion of maternal love which conquers shame—are very fine and true. This poem has fallen a little out of sight amid the crowds of modern competition, as everything does; but it must always find an honourable place in the literary records of Queen Victoria's reign.

In the dignified realm of history during those fifty years, we have the growth of a new and brilliant school to record. History was more serious than entertaining fifty years ago. It aimed at an authoritative standing, and to fix the canon of what was and what was not to be believed. In those days Hallam was in the front of literature, with his grave and deeply considered record of the English constitution—one of those unique and final books which may originate an entire school, but are never themselves put out of date; and we had the brilliant military pictures of Sir William Napier to carry on the existing recollection, which had not yet died out of men's minds, of the great wars which England hoped had pacified the world. And Sir Archibald Alison had begun that great history of Europe—great in volume and in subject—which so many years were necessary to complete. But in these great works the subjects were approached from the point of view of a scientific perspective, and the writers did not propose to themselves to rival the most vivid romancer in imaginative realisation and reproduction. Napier, it is true, was always vivid, always brilliant, with the energetic genius of his race—a soldier even when a historian. But the muse of History, in all her seriousness, still led the serious footsteps of her servants through the straight road, the king's highway of important events. The

first historian of her Majesty's reign, Lord Mahon, continued in the same traditions, in his precise, correct, and not inelegant history of the eighteenth century, which continues to hold its place as a trustworthy and impartial narrative of an age full of important decisions, more picturesque than our own, and in many respects the turning-point of national life. The first of the Victorian historians was not a brilliant writer, nor was there much that was novel or striking in his views ; but he did his work with great accuracy and care, and at one portion of his narrative, that in which the unhappy house of Stuart made its last romantic attempt to recover the throne, and underwent the last disastrous catastrophe, almost rises into the heroic style which becomes so tragic a subject. But eloquence was not the characteristic of the book, which, in general, was very calm, regular, and systematic—a duty and necessity, rather than a pleasure, to read.

This work however was, at the moment of its appearance, and as a matter of literature, far less important than the great outburst of a new style and school, the brilliant and dazzling volumes in which a writer already known, who had leapt into the literary field, with a style singularly formed and polished, in the very heat of youth, now took the world by storm. Macaulay had already gained an important reputation in various fields. He had made his mark in Parliament, he had done excellent work in India, he had contributed many striking essays to the 'Edinburgh Review.' But the public was scarcely prepared for a work which was as entralling in its interest as any romance, and carried its

readers breathless through even the survey and estimate of the condition of the country at the great Revolution, which in almost any other hands would have been a chapter of reference, to be followed to its end only by the plodding reader or careful student. This book, we may venture to say, changed the fashion of historical writing, and was in itself a literary revolution. It was not an impartial history. There are those who affirm that it is not even trustworthy in many details ; that its view throughout is a Whig view ; that its author carried his party prejudices with him, and darkened the shadows and heightened the lights in a manner which added relief and animation to the picture as well as splendour to the achievements of his hero ; but which was anything but that calm balance and judicial estimate which had been expected from history. No doubt there was a certain foundation for those complaints ; but this new impulse has been carried so much further since then, and has found its issue in so many partisan records and highly coloured narratives, that we turn back to Macaulay with relief, feeling that the malicious pleasure he perhaps felt in lightly impaling a Quaker courtier was at least pardonable, and that the careless contempt with which he sometimes sweeps aside explanations and motives which on the other side he gives the utmost force of his skill to elaborate and set forth, was, on the whole, less wilfully injurious to the opposite party than naturally favourable to his own. It is one thing to incline with a higher appreciation to those views and leaders on whom one's eyes have been bent by all the traditions of breeding and party, and another to fix with

a keen personal prejudice and enmity upon a historical figure far removed from the present scene, and pursue an unfortunate race with posthumous virulence. Macaulay has, perhaps, been guilty of the first and milder injustice: he can scarcely be accused of the second. William of Orange had never been a popular hero, nor is he, now that his historian has done all that man could do for him; but it is a not ungenerous office to concentrate the most favourable light upon the head of a man who filled a thankless position, and occupied a necessary place with much stoical and unappreciated self-sacrifice, though also with much addition to his outward rank and greatness. The fine pictorial background, the brilliant individual portraits, the life and vivid embodiment of the age in all its struggles and endless intrigues, were all novel and delightful to the readers of this splendid piece of historical work. It made an epoch in literature, to use the phrase of the time. No book, we suppose, of modern (and consequently none of ancient) times has ever had so vast a circulation. Neither the circulation nor the almost fabulous remuneration is an absolute test of excellence, it is needless to say. But the universal admiration, interest, and delight with which the book was received are more trustworthy evidences, and these were never so entirely the recompense of any English history up to this day. The first volumes were published in the year 1848, when the Continent was all aflame with revolutions, none of which were so lasting or so momentous as that of which our historian treated. The story of literature contains no greater sensation, and few more important events.

Another historical work of a still more remarkable but very different kind — one which has taken its place among the greatest works of literature without ever approaching near the popular acceptance of Macaulay—had come into being ten years before, at the very beginning of her Majesty's reign—'The History of the French Revolution,' by Thomas Carlyle. This is not the place for discussions of character or individual arguments, since it is books we have to deal with and not men; but it is difficult to mention that great and much-traduced name without a protest against the cruel and false estimate of our illustrious countryman—a man never apt to study the light in which he should present himself to posterity, or to take thought of the manner in which his mantle was wrapped about him when he fell—which it seems probable will be accepted as final by the world. Whether he is ever likely to be placed in a more true light before a generation which has no other way of knowing him than that afforded by his trusted biographer, we mournfully doubt. The question is too painful a one to be entered into here. 'The History of the French Revolution' has nothing of the brilliant ease and sparkling lights of that which we have just been discussing. Macaulay's smooth and accomplished grasp of his period is like the touch of a white-gloved demonstrator in a drawing-room, or at least in the most refined of lecture-rooms, beside the giant's grip with which Carlyle takes hold of that wild scene—the one mad and horrible moment of modern history in which all that was permitted to the ancient drama, the pity and terror of solemn fate, is overpassed in the horror of that tra-

gedy of real life which knows no limits. Carlyle is no *raconteur*; he is a spectator, looking on while those confused yet tragic combinations roll up, form, and disperse, breaking away again into fragments, like the storm-clouds upon the sky, and while the torrents of blood burst forth, and the demons rave, and carnage fills the streets. He sees, what no mere historian can see, the murderers of September at their horrible work in one corner of the great and terrible city, while in another the children play and the women chatter, and humble life goes on as if such things could never be. Sometimes a tone of heart-breaking pathos comes in, sometimes that laugh which is more terrible than tears. The pathetic groups in the prisons, the livid fanatic at the head of affairs, the theorists, the avengers, the little human vanities all in flower upon the very edge of the scaffold, are in movement before our eyes, the terrible panorama opening out in scene after scene. There may be some upon whom the grim humour will jar, and some to whom the confusion of the tragic scene will be increased by the peculiarities of the diction, the rolling clouds of words heaped upon each other in vaporous stormy sentences, altogether unlike the polished calm of a restrained and dignified historical style. But no one can deny the force and splendour of the picture, or the supreme and shuddering interest with which the reader is made to enter into sight and hearing of this terrible world-convulsion and crisis of national existence.

The history of Oliver Cromwell and his period, which followed from the same hand, at a considerable interval of years, was of a nature to excite greater discussion and a warmer criticism. But there can

be little doubt that it modified to a very great degree the common opinion upon that great figure in English history, and to a large extent vindicated the Protector from those imputations of hypocrisy and selfish ambition which had become the commonplaces of history. It is not necessary to paint everything concerning a great actor in history in the most odious colours, in order to emphasise our disagreement with him, or even moral disapproval of the part he had taken; but this was what preceding historians, with almost one accord, had done. Apart from Carlyle's success in this respect—if anything in the book can be considered apart from the one great image which fills it—the picture of the time is as vivid as that of the French Revolution, and made in a similar way, as by the hand of a spectator, more actively engaged than in the former case—himself almost acting, expounding, elucidating all that passes before his eyes, with a sentiment much stronger, identifying himself with all that takes place. Indeed Carlyle is as present as Cromwell, interpreting in the strong medium of his natural Scotch Calvinism and religionism, deeply tinctured by the Old Testament, the other rugged personality, the Puritan, in which so many predominating principles were the same. We cannot but feel that the choice of Frederick as the hero of Carlyle's later life was something of a mistake; for there was no such point of contact by which the biographer could enter into the most intimate relations with his subject: and that wonderful mass of learning and research, which was the burden of his own life for years, has not succeeded in impressing upon the general mind anything like so remarkable an apprehension of the questionable hero and his time as

was conveyed to us by the other two great historical studies. The work perhaps was too great, the material too immense, the details too minute and voluminous. There was less unity in the interest, and consequently less force in the picture. The comparatively brief narrative of the Abbot Samson and his surroundings in 'Past and Present,' perhaps the most completely lovable and delightful of all Carlyle's work, shows his power of throwing himself into the scene he depicts, and his wonderful sympathetic realisation of character and power of poetic vision at their very best.

To make a list of all the remarkable historical works which have distinguished our age, would be of itself a laborious undertaking. Chief among them are the highly coloured, and in many respects most effective and picturesque, studies of Mr Froude, in which the strong *parti pris*, the incapacity for regarding almost any event or character simply, and on its own merits, do not hinder—nay, perhaps rather help to secure—the absorbed attention of the reader. Nor does the singular heat of hostile feeling with which he pursues not only certain favourite personages, but even such a great institution as the Church of England for example—or the remarkable peculiarity of moral vision, which raises so many grievances along his path wherever that distinguished writer has passed—detract from the interest. The reader, who cannot fail to have been impressed and stirred by his vivid pictures, will yet remember with what relentless hatred he pursued Mary Stuart to the block and the grave, untouched by even that natural sentiment which is impressed by every courageous and dignified death-scene, whoever the

sufferer may be. But indeed this historian's love is as much to be dreaded as his hatred—as his recent works have proved. The picturesque and vivid workmanship of Mr Kinglake, the epic of a great campaign; the valuable labours of Dr Stubbs, of Mr Freeman, and of other well-known living writers, who still continue to enrich our records, and whose work we hope will not yet for a long time be recognisable as complete, do not require more than a mention. There is now a great school of historical investigation, bringing to the elucidation of our national records much fine understanding and manly work, a few crotchets, and a great deal of admirable talent and skill. Instead of long silence, broken now and then by a chapter of classical history, or a learned prelection on some distant and unattractive theme, we have a crowd of energetic workers, clearing the very springs of history, and spreading enlightenment and knowledge round. In Scotland, too, a group of devoted patriotic students have given their best efforts to the authentication of our ancient history, among whose names that of the late John Hill Burton—whose excellent and valuable 'History of Scotland' is scarcely less remarkable than the delightful 'Book-Hunter,' which has originated quite a little school of its own—was for a long time the first. And a corresponding group in Ireland has been labouring, unmoved by all external clamour, upon the primitive records of the Isle of Saints. The great popular acceptance of the brilliant little History for the People of the late Rev. J. R. Green, did that ingenious writer wrong; for it forced into the position of an independent work of personal research and

thought what was intended only for a more lucid and attractive statement of the work done by others ; and thus perhaps wore out more quickly than otherwise might have been, the strength and life of the writer, whose forces were unequal, and whose time was too short for such a task.

We have spoken (with the one exception of Carlyle) only of works of English history. But the historical writers of the half-century have not been confined to this subject. The great work of Grote upon ancient Greece has for a long time put every competitor out of the field, and become in its weighty conscientiousness and power the chief authority upon that ever-interesting theme. We have already referred to the most prodigious piece of work of all, a History which has been perhaps more popular than any big book of its dimensions ever was, and which was for a long time almost as productive as an estate, a most valuable piece of literary property, Sir Archibald Alison's 'History of Europe.' The 'History of Civilisation' of the late Mr Buckle was still greater in its conception, and could it ever have been carried out, would no doubt have reached to some prodigious number of volumes, worthy of the huge collection of books in which its author had built himself up with a curious symbolical fitness. For though his theme was mankind, his knowledge was of books alone, and his work is full of those strange ignorances and clever mistakes to which a mind trained in the atmosphere of a literary hothouse, out of reach of all practical contact with the nature he attempted to define and chronicle, is naturally subject. The appearance of his first volume, however, the introduction to his vast subject, created a great sensa-

tion in the literary world, and the amiable recluse found himself famous to his great surprise and considerable embarrassment. However, he took his fame with much seriousness, and without any misgivings as to the result. Buckle was one of the first of the band of philosophical thinkers rejecting the creed of Christianity and even of Theism, which have made so great an appearance in our day ; and his name naturally leads us to those of others in many respects more remarkable than his own, who have given to our philosophical literature a new development, and who have established Natural Science, with all the philosophies dependent on it, as one of the greatest subjects and most intimate occupations of the time.

We have again to recur to the name of Carlyle when we enter, or rather before we enter, this field. His historical works, though so remarkable, perhaps scarcely took so strong a hold upon the mind of his generation as those which for want of a better title we must call philosophical. He had no system of philosophy, however, to set forth, but rather the mind and thoughts upon all things in heaven and earth of one of the most remarkable of human beings, a man half prophet, half iconoclast, in whom a devout heart, instinct with all the lore of a cottage-taught religion, and the austere morality and rustic intolerance of a Scotch peasant, were linked with a spirit which had caught fire at that of Goethe, and had thrown off all allegiance of faith—a spirit full of sardonic humour and powers of mockery and vituperation unrivalled, fiercely unsympathetic with all that was uncongenial to his nature, while tender to every touch of feeling within its own intense but limited range. The pro-

blem of this curiously mingled nature, so open to malign interpretations, yet so attractive to all the enthusiasms, puzzled yet delighted the world as it revealed itself in the often grand and sometimes chaotic literary utterance, a style which was in reality the sublimated but most genuine style of a Scotch peasant of genius, full of reflections from the Hebrew eloquence of the Old Testament, and from that prodigious gigantic ancient German, which were perhaps the two things nearest to his own heroic old Saxon-Scotch. Perhaps it needs an acquaintance with that ponderous and solemn speech of the old shepherds and ploughmen, slow and grandiose in unintended solemnity, "such as grave livers do in Scotland use," to comprehend the naturalness and simplicity of Carlyle's often contorted and sometimes convulsive utterance. And it certainly requires a knowledge no longer at all general of the primitive moorland peasant of the beginning of the century to understand the fashion of a man, all astray among fine English literary folks in Queen Victoria's reign. These curious contradictions and incomprehensibilities will make him always a most interesting figure in literary history, even under the shadow which has been thrown over his name, and nothing can impair the splendour of his contributions to literature. Such works as 'Sartor Resartus' stand detached like great poems from all surroundings, and are indeed more rare than the greatest of poems. It would be difficult to apportion to Carlyle his place in any literature. He stands apart like a great lonely peak in a world of mountains, not loftier perhaps than the great forms about him veiled in summer verdure or eternal snow—but more conspicuous in solitary grandeur,

with crags and precipices and heaven-pointing needles, sometimes resplendent in the glory of setting suns, sometimes clad in the greys and purples of distance, to which neither verdure nor snows will cling.

A very different apparition is that of the philosopher whose contact with Carlyle has afforded a curious anecdote to literary history, and a still more curious contrast between two men as unlike as any two that could be got together at random in any thoroughfare, though both so influential in their different ways and so remarkable. Everybody knows the tragic incident of the destruction of Carlyle's precious manuscript, the first volume of the 'French Revolution,' upon which all his hopes of fame and even of daily bread hung, by horrible misadventure or carelessness, in the hands of John Stuart Mill; and that memorable scene when the pair of penniless people in London, hearing suddenly of this tremendous misfortune, could not by more than a look communicate to each other their despair, so necessary was it to console the misery of the destroyer, who, "deadly pale," came to tell them of what had happened. What a curious picture! The culprit, rich and at his ease, to whom a hundred or even a thousand pounds was nothing, could that make up for this thing which was irremediable, pale and trembling, before that proud, passionate, eloquent, fiery pair, either of whom could have annihilated with desperate, vehement words any offender. What lava-torrents of indignation and despair ought to have covered him as he stood, turning him to a cinder! As a matter of fact, they were the consolers of his despair, not he of theirs. And everybody knows also the strange training of Mill as disclosed in his Autobio-

graphy, and the amiable, benevolent, gentle nature of the man thus twisted and tortured out of humanity, and how he took refuge in woman-worship and learned a wistful hope in immortality out of the intolerable pang of bereavement. His great work on 'Logic' is another of the books which make a distinct epoch and new beginning; and we perhaps can scarcely estimate how much the general public has derived its present conceptions of individual right and social responsibility from the famous 'Essay on Liberty,' which has stimulated so many minds, and grown into the common code so completely that thousands recognise its tenets as born with their birth, without any consciousness from whence they came. His other works on Political Economy, the Utilitarian system, and other cognate subjects, are all important and interesting. These were hereditary tenets and occupations, for he was brought up under the shadow of Jeremy Bentham, and was in a great degree the expositor and prophet of his father James Mill, another stern Scotch dogmatist and theorist, into whose immovable mould the gentler, more sensitive, and impressionable nature of the son was compressed with very curious effects. The strange little book on the 'Subjection of Woman' belongs to a very different phase of his character, to the much-repressed emotional side, which only got vent under the feminine influence which to him seemed all but divine in the latter part of his life. His books, excepting the highly popular 'Essay on Liberty,' are chiefly for the student; and have had an immense influence upon the teaching of Mental Science; but the image of the man as revealed in his own story is of the greatest interest to all.

The philosophers who have followed Mill in this field—his contemporaries, yet successors—are too many and too important to be dealt with here. Mr Herbert Spencer, who is a host in himself, is fortunately still with us; and so are, a band almost uncountable, the school of English writers, many of them most accomplished and eloquent, to whom the philosophy of Comte is more attractive than that of the Gospel. There have never perhaps been so many attractive and charming unbelievers in the field; yet we do not entertain the apprehensions expressed by many for the permanence of the older faith.

It is difficult to dissociate the two men above considered, Carlyle and Mill, in their very different developments, from their productions; but when we turn to Charles Darwin, who perhaps is the most influential of all the scientific writers of our epoch, we associate no personality with his work, and feel no temptation to inquire what manner of man he was. This is one drawback which attaches to wealth, comfort, and a quiet life, that there is little attraction for human sympathy in them. But the importance of Darwin in the literary and scientific history of his time is not to be mistaken. His works have been read according to a very usual formula not so applicable now as in former days—like novels. It would perhaps be a truer form of applause to say of a successful novel that it has been read like Darwin. His works have been discussed in every drawing-room as well as studied in every scientific retirement; but this, we are disposed to believe, as has been the case with many other of the scientific works of the period, rather because of the lucidity and interest of the style and the manner of putting

these wonderful new doctrines—from their character as literature, in short—than from interest in their subjects or conviction of their truth. It is harder than any philosopher has ever conceived to make ordinary men and women consider in any other light than that of a piquant pleasantry, touching upon the burlesque, the idea that they are themselves the offspring of jelly-fish. Notwithstanding this, there can be no doubt that the doctrine of Evolution has had the greatest effect in science, has exercised a considerable influence upon the religious polemics or apologetics of the time, and has been very startling to many minds and very stimulating to many others. Whether the problem of human existence is thus simply solved, and whether the scientific reasoner is at liberty to believe that he may jump the vast gap which exists between the evolution of the highest animal and that wonderfully different creature, the speaking, thinking, inventing, creative being man, we are not called upon to decide. It may be taken as an example of humility more striking than any ever exacted from a monk in the elder ages, that such a man as Darwin is able to conceive of himself as sufficiently accounted for by the processes he describes, and on which he founds his theory of the succession of the races, taking the tremendous athletic exercise of that last great leap as possible and permissible without danger to life or limb. His works on the 'Origin of Species,' his theories of the survival of the fittest, and of those developments which he considered owing to the desire of one sex to please the other (a desire, alas! singularly inoperative in adding to the beauty of the human species nowadays), took the scientific world by storm, and have since shaped more or less

almost all thinkings on these subjects. To undervalue the weight and importance of these works because we are personally unable to be convinced by them, or to consider them otherwise than as largely founded on the conjectures of a remarkable imagination, backed up by equally remarkable powers of reasoning—would be an unworthy attempt. Darwin's work has the peculiarity that it is unpolemical; his conclusions are worked out with all the calm of scientific research, with none of that lively pleasure in flinging a challenge to the upholders of religious systems, whose theory of the origin of man is that he was developed from above and not from below, which actuates, for instance, the writings and utterances of Professors Huxley and Tyndall, and other philosophers of their class. It pleased Darwin's observant genius to watch the labours of the earthworms, the subjects of his latest work, throwing up their little inequalities on the earth's surface, and to calculate how by these unnoticed means the outer husk of the great globe itself was sustaining continual modifications—better than to shake his demonstrative fist in the face of the world. And in these later observations he had the inestimable advantage of being on the spot, which he unfortunately was not during any one of the greater developments by which, according to his theory, the naked savage came out of the loins of *La Bête*, as M. Cherbuliez has called it, to develop somehow—how? by an evolution quite miraculous and incomprehensible—into Charles Darwin and other eloquent philosophers of his kind.

The extraordinary growth of this new branch of literature, and the change it has made even in the very nomenclature of things, and

the interest it has aroused among readers of all classes, is one of the most striking facts in our half-century. We are disposed to believe, as we have already said, that in a great many cases its effect is one of a purely literary kind, and largely dependent upon the remarkable excellence as writers of the chief expounders of the new theories, whose writings are rarely dull, often full of epigram and wit, and graces of the imagination—gifts and qualities which are new to the exponents of abstract science. Never before perhaps has philosophy, concerned with such fundamental matters, found for itself so attractive a form, or spoken with a voice so harmonious and adapted to charm and enthrall. An age full of mental curiosity, and delighted, as all the generations are, with everything that is new, would be stoical indeed if it could shut its ears to the voice of the charmer when it charms so wisely. It is less easy here, as in other regions of literature, to deal with the work of living authors than with those which are rounded into completeness by death; but the names which we have already mentioned of Huxley and Tyndall may stand as the greatest representatives of those contemporary writers who give unquestionable brilliancy of style and a fine force of rhetoric, often of eloquence, to the support of the new philosophy of Nature.

It is with a little relief that we escape from the consideration of matters which we find too high for us, to another more familiar branch of literature which has had the most wonderful growth and development in Queen Victoria's reign. In whatever way we may be surpassed by our predecessors, no age that has gone before us is likely to challenge the importance

of these fifty years in the development of Fiction. This age has seen at least three novelists of the highest rank develop and conclude their work. Dickens had indeed begun the publication of 'Pickwick,' which has not yielded in popularity to any of his books, when her Majesty ascended the throne, and Thackeray was already making essays which—it is impossible to divine why, since his great rival's fortune had at once been made by the 'Sketches by Boz'—did not at once open to him the doors of literary triumph. Both these great writers belong, however, by every law to Queen Victoria's reign. They were so exactly contemporary in age, in production, and ultimately in fame, that it is almost impossible not to place them more or less in competition with each other; and there was in their day a very marked division between the partisans of Dickens and those of Thackeray. The former had most simple-minded readers on his side. He had the world of the *bourgeoisie*—a word which we cannot attempt to translate—entirely for him. The strongly formed impression that Thackeray was a cynic, that he attributed ignoble motives even to good actions, and laughed, even though the laugh might be kind, at humble virtue, and found no goodness without alloy, sounds strange now when we remember that it is the creator of Colonel Newcome, of Mrs Pendennis, and of Esmond, of whom these things were said. But it was the general belief, and one to which perhaps 'Vanity Fair,' with all its wonderful wealth of human character, gave some countenance: and this as much as anything perhaps made him somewhat doubted and feared by that gentle public which wept over little Nell, and found pathos in the story of Smike—which was

never the public of the critic, yet was that to which Dickens owed much of his first acceptance. Curiously enough, as has been remarked elsewhere, it is this sentimental side of him—his sugary domesticities, his Tiny Tims, his gushing showmen and acrobats—which seems to have impressed our neighbours in France, and originated among them what might almost be called a Dickens school. But in his own world of humorous delineation—that to which the groups of Wellers, Gamps, the inimitable figures of Micawber and Dick Swiveller, of Mark Tapley and Peggotty, and a hundred more belong—Dickens stands above all competition. These are not illustrations of ordinary humanity, persons whom we might encounter any day, according to the formula by which we applaud other studies of life and manners. Rarely have any of us the good fortune to meet with Mr Micawber, and Sam Weller is as pure fiction as Figaro; but the delightful exaggeration and tenderly absurd ideality make a being more real than any portrait. The Cockney clerk is not a personage on the face of him who attracts the imaginative spectator; but over Dick in his dismal office, gravely respectful of his Marchioness, who has not laughed and cried? Mr Micawber, in his gentility, his certainty of something turning up, his shabbiness, his light-heartedness, and all the illusions which are so real to him, is worth a thousand respectable literary impersonations of better men. There are very few creations of poetry or fiction whom we should be less willing to give up. He is always a delight, with his wife, who never will be separated from Mr Micawber, whatever her family may do or say, and all their shifts, and their fine convictions of ultimate

prosperity, and even his gaiters, and his collars, and his eyeglass, and his jaunty air. Mrs Gamp is almost, if possible, a more perfect creation, though nothing could make her dear to us like Mr Micawber. The extraordinary power with which Dickens threw himself into the confused brain of a woman of this class, following out the queer sequence of thoughts, the droll little thread of fanciful invention in the person of that familiar spirit Mrs Harris, her daemon, and the author of some of her best sayings, with all the peculiar lights that fall upon society and general human affairs from her professional lantern, is greater than if the subject had been more congenial. 'Pickwick,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' 'David Copperfield,' are works which, in their way, are not to be surpassed, and which contain, with a great deal of mannerism, much stilted writing, and many melodramatic incidents of a very inferior character, such whimsical creations, and ever humorous, ever entertaining embodiments of character, as any age might be proud to have produced. The latter works, we think, stand on a lower level, but still contain enough to make the fortune of a dozen writers. And though we do not allow Dickens's pathetic scenes, though he evidently liked them much himself, any particular excellence, yet the narrative of the childhood of David Copperfield, and his boyish miseries, and the journey to his aunt's house, is almost as good in its reflection of childish pain and suffering as could be; and the humour of his boyish courtship, and a great part of the episode of Dora, is delightful. It is, however, upon such creations as Micawber that the supremacy of Dickens's genius rests.

Thackeray's humour is far more pervasive, delicate, and human. His mind was a much more highly cultivated mind, and free from those associations and deprivations which make Dickens always at his least best (to use no stronger words) in the society of ladies and gentlemen. Thackeray was perfectly at home there, and required nothing extraordinary, no eccentricity nor absurdity of circumstance, to open up to him all that was humorous and strange in human life. He needed no more than a handful of the most ordinary figures, going about the most usual occupations, to find comedy and tragedy and all those intricacies of motive and feeling which make human creatures pitiful and laughable, and yet sometimes sublime and great. He preferred, perhaps, to show them in the former light, to turn them outside in, and reveal what they were thinking at the moment of their first appearance, and to open out with the grin of a delighted discoverer those pretences in which they had wrapped themselves about. But when he encountered among the creations of his genius (for it was Thackeray, we think, who was the first to say that the men and women in a book had a will of their own, and developed themselves, instead of allowing themselves to be manipulated, as the world believes, by the hand of their maker) one who was of nobler mettle, what a perfect tender-hearted gentleman, what an ideal man it was who rose under this cynic's touch! Henry Esmond and Colonel Newcome are men to ennoble a generation. He who professed to write a novel without a hero because the being was impracticable, produced these two at least, to prove how completely and with what supreme naturalness and truth the thing was to be done. He has not been so happy

in his women, perhaps because his imagination did not require so much for the feminine ideal; but his work throughout is so perfect, his characters so living, with such distinctness of atmosphere about them, crowded though every scene is, that this point of weakness tells the less. It is only the ideal women who are weak. Becky the inimitable, whom amid all her wrongdoings we cannot succeed in disliking, the wonderful old Lady Kew, Beatrix Esmond in her splendid youth and in her frightful age, are amazing in their force and vivid power.

These two great humorists, fictionists, creators, to whom it is scarcely just to give the commoner title of novelists, since their art was something distinct from the craft of the *raconteur*, were perhaps the most perfect artists of any who have arisen in this age.

The great female writer of the Victorian period is equally remarkable, perhaps even more so, as being the only woman who has yet attained the highest place in literature. The position of George Eliot is unique. Her books have been the object of a kind of worship, as she herself was while she lived; but that of its very nature is evanescent, and they have now to stand before a more difficult tribunal—a tribunal which has not yet given forth its last word on the subject. We, however, who are of her generation, have little doubt that the verdict will remain unchanged, at least in respect to her earlier works. The very first of these, produced without any previous indication of power in the maturity of her years, affected the world at once to enthusiasm, and she never struck a stronger or a deeper note than in the simple story of Amos, or rather of Milly Barton, the poor curate's mild and lovely wife, the

mother of many children, the smiling domestic martyr, whose little tragedy has taken a place among our most cherished recollections as completely as if we had been members of the little rural parliament which discussed her simple story. The power and the pathos of this most remarkable beginning, and its heart-breaking catastrophe, does not prevent it from being at the same time full of all the humours of a fresh and unexplored country, delightful in indications of rustic character, and in those wise sayings of village sages which afterwards rose in Mrs Poyser to the climax of proverbial wisdom. The books which followed this in succession—'Adam Bede,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' and 'Silas Marner'—raised George Eliot's name to the very highest level of English writers. It is needless to dwell upon books which everybody knows so well. They are full of power and insight, of unfailing humour, and at the same time of the deepest pathos, sometimes rising to the height of tragedy. In this vein, we know of nothing more powerful than the journey of Hetty Sorrel in quest of her lover and betrayer, and the return home of the miserable girl, dazed with suffering and shame and weariness, and the dull despair of absolute helplessness and ignorance. There is nothing more impressive or more tragic in the language. The latter works of this great writer are, to our mind, injured by too much philosophy and the consciousness of being considered a public instructor; but there are very fine and original creations of character in them all. Rosamond in 'Middlemarch,' and Gwendoline in 'Daniel Deronda,' are exceedingly powerful conceptions, as is, perhaps the greatest of all, the wonderful Tito of the great Italian romance 'Romola,' where

there is somewhat too much of the dry bones of archæological research, but where the character of the handsome, poetic, crafty, and self-seeking Greek is extraordinary in its relentless power.

Another woman who has been set up by some writers on a pedestal almost as high—Charlotte Brontë, the author of 'Jane Eyre'—lived and died before George Eliot was heard of. Any comparison between the two would be a mistake. The three books upon which Charlotte Brontë's fame is founded were passionate narratives of a woman's mind and heart, pent up without outlet or companionship—reflections of an individual being, extremely vivid and forcible, but in no way, we think, to be compared with the far stronger, higher, and broader work which we have just discussed. There is but one strain of intense sentiment in these books—the desire of a lonely creature longing for its mate, an all-engrossing thought which does not prevent the heroine from seeing everything around with wonderfully vivid perceptions, the eyes of genius, but which intensifies the sensations of solitude, and the vacancy of the heart, into a force of passion with which perhaps no woman, either before or since, has expressed that yearning of the woman towards the man which formed part of the primeval curse, and which indeed has produced the greater part of all distinctively feminine distresses. The inevitable failure in dignity involved in this impassioned revelation has been forgiven to her on account of the force which it gives to her very remarkable books—which, it is only just to say, made an epoch among English works of fiction, more than did the works of George Eliot, though the latter were in every way greater. Emily and Anne Brontë have to some considerable extent shared their

sister's fame—one with some reason, as the writer of the extraordinary and feverish romance 'Wuthering Heights,' which in very painfulness and horror made an impression upon the mind of the public, greater perhaps than its intrinsic merits justify. Perhaps, however, it was as much the remarkable biography of Charlotte Brontë, involving those of her sisters, written by Mrs Gaskell, with a frankness of revelation new to the time, though sufficiently practised since, which brought this remarkable family under the observation of the world, and heightened the effect of all their literary performances, raising the two secondary figures to something of the same level as Charlotte. Mrs Gaskell herself was also well worthy of note as a novelist, and, like the Brontës, belongs altogether, beginning and end, to the Victorian period. Their lives and works take up but a short part of these fifty years, but already Mrs Gaskell has fallen into that respectful oblivion which is the fate of a writer who reaches a sort of secondary classical rank, and survives, but not effectually, as the greater classics do. Even for 'Jane Eyre,' though it has a much stronger power of survival than 'Mary Barton,' it is necessary now to look in private libraries, or in the old-fashioned circulating libraries of our youth, where such last. And indeed it would be a very profitable exercise for the gentle reader, when the moment comes when he (or she) goes to the seaside or any watering-place, to take along with his waters or his baths a course of the novels which belong to the happy days of the Victorian era—those days when society was purer and manners better—when the Queen was at the head of everything in her kingdom, its pleasures and its social habits, as well as more serious

things, and when her Majesty's potent example tempered everything, and kept the atmosphere more clear than it has been since. Circulating libraries in watering-places where Mudie is not yet supreme, and where books remain and accumulate, are the places to make sure of Mrs Gaskell, and even to bring one's self once more under the more powerful spell of Lucy Snowe and Jane Eyre.

We will not touch upon the living professors of this branch of literature, though their name is legion. But there are two who have also passed away into silence, who cannot, in presence of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, be put in the first class of writers of fiction, but who are wronged by that overshadowing greatness, and have a right to a first class of their own. Anthony Trollope and Charles Reade are enough, indeed, to have made a generation happy. This is one of the evils of a too great wealth of genius pouring upon us, as that fitful inspiration does, not in proportion to the time, but like that wind of greater inspiration still, which bloweth where it listeth, and in defiance of all laws of evolution. It is but the other day that Trollope was among us, telling us those stories of ourselves and our neighbours which, if never reaching any supreme point of insight like Thackeray's, are so entirely like life, and the people we encounter, that we all found in his books a new circle of acquaintance, only so much more entertaining than those of flesh and blood, that we had their story presented concisely, and had not to follow it out in fragments through the years, and that their minds were as open to us as their acts, and more interesting. Amid all his groups of clerical people, what excellent company! The Grantleys in ordinary life would

not admit us to all their conferences as that pair do, with their anxieties for their family, and desire to see everybody belonging to them well established and comfortable, their little mutual disapprovals and criticisms, and impatience with the foolish other people who will always take their own way,—the old Warden, so gentle, so persuadable, so immovable; and Elinor, almost as troublesome as he. Mrs Proudie belongs to heroic regions; she is a figure for all time: and there are touches in the tragic history of Mr Crawley, that martyr of poverty and mischance, and in Lady Mason's strange unexpected crime; and on the burlesque side, in that ludicrous tragedy of the unfaithful Crosbie, and his lady Alexandrina, which go to the very height of imaginative portraiture. When our grandchildren want to see us, as they surely will, in our habit as we lived, they will find the England of Queen Victoria's reign in Anthony Trollope's books with an admirable distinctness and reality which perhaps they will find nowhere else: for he takes no uncommon types, develops no unknown lines of living, but is all for the common strain of his generation, and draws it as it lived. Amid such a crowd of persons there must be some less well executed than the others; and it is not to be asserted that the strain of a life's work, which was never the work of a student, but done with a continual accompaniment of energetic living on his own part, was not sometimes felt. But the entertainment, the honest pleasure, the relief in hours of weariness, to be got out of Anthony Trollope's novels is endless, and their picture of society always animated and true.

Charles Reade is at once less and more than his contemporary.

The spice of adventure, of excitement, and of extravagance in him belongs to a much higher imaginative level, but there is a corresponding failure in the commonplace wherein Trollope's strength lies. Charles Reade is a little impatient of that everyday level. He loves to tell an exciting story, to blow a pleasure-yacht out to sea in the midst of the quietest social arrangements, and to interpolate a thrilling event between two discussions of toilet, in the midst of a young lady's difficulties of choice between two lovers. Sometimes he carries us away altogether to a desert island, and plays all kinds of pranks like a science-professor gone mad, yet keeps us breathless all the same. The 'Cloister and the Hearth' is like a piece of mediæval life transported bodily into the midst of us. It is in literature what Nuremberg is in art, a thing as real as the old city. We hear that his biographers have foolishly tried to enhance the glory of a writer never sufficiently appreciated, by the suggestion that 'Romola' was more or less a plagiarism from this wonderful book, than which surely there could be no more extraordinary mistake. It needs no such enhancement of interest. We should say, putting aside Sir Walter and 'Notre Dame,' that there is no other such historical novel. To open Reade's masterpiece is to walk into a world of living folk, not in fictitious costume or charged with archaeological detail, but at home among their natural surroundings, all individual, unconscious of our observation. His other works are full everywhere of the same easy grasp and power. He is a painter's painter, if we may use the words, or rather a writer's writer. The members of his own craft look on in delighted wonder when he takes his subject in hand. He treats it as it pleases

him, not as we others would treat it, but always with a grasp and easy power which of itself gives a keen pleasure. And this wilful strength makes him somewhat difficult to characterise; it is quite as likely at any moment that it may turn to the fantastic as to the reasonable side, and it is even a little impatient of the intricacies of character-painting. We look back to the personages of his dramas without any warm individual feeling. We are deeply interested in them so long as they are in his hands, but they have no separate life, except, perhaps, in the case of David Dodd, the simple, faithful, generous sailor, whose beauty of nature makes even his impatient creator pause. To our own thinking, the story, one of his briefest, 'Love me Little, Love me Long,' is one of the finest of Charles Reade's productions; but we do not think that the public has confirmed that opinion.

One great name the reader will perceive has been omitted, that of the late Lord Lytton, whose fame had risen before the beginning of these fifty years, although indeed the finest manifestation of his powers, the new beginning, inaugurated in this Magazine, which produced 'The Caxtons,' 'My Novel,' and their successors, are all to the good and glory of the Victorian age.

We cannot enter into any discussion, which might be invidious, of the existing novelists of the day. The above have all concluded their work. They are from beginning to end of Queen Victoria's reign, and their fame is of her day.

One other development of literature we must mention ere we close. It is that of criticism, especially the criticism of art, and most especially the criticism of one who will interest posterity perhaps as much as any of the greatest

writers we have mentioned—to wit, John Ruskin. He is one of those who can never be dissociated from his works, or rather his works from him. They are all pervaded with a delicate personality—fastidious, generous, querulous, tender, cruel—the very soul of an imaginative and susceptible being seeing everything through a glamour of genius and feeling, prejudice and prepossession. We cannot enter into his principles of art, which are too absolute and too capricious to have had much living effect upon the art of his period, and in which he has mingled so much extravagance that the sober-minded have been as often revolted as the enthusiastic have been impressed. It is no doubt owing in some degree to Mr Ruskin's continued and eloquent partisanship that Turner's great merits have been so universally and promptly acknowledged; but on the other hand, it is perhaps equally owing to him that other artists, following the school once called pre-Raphaelite, over the creation of which he presided, have lessened their own fame by mannerisms and monotonies, which are not to be desired in Art, as they do not exist in Nature. But when that little has been said, there remains no name in modern English literature which we could less dispense with. One of the greatest masters of style who has ever employed English speech, and who has employed it beautifully, worthily, with a thousand touches that go to the heart, though with some which tempt a smile, and some which have the gift to enrage the adversary, he is still exercising that gift, with perhaps something of an old man's garrulity, and an extreme of gentle egotism which requires much tenderness on the part of the reader. But the tenderness happily exists, and this most fanci-

ful of old men eloquent does not appeal to it in vain.

Space fails us to record as we ought the wonderful development of journalism and periodical writing of all kinds which has taken place within these fifty years. The petty newspaper of the provincial town, which Dickens made fun of at the beginning of the half-century, has dropped away into the obscurest regions, and half-a-dozen ambitious and influential organs of opinion have sprung up into its place. In London itself what a difference! Those correspondents that dart across the world at a moment's notice to supply our breakfast-tables with the latest intelligence, sometimes by incredible feats of horsemanship, sometimes at the risk of their lives, had no existence in those peaceful days—in which, by the way, there existed no telegraph to convey their messages; and, we might add—which is for us a less cheerful aspect of the subject—no wars to report upon! The development of the newspaper, and of the profession of journalism, is indeed subject enough for as many pages as we have to devote to literature in general. And it is possible that, did we enter into the subject, we should have something more to say than admiration and wonder. It is a very responsible and dangerous business to prepare in haste, as must be done, a facile literature of every day, so abundant in quantity as to make a recognisable claim upon the time of those who feel bound to keep up with the opinions and sentiments of the day. To many such it becomes more and more all the literature they can attain, and this is not a very comfortable outlook. But the level of good writing in the newspapers is on the whole high, and represents a large amount of fine intellect and good training,

somewhat sacrificed for an inadequate end.

And in her Majesty's reign there has arisen a genial power, a merry moralist who has whipped us many a rascal off the scene, and laughed down many a folly, and jeered impartially at all political parties, and at the pets of fashion, and at the heroes of the crowd—but never failed, amid all its quips and jests, to give honour to the worthy, and never at the noisiest of its mirth mocked at goodness, or suggested any unclean thing or thought. We are proud to think that though he has had many imitators, and every foreign capital has something after his model, only within our own island could Mr Punch be what he is.

We have crowded into these pages as complete a survey as possible of the literature of Queen Victoria's reign. Our Royal Mistress has as much honour of her subjects in this way as any monarch that ever sat on the throne of Great Britain before her. And let us not forget that to this abundant and noble literature the Queen has added certain sketches of her own which will not be the least sought after by posterity, and upon which some historian of the future will no doubt seize with enthusiasm, making out from them, like a new Macaulay, a portrait which will be very delightful to the imagination,—the portrait of an ingenuous and charming sensibility and womanly sweetness, which with all the force of contrast will shine the more from amid the splendour of a throne; but which will not, as we know, do justice to the admirable good sense, the great experience, and all the statesmanlike endowments which fifty years of devoted work and ceaseless interest in all the concerns of her people have refined and developed in our Queen.

THE RESTORERS OF FLORENCE.

TIME and revolution have in no way affected the mercurial excitable nature of the Italians—they are the same impulsive people which they were in the middle ages. Witness the state of wild excitement the whole population was in when Verdi's new opera was to be produced at La Scala. Had the great *maestro* been the hero of a hundred battles, returning from a successful campaign, his reception at Milan could not have been more enthusiastic, or the interest in him more intense. And here in Florence the one topic of conversation is the grand ceremonial which was observed when the new façade of the Duomo was uncovered in May: the glory of Santa Maria del Fiore has for many months occupied the Italian nation as the jubilee does our own. Nor, indeed, is the subject unworthy of this deep interest. It is a great event, after the lapse of five centuries, to have finished the noble design of Brunelleschi, which Michael Angelo would not pretend to surpass in St Peter's—

“Io farò la sorella

Più grande già ma non più bella.”

The completion of the *facciata* of the Duomo has been the work of years, and it may also be said the work of the nation. From the day of its foundation, at the close of the thirteenth century, this cathedral has been regarded with affection by all the Italian nationalities, and contributions towards its completion have poured in from the most distant parts, and from all classes of the nation. Would that a similar interest in the glory of our public monuments existed in England! When will our Par-

liament emulate the language of the noble public decree by which the authorities ordered the building of the cathedral—“We command Arnolfo to make a design that may harmonise with the opinion of many wise men in this city and state, who think that we should not engage in any enterprise unless we intend to make the result correspond with the noblest design which is approved by the united will of many citizens.”

So the glorious work, undertaken in this noble spirit, and carried on by successive generations with the same reverential love, was at last completed, and in May the beautiful façade was exposed to view. While the richest and most delicate tinted marbles have been used, great care has been taken to keep the new work in harmony with the other walls of the cathedral; and to ensure this, it was necessary to remove many of the old slabs of the *intarsiata* where the marble had been worn away by decay, or damaged by the influence of the weather. It can be judged by this partial renovation how admirable was the effect of the whole when the coverings were removed. There was exposed to the admiring masses the “*lavoro di poesia*,” a vast marble tracery of fruits, flowers, garlands, and wreaths, mingled with lovely faces, the work of innumerable sculptors and artists, who all undertook it as a work of love, many of them, like Settignano, accepting only his daily expenses. Nor was this disinterestedness limited to the noble army of workers. The beautiful, rich, variegated marbles of Serravezza, Siena, and Prato were presented as a gift,

and even in many cases their transport was paid. Florence made every preparation for the great occasion: the Italian kingdom was represented there by all its various, and at one time hostile, nationalities, and interesting was it to see the crowds collected in the City of the Lily in all that variety of costumes which has not yet disappeared in the remote provinces. From the wooded glens of the Apennines, even from the distant Alban hills and rugged Calabria, came pilgrims to gladden their hearts by the sight of the crowning glory of Florence. Happy is it for a nation when its peoples possess a heart which beats quicker at the sight of the trophies and triumphs, not of war but of peace.

Great men have always felt the importance of carrying out great national works. The whole of Europe bears testimony to the imperialism of Rome. The great Napoleon well understood this when he carried out his gigantic plans without and within the walls of every city he conquered. Even Napoleon III., wherever he dwelt, left behind him some monument of noble design. He felt that—

“From works like these a nation’s glory springs;
These are imperial acts, and worthy kings.”

It is true that Paris, by its changes, lost greatly in its historic interest and associations, when its old streets of shabby dilapidated houses were cleared away by the master-hand of Haussmann; but it must be conceded that light was let into dark and noisome places. And buildings, if not of much architectural beauty, at least on a grand scale, replaced dilapidated tenements, whose only beauty was derived from the ravages of time and the overgrowth of ages.

The admirers of Prout may mourn over the sacrifice of picturesque decay, but, on the whole, the change is for the better. It is one of the many lamentable results of the new Republic in France, that it seems to have taken all good taste and all interest in the past out of the people. No improvements are now carried on, whole edifices associated with the glories of France are permitted to fall into decay. Monsieur Grévy presiding over the destinies of a nation whose history is full of the glorious traditions of a long line of kings, is not a more striking proof of the change in the spirit of the nation, than the ruins of the Tuileries, which remain as a memorial of the wild excesses of the populace, where “dust to dust” applies to the proudest edifices as well as to their creators.

The country in which at present there is the greatest demand for architects and builders is Italy. If new brooms do not always sweep clean, at any rate they sweep away. The two cities in which the work of destruction and construction are being carried on with untiring energy are Rome and Florence. In Rome a new city has been created on the Quirinal; huge squares, with rectangular streets, are intended by their names to render homage to the great deeds of the founders of Young Italy. On the Quirinal, fortunately, with the exception of the Baths of Diocletian, there has been little to destroy; and as at least 200,000 have been added to the population since Rome was made the capital, this congeries of brick and rubble must be endured. Now there exist two distinct cities, as there are two distinct sovereigns, in Rome, and three Romes,—the Rome of the Vatican, the Rome of the Quirinal, the Rome of the Forum and Palatine. If Gibbon had ar-

rived in Rome at the present time, and found himself landed at the Central Station, we should not have enjoyed his vivid impressions of his first visit to the spot "where Tully spoke and Cæsar fell." It is now an almost universal regret that Florence was not made the capital of Italy. Never was a city better adapted by its site, its environs, and its beauty, for the fulfilment of such a high design. On two sides wide plains extend, and on the other two the wooded heights of Fiesole and San Miniato afford abundant spots for charming retreats for those who care to avoid the din of the city. What Florence might have become under such circumstances it is hard to say, for even as it is the town has expanded far into the Campagna, and many a villa has sprung up on the neighbouring heights. The impulse once given to change and restoration, the work of the reformers is now being carried on vigorously; but at Florence, unlike Rome, a strong public opinion has been developed, and Florence is divided into two camps,—these are the restorers, and the opponents of all renovation.

As to the merits of the material improvements in Florence there cannot be any question: from being a very ill-drained and at times a very unhealthy residence, it may be asserted, notwithstanding the letters which have appeared in the 'Times,' that there is no healthier city in Italy, or one where the municipality is more careful of the wellbeing of the population; and we might in London take many hints from the municipal arrangements of Florence. On this no difference of opinion arises: but when we come to large sums to be expended on the restoration of noble historic buildings which meet us at every turn, and the

demolition of many picturesque streets and houses, a wide field is open for discussion and controversy; there is no limit to differences in matters of taste. There are some who discover beauty where others only see discomfort and decay. The very dirt on a building is to many consecrated by Time. In the spirit of conservatism, some wander abroad like Dr Syntax in search of the picturesque, and find a charm in crumbling, moss-grown, and weather-stained walls; but others take a more practical view of life's ways, and wish heaven's light to penetrate into gloomy and dark places, however prized they may be by the painter. They dislike being nearly crushed in narrow streets, and to have to elbow their way through crowded passages; in fact, the majority who find their occupation and daily life in the classic city, and who think more about their offices and arrangements than about the histories of the Medici and Strozzi, such as these are grateful to the restorers who do not cling to the old associations with too tender a regard, and prefer material comfort to the romance of the past. Meanwhile, great changes have been made in Florence, and still greater are contemplated. As far as the reformers have yet gone there is not much to find fault with; but now is the critical time—change leads to change. If building can become a passion, so can removal. It is now proposed to take down the whole of the old buildings between the Mercato Vecchio and the Duomo, with the object of opening out the Piazza del Duomo, so as to give a clear view of the cathedral and the baptistery from the west. And this will be still more strongly urged now that the new façade is open to view. Here, however,

the question arises whether beautiful effects are not enhanced by contrasts. It is not always true that "distance lends enchantment to the view." There is much of beauty that can only be appreciated by the close observer. The detail of the beauty of the glorious edifices in the Piazza del Duomo will grow on the art student as he studies the works of the great masters. Let it be supposed that all the streets and *viales* of Florence were cleared away—the public monuments and magnificent feudal palaces left in solitary grandeur on the fair Campagna—would they gain by this isolation? It is very doubtful. Granted that Sunium's marble steep, and the Acropolis of the City of the Violet Crown, or the temples which throughout Greece are situated on the mountain-tops, gain an interest by their loneliness; but it is a different matter when the surrounding buildings sheltered the creators of these glorious edifices and were associated with their hourly walk and daily task. There is, however, nothing to fear if the work is executed on the principle laid down by Signor del Moro, who has charge of the architectural works. "We must consider," he says, "all the conditions under which the great works of the old architects were constructed; and that it is probable in many cases the very confined space in which they were built was considered in their design, and by increasing the space around them we may seriously belittle them." And he adds very truly, that "in all these changes we must move very cautiously—in fact, that restoration and even preservation, if we have to deal with beautiful subjects, whether in architecture or in painting, must be carried on with loving care, with a due ap-

preciation of the intent and merit of the author of the work to be restored. It must be a work of love and not of vanity."

In Florence, as at Venice and at Athens, Time is the improver instead of the destroyer. And this must never be forgotten by the restorer. He may, by endeavouring to enrich colour and strengthen outlines for the sake of future generations, really be wantonly interfering with the master's work. Sunshine in this clime paints instead of fading; and centuries have only given to Giotto's tints a deeper loveliness. Wordsworth describes the Parthenon of Athens as ruins scooped out of the bed of an Athenian sunset, when the light of each day adds to its beauty. Ruskin says that Venice, the City of the Sea, "*defies* the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the waves." And thus it is with Florence; it requires no mental effort to realise its glorious past, or to picture its historic interest, for palaces which date from the twelfth century stand as firm as they did in the days of their founders. It is this which impresses the traveller with such a sense of reality as he strolls through the medieval streets. More than four centuries have passed since Brunelleschi laid the foundation-stone of the Pitti Palace, of which it has been well said no other can compare with the boldness and grand simplicity of its structure. And since that day not a stone has been displaced. What scenes has that noble pile, with its cyclopean walls, witnessed!—what great men have passed through its portals!—what exciting events have been witnessed from its galleries! There is no apparent reason why for another four, or twice four, centuries it should not stand where it does. The Pitti

is not a solitary instance of a noble pile untouched by time. There is not a byway as well as a highway in the city which does not contain some edifice of equal interest to those who love to live in the past as well as the present.

Thus it may be readily understood that the proposed reconstruction of the centre of Florence (the "*Riordinamento del centro di Firenze*") is a matter which is likely to give rise to every variety of opinion and difference of taste; and it is to be hoped that nothing will be done hurriedly. The removal of the shops from the Ponte Vecchio is one of those changes which will distress the majority of the visitors to what Rogers calls "the fairest city of the earth."

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence."

And he adds prophetically—

"'Tis the Past
Contending with the Present."

And now we are in the midst of this contention. The restorers do not deny that the shops of old jewellery and quaint bits of furniture, stray relics of old families and bygone days, are most picturesque, or that the Ponte Vecchio as at present is one of the most interesting features of Florence. How highly it is appreciated, is proved by the bright ladies who block the thoroughfare even in the very early morning to admire, to bargain, and occasionally to buy. The Ponte Vecchio to the ordinary tourist vies with the Duomo and the Uffizi in attractiveness; but this is precisely what the reformers complain of. They insist that the shops are an innovation on the original design of the bridge, that they are a serious obstacle to traffic, and interfere materially with the comfort of

pedestrians where there is scarcely any foot-pavement; for, as Lord Dalling remarked of Paris half a century since, the "city is only paved for the aristocracy." The effect of the shops is, that the carriage-way is thronged, and there is frequently confusion worthy of an Eastern bazaar. So serious and dangerous has the bridge traffic become, that the authorities have at last, after the example of Scotland Yard, employed police to regulate it. The effect which would be produced by the abolition of the shops may be judged by the effect of their removal from the gallery leading from the Uffizi to the Ponte Vecchio. It is now an open arcade, and we are told to admire the open arches; but for this it is required to cross to the south side of the river, and so it can scarcely be said that the change has been of any advantage.

First in the plan of the *Riordinamento*, comes the *Mercato Vecchio* (the old market-place). From this already a number of dilapidated old houses and walls, covered with the stains and fungi of ages, have been removed, and the *Palazzo Vecchio*, of which Pulci wrote—

"Al mondo è alimento
Ed ad ogni altra piazza il pregio scena"—

is certainly cleaner for their removal, but this is all that can be said in favour of the change; for these old residences and quaint irregular constructions have (as the graceful observer and writer of '*Walks in Italian Cities*' said) greatly added to the charm of the place; and now it is proposed to sweep the whole away, and with them many a time-hallowed association. The *Via Pelliciera*, where Benvenuto Cellini was taught his marvellous art, which added to the value of gems considered priceless,

and a lustre to the most refined gold, is doomed; and the Via Calimala, the street of the "Beautiful Fleece," for the names of streets indicated in those days the guild to which they belonged—all this it is intended to remove in order to form a great central square, which will undeniably add to the salubrity, but must detract from the beauty of the city. It seems from the report which has recently been published, that these changes have been contemplated for twenty years. In that space of time it might be supposed something definite would have been arrived at. Such, however, is far from being the case. The discussion is as lively as ever: as has been remarked, this state of things is likely to continue, for the simple fact that the comprehensive scheme would require a great outlay. George Herbert calls building a "sweet impoverishing," and "demolition" is little less expensive an amusement.

From the financial report of the Public Works Committee, which was issued at the close of last year, it would appear that the estimate for all the improvements, alterations, and restorations was six millions of lire—about a quarter of a million sterling. This does not seem a large amount to expend on the development of a great city; but it is much to lavish on æsthetic experiments at a time when the taxation amounts to 30 per cent on all incomes. (Young democratic monarchies are not created for nothing!) In the report alluded to, the principles laid down for the guidance of the restorers are excellent. It says, that where there exists any personal or historic interest in any house or site, it should not be interfered with unless it is to add to the solidity of the former, or the advantage of

the latter. But it may be remarked that their principles, like the Frenchman's, are not borne out by practice. For instance, the house of Dante was certainly in a very dilapidated state; but it might have been propped up, and many future generations would have looked on the walls within which the great master wrote the 'Divina Commedia.' And the interest of the house was not limited to Dante. For two centuries it was occupied as a wine-shop, in which all the illustrious Florentines congregated, amongst whom were Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini. The great Italian taverns of the middle ages were like our own in the last century, the clubs of the day, where statesmen, artists, wits and scholars, youth and age, resorted. Until quite recently Dante's house was left unchanged: it has now actually been rebuilt—it may be, in strict accordance with its original plan, but to the entire loss of all that made it interesting.

The house of Dante, preserved for so many centuries, is only one of the numerous instances of the interest taken by the Italians in their historical associations. The taste for renovation, or as many call it for destruction, dates from the period of United Italy, when the old ideas were supplanted by the new. There is a remarkable cook-shop in the Mercato Vecchio, which has been in existence for five centuries. That is a long period to have enjoyed an unequalled reputation for *frittatas*, which men of all degrees have eaten there. Admirable specimens of *majolica* and curious cooking utensils decorate the walls of the shop; and next door is a tavern of equal antiquity, which the greatest as well as gayest of the Signori frequented. Well, all this is to be destroyed so soon as

any funds for the work of ruin are available. It is truly sad to think that in a very brief space of time this interesting district will be replaced by a large square, with probably a statue of Garibaldi or Cavour in the centre. The Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, containing a great number of architectural gems, and picturesque points of view such as artists love to paint and Ruskin to describe, has been closed long since, preparatory to its destruction. Here the very progress of decay may be watched; for now, uncared for, the storm can beat into the deserted dwellings, and partially anticipate the hand of the destroyer. It is even doubtful whether a great portion of the Via Calsaioli will be spared—a street where Donatello and Michelozzi laboured for the love of art and the rivalry in beautiful workmanship. If all these outward and visible signs of the illustrious past are to be removed, it will be a great price to pay even for a freer and grander view of the Duomo and the noble sister edifices.

As Florence was not destined to be the permanent capital of the new Italy, it is greatly to be regretted that for a short time it was so considered; for the Florentine imagination expanded, and with it all the plans for the creation of a city worthy of such a grand future. The owners of land indulged in the most extravagant expectations. Florence was to be known, not as the City of the Lily, but the City of the World. During the brief period of its pride, large fortunes were realised; half the old city walls were levelled, to afford room for the new capital. So when the royal migration to Rome was an accomplished fact, there was much grief among the speculators and those who pre-

ferred materialism to the beautiful. But much joy was felt by the few who find happiness in things of beauty and graceful associations; for these had been saddened at the thought of the Arno flowing through streets of uninteresting modern buildings, and the many slopes of Fiesole covered with suburban villas. The change was indeed welcome to such who love Florence, as Florence only can be loved by those who have long dwelt within view and beneath the shadow of the Duomo.

The traveller who has time to make himself acquainted with Florence, and now moves on to Rome, will rejoice that the *nominis umbra* has spared the beautiful city, when he sees the degradation to which Rome is subjected. Happy those who visited Rome before it was Haussmannised, and miles of edifices of hideous monotony replaced the ruins of the Empire, and peopled the once classic solitudes!

No longer can the student "with beating heart roam o'er the haunted ground," picturing the glorious past. With the temporal power the home of our youth has been swept away: no more shall the

"Orphans of the earth now turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires."

Where the widowed mother sat is a vast metropolis, which in all probability will extend in time to the very foot of the Alban hills. So, on the whole, all classes except the speculators may be satisfied that Florence has been left alone; and we must only hope that the restorers will move with caution. Let them take warning from the severe judgment which has been passed on the restoration of the palace of the Doges and the Basilica of San Marco at Venice. The *facciata* of the Duomo is undeniably so admirable a work that

every confidence can be placed in the Florentine taste. It is very gratifying to know that a most distinguished Englishman, Mr Temple Leader, who many years since occupied a conspicuous position in the House of Commons, and who possesses a thorough knowledge of classic art and the keenest appreciation of the beautiful, is a prominent member of the Improvement as he was of the Facciata Committee. The principle, already mentioned, laid down by these gentlemen, that where there is a work of genius or any edifice remarkable and picturesque it should be preserved, is admirable; but then this very question of preservation requires grave consideration and excellent judgment. Many a picture has been injured by the process of cleaning, and in giving solidity to a fabric its character often suffers; so all buildings associated with the past should at

all times be touched with a loving hand. An architect who is a mere builder too frequently is a failure. A restorer must not only be experienced in his craft, but full of poetic sentiment—if not an artist, at least rich in artistic feeling. Let it be remembered that Time, the destroyer, frequently invests objects with an additional beauty and charm: incongruities which architects denounce may be prized by the painter and the poet; regular features are not always those which touch the heart. May the restorers of Florence proceed with care. As yet they have done little to arouse adverse criticism, and much to win universal admiration. Let them continue their labour in the same spirit of love and reverence, and Florence will ever remain worthy of the name of The Beautiful.

LAMINGTON.

JOYCE.

CHAPTER V.

THE tableaux had taken place to everybody's satisfaction. There had been much applause, and Joyce had been called for to receive the thanks of the audience; but all muffled up in a dark cloak in which she had figured as one of Queen Margaret's travelling retinue, she had not revealed anything to the amused look of the gentlemen and ladies who were spectators, except a dark and indistinct outline against the light. When the others, throwing off the veils and cloaks in which she had enveloped them, joined their friends in the drawing-room, which was to Joyce the emblem of everything that was most splendid and beautiful in the world, she stole away, getting her hat from Merritt's room. Merritt would gladly have detained her for a gossip afterwards; but Joyce, though she told herself with an angry humility, which was more stinging than pride, that it was Merritt who was her equal and not Greta, would not stay. She went out into the silence of the night, hearing the voices of the company, with a keen desire to know what they were saying, and to share in the enjoyment which imagination represented to her as so much more delightful than any kind of social intercourse she had ever known. Joyce felt this sharp and keen sensation which she said to herself was not envy. Oh no, no! for envy is unkind, whereas she desired no harm, but only good and every pleasantness to the delightful company where there were so many whom she was fond of; but only a forlorn consciousness of her own position as one

who could not get access there, yet was at home nowhere else. No; all that youthful folly about Lady Joyce was nonsense, she knew. She would never be Lady Joyce, never find a place in the Queen's Court, or among the people who are grand and great, and the flower of the land; but yet there was her place, and nowhere else was she at home. She did not venture to say this to herself, yet the thought was in her mind as she stepped out with a sigh down the terrace-steps, leaving the lights blazing, and the voices, so refined, as she thought, and delightful, rising in a soft tumult behind. She was tempted to steal along the terrace to an open window, to hear what they were saying, to peep in for a moment out of the gloom. But Joyce would not, could not do this thing. The temptation wounded her pride even while it moved her. What! she, Joyce, go and peep and listen, like a housemaid in a play! No, no; though they were so sweet, though they drew her as if with a magnet—no, no. She turned round resolutely away from this snare. On the other side the housekeeper's room was shining too, and there was quite a fine company there—the ladies'-maids so fine, and gentlemen in evening clothes, quite equal to anything that was to be seen in the drawing-room. Joyce flung her head high—not there at least! though with a keen pang of self-humiliation she felt that there everybody would think was her appropriate place. But the fine ladies'-maids were too fine for her. There was something in that. It

enabled her to feel a consolatory thrill of disdainful pride.

When she had gone on a little, and reached the beginning of the avenue, a shadow shaped itself out of the darkness of the night, and a shawl, unnecessary and undesired, was quickly put upon her shoulders. "I was told to bring you this—and I've been waiting half an hour. Oh, keep it on, the night is chilly—to please me, Joyce."

"Why should you make me do what I don't wish, to please you?"

"Well, if it is what you don't wish; but consider that your health is of great consequence, and if you were to catch cold—or any unpleasant thing——"

"There could not be a better time," said Joyce, "at the beginning of the holidays."

"Has something gone wrong with you to-night?—you are not as sweet as your ordinary—oh yes, sweet always, sweet ever to me. But something has come over you. You are so merry about them sometimes. You make me laugh, though I am not sure that it is right to laugh at the aristocracy—they have their difficulties, as we have ours."

"I wonder at you! Wherein are they different?—the same flesh and blood, I hope—no better education, often not so good. What then? Who was it they referred to for everything to-night?—to know all about the story and the history: the history of their own country, and we in sight of the very scene! Who did they come to ask from as if I were an oracle? and you say that knowledge is power——"

"Yes, in a way, assuredly it is. There is a moral superiority; there is a sense of true nobility——"

"Oh, stop, stop! In spite of all I tell you, if I had stayed there," cried Joyce, with an indignant

sweeping motion of her arm towards the lighted windows, which now shone like faint stars in the distance, "should I have been like them? They would have talked and been kind; they would have asked me questions. What would you like, Joyce?—a cup of tea? Have you seen these pictures, Joyce? What can we show her to amuse her? And a gentleman would have come forward and said something, looking as if he were afraid I would curtsy when I spoke to him, like one of the children! and there would be little looks at me as if it were wonderful I could behave myself. And the lady herself, who is all goodness—yes, she is all goodness!—would give me a glance after a while, or perhaps a whisper, Now, Joyce, run away. Why—why should it be—so little difference, and yet so much? To feel nothing but scorn at the thought they are our betters, and yet never to feel at ease with them!" Her foot gave an impatient mortified stamp on the ground, and her eyes, unseen, overflowed with hot and angry tears.

"These are questions which are sometimes painful—but not necessarily so," said the young schoolmaster. "Take hold of my arm going down the avenue. Oh do! It is dark, and you might stumble, and the moon gives little light under the trees. And then, don't you think I have a right to a little, just a little, kindness, more than everybody else? Well, then," he went on in a satisfied tone, as Joyce, moved by this argument, conceded the arm, though with some reluctance. "I will tell you all about it. It would be painful if it were not looked at from a high point of view. It is mortifying when there is no difference—when you are just as well instructed, per-

haps better, and acquainted with all the rules of politeness, and even etiquette, and all the rest of it." Joyce moved uneasily, impatiently, on his arm, and he had to hold her fast to retain it—"to feel that there is a difference!" he went on hastily; "and founded upon nothing reasonable, upon no solid ground. For to call them our betters is folly. Wherein are they our betters? not in acquaintance with everything that is best—with literature, with science, with what Tennyson calls the long results of time."

"If you think you are explaining, you are making a mistake," said Joyce,—*"you are only repeating what I said."*

The young schoolmaster laughed, but with confusion and a little resentment. "I am coming to the explanation," he said. "For one thing, it's against our dignity, yours and mine, that are just as good as they are, to take offence. It's a pitiful thing to take offence."

He said "peetiful," and now and then made other betrayals in accent of his northern origin; but that was nothing, for some of the gentlemen did the same. This thought flew through Joyce's mind with the rapidity of light, followed, like its attendant shadow, by another, a painful, hateful consciousness of this involuntary proof of the differences which they were discussing. The gentlemen! Why or how this distinction, which she herself made without knowing? In the darkness, unsuspected of her companion, who was going on quite easily, she blushed to her hair, to her heels, with a glow all over her.

"But we must reflect," he said, "that in this world there must always be a certain sacrifice to appearances. And it's more lovely and of good report to keep up

different grades. Abstract justice is one thing, but fair-seeming also has to be considered. An aristocracy is a graceful thing. People like us, that consider these matters, may well consent to keep it up for the beauty of it. We cultivate flowers for the same end. It would be more profitable to fill all the garden beds with cabbages or gooseberries. We yield that for beauty, and we yield the other too. And then you and I, Joyce," he said, pressing her arm, "we have the advantage or the disadvantage, whichever you like to call it, of belonging to an exceptional class."

Here again a murmur made itself heard in Joyce's mind. Did *he*? For herself she made no question. She put him in her mind beside Captain Bellendean—the Captain, as everybody called him—and her brain grew confused. But Halliday continued, with an equable sense of giving instruction, which confused her more and more.

"We are, so to speak, everybody's equal," he said. "We are probably superior to most of these people, but we are not going to compete with them in their way. There is no doubt that we are superior to the other classes, who cannot, in any manner, hold their own with us, except just by sheer force of money, or something of that measurable kind. We have therefore a rank—a rank, Joyce, that is by itself, that is becoming more and more acknowledged every day."

He pressed her arm as he spoke, and she, wildly roving in her mind through every kind of by-way of thought, did not like it, but made no sign, restraining herself, answering nothing, which was not Joyce's way. She was thus caught and attached to reality, while her

mind went wandering through space, in no way agreeing in the supposed triumphant argument of his—sometimes flashing a contradiction upon him which he could not see; chafing at the restraint; eager to throw him off, yet not doing so; held fast by circumstances and her fate.

"When you and I set up together, Joyce," he said, clasping her arm closer, "which I hope will be soon, for I'm weary waiting—when you and I have our home together, we'll have a home where any one may be proud to come to; where every meal will be a feast, and nothing spoken of or thought of that is not high—above the ideas of the common. We'll have nothing common there. We'll talk of the grandest things. We'll be better than princes or kings; and by-and-by, when the world's a little wiser—as we're making it wiser every day—when a great statesman comes to Mid-Lothian, or a great scholar or a poet, it's you and me he'll come to. We'll not have grand rooms to put him in, but it's with us he'll find the minds to understand him. Even now, if Tennyson were to be up yonder,"—he pointed back to the house—"would he care for them, who could not quote a line he ever wrote, or us, who could say—what could we not say?—all his poems, I believe, between you and me."

At this Joyce laughed aloud with a sudden burst of ridicule. "Do you think he would care to hear his own poems? I think he would rather go up to the house, where nobody would be afraid of him."

"Afraid of him! why should we be afraid? I hope our manners are good enough for—as good as——"

"Oh, what do you mean about

manners? doesn't that just prove what I say?—we should be afraid of him. We could quote all his poems one after another. What would he care for that? Miss Greta, that knows none of them, except perhaps the Queen of the May, would please him better. Why? Oh, how can I tell you? but *I know it!* She would know the people he knows; and, don't you see, when you speak about manners, that alone shows—Oh yes, we are different, and that is the truth. We may know more—and we might know double again, and it would not make any difference. There is more in it than that."

"Yes, there is money in it, if that is what you mean," said the schoolmaster, scornfully.

"That is not what I mean; but it's true—there is money in it—and beautiful rooms, and people that have lived in them all their life, and their fathers before them, and that are used to be the best wherever they go. We say we're the best, but we're not used to it. It is in our thoughts, but not in other people's. Oh, there is a difference! I feel I don't belong to the cotters' houses, but I am at ease in them: and in the farmers' I feel—oh, a little queerish, as if I were smiling at their money and their notion that they were better than me—superior as you say. But in Bellendean I would be awkward and blush. I would say, Thank you, mem, or sir. Perhaps I could talk better than the rest if I were to try——"

"You could—you could."

"What would that matter?" cried this stern philosopher. "I would be just Joyce Matheson among them all. But here I'm not Joyce Matheson, I'm—anything. I'm Desdemona, or even Rosalind. I'm Lady Joyce, as

granny says. I'm no match for any but a prince—oh, Andrew!—what I meant to say was that in my thoughts I'm a grand lady, but in Bellendean, nobody—nobody! a little schoolmistress, a little country girl."

"I know what you mean," he said, recovering the hand she had drawn from his arm. "But if you love me, Joyce, I'm prince enough for anything," he said in a lower tone.

This touch of feeling suddenly coming in silenced Joyce. She made no reply. Love had been little talked of between them. They had thought more of Shakespeare and the poets generally, and of that culture which levels all distinctions, and makes of those who are engaged "in tuition" the superiors of the world. There was always this strange question, too, so little explicable, of class distinctions, which contradicted all theories, and set culture aside as if it meant nothing. They were both aristocrats by birth, holding fondly to the doctrine of a superior race, but feeling also a wistful, nay, sometimes angry, wonder why their own special affinities for that race were not more justly recognised.

"After all, the class that we belong to is the greatest of all," said Halliday. "The greatest men have come out of it. The peasant is a kind of king. He has nothing to do with money-making, and poor sordid trades. He digs his bread out of the soil. However we may get up and up, we have no reason to be ashamed of him. In the cottages you are at your ease, you said——"

"But not because I belong to them," cried Joyce, with a flash of her eyes. "If I did, I would not say so; it would be natural. But I don't: I belong to nobody: if

I were a peasant, I would be a peasant and nothing more; but I am nobody, and I think and think—and sometimes I have silly dreams."

He tried again to take her hand. "Not silly, perhaps," he said; "the world is before us. I see nothing that we might not do—you and me together, Joyce."

You and me together! This was not what she was thinking of. The vague exaltation and vaguer hope which sometimes swept her up to heights unknown had nothing to do, it must be confessed, with Andrew Halliday. She drew herself apart from him, on the evident ground that they were emerging from the darkness of the avenue into the bright moonlight at the park gates. The village street opened beyond, with various groups about enjoying the freshness of the night. The women were out at their doors; a knot of men smoking their pipes and talking in their slow rustic way, stood together at a corner. Without a doubt, there were two or three pairs, not so bashful as Joyce, taking advantage of the moonlight. But it was in conformity with Halliday's principles as well as her own to maintain the loftiest decorum. They walked down side by side, with quiet gravity and propriety, talking of what Mr Halliday called "the topics of the day": the success of all the festivities in honour of the Captain's return, the Captain himself and his character, and other cognate subjects,—a kind of conversation which anybody might have listened to with edification. Indeed, even in the avenue, where it was dark, and Joyce's arm was in that of her lover, the talk had not been any drivel of love-making, as the reader knows. But Joyce had not said a word to him of the excite-

ment which lay deep at the bottom of her heart. She had never said a word to Halliday of the commotions which the thought of her possible origin awoke; and of Colonel Hayward and his strange questions and looks she had said nothing. All this was kept a secret from her lover; she kept it jealously, but she could scarcely have told why.

Old Peter Matheson stood at his door, in the full light of the moon, which threw all the roughnesses upon his surface into shadow, as if he had been a mountain. He was a mountain in his way, or rather an angular tall old crag, his face seamed as with torrents. The moon subdued the high colour, the deep frosty-red and russet-brown of his weather-beaten countenance, and made his scanty circle of white locks like a silver crown. He was standing in the middle filling up the doorway, with a lordly indifference to his wife, who stood spying at the moonlight from under his arm.

"Yon'll be them," Janet had said, as the two slim figures suddenly rose out of the white distance.

"How can ye tell it's them? It might be onybody," said Peter, in his deep voice.

"Wha would it be but them? It's no the Captain and some young leddy—therefore," said Janet, "it's bound to be our twa. There's nae ither twa like them. And I would ken our Joyce at ten mile."

Peter grumbled something about the impossibility of seeing anything except the hills or the sea at ten miles, and about the nonsensical character of her remarks generally. But with a swelling at his old heart which almost brought the water to his eyes (not hard to do), decided that she was right, and that Joyce could be distin-

guished as far as mortal vision would carry. The way she stepped, the carriage of her—like a lady! she was just like the Queen!

"Sae it's just you. I was thinking nae ither pair would move along like twa steeples, nae nearer. Come away. It's a bonnie night, but I'm wantin' my supper. I canna fill my wame with the moonlicht, like you twa."

"Is it late, grandfather? I might have known it was late, as it's so dark, or would be but for the moon."

"Na, na," said the old man, with a laugh as deep and bass as his voice; "it wasna to be expected you should mind. We're no lookin' for impossibilities. But there is a fine smell of stoved ta'aties. Your granny is a woman that loses no time."

"Now that they are come," said Janet from within, "come in, come in to your supper. Dinna stand and chatter there."

The supper was simple enough. There were oatcakes and cheese on the table, a large dish of stoved potatoes, steaming and savoury, and a jug of milk. The potatoes were a feast for a king; the steam of them rose like domestic incense to the dim roof. The table was set as far from the fire as possible, the door left open, the moonlight, silver to the threshold, stopped about a yard within, drawing a clear line of separation between its intense ethereal whiteness and the ruddy light of the little lamp. Joyce sat facing the moonlight, looking out across the homely table into that mystic world outside: conscious of the contrast between the little human group, so well defined and distinct, the smoky lamplight on their faces, and the great universe beyond, all filled with spiritual light, with moving shadows and subdued voices

—mystic, mysterious. Now and then a step passed, the line of some flitting figure crossed the doorway, and sometimes a cheerful voice called "Good-night" at them in passing, while the talk went on within.

"Weel, and did a' yon nonsense come to pass, and were ye satisfied?" Janet asked.

"Yes, granny; pretty well. Everybody was pleased."

"Except yoursel', ye exacting thing! They wouldna do just a' ye told them, that would be the cause."

"J'yce is a lass that likes her ain gait. Ye manna gang into it wi' your eyes blindfold, Andrew, my man."

"Yes, they did what I told them, granny. But the Scots maidens could hardly be distinguished from the Saxon maidens, which was a mistake; and we could not get anything like right costume, there was so little time. But they knew no better," said Joyce, with a slight inflection of contempt; "they were quite pleased."

"And that is a very difficult

question," said the schoolmaster. "Do you think there would be much difference at that early period?"

"What!" cried Joyce, lighting up, "between the Saxon ladies that were with the Athelings, that had been in a Court, and the wives of the wild Piets, or whatever they were—for history knows little of them—on the other side!"

"And what were you?" said Janet, while Peter burst into one of his long, derisive, admiring laughs, with a "Hearken to her!" which brought the water to his eyes.

"I was nobody. I was a tirewoman. I was not thinking of *me*. I was in the lady's train in her journey, with a big cloak of the Captain's," said Joyce, permitting herself to laugh.

"And wherefore no' a Scots lady, to wait upon her in her kingdom," said Janet, half offended. "You have aye an awfu' troke with thae English, as if you liked them the best."

"How can she do that when she never kent ane?" said Peter, in his innocence.

But Joyce made no reply.

CHAPTER VI.

Colonel Hayward was in waiting on the platform at Edinburgh when the morning express came in from the south. It was a lovely morning. The unconventional freshness, as of a day still in its childhood and doubting nothing, was in the air, even in the grimy precincts of the railway station, where all was black below, yet all fresh above. The sun shining, the air full of that keen sweetness which, even in a July morning, breathes in the air of the north. The platform was already full of people waiting for their friends; and when those

friends arrived, and came pouring from all the carriage doors, with the noise combined of a crowd and a train, the Colonel was confused by the din and numbers. Though he had the habit of command, and could have made his authority felt in a moment had they been soldiers under him, he was pushed out of his way by women and children and railway porters, without power of assisting himself; and therefore it was not till most of the passengers had poured out of the train, that he got to the particular object of his search—a small, very bright-

eyed woman, who stood in the door of the carriage she had travelled in, looking out calmly upon the confused scene. She was not grimy, as most of the passengers were, or untidy with the night's travelling, or hurried and flustered as everybody else was. She stood quite calmly looking down from the height of the doorway, quite patient and composed. She knew that the Colonel would come. She knew that he was not very good at pushing his way, therefore she possessed her soul in patience, making no fuss, showing no anxiety about her box, calm, commanding the situation. "Ah, here you are," she said quietly, as he came up to her, stepping lightly down.

"Have you been waiting long, my dear?"

"Oh no; it didn't matter. I knew you would come. I have one box, and I know exactly where it is. Don't let us hurry. I don't suppose there is any hurry."

"No—perhaps not,—but something very serious, very serious, Elizabeth."

"I supposed so, or you would not have sent for me. Wait till we get out of the noise. I could not hear you, so what would be the use? We are going to a hotel, I suppose."

"We are going to Bellendean, where I am staying. Don't be surprised."

"But I am surprised, Henry. To the great house you wrote to me about? full of ladies? You forget——"

"I—forget? No; I forget nothing—all you have done for me, your kindness, your patience."

The little lady took him by the arm, with a look of alarm in her face. She had already sighted her box, and in the course of her dialogue with her husband, had man-

aged telegraphically to secure a porter and a cab. Evidently she was of the order of women who take care of others, and do not expect to be taken care of. She led him towards the cab, as if a little afraid of his sanity. "Where is he to drive to? tell him," she said, keeping a close hold of the Colonel's arm. She held him fast still, when they were seated together, until they had got clear of the tumult of the railway station. "Now," she said, "tell me. It must be something very much out of the ordinary when you talk of my kindness, Henry. My kindness!" In this Mrs Hayward resembled old Janet Matheson. It was an offence to her to be praised in this way.

"My dear," he said, "I am more perplexed than I can tell you. You will say I have often been perplexed before, when you saw little cause for it; and this is why I sent for you so suddenly; for if anybody can bring light out of darkness, it is you."

"What is it? I am very willing to be sent for, Henry; the only difficulty is going to this house, when you know my principle, and how long I have kept out of all invitations and acquaintances."

"You that would shine anywhere!" said the Colonel, with the water in his eyes, "and all for my sake."

She looked at him again for a moment with a sort of consternation. "There you are making a mistake, my dear—for my own. Because I did not choose that there should ever be a remark."

He put his hand upon her arm with a heavy pressure. "Elizabeth, I am dreadfully perplexed; but I think, if I am not wrong, that I have come upon the settlement of all that question; of everything—of what has hung over us.

I think, my dear, that all is right—that all has been right from the very beginning.” He stopped a little, and then added, drawing a long breath, “I never had any doubt of it myself.”

A gleam, half of anger, half of fun, darted up into her bright eyes, and flashed like an arrow of light at him, which the good man did not even see, and which ended, on her part, with a quick laugh, in which there was a little amusement, a little excitement, though not very much expectation. “You never had any doubt!” she said. Then she added, with a half sigh of impatience—“Tell me all about your new discovery, and we’ll pull it to pieces and see if there’s anything in it. Have we a long drive before us? Is there time to get it all out?”

“Plenty of time; and, oh, the comfort to know that you are here, and to be able to tell you! I will do what you like best, Elizabeth. I will tell you all the facts, and then you can judge for yourself. I came to Bellendean, you know, nearly a week ago. There has been all sorts of things going on. Great dinners, and all the fine people of the county—and then the tenantry. It is a—a tidy estate—a number of tenants—not small farms like what we are used to, but men, you know, whom really I should have taken for country gentlemen—men paying big rents, and able to make speeches—and—and that sort of thing.”

Mrs Hayward kept her eyes upon her husband’s face. She was used, it was evident, to long explanations, and expected them, and had learned that patience which comes of necessity. He knew this fact, that she always heard him out, and never interrupted him, as other people did. But what he did not know, was that a thrill of natural impa-

tience, never altogether overcome, was in the veins of the little woman who sat by him, keeping him to the point with her eyes, never interrupting him in any other way. “Yes,” she said, when he paused to take breath: but that was all.

“Yes; and then, last of all, there was a supper to the labourers and cottagers. Well, no, not exactly last of all, for the last was the children’s entertainment—the school-feast we should have called it, but they don’t say school-feast here—a sort of gathering in the afternoon, you know, with a band and games, and tea in a great tent, and—you know?”

“Yes, I know what a school-feast is.”

“Well!”—he drew a long breath now, and settled himself down in a manner which betokened, as his wife by long experience knew, that he was about coming to the point; but she could scarcely believe it after so short a preamble. “The first thing that happened was at the labourers’ supper: we were all walking about, and I for my part said a word now and then, while they were cheering Norman Bellendean—that he was a good fellow, you know, and all that—the sort of thing one would say at an affair of the kind, when you do think well of the fellow, you know, and get into the swim——”

“Yes?” said Mrs Hayward again.

“Well then. I had the very words in my mouth, when at the end of one of the tables, between an old man and an old woman, evidently cottagers, I saw—I declare to you, Elizabeth, my heart leapt into my mouth—I was choked, I could not say another syllable. I saw her as clear as I see you.”

“Who did you see, Henry?”

"Joyce!" He got out the word with difficulty, and, taking out his handkerchief, fanned himself, puffing forth a hot breath of excitement. His bronzed face took a coppery tone in the heat of his reawakened feelings; and this time Mrs Hayward did not retain her usual calm. She repeated the cry, "Joyce!" with a tone of mingled astonishment and dismay—"Joyce!—then why in the name of heaven did you bring *me* here?"

"Stop a minute, stop a minute, Elizabeth: you have not heard all; and how is it possible you could understand? I have described her to you often. It was as if I saw her, exactly as I had seen her last—the same looks, the same age."

"You must be dreaming," cried his wife, almost with anger. "If she is living, according to all you have always said, she must be as old as I am——"

Sudden indignation seemed to burst from her in these words. She grew red, she grew pale. The impatience, so entirely concealed before, showed now in every finger, in every limb, mingled with angry surprise. "If you have sent for me, disturbed me, exposed me, only to tell me this at the end—that you saw her—the same age as you saw her last! I hope she has a good reason to give for all the misery she has caused—but the same age!" Mrs Hayward gasped, and said no more.

"Ah," said the Colonel, shaking his head, "you don't see, you don't see! No more did I. I couldn't say a word—I just stopped and stared—a young lady, clearly a lady, between the two old cottagers—and that look. Well! I came to myself, Elizabeth, and I thought it is just some chance resemblance, and I left the place: but disturbed—disturbed beyond what words could say. I got little sleep—you

know how little sleep I get when I am upset."

"I know you think so," said his wife, in an undertone.

"But in the morning I felt calm. I said to myself that it must be some chance—— Of course there are people who are like each other all over the world. I knew myself, up in the Punjaub, a man—but that is neither here nor there. However, next day I was quite easy. I thought nothing more of it. And then there came the school-feast I told you of—well, the thing that was the same as a school-feast, though they didn't call it a school-feast, you know. I was walking about, thinking of nothing in particular, and of course it was daylight, and everything quite clear—when I saw that girl again."

"Oh, you call her a girl now!" Mrs Hayward said, with that air of resentment which he did not understand. He paused and looked at her with sudden anxiety.

"You are not feeling poorly, Elizabeth? You are not overtired? You are not——?" He could not say angry, it seemed ridiculous; but his attention was roused, and nothing but her health could be the cause, he thought, of her change of tone.

"Go on!" she said, "go on. I am not feeling anything—but a wish to know what you mean."

There was a difference in her for all that. And if Elizabeth was going to fail him, what would become of him? He gave her a serious, anxious, inquiring look. Then, in reply to an impatient movement on her part, continued—

"That's not all. I went and asked Mrs Bellendean who she was—though I had scarcely breath to ask. Elizabeth—conceive what I felt when she turned round and called Joyce!"

"Joyce!—well I suppose you did not expect she had changed her name?" She said this sharply, then added, with an evident effort, "My dear, I beg your pardon. I don't wonder you were upset. Joyce—and it is a name one never hears. Did she—know you?"

"Know me? She had never seen me, nor heard of me—how should she know me? And I was left for a long time in a state I can't describe—wondering whether it could be a relation—God knows what I didn't think! Everybody knew the girl. She was the schoolmistress, as it turned out, but a lady every inch of her. Everybody liked her, consulted her, clustered about her. I heard nothing but Joyce, Joyce, wherever I turned."

Mrs Hayward's impatience seemed to have died away. She patted his arm with her small hand. "Poor Henry!" with a tone of compunction in her pity. She had done him wrong, or else she had done wrong to Joyce. To Joyce—the very name, though she had heard it so often, was like an arrow quivering in her heart.

"Elizabeth, all that is as nothing to what I am going to tell you now. I want all your attention. I have waited till you came: I haven't even tried to think: I have said to myself, Elizabeth will know. Now you must give your mind to it, and tell me what to do. Elizabeth, this is the story I heard. Twenty years ago, just the date I've often told you—the date I remember so well—you know, my dear, you know——"

"Yes, I know."

"Well!—Just then this girl's mother came to Bellendean—all by herself—going north, it was thought. She was going to have a baby——" The old Colonel here fell a trembling, and his wife took

his hands and held them in her own, caressing them—two large brown tremulous hands—between her small white nervous ones. He leant back on her shoulder too, which was not half broad enough to support him. "The short and the long is this: she had her baby, and she died. And the baby is Joyce—named after her mother; and there are clothes and letters to prove who she was——"

"My poor Henry! God help you, my dear! You have seen them? it was—she?"

"No—I haven't seen them. I hadn't the courage. I could think of nothing but you. You'll do it for me, Elizabeth? you'll see what you think. I—I couldn't look up the old things. I—couldn't—decide—I couldn't——"

He could do nothing but tremble, it seemed, and falter out these broken words, and lean back upon her, the colour going out of his face. She thought he was about to faint.

"Come, Henry, this will never do," she said, quietly. "Rouse yourself, my dear fellow—rouse yourself up. We will bear it together, whatever it may be. And it doesn't seem, so far as I can see, as if there would be anything new to bear."

"If it was so. She never told me, Elizabeth—that anything like that could happen."

"Perhaps she did not know. You have always said she was young and inexperienced. Oh, poor thing! poor thing!"

He loosed his hands from hers, and suddenly threw his arms round her, enfolding her, with something like a sound of sobbing. "If it was fault of mine, God forgive me! God forgive me! But Elizabeth, my dear! It has always been all right between you and me—as I felt sure all along."

Her bright eyes were for a mo-

ment dimmed too. She gave him a sudden light kiss upon his old cheek, and then softly detached herself. "We will say no more about that just now. If all this is as you think, Henry, there is something more important even than you and me—the girl."

"Ah, the girl!" He spoke vaguely, as if his attention was not awake to this part of the subject. "You will see her," he said, "the very living image—and then the name—just as she was the last time I ever saw her. Elizabeth: you will understand the kind of creature she was—the—the impetuosity—the——"

"Don't dwell on all that, or you will upset yourself again. See her! of course I will see her. You don't seem to realise what a wonderful change for her—and us too. But don't you think it is you who ought to see her first and tell her—you who are, after all, the chief person——"

"I!" he cried with dismay, interrupting her. "Why the chief person? Did I ever set myself up as the chief person? We have gone along with each other, Elizabeth, in everything that has been done."

"Yes, but in the case of—Joyce," she made a little pause before she said the name. "Henry, Joyce, whether living or dead, must be yours—yours alone. She would have a right to complain if you left her to me."

He caught her again with an alarmed look by her arm. "Is there anything mine that is not yours too? Has there ever been anything of mine that was not yours? Don't go and make a separation just when—just when——"

"Separation! it is likely that I should make a separation," she cried, with a laugh in which there was, though he was unconscious of it, a great deal of nervous excite-

ment. Then she looked out of the carriage with a little cry of admiration: "What is this? Have we got to Bellendean already? What beautiful trees! I did not know there were such fine trees in the north. And now I must think of meeting Mrs Bellendean. Isn't it rather bold of you to bring me here?"

"Not bold at all. The invitation was from her. I did not ask for it. It was she herself—entirely she——"

"I know what you did," said Mrs Hayward with a smile. "You said, I wish Elizabeth were here. And she heard it, and suggested that you should send for me. Most likely she was a little amused about Elizabeth. I know your way, and what the young fellows say, that you always want Elizabeth, whatever happens."

"So I do—so I do; though I can't tell how they know, the jackanapes. Here we are at the door."

"You must smuggle me up-stairs before anybody sees me, for I'm very untidy; and I know how fresh they will all look in their morning things," cried Mrs Hayward, with a shade of disquietude in her eyes.

"Oh yes, you shall be smuggled up-stairs," cried the Colonel, confident in the security of the early hour. And presently the pair found themselves in the cheerful room prepared for the new-comer, with tea set out upon a table. Elizabeth took at once the command of the position. She gave him some tea, then dismissed him to an easy-chair in his own room, which communicated with hers, where, as he began to doze, he could see her little figure moving about, appearing and disappearing, as she unpacked her things and made herself comfortable. She looked, he thought, as if she had been there all her life.

It was a faculty peculiar to her. She made the barest barrack-room look like herself somehow, before she had been half an hour in it. Wherever she was, the place began to appear like home directly. He had the immense sense of relief which a man in charge of a difficult post feels on the arrival of his commanding officer who takes over the responsibility, and that delightful loosening of moral tension filled him with pleasant drowsiness. His eyes, half shut, half open, were conscious of her, and that everything was being looked after; and, as a matter of fact, he had not slept well for two or three nights, though Elizabeth had scoffed at this. He had a most refreshing doze while she dressed and made herself look as fresh as the morning. As for her having been untidy, even after the night-journey, that was a thing impossible to Elizabeth. But he knew that she would come out looking fresher than the day.

She was a little woman of about forty-five, with the complexion of a girl, and eyes that were as blue as an infant's, but with the quality of brightness which belongs more frequently to a darker hue. Not soft and dreamy as blue eyes should be, but keen and clear, dancing with light—eyes which saw behind as well as before, and which nothing could elude. There was no sleep or weariness in them, but there was, visible to her own perception as she looked at herself in the glass, a keener glitter of uneasiness, a little curve of anxiety in the lids. He

seemed to think only of this possible revelation of the past—which, no doubt, was important, very important; but of the future, which she saw so distinctly opening upon them, a future entirely new, distracting, for which neither she nor he had any preparation, he seemed to take no thought. That was Henry's way, she said to herself, to be overwhelmed by one view of a question, which had half-a-dozen other aspects more important, and to make himself quite comfortable about it when the first shock was over, without an idea of what the consequences might be: dear old stupid that he was! She, too, glanced at him as she passed and repassed the doorway, with a tenderness in which there was a mixture of amusement and partial irritation and fun and sympathy, all mingled together. His goodness, his strength, his helplessness and confusion of mind, his high courage and authority and judgment, and his complete dependence and docility, were all so evident to those keen eyes of hers, which adored him, laughed at him, smote him with keen shafts of criticism, made haloes of glory about him all at one and the same moment. He had brought her many a ravelled skein to disentangle, but never any so serious as this. Joyce dead had been a shadow often discouraging enough upon her life, but Joyce living filled her lively soul with a shrinking of dismay. And of this he did not seem to have a thought.

CHAPTER VII.

Janet Matheson was busy with her broth, which was boiling softly, slowly over the fire, ready to receive the vegetables — red, white, and green—the carrots and turnips and

early crisp cabbage, all nicely cut and glistening with freshness and cleanness, which she had just prepared to add to the contents of the pot. She had a large brown Holland

apron covering her cotton gown, and a thick white cap surrounding her frosty-apple cheeks. The room was as neat and bright as her own little active figure. The little greenish window behind was open to admit the scent of the mignonette in the garden, and the pale pink monthly rose which looked in. On the sill of the opened window there was a line of books, and a writing-table stood under it, slightly inappropriate, yet disturbing nothing of the homely harmony of the cottage. The door to the street was open too, and any passing stranger could have seen Janet, who now and then looked out, with a carrot in one hand, and the knife with which she was scraping it in the other, wondering where that lassie J'yce could have gone to. The holidays had begun, and Joyce was free. She had done her share of the household service before she went out; but her tender old guardian was of opinion that about this hour "a piece" was essential, though that was a thing of which Joyce could never be got to take proper heed. She had turned her back to the world, however, and was emptying her bowlful of vegetables into the pot, when Mrs Hayward tapped at the open door. Janet said mechanically, "Come in — come away in," without hurrying the operation in which she was engaged. When she turned she found another bright-eyed woman looking in at her from the pavement.

"May I come in?" said Mrs Hayward.

"Certainly, mem, ye may come in, and welcome. Come away," said Janet, lifting a wooden chair, and placing it, though the day was very warm, within reach of the fire. It was clean as scrubbing could make it, yet she dusted it mechanically with her apron, as is the cottager's use. Mrs Hayward watched

her every movement with her bright eyes, and observed all the details of the little house. A simple woman, looking like a French peasant with her thick cap; a little rustic village house, without the slightest pretension of anything more. And this was the house in which the girl had been bred who Henry said was a lady—a lady! He knew so little, poor fellow, and men are taken in so easily. No doubt she was dressed in cheap finery, like so many of the village girls.

"I wanted, if you will allow me, to make some inquiries about your—but she is not your daughter?"

"About Joyce?" said the old woman quickly. She put down the bowl and came forward a few steps, from henceforth departing from her rôle of simple hospitality and friendliness, and becoming at once one of the parties to a duel, watching every step her adversary made. "And what will ye be wanting with Joyce?" she asked, planting her foot firmly on the floor of her little kingdom. She was queen and mistress there, let the other be what she might.

"It is difficult to say it in a few words," said Mrs Hayward. "I have heard that though you have brought her up like your child, and been so tender to her, yet that she is no relation of yours."

"There are idle folk in every place," said Janet, sententiously, "who have nothing to do but to stir up a' the idle tales that ever were heard about the country-side."

"Do you mean, then, that this is an idle tale?"

The two antagonists watched each other with keen observation, and Janet saw that there was something like pleasure, or at least relief, in her adversary's manner of putting this question. "It a' depends on the sense it's put in," she said.

"We can't go on fencing like

this all day," cried Mrs Hayward quickly. "I will tell you plainly what I want. My husband has seen the girl whom you call Joyce."

"Mem, you might keep a more civil tongue in your head," said Janet, "and ca' her something else than the girl."

"What should I call her? I have not seen her. It is not with any will of my own that I have come. I hear her very highly spoken of, and your great kindness to her, and her—what is far more uncommon—gratitude to you."

"Mem," said Janet, "we Scots folk, we're awfu' unregenerate in the way of pride. We are little used to have leddies coming inquiring into our maist private concerns, ca'ing a woman's affection for her bairn kindness, and a good lassie's good heart for her faither and mither gratitude."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs Hayward, rising up suddenly and putting out her hand. "You are quite right, and I am—unregenerate as you say. The reason is, I have been a little put out this morning, and I have inquiries to make which I don't make with any heart. I have come to ask you to let me see the things which Joyce's mother left behind her—or at least the letters which Mrs Bellendean told my husband of. A glance at them would possibly settle the question. My husband thinks—that he knows who she is."

Janet had wiped her hand with her apron, and given it to her visitor, but with some reluctance. "And wha may your husband be, mem?" she said.

"He says he spoke to you the other day. He is, though I say it, a distinguished soldier. He is Colonel Hayward, who was Captain Bellendean's commanding officer."

Janet was not greatly moved by Colonel Hayward's distinction, nor

by his grade, but that he should be the Captain's commanding officer impressed her at once. "Then he'll be a gentleman that's far aboon the like of us," she said, "and no' a man that would put forth his hand for naught, or disturb a decent poor family without just cause." She stood a little, fingering her apron, "glowering frae her," as she would have said, casting a wistful look into vacancy. "It will maybe be something—that would make a great change," she said, her lips quivering a little, "if it cam' true."

"I am afraid it would make a great change," said Mrs Hayward, and she added with a sigh, "both to you and to me."

"To you!" Janet clasped her hands. "What will you have to do with it? What would it be to the like of you? You're no—you're no——? or the Cornel——?" The old woman put her hand with natural eloquence to her breast. "My heart's just loupin' like to choke me. Oh mem, what would it be to you?"

"Look here," said her visitor. "We may be giving ourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble. It may happen that when I see the letters it will all come to nothing. Then let me see them directly, there's a dear woman. That is the best and the only thing to do."

There was a sweep of energetic movement about this rapid little lady that pressed forward Janet's reluctant feet. She took a step or two forward towards the stair. But there she paused again. "I've aye said to Peter we must keep a loose grip," she said. "And when she was only a wean it would have been nothing: but she's come to be that between him and me, that I canna tell how we're ever to part. I've never said

it to her. Na. I'm no' one to spoil a young cratur' with praisin' her. I've kept it before her, that if she had mair headpiece than the rest, it was nae credit of hers, but just her Maker that had made her sae. It's no' for that. It's no' because she's a honour and a glory to them that have brought her up. Whiles the one that you are proudest of is just the one that will rend your heart. But she's that sweet—and that bonnie—bonnie in a' her ways—ye canna help but see she's a leddy born; but to take upon herself because o' that? Na, na. That shows ye dinna ken our J'yce. Oh, I aye said haud a loose grip!" cried the old woman, with broken sobs interrupting her speech. "I've said it to my man a thoosan' times and a thoosan' to that; but it's mair than I have done mysel' at the hinder end."

The stranger's bright eyes grew dim. She put her hand on Janet's arm. "I should like to cry too," she said—"not like you, for love, but for pure contrariness, and spite, and malice, and all that's wicked. Come and show me the letters. Perhaps we are just troubling ourselves in vain, both you and I——"

"Na, na, it's no in vain," said Janet, restraining herself with a vehement effort. "If it may be sae this time, it'll no' be sae anither time. We may just be thankful we have keepit her sae lang. I never looked for it, for my pairt. I'll gang first, mem, though it's no' mainners, to show you the way. This is her cha'amer, my bonnie darling; no' much of a place for a leddy like you to come in to, or for a leddy like her—God bless her!—to sleep in. But we gave her what we had. We could do nae mair—if ye were a queen ye could do nae mair. And she's been as content all her bonnie days as if

she was in the king's palace. Oh, but she's been content; singing about the house that it was a pleasure to hear her, and never thinking shame—never, never—of her auld granny, wherever she was. She has ca'ed me aye granny—it was mair natural; and nae slight upon the poor bonny bit thing that is dead and gone."

Janet went on talking as she placed a chair for the visitor, and went forward to the rude little desk where Joyce kept her treasures. She talked on as finding a relief in it, a necessity for exertion. Mrs Hayward looked round the little homely place, meanwhile, with a curiosity which was almost painful. It was a tiny little place with a sloping roof, furnished in the simplest way, though a white counterpane on the little bed, and the white coverings of the little dressing-table in the window, gave an air of care and daintiness amid the rest of the simple furnishings. A few photographs of pictures were pinned against the wall. But the place of honour was given to two photographic groups framed, one representing a group of school children, the other a band of (Mrs Hayward thought) very uncouth and clumsy young men. Janet, with a wave of her hand towards these, said—"Hersel' and her lassies," and "Andrew and some of his freends." They seemed to the keen but agitated observer, in the formality of the heavy cluster of faces, as if all were equally commonplace and uninteresting. She sat down and watched, with an impatience which nothing but long practice could have kept within bounds, while Janet opened the desk which stood against the wall, and then a drawer in it, out of which at last, with trembling hands, she brought a little parcel, wrapped in a white handkerchief.

Janet was as reluctant as her visitor was eager. She would fain have deferred the test, or put it aside altogether. Why had she kept these papers for her own undoing. She undid the handkerchief slowly. There fell out of it as she unfolded it several small articles, each done up in a little separate packet. "A' her bit things that she had," Janet explained. "A locket round her neck, and a bit little watch that winna go, and the chain to it, and twa rings. I wanted Joyce to wear them, but she will wear nothing o' the kind, no' so much as a bit brooch. Maybe you will ken the rings if you see them," said Janet, always anxious to postpone, putting down the larger packet, and picking up with shaking fingers, which dropped them two or three times before they were finally secured, the tiny parcel in which the ornaments were enclosed.

"No, no," said Mrs Hayward. "The letters are the only things. Show me the letters, I implore you, and don't let us torture ourselves with suspense."

"Ae kind of torture is just as bad as another," said the old woman, undoing with great unsteadiness the cotton-wool in which the trinkets were enclosed. She laid them out in the palm of her brown and work-scarred hand. A little ring of pearl and turquoise, made for a very slender finger, in a simple pattern, like a girl's first ornament, and beside it another, equally small, a ruby set round with brilliants. The glimmer of the stones in the old woman's tremulous hand, the presence of these fragile symbols of a life and history past, gave the spectator a shock of sympathetic pain almost in spite of herself. She put them away with a hurried gesture—"No, no; nothing but the letters. I never saw these before; I know

nothing—nothing but the letters. Show me the letters."

Janet looked at the trinkets and then at Mrs Hayward, with a rising light of hope in her eyes. "Ye never saw them before? It will just be somebody else and no her ye was thinking of? That's maist likely, that's real likely——" wrapping them up again slowly in their cotton-wool. Her fingers, unused to delicate uses, were more than ever awkward in their tremor. To put them back again was the business of several minutes, during which she went on: "You will not be heeding to see the other things? I have them here in her box, just as she left them—for Joyce would never hear of puttin' on anything—and they're auld-fashioned, nae doubt, poor things. You'll no be heeding?—oh ay, the letters—I'm forgetting the letters. But, mem, if ye've nae knowledge of her bit rings and things, ye will get nothing out of the letters. There's nae information in them. I've read them mysel' till I could near say them off by heart, but head or tail of them I could mak' nane. Here they are, any way. She's made a kind of a pocket-book to put them in—a' her ain work, and bonnie work it is—flowered with gold, I never kent where she got the gift o't. Ye would think she could just do anything she turned her hand to. Ay, there they are."

And with no longer any possible pretence for delay, she thrust a little velvet case into Mrs Hayward's hand—who between impatience and suspense was as much excited as herself. It was worked in gold thread with a runic cross, twisted with many knots and intertwinings, and executed with all the imperfections of an art as uninstructed as that of the early workers in stone who had wrought

Joyce's model. Inside, wrapped carefully in paper, were the two silent witnesses—the records of the tragedy, the evidence which would be conclusive. Mrs Hayward's hands trembled too as she came to this decisive point—they dropped out of her fingers into her lap. Her heart gave a leap of relief when her eye fell on the handwriting of the uppermost, which was unknown to her. The other was folded, nothing showing but the paper, yellow and worn at the edges with much perusal. In spite of herself, she took this up with a feeling of repugnance and dread—afraid of it, afraid to touch it, afraid to see——what instinct told her must be there. She paused,

holding it in her hand, and gave Janet a look. No words passed between them, but for the moment their hearts were one.

Mrs Hayward opened the folded paper, then gave a low cry, and looked at Janet once more—and to both the women there was a moment during which the solid earth, and this little prosaic spot on it, seemed to go round and round.

"It will be what you was looking for?" said Janet at last. She had been full of lamentation and resistance before. She felt nothing now except the hand of fate. The other shook her head.

"Yes," she replied, and said no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the meantime Colonel Hayward was walking up and down the village street, waiting for his wife. He passed and repassed the door two or three times. He was very nervous, hanging about, not knowing what to make of himself. The church stood at the end of the street, and a path led down by the side of the churchyard, in the direction of Bellendean. As he came to the end of this, he stopped in the abstraction of his mind to look down the line of shade which a high hedgerow opposite to the low mossy wall of the churchyard threw half-way across the path. Some one was coming along in this clear and soft shadow, which was so grateful in the midst of the sunshine. It startled him to see it was Joyce, in her dark dress, her face relieved against the broad brim of an untrimmed straw hat, which added in its tone of creamy white additional force to the very delicate tints of her face, so clear in the shadowy air, with that im-

pression of coolness in the midst of great warmth which is so striking. He cast an anxious look of suspense over his shoulder towards the house where his wife was; but as he did not see her, nor any sign of her coming, he turned down the path to meet Joyce. It was rather by way of diverting his own anxiety than from any eagerness to address her. He seemed to want somebody to whom he could talk to relieve his own mind; for up to this moment, except curiosity and anxiety in respect to the past, and a certain admiration of herself and her demeanour, Joyce, upon her own account, had not called forth any overwhelming interest in his mind. He had not had leisure as yet to get so far as her—for herself. He went on to talk to her because she was in it, concerned like himself, though she might not be aware of the fact, in the matter which his wife at present was engaged in clearing up. It was as if the scene then going on

at the cottage was a consultation of doctors upon the life or death of a beloved patient. Those who are waiting breathless for the opinion, which is at the same time a sentence, are glad to get together to ask each other what they think,—at least, to stand together and wait, feeling the support of company. This was Colonel Hayward's feeling. He went towards the girl with a sense that she had more to do with it than any one else—but not with any perception of its immense importance to her.

Joyce had gone out in the freedom which comes to all the members of the scholastic profession, small and great, with the first morning of the holidays. To have no lessons to give, no claim of one kind or another, nothing but their own occupations, whatever these may be, gives to these happy people a sense of legitimate repose. For one thing, the members of almost every other profession have to go away to secure this much-desired leisure, but to the teacher it comes, without any effort, by appointment of nature so to speak, by a beneficent arrangement which takes all selfishness out of the enjoyment, since it has been invented, not for the good primarily of himself, but of the flock who are so happily got rid of, to their own perfect satisfaction. The sweet consciousness that the happiness and freedom of so many sufferers has been consulted before one's own, gives sweetness and grace to it. Joyce had risen this morning with that exquisite sense of freedom, and she had gone out with a book as soon as the household work she never neglected was over, to read and muse on a favourite spot, a point in the park at Bellen-dean out of reach of the house, where behind a great screen of trees

the wayfarer came suddenly out upon the Firth, the enclosed circle of low hills which protects the narrower sea at the Queen's Ferry and the sheltered basin of Queen Margaret's Hope. The sight of this wonderful combination of sea and sky and solid soil, the soft hills rising round, the mass of grey stones on the water's edge, which marks a ruined castle, the island in the midst, the widening out of sea and sky beyond into the infinite, into the wider Firth and the stormy waters of the northern sea, affording an ever-open door for the fancy,—were delightful to this imaginative girl. She had taken her book, but she did not open it—for which she upbraided herself, confessing in the secret depths of her soul that Andrew would not have done so,—that he would have read and expounded and discussed and found a new beauty in every line, where she, so much his intellectual inferior, did nothing. She did not even think—if further avowal must be made, she did not even see the lovely landscape for the sake of which she had come here. It entered into her, reflecting itself in her dreamy eyes, and printing itself in her mind; but she did not look as Andrew would have done, finding out beautiful "lights," and commanding all the details of the scene. Joyce was a little short-sighted, and did not see all the details. It was to her a large blurred celestial world of beauty and colour, and abundant delicious air and sunshine. Her thoughts went from her, where she sat in the heart of the morning, looking over the Firth, with all its breadth of melting light and reflection, to those low hills of the further shore.

It had been thus that she had entered upon her holidays in the other days when life had no cares.

The dreamings about Lady Joyce, and all the speculations as to her future, had come in other scenes, where there was a want of brightness and of a stronghold of her own to retire into. Here she had not needed that fanciful world of her own. But to-day Joyce was different. After a while she began to become insensible altogether to the scene, and resumed more personal musings instead. "Young lady, where did you get your name?" It was not the first time she had been so questioned. Half the people she met asked her the same: but not as Colonel Hayward did. "I knew some one once"—what did he mean? why did he not come back and tell her? These thoughts became urgent after a while, so that she could not sit and dream, as was her wont in her favourite spot. She got up with a little impatience and vexation and disappointment, and came home. But in the lane which led up to the village street, in the clear shadow of the tall hawthorn hedge, behold some one advancing to meet her, at sight of whom her heart began to beat—more loudly than it had ever beaten at the sight of Andrew Halliday; it sprang up thumping and resounding. "He knows who I am," she said to herself. "Perhaps he will tell me; perhaps he is looking for me to tell me. Perhaps he is something to me." Her veins seemed suddenly to fill with a rushing quick-flowing stream.

Colonel Hayward took off his hat as he came up. This was to him an everyday action, but to her an unusual grace, a homage which only lately had ever been given to her, and which she esteemed disproportionately as a sign of special chivalry. It brought the colour to her cheeks, which ebbd again the moment after in the fluctuations of her anxiety. The old

Colonel looked very anxious too; his face was agitated, and paler than usual. When he came up to her, he stopped. "I don't think," he said, "that we were ever introduced to each other; but still—You have been taking a walk this fine morning?"

"The holidays have just begun, sir," said Joyce, respectfully. "This is the first day, and though I am very fond of my work, freedom is sweet at first."

"Only at first?"

"It is always sweet," she said, with a smile; "but never so delicious as the first day."

Their hearts were not in this light talk, and here it came to an end. He had turned with her, and they were walking along side by side. Great anxiety—tremulous and breathless suspense—were in the minds of both on the same subject—and yet in aspects so different. The soft transparent shadow of the hedge kept them from all the flicker of light and movement outside, giving a sort of *recueillement*, a calm of gravity and stillness to the two figures. Had they been in a picture, there could have been no better title for it than "The Telling of the Secret." But yet there was no secret told. He was thinking of nothing less than of that which occupied her mind, and was unconscious of the wistful looks which she gave him timidly from time to time. At last he turned upon her, and asked the strangest question, with a tremor and quiver in all his big frame.

"Do you remember your mother?" he said.

"My mother!" The sudden shock brought a wave of colour over her. "Oh, sir," said Joyce, "how could I remember her? for she died when I was born."

"True, true—I had forgotten that," he said, with an air of con-

fusion. Then added—"You must forgive me. My mind was full——"

Of what was his mind full? He fell silent after this, and for some time no more was said. But it gradually came to be impossible to Joyce to keep silence. She turned to him, scarcely seeing him in the rush of blood that went to her head.

"Did you know my mother?" she said. "Oh, sir, will you tell me? Do you know who she was?"

"I can't tell—I can't tell," he said, shaking his head. "It may be all a mistake. We must not make too sure."

"Then you think——" she cried, and stopped, and looked at him, searching his face for his meaning—the anxious open face which was held before her like a book—though he did not look at her in return. She put her hand, with a light momentary touch, on his arm. "Perhaps you don't know," she said hurriedly, "that I have things of hers—things she left—that would settle it—that would show you——"

He made a little gesture of assent, waving his hand. "My wife is there: that is what keeps me in this suspense."

"Where? Where?"

He pointed vaguely in the direction of Joyce's house. "She has gone—to see everything," he said.

For the moment a flash of sudden anger came to the eyes of Joyce. "They are all mine!" she cried. "It was to me she ought to have come. I am the one chiefly concerned!" Then the sudden flash quenched itself, and her look grew soft and wistful once more. "Oh, sir," she said, "if it was the Joyce you thought—if it was her you supposed—who was she? To tell me that, even if it should turn out all different, would do no harm."

"It would do no good either," he said: then turned round to her, and took her hand between his two large brown hands, which were trembling. "You are very like her," he said,—*"so like her that I am forced to believe. She looked just as you are doing when I saw her last. Some relationship there must be—there must be!"* Here he dropped her hand again, as if he had not known that he held it. "There was wrong done to her—the Joyce I mean. She was made very unhappy; but no wrong was meant on—on my—on—on *his* part. Would you really like to hear the story? But it may turn out to be nothing—to have nothing to do with you."

"Oh, tell me; it will fill up the time; it will ease the suspense."

"That is what I feel," he said; "and you will keep the secret—that is, there is no secret; it is only what happened to——what happened long, long ago—to—to one of my friends: you understand," he said tremulously, but with an effort to be very firm, looking at her, "to—one of my friends."

Joyce made a sign of assent, too much absorbed in what she was about to hear to think what this warmth of asseveration meant. It was a relief to him to speak. It was like going over all the changes of the illness when a beloved sufferer lies between life and death.

"They met," he said, "abroad, at a foreign station. She was very young. She was with people that were not kind to her. They married in a great hurry, without proper precautions, without thinking that anything could be wrong. They came home soon after for her health, and I—I had to—I—I don't quite remember——" his voice seemed to die away in his throat; then with another effort he recovered it and went on—"Her husband had to

leave her and go back—to his duty: and then she heard from some wicked person—oh, some wicked person!—God forgive her, for I can't—that it was not a true marriage. It was, it was! I protest to you no thought of harm—good Lord! nothing but love, honest love—and it was all right, all right, as it turned out.”

“But she thought—she had been deceived!” Joyce listened with her head drooping, keeping down the climbing sorrow in her throat, hardly able to find her voice.

“She was always hasty,” he said. “I am not the one to blame her—oh no, no—it was not wonderful, perhaps, that she should believe. And letters to India were not then as now—they took so long a time; and something happened to delay the answer. It was what you call nobody’s fault—only an accident—an accident that cost——”

“You are very, very kind—oh, you are kind; you speak as if you had felt for her with all your heart—as if she had been your own.”

He gave her a startled look, and made a momentary pause: then he proceeded, “That’s all,—all that anybody has known. She disappeared. His letter came back to him. He could not get home to search for her. It had to be trusted to others. After years, when I came back, I—I—but nothing could ever be found.”

“Sir,” said Joyce, gasping a little to keep down her sobs, “I think that must have been my mother. I—think it must be. She begins in her letter to tell him—she calls him Harry—was that his name?”

The old Colonel made a noise in his throat which sounded like a sob too: he nodded his head in assent, as if he could not speak.

“She begins to tell him—is he living still?”

This question had the strangest

effect upon Colonel Hayward. He turned round upon her, steadying himself, looking her in the face, with momentary wonder and something like indignation; then the energy died out of him all at once, and he nodded his head again.

“My father! then I have a father,” said Joyce, with a voice as soft and tender as a dove’s. She was not now paying any attention to him or his looks, but was entirely absorbed in this new wonderful discovery of her own.

But he started with a sudden cry—“Good God!” as if something new—something too astounding to understand—had flashed upon him. Her father! why, so it was!—so he— He had thought of no subject but this for days, and yet this point of view had not opened upon him. They had reached the head of the lane, and were now in the village street, turned towards the cottage in which Joyce had lived all her life, and near enough to see the light little figure of Mrs Hayward standing at the door. This caught his attention, but not hers. For Joyce had plunged suddenly with a new impulse back into the enchanted country of her dreams. A father—and one who had done no wrong—who was not to blame—a father living! It was only when she turned to Colonel Hayward, after the first bound of exhilaration and breathless pleasure, to ask him, clasping her hands unconsciously, “Who is my father?” that she saw the extraordinary commotion in his face. He was looking at her, and yet his eyes made quick voyages to and from his wife. The lines of his face had all melted into what Joyce felt to be the “kindest” look she had ever met. And yet there was alarm and boundless anxiety in it. He looked as if he did not

hear her question, but suddenly laid his hand upon hers, and gave it a strong momentary pressure. "I must know first. I must speak to my wife," he said, incoherently. "God bless you!—I must ask Elizabeth. You must wait: I must speak to Elizabeth. But God bless you, my dear!"

He was already gone, hastening with long steps up the street. The thought passed through Joyce's mind that this must have been a dear friend,—some one, perhaps, who had loved her mother: and a man with the tenderest heart. There was something in his "God bless you" which seemed to fall upon her like the dew—a true blessing; the blessing of one who had always been her friend, though she had never known him. She did not hurry to follow him to satisfy herself, but went on quietly at her usual pace, looking at the old gentleman's long swift steps, and thinking of a camel going over the ground. He was from the East, too; and he devoured the way, hastening to the little figure which had perceived and which was waiting for him. Joyce had the faculty of youth to remark all this, yet keep up her own thoughts at the same time. She saw old Janet standing at the door looking out, with the hem of her apron in her hand, which was her gesture when her mind was much occupied or troubled: and the little lady in the street standing waiting, and then, her own old friend, the Colonel, hurrying up, putting his arm within the lady's, leading her away with his head bent over her. There was a certain amusement in it all, which floated on the surface of the great excitement and wonder and delight of the discovery she had made. A father; and a dear old friend, the kindest, the most sym-

pathetic, who blessed her, and who had a right to bless her, having loved (she could not doubt it) her mother before her. Joyce did not know what the next disclosure might be,—did not think for the moment that, whatever it was, it must change the whole tenor of her life. Nor did she think that there was still a doubt in it,—that it might yet come to nothing, as he had said. Oh no, it could not come to nothing; everything pieced in to the story. The doubt with which Janet had always chilled her, that a young creature disappearing so utterly, with no one to care for her, no one to inquire after her, must have had a story in which shame was involved—how completely was it dissipated and explained by this real tale! Oh, no shame! she had felt sure there could not be shame—nothing but the cruel distance, the fatal accident that had delayed the letter, those strange elements of uncertainty which mix in every mortal story which (Joyce remembered from that reading which had hitherto been her life) the ancients called fate. And what could they be called but fate? If it had come in time that letter! as letters which mean nothing, which are of no consequence, come every day—and yet he had said the delay was nobody's fault. Was it less fatal, less fateful than those incidents that lead towards the end of a tragedy in the poets? and this was a tragedy. Oh, how sad, how pitiful, to the Joyce of twenty years ago! but not to our Joyce, who suddenly found this July morning her vague dreams of youth, her fancies that had no foundation, suddenly coming true.

"You've been a long time away," said Janet from the door. She had watched Joyce's approach until they were within a few steps of

each other, when she had suddenly withdrawn her eyes, and taken to examining the hem of her apron, which she laid down and pinched between her fingers, as if preparing it to be hemmed over again. The corners of Janet's mouth were drawn down, and a line or two marked in her forehead, as when she was angry and about to scold her nursling. "I could wuss," she said, "that ye wouldna stravaig away in the mornin' without a piece or onything to sustain ye, and maybe getting your death o' cauld, sittin' on the grass."

"It is the first day of the holidays, granny," said Joyce. She came in smiling, and put down her book, and going up to her faithful guardian, put an arm round her, and laid her cheek against hers. Caresses are rare in a Scotch peasant's house. Janet half turned away her own wrinkled cheek. The intensity of the love within her rose into a heat which simulated wrath.

"I'm no a wean to be made o'. I like nane o' your phrasin's. I like when folk do as I bid them, and make nae steer."

"Oh, granny," said Joyce, "but my heart is so full, and I have so much to tell you."

"What can ye have to tell me? I have maybe mair to tell you than ever ye thought upon; and as for a full heart, how can the like of you, with a' your life before ye, ken what that means?"

"Granny, I have had a long talk with that gentleman—the gentleman that thought he knew my mother."

"And what had he to say to you? I'm thinking your mother has been just killed among them. That's my opinion. A poor young solitary thing, that had naeboddy to stand up for her. And sae will ye be if ye lippen to them," cried

Janet, suddenly sitting down and covering her face with her apron,—
"sae will ye be. Ye are weel off now, though maybe ye dinna think sae."

"Granny, have I ever given you any reason to say that?"

Janet withdrew her apron from her eyes. Her eyes were red with that burden of tears which age cannot shed like youth. The passion of love and grief which overflowed her being could only get vent in this irritation and querulous impatience. Her long upper lip quivered, a hot moisture glistened on the edges of her eyelids. She looked at the young creature, standing half on the defensive before this sudden attack, yet half disposed to meet it with tender laughter and jest. "Oh, ye can make licht o't," she cried. "What is't to you? just the life ye've aye been craving for—aye craving for,—ye canna say nay. But to me what is it?" said the old woman. "It's just death. It's waur than death; it's just lingerin', and longin', and frettin' wi' my Maker for what I canna have! When we took ye to our airms, a bit helpless bairn, maybe there was that in our hearts that said the Lord was our debtor to make it up to us. But them that think sae will find themselves sair mista'en; for He has just waited and waited till ye had come to your flower and were our pride! And now the fiat has gaen forth, no' when ye were a little bairn; and I aye said, 'Haud a loose grip!' But now that a' the danger seemed overpast, now that—wheesht!" cried Janet, suddenly, coming to an abrupt pause. In the silence that followed they heard a slow and heavy foot, making long and measured steps, advancing gradually. They heard that among many others, for it was the time when the labourers were coming

home to dinner—or for those who could not, the children or the wife were hurrying forth to carry it; but to Janet and Joyce there was no mistaking the one tread among so many. Janet got up hurriedly from the chair. “Wheesht! no’ a word before him; it’s time enough when it comes,” she said. Joyce had not waited even for this, but had begun to lay the table, so that Peter when he came in should find everything ready. He came in with his usual air of broadly smiling expectation, and took his bonnet from his grizzled red locks, which was a fashion Joyce had taught him, as he stepped across the threshold. “It’s awfu’ warm the day,” were his first words, as he went in, notwithstanding, and placed himself in the big chair near the fire. The fire was the household centre whether it was cold or warm. “So you’ve gotten the play?” he added, beaming upon Joyce, awaiting something which

should make him open his mouth in one of those big brief laughs that brought the water to his eyes. It was not necessary that it should be witty or clever. Joyce was wit and cleverness embodied to her foster-father. When she opened her lips his soul was satisfied.

And before Peter the cloud disappeared like magic. Janet was cheerful, and Joyce like everyday. They listened to his talk about the ripening corn, and where it was full in the ear, and where stubby, and about the Irish shearers that will be down upon us like locusts afore we ken,—“and a wheen Hieland cattle too,” said Peter, who was not favourable to the Celts. Then the broth was put on the table and the blessing said, and the humble dinner eaten as it had been for years in the little family which held together by nature, and which, so far as had appeared, nothing could ever divide.

BISON - STALKING.

" Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
 Crashing the forest in his race,
 The mountain bull comes thundering on."

ONE of the best and best-known sportsmen in India has said emphatically, "After elephant-shooting, there is perhaps no sport with the rifle to be compared to bison-stalking." Owing to the very proper Government restrictions as to elephant-shooting, which protect that most noble and useful animal from extermination, I have had little experience of its chase; but though I cannot pretend to thorough knowledge of the sport, I have had several opportunities of following the Indian bison, and doing battle with him in his forest strongholds.

May I recount the experiences of a short trip to one of the jungles of Southern India, and invite the reader to accompany me while I retrace the tedious journey from the Indian station, tread again the forest paths beneath the whispering bamboos, under the guidance of the wild *shikarri*, and meet the noble herd in the silent recesses of the wood.

Before going further, let me say a word in description of the Indian bison, as no live representative has ever been brought to Europe, and lest the reader should, as many people have done, confound him with the American bison (*Bison americanus*), or the true bison of Europe (*Bison urus* or *Aurochs*). These two have fifteen and fourteen pairs of ribs respectively. They belong to the same sub-family, Cattle (*Bovine*), but are members of the Bisontine group; while the animal known as the Indian bison belongs to the Taurine

group, has thirteen pairs of ribs, and is more nearly allied to the old wild cattle of England, whose last descendants are still found in Lord Tankerville's park at Chillingham, and under the old trees at Hamilton Palace.

The Indian bison, or more properly *gaur*, is the most magnificent in appearance of all his family. He is an inhabitant of all the large forests of India, from near Cape Comorin to the foot of the Himalayas. The height of a good bull at the shoulder is six feet or more, and his length, including tail, nearly twelve feet. His chest is broad, with deep and powerful shoulders; his neck, which is sunk between the head and the back, short, thick, and heavy. The hind quarters are lower than the fore, and fall suddenly from the ridge of the back. He has short, strongly-jointed legs, with arms exceedingly strong and muscular. He carries his massive, full-muzzled head nobly, with the muzzle rather thrust forward, and his peculiar eye, with pale slaty-blue pupil, gives him a somewhat grave and serious expression. The whole forehead is covered with hair of a greyish colour, which darkens into brown or black on the rest of his body, while his legs are white. He has hardly any hair behind the shoulders, and the quarters are generally quite bare. He carries grand horns, which are smooth and polished, though in old individuals they are broken at the tips, and rough with rings at the base.

The *gaur* is one of the most wary of animals. He ordinarily wanders in the hills, but in boisterous weather, and when bothered by a species of gnat, he descends to the lower country. *Gaur* are generally found in small herds of from six to twelve, but occasionally larger numbers are congregated. There is seldom more than one bull with the herd, but these herd bulls are by no means the great object of the hunter's ambition. The old solitary bull, who disdains to join the common crowd, and who roams the forest in sulky majesty, is the treasure which is most keenly sought for, and whose chase gives the greatest perfection of sport.

The bison is naturally courageous, and has the credit of being sometimes fierce and dangerous. He does not generally commence hostilities, though natives will tell many tales of bulls charging the traveller unexpectedly from behind cover, and many forest men will refuse to act as guides in the parts of the jungle which they frequent. There is no doubt that he must be approached with care if he is wounded, and, even in the most recent days, narrow escapes have been recorded in his chase. In the Indian papers a few years ago were told the experiences of a well-known soldier and sportsman, who was shooting in the Mysore jungles, and wounded a bull. Unfortunately he moved forward, and the bison caught sight of him before he had reloaded. He was in the act of slipping fresh cartridges into his rifle, when the bull turned and showed fight. The breech action of the rifle became jammed for a moment, when the enemy charged. No shot could be given to stop the onslaught, and the bison pursued the sportsman round and round a bamboo clump till he tripped and

fell. The huge head lowered threateningly over him, and the massive horns ploughed the earth first on one side and then on the other. Fortunately they themselves kept away the crushing force of the shaggy forehead, and their wide sweep and incurved points made the attack harmless. The victim had the presence of mind to avoid each savage dig, and to kick the bison on the muzzle with his nailed boots in return. Most fortunately, the great beast took the hint and made off, leaving the sportsman to gather himself together and congratulate himself on his escape, "*quitte pour la peur.*" But this danger is a most unusual occurrence, and generally the courage which makes a wounded bison turn to attack his pursuer signs his own death-warrant, as it gives an opportunity for a finishing shot.

I had been quartered for some months at the pleasantest cantonment in Southern India before I was able to spare ten days for a short campaign in the jungle, and to try to realise the dreams of big-game shooting which had been excited by the vivid writings of great Nimrods, and the graphic descriptions of sporting adventure which old Anglo-Indians pour forth in such profusion. I had heard of a State forest, about 150 miles distant, which had not lately been visited, and which was said to hold bison, tiger, sambur, chital, and other game in most promising quantity and variety. An appeal to the Resident procured me the necessary permission from the native authorities to shoot in the district, to get all assistance from the officials, and to get necessary supplies of food for master and servants from the headmen of the villages. A week previous to

my own departure, I despatched a bullock-cart, containing tent, rifles, and stores of food and drink not to be found in the wilds, under the charge of a native cook. And here let me explain that even for a very short trip it is necessary to take a most voluminous assortment of articles, for nothing can be reckoned on as supplied by the country beyond eggs and chickens, and possibly a sheep; and that, moreover, if delay happens through illness or accident, communication is tedious and uncertain, and all necessities in food, medicine, &c., which are not found in the original cartload of stores, may be regretted, but cannot be procured, or substitutes found. Two country bullocks drew the cart, and would cover about twenty miles a-day, so that about a week would find them at my shooting-ground. The battery which was sent consisted of a double-barrelled 12-bore rifle, carrying a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. bullet and 6 drams of powder, a .450-express rifle, and a pair of shot-guns. This was by no means a perfect equipment, as a heavier rifle than a 12-bore has many advantages in big-game shooting; but it was a very fair one, and the question of calibres is still vexed and uncertain.

It was late in the year—too late as many authorities think—(early in December) when I started. The jungle herbage would be grown so dense and high as to make stalking difficult, but there was the advantage of cool weather for travelling, and as the season had been wet and windy, there was a greater probability that the bison would have sheltered themselves in approachable valleys, instead of burying themselves in the distant recesses of the hills. My travelling carriage was what is called a transit-cart—a sort of small

covered van on two wheels, with a perch in front, on which the driver and my native servant sat. Inside there are two cross benches as seats, but for long night journeys boards are laid over these seats, with a mattress upon them, forming, with plaids and rugs, a fairly comfortable bed. If we add nets slung on the roof to carry small light articles, ample space under the seats for portmanteau and luncheon-basket, and a supply of books and tobacco to while away the time, a transit-cart is by no means to be despised by the traveller who is proof against a considerable amount of jolting, and is prepared for an occasional breakdown or upset. Two of the famous trotting bullocks of Mysore drew my conveyance, and covered on an average four miles an hour. They were changed every seven or eight miles, by giving due notice to the native authorities, who warn the villages along the road that bullocks will be wanted, and who are bound to supply the requirements of travellers at a fixed tariff.

My start was made late in the evening, and by one o'clock the following day I had covered sixty-one miles. Here we halted for a couple of hours to let the men cook their rice, and to take advantage of a convenient travellers' bungalow for a bath and some food. The quaint old Indian village spread itself on the borders of a wide tank, surrounded by paddy fields and sugar-cane, and girt about with the stout clay walls and turrets which, in the old marauding days, gave shelter to the timid and unwarlike from the threatening clouds of Mahratta spearmen. All the country showed marks of the dire famine of 1879, in lands which still bore the traces

of previous cultivation, and deserted mud huts, whose remains were almost indistinguishable in the brown soil; but it was cheering to see prosperity reasserting itself, and acre by acre the old farms being brought to yield their supply of raggi, coolthi, and paddy.

However, my driver reports himself again ready for a start, and on we travel without delay till nine the following morning, when we find ourselves 131 miles from the station. Another halt at a bungalow, and again the welcome bath and tea dear to the Anglo-Indian. The deputy-collector is here on an official visit. Two useful-looking horses are picketed in the compound; a weather-beaten dog-cart and a bullock-cart repose, with their shafts in the air, in a corner. The bullocks are contentedly chewing the cud in the shade, a saddle is in the verandah, two dignified peons and some native servants hover about, and the deputy-collector himself, who has ridden thirty miles since daybreak, dashes out in shirt and *pyjamas*, armed with a pen, and welcomes the chance European visitor to his apartment, whose most noticeable furniture is a large official desk, a gun-case, and a teapot with a broken spout. This genial administrator places himself and his district at my disposal: tells me of two tigers within eight miles, which he has hitherto failed to account for, expatiates on the antelope country twelve miles off, to which he will personally conduct me, throws in wild statements of unnumbered duck and snipe among which I may disport myself, if I will only remain with him for a time, and shows all the hospitality which, once the characteristic of Anglo-Indians, is now, alas! becoming a thing of the past. Time presses, however, I scent the great

battle with the bison from afar, and I can only consign myself again to my transit-cart, receiving much advice and information, and bequeathing the last delicious new novel that has arrived from England, which is a rare treat to the hard-worked district official. Two or three indifferent pairs of bullocks in succession and a bad cross-road make the end of my journey slow in the extreme. But the road winds through scrub jungle, and is overshadowed by wild jungle-trees, such as are not seen in the civilised cantonment. I watch the slowly-sinking sun lighting up the near range of wooded hills. I pass tank after tank, and mark the duck edging off to the distant side as they watch suspiciously my cart rumbling along the road, while the whistling teal, less nervous, continues to paddle about among the mud near the water's edge. At last, when all is dark and silent, about 8 P. M., I arrive at my destination.

Let me describe my halting-place, as I saw it by the earliest rays of the next day's morning sun. A travellers' bungalow, but, being on an unfrequented road, a third-class one. A low mud-built cottage, containing only two rooms, but with the spacious Indian verandah, and with several tumble-down out-houses for servants. No furniture but a table, a couple of rude chairs and a *charpoy*, and these, I believe, had been lately sent in anticipation of my visit. But the situation, lovely. On a sloping grassy meadow, at the foot of low rolling hills covered with forest, which grows down to the back railing of the enclosure; a footpath leads from the bungalow to the village, a quarter of a mile distant, from which come the varied sounds of Indian life, and the melodious wash of the

great river on whose bank the village stands. A swampy range of green paddy-fields, and the native herdsman driving his lean cattle to graze in the forest, complete the picture.

In the morning after my arrival I held a levee of the village authorities, who came to pay their respects, and to learn the pleasure of the Sahib, who was recommended by the distant authority of their sovereign. The Amildar, an aristocratic-looking Mussulman in a red turban—a descendant of Tippoo, the Tiger Prince of Mysore, and, as such, a participator in a small way of the pension still given by his English conquerors; the Kotwal and Shaykdar, two Hindoos, whose object seemed to be to get as much money in *backshish* as they decently could; Abdul Rahman, the forest ranger, who arranges for the marking and felling of the valuable trees in the State forest, which yield no small slice of the yearly revenue of the native government. Last, and most important of all, Afsul, the *shikarri*. Never shall I forget him. Brave, keen, untiring, deeply skilled in woodcraft, I am proud to number him among the valued friends whom I made in India. I always acted confidently under his directions; he showed me much sport, and I never found him wrong or at a loss. A little, bow-legged, wiry Mussulman, with broad deep chest, and long sinewy arms, a keen aquiline face, and thin pointed beard. He certainly did not sacrifice much to appearance in his toilet, which only consisted of a very dirty waistcloth, an old ragged grey blanket over his shoulders, and a red cotton handkerchief twisted round his head. When I knew him better, this red handkerchief was a sure barometer of the probability of suc-

cess in a stalk, for, as he got near his game, and thought that every moment might bring him face to face with the mighty bull, off came the handkerchief and blanket, and were tightly twisted round his waist. His real vocation was collecting honey in the forest, in which he roamed in search of bees' nests for days at a time. He had come in twenty miles on foot during the previous night to meet me and get a job at his loved *shikar*, and there he stood, silent and ready for another long and possibly arduous day.

The accounts of the presence of bison were conflicting, so it was settled that Afsul should go to consult some of the forest peons, and hear where the freshest tracks had been seen, and that we should not take the field till mid-day. It need hardly be said that the intervening hours lagged somewhat on their course; but a prolonged breakfast and a stroll passed the time, and noon came at last, and with it Afsul, his face wearing an expression of quiet satisfaction as he announced that he could take me to bison at once.

We started without delay—myself, Afsul, and a forest peon. I carried the .450 express for any casual shooting, while Afsul shouldered my 12-bore until the time of real action should arrive. We are all naturally gregarious animals, but I must say that there is to me an untold charm in a solitary sporting excursion, when I am alone in the vast wood—alone at least as far as thought or conversation are concerned, for the means of communication with the *shikarri* are limited to the simplest subjects, and he is to me more like a highly trained pointer, who at my direction finds the game and brings me up to it, leaving the rest

to me, and not asking to intrude on me in any way beyond his own particular function. It is a selfish feeling in a way, no doubt, to feel that you and you alone are enjoying the woodland charm, and are to profit by the chances of the chase, but I plead guilty to it most completely, and enjoy my loneliness as an unmixed delight.

We followed a beaten track for a mile, and then plunged into the jungle, passing under magnificent teak-trees with their enormous leaves, then through vast clumps of bamboo and sandal-wood, and other, to me unknown, forest plants. Nor was animal life wanting. Two spotted deer dashed across the glade in front of us. The large handsome Malabar squirrel flashed his golden coat in the branches over our head, and quaint birds of gorgeous plumage flitted across our path. A mile and a half of jungle-walking, and we came to a stream whose muddy banks showed that the mighty elephant had often there quenched his thirst; and, oh joy! among the massive foot-prints Afsul pointed to a sharply-cut print, more like that of a large deer than anything else, and whispered "*Koolga*" (bison).

We scrambled through the stream and up the slippery bank on the other side, and there track after track crossing each other in different directions, some fresh, some old, showed that bison had been recently haunting that part of the forest. Then the real business of the tracker began. Slowly pacing along, critically examining every track, now stooping to pick up a bruised leaf pressed into the soil by the weighty tread, now turning to look at a blade of the lofty grass or a twig of the jungle undergrowth, which had been bent or broken from its original direction, while I followed in

breathless expectation behind. No sound in the forest, but the distant hoot of the *langur*, and the mournful sigh of the breeze through the foliage overhead. At last, after much devious wandering, Afsul suddenly stops, and, taking up a morsel of broken leaf from the ground, calls the forest peon into consultation.

I wait anxiously for the verdict, which is solemnly given in a whisper, that several bison have been there within a few hours. We know that they cannot be distant, and we clear for action. I take the 12-bore and see that the cartridges are all right, while the peon takes the lighter rifle. On we go, no longer in desultory wandering, but following step by step the footsteps of the herd. Every jungle-sign is examined with redoubled care; no longer we walk unheeding from thicket to thicket, but a searching eye peers round every corner before we debouch from the shelter of each gigantic tree. The unshod foot of the native falls noiselessly as a feather on the ground, while I struggle vainly to pass over the *débris* of dried bamboo and withered teak leaves without waking the echoes at every pace. From time to time, when I make a louder crackle than usual, Afsul darts a look of remonstrance over his shoulder. I perspire profusely, in bracing every muscle in the attempt to emulate the snakelike movement of my guide, but certainly with only moderate success. I could not have believed before that one man could make so much noise. How I wished that—

"The light harebell would raise its
head
Elastic 'neath my airy tread."

How long did this last? I believe not more than half an hour,

but in the time I lived weeks of anxiety and self-reproach.

Suddenly—what was that? Has anybody fired a pistol ahead of us? No, it must be a bison crashing through a giant bamboo. Afsul puts back his hand and presses me down, till he can be certain of the direction. A gleam of combat shoots over his face. Off come his red head-gear and his blanket, and are twisted tightly round his loins, his muscular shoulders showing in gleaming bronze in the afternoon sun. Then slowly, very slowly, he steals forward. The anxieties of the past are now nothing to the trepidation of the present. Again and again the crackling of bamboos—now like a pistol-shot, now like a crack of the great waggon-whip of South Africa. We worm our way along, following the moving herd, through muddy watercourse, through ruthless thorns, and over the most inexorable of rocks. Twenty minutes at least of mortal agony, when Afsul, quivering with excitement, turns and says, "*Maro, maro!*" (shoot, shoot!)

I try to pull myself together, and stare into what appears a vast confused mass of foliage. Afsul's patience is getting exhausted, and he points madly in a particular direction. I struggle to follow his eagle glance, and at last see a huge head glaring at me about fifty yards off,—the grey forehead of a bull, the slaty eye, and the broad muzzle thrown forward in the true fashion of the noble bison. Nothing to be seen of the body—nothing but a thickly intertwined mass of jungle herbage and branches. I knew enough of bison-shooting theoretically to know that it is hopeless to fire at the head, where the vital parts are protected by an almost im-

penetrable bulwark of solid bone. No better chance offers, so drawing a long breath, I fire where I fancy his throat may be. Heavens! what a stampede followed the shot. The crash as of a squadron of cavalry, the clatter of hoofs, the rending of tree and bush filled the air. We dashed forward. I could see some huge backs plunging through the distant jungle, and where the old bull was—nothing.

How I abused myself mentally as a duffer; how, as I mopped my streaming brow, I felt that tears would better become me than perspiration, need not be told. Still, a gleam of hope shone on me. Afsul was questing about on the track that the bison had followed, and I saw him pounce on a broken leaf, with the comforting word "blood." There it was, unmistakably, a tiny drop of fresh blood, so tiny that none but the hawk eye of the forest man could have distinguished it. Then began a weary but exciting pursuit, which lasted till the sun was dropping over the lowest trees of the forest. Here a gout of gore seemed to promise that a severe wound had been inflicted. Then for a long distance nothing guided us but a fresh hoof-print, a broken stem, or a jungle leaf stained with the tell-tale red spot. Once or twice we heard a movement ahead. Nor was our path an easy one—for the most part through elephant-grass nine or ten feet high, whose sturdy stems and broad leaves were no contemptible obstacle. The wonder of it was that a herd of seven or eight huge animals should have passed before us, through grass, bush, and foliage, and hardly left a trace behind,—few traces, at least, that could be detected by any eye not

trained from childhood in forest signs. At last, as we arrived on the crest of a small hill, we saw HIM, not more than 150 yards distant, in all his noble proportions in the valley beneath. Only a momentary glimpse. With a snort of contempt he plunged again into obscurity, followed by a vain and harmless snap-shot. It was now nearly dark. Afsul said that further chase was useless, as the bull was travelling well and strongly,—leaping over the broken down trees instead of blundering through them. Reluctantly I made up my mind that my first essay had not been a success, and that I had better turn my steps homewards. This I did through the darkling forest, having at any rate the consoling thought that, in the *shik-arri's* opinion, the bull was only slightly wounded, and would soon recover. Probably he had only been hit on his massive shoulder, and the bullet had glanced off the bone.

Serious was the council of war that evening as to the best plan of action for my few available days. Long and earnest was the consultation with the trusty Afsul over a camp-fire, after dinner and a soothing cigarette had softened the bitterness of the day's failure. Should we plunge deeper into the forest from our present quarters and look for other bison, which, the village herdsman said, were wandering near? Or should we leave our quarters altogether, move to a hut in a more central position, and recommence operations in an entirely new district? Finally we decided on the latter, and marching orders were issued for the following morning.

The forest hut that we were to make for was between five and six miles off. It was one of the few

that are put up for the use of the forest officials while the timber is being selected for felling; but as wood-cutting for the year had not yet commenced, it would be empty, and the neighbouring forest quite undisturbed. And here let me remark how advisable it is, when in a malarious jungle, to live in a hut, however rude, in preference to a tent; and if a tent must be used, that it should be a small thick one, instead of the large one of comparatively open material generally used in India.

Having seen my bullock-cart well on its way on an almost undistinguishable track on the following morning, I started myself with Abdul Rahman, the forest ranger, to walk by a shorter cut. Nothing can be more lovely than early day in an Indian jungle—

“ . . . There pipe anthems of all
the birds,
The köil's fluted song, the bulbul's
hymn,
The ‘*morning, morning*’ of the painted
thrush,
The twitter of the sunbirds starting
forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out,
The grey crow's caw, the parrot's
scream, the strokes
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's
chirp,
The never finished love-talk of the
doves.”

To a European—even to the man whose Indian experiences have been confined to cities and cantonments—everything is strange, everything has an interest and a charm; and in the fresh morning air, with the cool jungle-grass under foot, a morning walk is an unmixed pleasure. So it is; but may there not be a discordant note of—shall I say—funk, suddenly thrust into your satisfaction? Or shall I modify the feeling into slight nervousness? Abdul Rahman and I were

strolling along, pleased, mutually I trust, with our society, when we came to a streamlet crossing our path. My friend gave a start, and his cheery face grew long and serious. There at his foot was the footmark of a large tiger, only lately pressed into the mud—so lately, that the water all round it had not had time to ooze into the impression. A step or two further, and we came upon more most unmistakable signs of the tiger's recent presence, and we knew that he must then be in the wood within a few yards of us. I began to regret that I had only a walking-stick instead of a rifle; and Abdul quickened his pace, while glancing right and left at the thick bush all round us. However, I believe we had nothing to fear. I afterwards heard that the tiger was an old acquaintance—almost a confidential friend—of the district, and was probably only lurking near the village in hopes of picking up some stray cattle from the village herd—a toll which he no doubt considered his right. He probably knew the herdsmen by sight, and was not foolish enough to jeopardise his character for harmlessness by eating man—even an unwary stranger in the land—as long as bullocks were plentiful.

We arrived at the forest lodge, a mud hut of one room, in the middle of a small clearing. A swampy stream trickled past within a few yards, and fed a clear burn that sparkled through the trees on the edge of the woodland. Everywhere the ground was stamped with the great tread of the wild elephants which had passed and repassed the clearing, careless of occasional human visitors. The hut itself, with its two or three subsidiary sheds, was built with the floor raised three feet off the

ground, a most necessary precaution for natives as much as for Europeans from the feverish malaria.

The fates were against me that afternoon, and it was not till the next day that I was able again to go on the war-path. We started between six and seven—Afsul, the peon, and myself. As we dived into the forest-path, the night mists were rising slowly, and still hung on the tree tops. The long grass, soaked with moisture, almost met overhead, and made us carry the rifles with every precaution, to keep them at least dry, while the rising sun glimmered through the branches, and was greeted by the cheery crow of the jungle-cock. We had a walk of three or four miles, marking *en route* many tracks of chitul, sambur, bison, and elephant, but seeing nothing but one small barking deer, who stood provokingly close and stared at us, as if he knew that we dared not fire a shot, for fear of disturbing the mightier game.

No tracks presented themselves sufficiently fresh to tempt a pursuit. After much devious search, we entered a little glade, where lay, half-buried by vegetation, an old rotten moss-grown trunk, an overthrown tree, which had once towered among the giants of the forest. Afsul's professional eye detected a solitary bee, issuing from a crevice to meet the warmth of the now glowing sun, and suddenly plunging his arm up to the shoulder into the recesses of the trunk, he pulled out a large handful of honeycomb, coolly brushing off a dozen bees, that stuck to him, and which seemed either to have forgotten to sting or to find the skin of the honey-collector proof against their weapons. While he was munching his comb and marking the

store with a view to a future visit, the peon and I passed ahead. There was a slight noise in the jungle, a little gentle crackle of branches. Afsul sprang from behind, clutched me by the shoulder, and, with a face full of excitement, hissed out "*Koolga!*" We moved stealthily on, Afsul parting the branches carefully to get a clearer view. A vast form showed indistinctly through the trees. The peon whispered "*Anay*" (elephant). But there was a sudden snort and a half whistling low, which could only come from a bison. Afsul dashed forward from one cover to another, dragging me with him. We saw the great beast moving slowly towards us, half hidden by the trees and bamboos. I tried to move to one side, as Afsul was rather in my way, when the bison turned to make off. I took a fairly careful shot, and (as we afterwards found) hit him behind the elbow. He moved on, however, and we followed warily, after I had reloaded. About 300 yards further on, we could just see him standing in the middle of thick jungle, and I fired both barrels deliberately where his great side loomed through the branches. This finished him, and we heard the crash as of the fall of a tower. "*Profundit humi bos.*" Afsul clutched my hunting-knife, dropped blanket and headgear, rushed at the mighty fallen, sprang upon the heaving side, and seizing a horn, plunged the knife in his throat. What a moment of satisfaction! and yet not altogether unalloyed. Who could look at the corpse of the gallant slain without some feeling of remorse, however slight and fleeting, and regret that he would roam his forest solitudes, his home for many long years, no more. He was a grand solitary

bull (a "*wantaga*" in the jungle dialect), with horns ringed at the base from age, and battered and chipped at the points from fighting. He was measured carefully on the spot, by pulling his fore legs out straight and placing a stake in the ground at his feet and another at his shoulder, and passing a string fairly between them clear of his body. He measured just 6 feet in height, and from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail, 11 ft. 6 inches.

So much exertion deserved refreshment, which I took in biscuits and cold tea, just tempered from my pocket-flask, while my attendants squatted aside contentedly and chewed betel. I offered them each a dram, but Afsul, the Mussulman, declined, while the Hindoo peon took his down with the smack of satisfaction of a Highland gillie.

At length we roused ourselves, marked where our bison lay, and struck off in an untried direction, to see if the afternoon would emulate the morning's good fortune. We descended to a lower level, and got into yet thicker and darker jungle than we had hitherto traversed. I made my first acquaintance with the jungle-leech. I was aware of a small thread-like being, which had dropped from a leaf and was wriggling on the sleeve of my coat, vainly struggling to make his way through the strong linen—another on my wrist, which was pushed off with difficulty, leaving a drop of blood behind. This was most discomposing. I was prepared for the bison's charge and for any of the other legitimate chances of *shikar*, but I was not prepared for the attacks of these insinuating miscreants. There is something more than disagreeable in the abiding thought of tiny bloodsuckers, and fancied ticklings

all over my body introduced the "amari aliquid" into the excitement and pleasure of the sport.

It would be tedious again to describe the search for fresh tracks, the long and exciting stalk, and the final knowledge that the game was almost within reach; but now the density of the jungle was against us, and an unlucky bamboo, hidden in the long grass, gave a warning crack, not, I am glad to say, under my foot, but that of the careful Afsul, and the small herd of three beasts that we were following bolted just as we caught a glimpse of them. I fired, however, at a young bull on chance, and when we followed to the spot where they had been sheltering, we found blood. Then came a two hours' chase, with all its varied agitation and alternations of hope and fear. On we went and still on, and, though I could not help seeing that the *shikarris* showed less and less confidence, my spirits were kept up by the constant large drops of blood which I could see on my track. At last the trackers threw up their heads, like hounds at fault, declared that the bison was only slightly wounded, and that further pursuit was useless.

I was confounded. Whence were the blood tracks which I had marked so confidently and with such satisfaction? Alas! I saw the men picking the wretched leeches from their bare legs, and I knew that it was the blood which dropped from them, as they preceded me, which had stained the jungle-grass and wofully deceived. The sun was sinking, and there were five miles to cover before we could reach the hut. So ended the sport of a day to be marked with a white stone—the day of my first bison, and that a big solitary bull.

The *chucklers* of the nearest village were sent for, and despatched into the jungle to secure the trophies of the chase. These are men of the lowest caste, who have none of the scruples about working with any dead animals, clean or unclean, skinning them and preparing leather, which are common among most Hindoos. The *shikarri* was with me, and therefore could not assist, but eight stout and most hideous men, almost quite black, and wearing a minimum of clothing, under the guidance of the peon, brought in my bull's head in triumph, skinned it artistically, and prepared it for the final manipulation of the great Mr Ward.

I could describe two more days of the most thrilling and delightful sport, but in bison-stalking, as in everything else, history repeats itself. Bison are not monarchs, whose destinies thrill the world, nor are *shikarris* statesmen and generals, whose powers of speech and onliness can be discussed by admiring thousands; so I spare the details of pursuit, triumph, and failure. I may say that the bull's head did not travel to the station alone, and that I left the reputation in the forest of being a lucky sahib. How important that reputation is to those who intend to tread the same paths, and employ the same *shikarris* again, all old sportsmen will know.

One word before losing the attention of the reader, if I have kept it so far, on the supposed dangers of jungle life, which I have heard many expatiate upon. No doubt there are deadly snakes in the forest; but I never heard of any of the jungle men being bitten, and I myself have only once seen one, upon which I narrowly escaped treading in the ardour of a stalk.

Poor chap! he was in a greater funk of me than I was of him, and his beautifully ringed form disappeared in flight at once. I have never suffered from anything more deadly than my enemies the leeches, and to find your stockings full of blood at the end of a day's work is the worst evil they can inflict upon you.

No doubt bison will charge sometimes, but the hunter who is careful, after he has fired, to reload before moving, may move with confidence. If a bull does show fight, a steady shot, even if it does not hit him in a vital place, will always floor him, or at any rate turn him from his attack.

The bugbear of fever is much overestimated. Of course, no one can suppose that a damp forest in a tropical country is wholesome in

this respect. But with reasonable precautions, the danger is reduced to a minimum. The hunter who is in fair health to begin with, lives well and temperately, takes care after a day's work to put on dry clothes at once, and sleeps in as comfortable a bed and in as good a shelter as possible, has little to fear. I have always taken a daily ration of quinine as a prophylactic. It may be a good thing to do, and as I have never had jungle fever, I suppose I ought to say that it is a good thing.

Let me finish by making use of the oft-quoted words of the immortal Jorrock, and say that I have found that stalking the bison is "the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger."

MAR'SE DAB AFTER THE WAR.

A VIRGINIA REMINISCENCE.

COLONEL DABNEY CARTER DIGGES was a Virginia landowner and farmer. Certain of his neighbours used to say "he'd a heap too much name," but it was the matter and not the extent of the patronymic of which, I fancy, they were jealous. Indeed one of these was called Thomas Jefferson Smith, and the other George Washington Brown, so it would have been manifestly absurd for either to criticise the taste of the Colonel's godfathers and godmothers.

Whether our friend possessed, or did not possess, too much name for one or two of his republican friends is a matter of no import. We shall briefly allude to this further on. One thing is quite certain,—the names he usually answered to in everyday life were, as regards brevity, far out of reach of the most captious criticism. Of these "the Cunnel" was the most formal and dignified, and was used only by comparative strangers or inferiors of his own colour. For the rest, he submitted without a murmur to the monosyllabic abbreviation of "DAB,"—a capital name to shout at an unruly pointer or a headstrong setter on a windy day, no doubt, but a queer name for a gentleman of unquestioned position and weighing over 200 lb.

Fortunately it was almost always "Uncle Dab," or "Cousin Dab," among his friends; while by nearly the whole of the negro population, in spite of the tendency to drop, after the war, old *ante-bellum* terms that denoted servitude, he was still, for some

reason or other, universally spoken of and to as Mar'se Dab. This was partly, no doubt, an unconscious tribute to the local fame of his family, as if, perhaps, it were due to these latter not to snap the old ties quite so abruptly as in ordinary cases, and partly, no doubt, to accident. Nor, indeed, was this a unique survival of old habits; it was simply a rather exceptional one. So I think the reason that made those of us who were the Colonel's immediate friends and neighbours speak of him generally, and in frivolous moments to him, as "Mar'se Dab," must be sought for in the humorous contrast between that great man's impressive personal appearance and the curt juvenility of this particular *sobriquet*. At any rate, it is as "Mar'se Dab" that my old friend's image comes most forcibly to my recollection, and it seems natural to recall his peculiarities, or to attempt to do so, with the familiar appellative upon the title-page. With regard to the subject of this sketch, I have so far used and shall continue to use the past tense. I don't wish the reader to suppose Mar'se Dab is dead. Far from it. But because the industrial system he pursued with such vigour proved so much less profitable than picturesque, he is, I regret to say, now an exile from his native land. The paternal acres, fortunately for them I fear it must be added, know him no more.

Yes, Mar'se Dab "burst all to pieces" many years ago, as his

neighbours, with that kindly interest people take in their friends' futures, used always to prophesy he would. Not a fragment even from this aforesaid explosion remained wherewith to start him in a new land-killing enterprise. So he, poor man, scarcely past the prime of life, had to accept an offer from his wife's brother, who kept a store far away in Western Kansas. The Colonel was not, I think, a proud man. He had not so much pride in matters of this kind as most of his class. But what he had he was compelled to swallow, when circumstances forced him behind the counter of a western country store. Whether he took the dose in one gulp, or whether it took some time going down,—and, above all, whether it agreed with him afterwards,—I never heard. For those, however, who had known Mar'se Dab on his ancestral acres, it required a mental effort of no ordinary kind to imagine him tying up packets of sugar and coffee for Teutonic or Scandinavian homesteaders. Indeed, it is distressing even to think of the Colonel in such a place or at such an occupation. It is the firm conviction that my old friend would be positively grateful to me if I would consider him as defunct, that decided me in using the past tense in everything relating to him.

To attempt a Virginia sketch without at least a genealogical allusion would not merely be unpardonable,—it would be impossible. It was an instinctive feeling that this had to come which I think prompted me to open this paper with the Colonel's full baptismal name. For the English ear, neither the names of Dabney, of Carter, or of Digges have any particular significance. Distinguished indi-

viduals may possibly have borne them, but the names themselves are by no means distinguished. In Virginia, however, it is otherwise; for they are all three written large upon the pages of her past. There are, no doubt, plenty of people in Virginia possessing one or other of these names who are no connection whatever to the old colonial families who have given to them their local lustre. The Colonel, however, was a representative of the main stock of these three illustrious houses, respectively. For his mother was a Carter of Birley, and his grandmother had been a Dabney from the shores of the Rappahannoc, while as for the Diggeses, are they not written in the chronicles of Berkeley county from generation to generation?

Mar'se Dab himself, however, never appeared to take much stock in the genealogical advantages he enjoyed. In many respects indeed—more particularly in the superficialities of life—he by no means did credit to his courtly progenitors. It used to be a common matter of whisper in the more aristocratic circles of Berkeley county—among the ladies particularly—that “Cousin Dab was a mighty rough man for his raising.” But then, as these fair critics would go on to relate, it was not so much to be wondered, seeing of what “very ordinary stock” his wife came. Now, as I have said, the Dabneys, the Carters, and the Diggeses were among the very first families in the State. If all their members were not educated and polished men, they ought to have been. But the Thackers, from whose family the Colonel took his wife, neither were, nor ever had been, people of education and polish. They were not, it must be understood, mere common farmers.

They owned plenty of land, and before the war had acquired almost as many negroes as the Diggesses themselves. Nevertheless they were upon quite another social plane.

The Thackers, in short, belonged to that enormous class that came between the real gentry of the south and the poor non-slaveholding whites. Politically a part of the great compact "slavocracy," numerically too its greater part, but socially, and for obvious reasons, inferior. Not a harshly defined inferiority, it is true; that would never have done among people whose somewhat precarious interests were identical, and who were all members of a dominant political caste, with most of the world against them. But the division was the unavoidable one between people with the traditions, habits, and customs of gentlefolk, and those whose existence was quite devoid of such refinements—were, in short, solid intelligent farmers, and nothing more. These things were managed very well. The Diggesses and the Thackers had been accustomed to interchange calls regularly every year. The phraseology of the most perfect equality had always been maintained when they met, but there the fiction ended. Human nature could do no more, as I am sure you would have said if you had paid a visit first to the old Digges's homestead, and then gone on to the family mansion of the Thackers; and the Diggesses and the Thackers were only types, and very good ones, of what, to apply English terms, we may call the old gentry and the old yeomanry of the south.

So when the war was over—though old prejudices and social barriers were a good deal shaken—Mar'se Dab was looked upon

as having rather let himself down when he married Amanda Thacker. Southern rural society, however, though by no means destroyed in that district, was greatly shattered. People were too poor and too busy, and too sore with the outside world, to be very ill-natured about such trifles. Still, social traditions that are founded upon common-sense and natural forces cannot be destroyed in a moment. So, as I have already remarked, the ladies of Berkeley county used to say in after years, that it was not altogether to be wondered at "Cousin Dab had got so rough."

Mar'se Dab's social position is then, I think, sufficiently well depicted. I once heard him airily described, by a jocose Canadian who was staying in the neighbourhood, as "a dilapidated blood." The Colonel's friends rather resented the *sobriquet*; but when he heard it himself some time afterwards, he laughed so loud that you could have heard him all over the plantation, and so long that his wife got anxious about him,—Uncle Ephraim, however, who was standing by at the time, reassuredly remarking, "That's 'zactly how Mar'se Dab useter laff befo' the wah."

When I first knew the Colonel, soon after the close of the war, he might have been five-and-forty. He weighed 16 stone, and "stood 6 feet 3 in his stockings." His lung-power was tremendous. The negroes on the place used to declare that "Mar'se Dab could go in two hollers to Shucksville." Now Shucksville was the county town, and as it was thirteen miles off, this remark must of course be regarded as an Ethiopian illustration of a purely allegorical nature.

Mar'se Dab's title of Colonel, I may as well here remark, was a

purely honorary one. A captain, however, he most certainly had been. A very different sort of a one, too, from Captain Topfodder, who kept the store at Digges's Mills, and took his rank from a freight barge he had skilfully navigated for many years on the James River Canal. That the Colonel was in any sense a false pretender to military honours was the very reverse of truth. Indeed, it was his valour that may be said to have actually proved in this respect his stumbling-block. If valour alone—and of course I allude to the Civil War—could have regulated rank, my old friend should by rights have been a general of division at the very least. For it was always said—said, that is to say, in Berkeley county—that Dab Digges was the bravest soldier in the whole Southern army. His valour, however, was of such a hopelessly reckless kind, and his contempt of discipline so profound, that even the command of a regiment would have been out of the question. So as a captain he started in the 20th Virginia Cavalry; and a captain he remained till the second year of the war, when he was taken prisoner. Those of his brother officers who survived the struggle used to say it was extraordinary that Cousin Dab (for the regiment was raised in Berkeley, and most of the officers were his relations) succeeded in escaping death or captivity, or even a wound, so long. "There was no man in the war," they said, "that tried so hard to get killed as Cousin Dab, and that wrought such havoc in the ranks of the enemy; or," they sometimes added in the strictest confidence, "got his men so often into 'tight places.'"

I gathered that it was upon the whole considered by no means an irreparable calamity when Mar'se

Dab, the fire-eating captain, was harmlessly removed in the second year of the war. The climax came about in this wise. It was in one of the great battles of that year, I forget which, that the 20th Virginia Cavalry were ordered to charge a regiment of Massachusetts infantry. It was a misty day, and it was not till the horsemen were within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy that an overwhelming body of cavalry was discovered to be drawn up in their rear. At any rate the retreat was sounded, and the 20th Virginia wheeled about. Not so, however, Mar'se Dab! That big voice which the negroes declared would go in two holloas to Shucksville, was heard sounding through the fog and smoke that its owner would be d——d if he'd retreat. And that was the last that was seen of Mar'se Dab for two years.

From evidence that filtered out afterwards, it appeared that the Yankee infantry were amazed upon that day to receive the charge of a solitary horseman, who came down upon them out of the fog, from whence they never rightly knew. They supposed it to be a runaway horse till it got so close they could see that the rider was spurring for all he was worth and shouting like a madman, as they then took him to be. Not a rifle was raised, but when Mar'se Dab arrived among the enemy's ranks, so far from appreciating the forbearance, he laid about him with such zest that if his sword had had an edge on it, several people would have been badly hurt. As it was, he was knocked off his horse with the butt-end of a musket, and sent to the Federal prison on Lake Erie.

Here Mar'se Dab chafed for nearly two years, picking up various and useful accomplishments, hard-

ly worthy, perhaps, of a Digges. Among these he learnt how to bake bread, to cut hair, and to pull teeth—studies forced upon him partly by the *ennui* of his position, and partly by the necessities for making a little money out of his fellow-prisoners, with which to procure those cakes of chewing-tobacco which were the solace of his life. Again and again, in the piping times of peace, has Mar'se Dab joked to me of these accomplishments. Two of them at any rate he carried with him into private life, and practised (in a friendly way of course) during his few spare moments, with an enthusiasm that I am afraid somewhat victimised his neighbours. As for hair-cutting, it was at least a harmless if a somewhat singular hobby. The Colonel was indeed in great request in the neighbourhood as a trimmer of locks. As a puller of teeth, Mar'se Dab's popularity was nothing like so great. He used an old-fashioned key, and for the rest trusted only to his herculean strength; so the hesitating attitude of the neighbourhood towards him on the tooth question may be partially understood. There were some people of an economical turn of mind who were tempted to call in once the gratuitous services of the Colonel. But I never heard that the most desperate sufferer from toothache or the most penurious individual ever repeated the experiment. Living near, as I did, I have heard sounds occasionally proceeding from Clover Hill that the negroes declared was Mar'se Dab at work upon some confiding countryman's jaw.

I was only once, however, a witness to one of these dental operations. If, as the negroes said, Mar'se Dab "could go to Shucksville in two hollers," I am

prepared to swear his patient upon that occasion would have reached the local metropolis in one.

When I first knew the Colonel he had just come to live at Clover Hill. This was not actually at the close of the war, but it was at the close of that three or four years of chaos—political, social, and financial—which ensued in war-worn Virginia after the surrender of Lee and the abolition of slavery; the period which marked the first conflict of new conditions with old ideas—that reluctant struggle of an old civilisation, based on a kindly picturesque domestic slavery, to adapt itself to an altered state of affairs; a change from the obligation for food, clothing, lodging, and protection, to a business compact between master and servant, terminable at any moment.

Clover Hill was an average Virginia homestead of the better class. It had no pretension, of course, to compare to "Newtown," the old Digges place at the other end of the county, where the Colonel's eldest brother still lived at that time. There, indeed, at Newtown were *bric-à-brac*, and old sideboards, and antediluvian bedsteads, and a good deal of old silver and family portraits that, whatever their defects may have been as works of art, represented at any rate ladies and gentlemen. Newtown was quite a famous place in Virginia; but Clover Hill was nothing of the kind. For that reason, perhaps, it was all the more typical. The place, till the Colonel took possession, had been occupied only by a better-class overseer. Seed-wheat had been stored in the parlour. The best bedchamber had been for years devoted to the storage of dried apples and washed wool, and the walls were coated thick with entomological specimens that had danced in the

sunny rays of a half-score of departed summers.

With the Digges advent this was of course all changed. But the house was furnished distinctly upon Thacker and not upon Digges lines. As Amanda Digges was an only daughter of old man Hiram Thacker, she had inherited his household gods. Among these, too, there were family portraits of a kind—portraits of individuals, however, that suggested the sign-painter's art in execution and the cattle-show in design. Admirable men and women, no doubt, these two generations of Thackers that blew about in gilt frames upon the walls. There were few men in Middle Virginia that knew the exact value of a negro so well as Hiram Thacker. There were none whose "shipping" tobacco brought higher prices in Shucksville than that of his brother Moses. But the portraits, however faithful to nature, were not of a kind to give an aristocratic tone to a family picture-gallery.

The house at Clover Hill, though not so venerable nor so large nor so hallowed by traditions as Newtown, had still been built as distinctly a gentleman's residence in the early part of the century. The Colonel's great-uncle, Randolph Digges, somewhat prominent in his day as a Whig politician, had been its founder and its occupant for a great number of years. The instalment of Amanda Thacker and her family household gods at Clover Hill was an improvement on the overseer interregnum. Still it did very little, I am afraid, to restore to Clover Hill the aristocratic tone that was said by old people to have marked it when that venerable patriarch "Uncle Ran" used to make its walls echo to post-prandial denunciations of Jefferson, infidels, and Frenchmen.

The house was of red brick ; it was two stories high and perfectly square. A wide corridor ran straight through it below, and another with the same direct simplicity pierced it above. Upon the ground-floor there were three rooms upon each side of the corridor, all exactly the same size and exactly alike. Upon the upper floor, too, there were three rooms upon each side of the corridor, also all of the same size and exactly alike.

It had never been rightly decided which was the back and which the front of the Clover Hill house, for at either end of the corridor there were big porticoes, supported by the same number of high white fluted columns, and approached by the same number of half-decayed wooden steps. The up-stair corridor led through doors on to the roofs of these porticoes, from whence, under the overarching leaves of aged oaks, could be seen glorious views of woodlands, fields, and distant mountains. It was a pity that these imposing props and qualifiers of the otherwise astonishing rectangularity of the house should have had their classic beauty marred by their application to domestic uses. In Uncle Ran's time, you may be sure, no such things would have happened ; but in the utilitarianism of Thacker tradition it was no uncommon thing, after washing-day, to see the family linen hanging in graceful festoons over the carved railings, and fluttering in the wanton wind.

The doors and the windows of the Clover Hill mansion may possibly one day have fitted tolerably, though even in an old Virginia house of the most approved kind such a condition would have been hardly orthodox. Now, however, they had sprung at their lintels,

and gaped at their hinges to such an extent that Mar'se Dab used to swear that the house was not merely not weather-proof, "but it warn't hardly dog-proof."

As for the winter wind! The hurricanes that blew down these corridors had one advantage, at any rate, for there was nothing about them of the nature or character of a draught. They were real honest broad-volumed gales, which blew not only down the corridors, but under the closed doors and out of the rattling windows with a force that made the Thacker portraits flap against the whitewashed walls till you trembled for the safety of those great works of art. Half a waggon-load of oak-logs might blaze in the huge draughty chimney, but six feet away from the blaze you were practically out of doors, and had to act accordingly.

From the early spring to the late fall of the year, however, there were few more charming spots in all Virginia than Clover Hill. Mar'se Dab could then boast with justice that "ther was 'ar stirrin' thar" (for he had dropped hopelessly, I am sorry to say, into the vernacular), "when the heat elsewhere was enough to kill a mule."

To nature's charms, however, I fear Mar'se Dab was almost insensible. He was not devoid of sentiment of a kind. Indeed it was partly that, I think, that made him so reactionary. But it was a sentiment that hugged insensibly all time-honoured Virginia rural customs—a sentiment that made him cling obstinately to old-fashioned ways, to be happy among big gangs of negroes, to love the very sight of a tobacco-field, to put up almost cheerfully with roads bottomless for mud, with gates that would not swing, with barns through

which the rain-storms soaked, with houses through which the winter winds blew.

When the Colonel took up his abode at Clover Hill, the land was in very fair condition. The overseer, who had had it in charge so long for the Digges family, had been a skilful and thrifty farmer. Being too old to be drafted for the army, he had remained at home all through the war. The estate had never been too heavily stocked with negroes, and had been seeded largely to grass and clover, the very acme of high farming in the South of those days.

When slavery and capital together were swept away by the war, and the conditions of Southern life practically revolutionised, most sensible men recognised that a different system of farming must be pursued. Numbers of the upper class flinched from the prospect, and went into business. Others set to work with good resolutions, and kept them. Many, again, made the resolutions, but did not keep them. Mar'se Dab, however, when he came to Clover Hill after the war, not only showed no inclination whatever towards agricultural reform, but he did not even make any profession of such intentions. He did even more than this. He openly and emphatically repudiated any such course, and declared that the style of farming that had been good enough for his fathers was good enough for him. He was too old, he said, to start raising clover and grass, when he'd been all his life trying to kill it in the corn rows. So Mar'se Dab "went into terbaccer." He collected double as many free negroes on the place, both renters and hired hands, as there had been slaves before the war, and commenced that enlightened course which finally reduced Clover Hill from

tolerable fertility to absolute barrenness.

Mar'se Dab, moreover, was more fortunate than many of his neighbours; for when he married, he got with his wife five thousand dollars of hard money, which, in old man Thacker's thrifty hands, had somehow or other survived the general wreck of war.

Clover Hill was a picturesque property, undulating enough to give happy variety to the landscape, without too great abruptness for cultivation. The prevailing colour of the soil was red, which gives such a warm look to fallowed hillsides when contrasted with the green of woodlands and growing crops. Of meadow-land there was plenty in former days—snug flats of rich alluvial soil between the hills, whose fertility was sufficient to resist, without deterioration, the average treatment of the old Virginia “rip and tear” system, which was saying much. In the overseer's time, and probably in the time, too, of old Uncle Ran, waving timothy grass and rank clover had flourished there and glistened in the heavy dews of the bright June mornings. When I first knew the place the backs of the negroes in hay time used to bend low, and the perspiration pour from their ebony faces as they swished their mowing-blades through the heavy growth. Little tinkling streams, all overgrown with alders and grape-vines, coursed their way down the valleys; and very troublesome they grew in flood times if treated, as Mar'se Dab used to treat them, with contemptuous neglect.

At the far end of the place where Buffalo Creek, which bounded it on one side, crossed the high-road to Shucksville, which bounded it on the other, there stood a venerable wooden edifice which, to-

gether with the hamlet attached, was known as Digges' Mills. Here the corn and wheat of the neighbourhood had been ground ever since there had been any to grind, which was a good long time. From an Old World standpoint, perhaps, it was not very ancient. At any rate it looked it. While the hum and drone of the wheel and the flashing of the waters over its black and sodden timbers, and the spray that sparkled on the mossy rocks beneath, and the rustic bridge of chestnut trunks that crossed the stream, and the huge weeping-willow from which it swung, made a picture that on sunny summer days it was both cool and pleasant to behold. Besides the mill there was a store, where Mar'se Dab had, in his earlier prosperous days, a ready and extensive credit with Captain Topfodder the merchant. In the days of his too evident decline, he had an account even greater still, whose remote settlement agitated greatly the waking hours of that worthy ex-commodore of canal-boats. Mar'se Dab's wages to his hired hands, and the advances to his tenants, came more and more, as time went on, in the shape of little notes on the torn leaf of a pocket-book, written in pencil, to the long-suffering Captain. There were whole files of these scrubby little remnants stored away in the desk behind the counter, running after this fashion mostly:—

“To Cap. TOPFODDER.—Please supply Chris' Johnson with goods to amt. \$1.75, — Y^r. friend, D. DIGGES.”

The Captain began to wish he hadn't been quite such a friend to Dabney Digges. As he sat tilted back in his straw-bottomed chair on the store porch, squirting

tobacco-juice over the railing and calling to his customers as they rode past to "lite and set awhile," he ruminated over the possibilities of how upon earth at this late date he could alter matters without appearing unneighbourly. The Captain did get so far as to say in public that "Dab Digges was the hardest man to git money out of in North Berkeley." Besides the mill and the store there was a wheelwright's shop, whither ploughs and waggon bodies and dilapidated buggies retired for repair for indefinite periods, and grew weather-scarred and almost mossy from long hope deferred. There was the forge, too, of a blacksmith, who was always out of coal or "gone away to 'tend his crap," and an Episcopal church, that had of late years found it exceedingly difficult to procure, or at any rate to retain, the services of a parson.

Mar'se Dab was a man rough of speech, as has been implied. He didn't say negro, nor even nigro, but always used the word "nigger," which is a variety that, strange as the statement may appear to outsiders, is seldom used by well-bred Southern men, and never by ladies. "Those durned niggers!" Mar'se Dab used to be fond of saying, "ought to be put right back in slavery,—a triffin', no 'count parcel of scoundrels."

This was mere verbosity. The Colonel would have been miserable if he had not been surrounded by them. Most people in the neighbourhood agreed, in a great measure, with the sentiments so baldly expressed by Mar'se Dab; but they acted up to their opinions, and dispensed as much as possible with Ethiopian assistance. But the Colonel did nothing of the kind. As I have already stated, he collected all he could lay hands on, and established them upon the

Clover Hill plantation. When he was remonstrated with upon the African centre he had set up, he used to reiterate the vices and the worthlessness of the dusky race with much greater warmth of feeling than the other would think of doing. But he used to say, "Dawg my skin! I must have a big force of these scoundrels, if I am going to make any terbaccer worth speaking about. I tell you, sir, folks may talk about grass, and stock, and fruit, and suchlike. Terbaccer made old Virginia, not termaters, and, by golly! I'm goin' to hold on by it any way."

Now Mar'se Dab did really understand the science of tobacco growing and curing. It was the management of free labour, and the keeping in heart, by judicious cultivation, a limited amount of land, that beat him.

Now, in Virginia, it is generally estimated that a labourer is required for every 20,000 hills of tobacco. As the Colonel used to aim at planting 400,000 hills, or about 80 acres, it will be understood that he was compelled to have about him what was a large force of hands for *ante-bellum* days and a limited estate. For it was not only the tobacco, but the 300 or 400 acres of maize, not to speak of the wheat he had to grow "to bread his folks," as he would have said, and to keep his horses and mules, and milch-cows and hogs.

To describe the nature of the resettlement of Clover Hill when the Colonel went there, we should have to enter into abstract disquisitions regarding the war and the negro question, for which there is here no space. We should have to describe how the negroes, in the first burst of freedom, generally moved off the old plantations,—not from dislike to their former

homes, but, as it were, to give themselves a shake, to show that they were free. How, with all this, they generally stuck to their old counties, and to a great extent even to their old neighbourhoods. This subject is such a wide one, the only thing to be done with it here is to drop it at once and revert to the subject of the sketch.

When I first knew the Colonel intimately his system was in full blast. I have mentioned that he recommenced his life with some ready money, as he did also free from debt.

There were two or three years, moreover, about that period when prices were exceptionally high, for artificial reasons that traced themselves to the war. Mar'se Dab's credit was good, and he seemed for a time to be actually prospering in spite of his defiance of economic laws. He came to believe in himself more than ever. He ridiculed his neighbours who sowed clover and agitated themselves on the subject of the improvement of stock. His loudest and most tremendous laughs were got off at the expense of a cousin of his wife's, who had set out fifty acres of apple-trees in the mountains. When I last saw that cousin he was netting 4000 dollars a-year from his orchards, and poor Mar'se Dab was in Western Kansas! Well, as I was saying, a great crop was the idea in those days, not only on Clover Hill, but on many other plantations too. The negroes in the neighbourhood would flock to Clover Hill before Christmas-time to try and rent a bit of land or hire out to Mar'se Dab. Many of the regular old Digges servants from Newtown again united their fortunes with the family in this manner.

It was noticed, however, that these last seldom stayed more than

a year. The true reason of this may perhaps best be given in the words of old Uncle Ephraim, one of the most attached of the bunch. It was a confidential communication, it is true, and delivered across the boundary fence which separated my own woodland from the tobacco patch on Mar'se Dab's land, which old Ephraim was working. After all these years, however, there could, I think, be no sort of objection to recalling some of the old man's remarks.

"Mar'se Dab," said the patriarch, "is a mighty good man, but he ain't like his pa. I bin raised with quality folks, and knows what they is. Thar ain't no fambly in the State as held themselves higher or more 'sclusive than our folks done useter. But Mar'se Dab! Lor'! he don't seem to have no respect for hisself or fambly. It make me feel mighty bad to hear him cutt'n up, a rippin' and a swarin' an a hollerin' roun' like the ordinary white folks at this upper 'een of the county, that ain't had no raisin' wuth speakin' 'bout. I was a bit of a chap down at the big house when Mar'se Dab wur borned, an' when I heern him lettin' hisself down an' gwine on in sich a way, I feel powerfully moved to say suthin. But he's a rough man, Mar'se Dab, an' like as not to burst me all to pieces. It 'ud go mighty hard with the ole Miss' if she wur alive and know'd. She'd get after me, too, fur cert'n and sho', if she thote I 'lowed Mar'se Dab to run on without speakin' any. I'll be powerful oneasy when I see ole Miss' at de judgment, when de hearts of all men * * *."

The asterisks represent one of those exhortations to which Uncle Ephraim, since he took religion, had been addicted. But sound as was his doctrine, and eloquent

as was his language, there is no space for even a sample of it. Upon this occasion, however, it was cut short, and the venerable man's attention turned somewhat abruptly to earthly things, by his mule, which he had left standing in the tobacco-rows, getting his leg over the trace-chain, and showing a disposition to leave the field, plough and all.

"Stan' still, sah! What you want to be cutt'n up fo'. It look like to me yo' oughter hev movin' roun' enough, and be prepar'd to stay quiet once in a while, an' study over yo' foolishness."

Unc' Ephraim's mind, however, was not yet unburdened, for he returned upon another count.

"It aint Mar'se Dab only. 'Spite of the rumpus and fuss he raises 'roun him, thar aint no kinder-hearted man north of Jeems river, or dis side of the Blue Ridge. I could put up with his rearin' an' pitchin' roun', for the 'spect I bar to the fambly, but, bless grashus! the niggers that Mar'se Dab's c'llected on this yer place! No one ever heern' me say a word 'gainst nobody; but I swar de solemn truth that the cull'd folks on dis yer plantation is de meanest, no 'countest, crowd of niggers that Gord ever made. I aint *alltogether* 'sprised, for I know'd whar this yer north end of the county wur befo' the war. I don't hold as what some o' these yer plain white folks warn't mighty good masters to their servants; but then a cull'd man as aint belonged to a good fambly, whar is he? He don't know nuthin' 'bout manners or 'spect for hisself. Now, sah, I bin *raised*, I has! I bin *raised*! I aint growed up like a sassafras bush in a ole turn'd-out field anyhow! Thar's a heap o' difference 'tween white folks, an' thar's a heap o' difference 'tween

cull'd folks, too. Fur a gen'leman as has bin raised among cull'd folks, Mar'se Dab beats anythin' I ever seed. He don't seem to know more 'bout 'em than ef he wur a Northern man. He don't study neither character nor princerples. Everybody layed out to git on this yer place, as they know'd it war a good plantation, an' that Mar'se Dab had right smart money by his wife an' a good force of mules. Dis yer nigger or dat ar nigger cum 'long about hirin'-time, an' talks big to Mar'se Dab 'bout the wuk he'll do if de boss 'll guv him a house an' land for de comin' year. He runs on mightily maybe about how he's bin mindin' a team for his ole mar'se since de s'render, an' how as his ole mar'se was jes fit to kill himself at losin' sich a good hand; but how his wife took sorter ailin, an' a whole parcel of foolishness which Mar'se Dab takes stock in. Den dis yer nigger tells Mar'se Dab he'll be satisfied with half the terbaccer an' a third of the corn; an' as Mar'se Dab's bin givin' half the corn, he thinks he's makin' the finest kind of *agreement*, not studyin' neither character nor princerples.

"Gord knows whar sich niggers wur raised—up in de mount'ns as like as not." (The supreme contempt at such a source of origin, expressed by Uncle Ephraim's shrug of the shoulders, could only be thoroughly appreciated by a local expert.) "Dar's bin a heap o' folk an' a heap o' house-buildin on dis yer *plantation* since de war. Dar soon won't be a house-log left or a board-tree left in the woods. Dar's bin land clur'd so nat'ral po' it 'ud skeercely sprout a black-eyed pea in the first crap. I mind the time when I usetest to come up yer in busy times. It wur a fine place, an' de craps wur powerful heavy den. The wheat

wuz so rank I jes told the Jedge—Mar'se Dab's pa—that ef he warn'ted me to go up cradlin' wheat to Clover Hill, he'd jes have to trade me away fur some one who could do it; for my rheumatics was too bad, an' I couldn't an' I warn't agwine ter do it, not if he cut me in pieces fur it. Now, bless gra-shus! the heads aint within hol-lerin' distance of one another.

"Yes, sah, dar's a heap too many folk on this yer plantation, an' mighty po' kind of folk, too. It look like to me as if Mar'se Dab had been ridin' roun' the country fo' a yer or two an' skeered up all the meanest niggers 'twixt here an' the big mount'ns, an' sot 'em plum' down in a muss. Sich a stealin' an' lyin' an' cussin' an' rippin' an' rarin' an' tramplin' roun' never wur seed, an' yet thar's mo' talk 'bout 'ligion here than most anywhar. To see 'em scufflin' up to the mourners'-bench on preachin' Sundays—O-o-o-o-ēē!

"I laffed fit to kill myself las' Sunday when Brer Moses from Poplar Creek was guvin' a open-ar preachin' for the noo church fund. Well, sah, when Unc' Mose' had got through de preachin' he tuk off his felt hat, an' axed me to sukkerlate it roun' for the c'lection. Fo' Gord, sah, that ar ole hat of Brer Mose' passed aroun' from han' to han' o' that bowdaciously 'ligious crowd, and nar a quarter nor a ten-cent peece, nor even a nickel, wur drapped in the crown of it. I saw Brer Mose' face wukin' powerfully as the empty ole hat wur comin' roun' to him again, an' I could see he wur pretty mad. When it got to the man as wur stanin' next him, he reached out his han' and grabbed dat ar hat in de biggest kind of a hurry—sorter makin' out as if he

wur skeered he wouldn't han'le it agin. Well, sah, Brer Mose' in front o' all de folks fust looked at one side o' de hat an' den at de other, an' den he crams it on his head an' hollered out, 'Well, bredren, you isn't showin' yo'selves by yo' deeds 'preciative of all de blessin's showered upon yo', but tank de Lord I'se got my ole hat back anyway,—dat's somethin' in these yer hard times.' In all yo' born days, sah, you never seed a crowd of niggers look so mean. No, sah; I reckon I'll git on down to the ole place agin. Mar'se Ran, so long as he's thar, 'll give me a house an' terbaccerpach. I ain't suited to these times nohow. A heap a hurrain' an' fuss was made 'bout dis yer friddom¹ an' that; but I b'lieve I'd as lief things had stayed as they wur."

Uncle Ephraim was, of course, a privileged person. His years, loyalty, respectability, and "dignified manners" procured for him a licence and liberty of speech that are submitted to, the world over, in ancient and faithful domestics.

"Durn that old man Ephraim!" said Mar'se Dab to me one day not long after this.

"What's he been up to?" said I. "He's the best hand you've got."

"Oh, Lord, yes! He's a good enough hand; but I'm blamed if I stand his nonsense any more! He's just been spoiled down at home by our folks, and got to think I can't live without him. What d'ye think he did yesterday? He came up to the house 'bout sundown and said he wanted to speak to me. I thought, of course, a horse was sick or something, and went out to him; and I'll be dorgonned if he didn't stand and lecture me for a half

¹ Freedom.

hour, and would have gone on for two hours if I'd 'a let him. He run on about my cut'n har, and said no Digges had ever cut har before; and that my pa and ma would get up out o' their graves and ramble roun' in 'straction if they thote I was goin' on so. As sure as I stand here, if the old scamp didn't go on to tell me he was afeared I hadn't any o' the old Digges dignity, and Lord knows what, till I took up a swingle-tree and told the old scoundrel I'd burst his head open if he gave me any more of his sass! 'Oh, that's right—that's right, Mar'se Dab,' says he. 'Kill me, sah—for Gord's sake kill me! I bin yer in this wicked world long 'nuff anyway. I'se made my peace, an' am ready to go right away. I'll suttenly go straight to the old mar'se and missus, an' tell them how yo' cutt'n up an' swarin' an' rip-pin' aroun'. Yes, knock me on de head, Mar'se Dab; I ain't keerin' much anyway. Folk's ways these times aint my ways. I nussed you, Mar'se Dab, when you was so small you hadn't hardly commenced to notice. I shuk down apples for you, Mar'se Dab, befor' ever you put pants on. Go on, Mar'se Dab; kill me, sah! You're mad now, an' jes' think I'm sassin'. One d'ese yer fine days you'll say old man Ephraim warn't sich a fule as I thote.' If you'd heard the old fellow, you'd have been powerfully tickled. I shouldn't have cared, but the old man raised such a fuss, a lot of the hands came round to listen."

So old Ephraim, the last of the old stock, went, and Clover Hill continued on its downhill course. The Colonel's notions of the capacity of land were drawn from no human standpoint. He ploughed up the hillsides; he ploughed up the bottoms. Noble groves of oak

and chestnut fell before the destroying axe on ridges unfertile for cultivation, and that the common-sense of two centuries had left intact. So it was year after year, red-land and grey-land, upland and bottom, turned and heaved unceasingly beneath the recklessly driven ploughs. Year after year the axe rang, and the toppling trees crashed for new tobacco-ground. The negroes sang and shouted, and Mar'se Dab holloed and stormed, happy in the pandemonium he had created, and hugging even closer, as their evil fruit became apparent, the worst traditions of the past.

Tobacco, tobacco, wheat, wheat, maize, oats, wheat, oats, maize, maize— This, I think, would fairly have described Mar'se Dab's method of rotation. This amazing tax upon the soil was not modified by any outside assistance. Some phosphate or stimulating fertiliser of some kind was dropped in the hill with the second crop of tobacco; but the Colonel's favourite dictum was that "commercial fertilisers would break any man." There was, however, an immense bank of barnyard manure accumulated round the stables, scorched by the suns and bleached by the rains, it is true, of many years, but still by no means valueless. Never, Mar'se Dab declared, when twitted by his friends upon the subject, could he find time to devote his waggons and horses to such a secondary matter.

The rotation above formulated with tolerable accuracy covers, it will be noticed, some ten years. This was about the length of Mar'se Dab's reign at Clover Hill, the year of collapse, when the long-suffering soil at last gave out in indignation, and absolutely refused to bear further the burden so unjustly laid upon it, and Clover

Hill, in the estimation even of the most reactionary Ethiopians, was "run clean out." The corn-stalks had shrunk to the size of your little finger, and, save in the rich hollows by the streams, produced nothing but "rubbins."¹ The wheat-straw was so miserably short, and the ears so scanty, that Uncle Ephraim's forcible illustration as to their being scarcely within hollerin' distance of one another, was by no means so far-fetched. The oat-crops had grown so weak that the briars and bushes, rioting in the filthy soil, simply choked them out of existence; while the fierce winter rains had cut gullies down the hillsides, which the thunderstorms of summer rent into ravines so deep that men and mules nearly disappeared from sight when they flourished through them.

Mar'se Dab "died fighting." It was the extraordinarily dry year of 187— that finished him. The sight of the crops on Clover Hill that year made venerable agriculturists weep who remembered the glories of the past. Mar'se Dab believed in tobacco till the last, nor was there anything unreasonable in his faith, considered in the abstract. It was his mode of applying it that was wrong. His tobacco he managed admirably. His plant-beds were burnt in good season. When the spring frosts cut other folks young plants, or the fly got them in cold dry weather, Mar'se Dab had always a plentiful supply. When "planting out" came in June, the Colonel always had his land ploughed, harrowed, and hilled up, ready for the first good "season," and everybody in the plantation had ample warning of the coming rain. For so long as Uncle Ephraim was there, he was better than fifty

barometers. The signs had never been known to fail. When "de mis'ry" took that venerable henchman "in de left shoulder, there'd be fallin' wedder befo' day, cert'n and sho'."

No growing crop was better 'tended than Mar'se Dab's tobacco; and if some of the tenants' houses "cured up a little blotchy or ran some" during that critical period, it was because the boss, "rustler" though he was, couldn't be everywhere at the same time. But while Mar'se Dab's tobacco was well done by, everything else was neglected; and economical laws were defiantly and aggressively flouted. Clover Hill was not quite in the real tobacco-belt,— that group of counties where the highest grade of leaf is produced, and where other crops may be safely made subservient to tobacco culture. These are technicalities, however, that would only bore the non-agricultural reader. I will simply quote once more that oracle Uncle Ephraim, who was fond of declaring that "any one who put his main 'pendance on ter-baccer in North Berkeley, 'ud git inter the porehouse sho'." Mar'se Dab put his 'pendance on tobacco. He didn't go to the poorhouse, because he had a brother-in-law in Western Kansas of a kindly turn of mind; but the latter alternative was, I fear, only one degree removed from the former in the Colonel's mind.

I can recall his figure, as it were but yesterday, sitting on the roadside fence on a hot June morning, looking wistfully towards the west for the long-expected rain that will enable him to plant out his tobacco.

One glance at Mar'se Dab is sufficient to discover that he ig-

¹ Short deformed heads.

nores the assistance of the tailor even more completely than he does that of the manure-merchant. But there is method and not madness in this. In his patriotic fervour, Mar'se Dab swore that he would wear nothing that was not manufactured in old Virginia. To a man who was fastidious about his personal appearance, such a resolution would have amounted (in those days anyhow) to an astonishing pitch of self-denial. It was very praiseworthy in Mar'se Dab, no doubt, but I don't think it weighed oppressively upon him.

He had yellow homespun pants, the cloth of which had been woven by an old lady of colour up on the mountain, who still possessed that disappearing art. The cut suggested Mrs Digges's sewing-machine. His boots were made by Uncle Ephraim, who solaced himself in his cabin during the long winter evenings with shoemaking and the weaving of baskets. I once had a pair of boots from Uncle Ephraim myself; but we will draw a veil over the recollection, and hasten on. Mar'se Dab despised a waistcoat even in cold weather. His coat was always out at both elbows: whether this was because he got the cloth by the piece from the new woollen mills at Barksville or not, I can't say. It was, I think, a kind of defiant tatterdemalionism that the Colonel liked to hug as a sort of mute undying protest against the forcible disruption of the South's old institutions. For however great his financial difficulties might have been, they were not on a scale so trifling as to necessitate an exposure of both elbows. When his neighbours joked with him about his ragged edges, he used to say, "times were too durned hard for fancy dressin'." Mar'se Dab's hatred of Yankees was conspicuous even at a period

when sectional bitterness was extreme. It made your flesh creep to hear the pains and penalties to which Mar'se Dab consigned in fancy his fellow-citizens north of Maryland. At election times he was the terror of Republican stump-orators and carpet-baggers. At the same time I am perfectly sure that if a Connecticut man, even though he were loaded down with wooden nutmegs, stood in need of a dinner, and Mar'se Dab had only a crust, he would have shared it with him.

There is something, I think, in the culture of tobacco, as pursued from time immemorial in the old Dominion, that appeals to the patriarchal instincts of the conservative Virginian. The unnumbered waggon-loads of wood that are set to blaze upon the new plant-beds in midwinter, to kill the germs of weeds and prepare the woodland soil for the tender seed; the crashing and tumbling of the forest-trees when "new grounds" are being opened; the cheery shouting of the negroes, and the unwonted energy that any momentous undertaking, more especially if it is connected with tobacco, calls forth; the excitement and rush of transplanting from the beds to the field in early summer, when the necessary rain, perhaps, is scarce, and opportunities consequently few.

Then there is the pleasure of watching, through the hot days of July and August, the gradual growth and expansion of the broadening gummy leaves to the sun, and all the risks of shattering hail-storms and of early night-frosts catching the "crinkley" ripening plants before they are fit to cut. Then the critical period of curing; and lastly, the long journey, plunging through the mud to the market, where the interests of master and

man, of landlord and tenant, are absorbed for a short and exciting period in the yellow-labelled heaps upon the warehouse floor, which the auctioneer is knocking down to local and foreign buyers, at figures which vary so much from day to day as to impart a flavour of speculation to tobacco-raising that may perhaps be one of its attractions.

Everything to do with tobacco Mar'se Dab loved with a hereditary devotion to the time-honoured product of his native land. Still tobacco-"making," in his estimation, had gone to the dogs. The very seasons had altered since the war; the sun seemed to shine less brightly; the moon to shed a dimmer light (and Mar'se Dab believed in the moon); the summer dews to fall more sparingly than of yore. So at any rate Mar'se Dab was thinking, when we left him just now sitting upon the roadside, looking westward at the thunder-clouds.

The tobacco-land is hilled up, but scarcely half of it as yet planted. The young plants in the beds are pushing one another out of the ground from their size and vigour, however. The earth is dry and parched, and in two weeks it will be July—and upon July-planted tobacco, as everybody in Virginia knows, no 'pendance, as old Ephraim would say, can be placed. The great black cloud comes nearer and nearer; woods and mountains are absorbed, and vanish into the approaching gloom, while from the inky void there breaks gradually upon the silent air the hoarse roar of waters dashing upon a myriad leaves. Mar'se Dab's hopes have ceased to have even that slight element of uncertainty that is inseparable from the word, "It's come this time, any way," says he, as he turns homeward, full in his mind of the big

crop he will now pitch. The very spray of the coming storm scuds on the newly awakened breeze that is flying before it; and the red dust of the turnpike, as if its last chance for a frolic had come, whirls this way and that in the changing currents of the thunder-laden air. Everywhere there is the hurry of preparation for the coming storm. The Clover Hill domestics are hard at work rushing the family linen and mattresses off the front portico. Aunt Judy is racing after the young turkeys; the negroes have unyoked their teams from the corn-rows, and are hastening up to the barnyard, singing tearful dirges for joy at the "prospec' of a season." The spring calves in the yard are galloping hither and thither with their tails in the air, like quadrupeds demented; and old Uncle Ephraim, at his cabin-door, is reminding Aunt Milly that "he'd bin lookin' fur weather" (inspired of course by the sensations in his shoulder), "but hardly reckoned it would cum befo' sundown."

Here, happy in the prospect of at any rate planting out his tobacco-crop, we must leave Mar'se Dab. If he was obstinate and prejudiced, there was no kinder-hearted man, as Uncle Ephraim said, "north of Jeems river." If he was loud-mouthed and boisterous, and stormed at his hands in a way that made him conspicuous in a place where these peculiarities are uncommon, it was, at the same time, the confiding fashion in which he supplied these very dependents with the necessities of life in advance from year to year that hastened his downfall. His inability to refuse security for all the bacon and corn-meal, the cotton dresses and "pars o' shoes" that the inmates of the twenty cabins on Clover Hill want-

ed, or thought they wanted, at Captain Topfodder's, no doubt swelled greatly the obligations that finally crushed Mar'se Dab. How the gallant Captain came out among the creditors I never heard, for I left the neighbourhood before the great crisis occurred, and was most happily spared the harrowing spectacle of the sale. The details of this great occasion, however, were of course fully communicated. There was twelve months' credit given, and the prices were accordingly quite fabulous. How much was actually collected at that remote future period is of course a matter I know nothing about. But, so far as paper went, the bidding was so brisk and the prices so unprecedented that Major Hogshead, the famous auctioneer from Shucksville, had twice to go behind the stable for a drink—his feelings were so much overcome.

Poor Mar'se Dab, however, benefited from none of these things. His chief creditor, a local Jew with a Scotch name, took over the place, and here is the advertisement of sale, cut out of the local newspaper of that date, and kept all these years as a memento :—

FOR sale, on terms to suit purchaser, 13 miles from Shucksville and 1 from school, store, and mill, situate on the old Richmond Pike, 924 acres of fine rolling land, 100 acres original forest, 50 acres bottom-land; fine brick Mansion,

with all necessary Outbuildings, and 16 Cabins. Price \$9500. Apply at the Office of this Paper.

A Philadelphia man bought Clover Hill and commenced to farm the property. A supreme belief in himself, a boundless contempt for everything Southern, so far as business was concerned, and a repudiation of all advice from his neighbours, had the usual result. The place is now in the hands of a practical Virginian of the reformed school. Clover once again, I have heard, has been induced to spring upon its hillsides—or, at any rate, some of them. The wayward courses of Buffalo Creek and its little feeders have been checked with banks and walls; the deep gullies have been filled with logs and pine-brush. In the bottom-lands the horse-mower goes “clicking” on June mornings through grass as heavy almost as that which bent the negroes' backs in old slavery days. There are not, I hear, half-a-dozen negroes on the place, and those that are there have got to “work or quit.” There is nothing left of Mar'se Dab's reign but the gullies, a few tenantless rotting cabins, the log walls of the negro church that, in spite of preacher Moses' endeavours and sarcasm, never achieved a roof for want of funds, and the old coloured burying-ground at the corner of the brown-sedge pasture above the mill.

SECONDARY EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.

No apology need be made for directing public attention to the question of Secondary Education in Scotland, and to the extent to which the present supply of secondary education and secondary schools, whether as regards quantity or quality, is adequate to the requirements of the country. In the matter of Elementary education, gigantic strides have been taken since the passing of the Act of 1872. The country is now supplied from one end to the other with an excellent system of elementary schools; and the great necessities of the country, as they existed fifteen years ago, may be said to have been adequately met. But the case is far otherwise as regards secondary education and secondary schools. The Act of 1872 left the existing secondary schools of Scotland practically out in the cold. The amending Acts which have been passed since, and especially the Act of 1878, have done much to enable the School Boards to equip and to maintain adequately the Higher Class schools under their charge; but, as a matter of fact, these schools have still been left, up to the present moment, almost entirely outside the current of improvement. School Boards, as a rule, have been timid in devoting to higher-class schools the expenditure without which it is impossible that a high standard of education can be maintained. They have had the fear of the ratepayers ever before their eyes; and the average ratepayer watches jealously the expenditure of any money from which he does not see that he derives an immediate personal benefit. The result has been, as was well pointed out in the address delivered

by Mr Marshall, Rector of the Edinburgh High School, to the Association of Secondary teachers in October last, that the public schools of the country specially devoted to higher education have, as a whole, been starved, and are unable to do their work properly for want of means.

It might have been supposed, under these circumstances, that the need of the community for a higher education would have been met in another way; and that secondary schools outside the Government system, maintained by private enterprise, and looking for their support to the higher classes of the community, would have thriven in exact proportion to the decline of those secondary schools which are under the management of School Boards. But the fact has been the reverse. From all parts of the country we hear complaints on the part of managers of such schools, that their scholars are being drawn away from them by a class of schools not specially contemplated by the Educational Acts, but which, in Glasgow and elsewhere, has been brought into existence under the School Board system. For although ready to neglect the higher-class schools specially committed to their charge, the School Boards throughout the country are by no means willing to confess that they are unable to provide the higher education demanded by the country. On the contrary, they maintain that, by the wording of the Education Acts, there is no distinction to be drawn in Scotland between elementary and higher education; and that it is their business in the present, as it was with the old parish schools

in the past, to provide education of every grade, and to pass on their best scholars continuously to the universities. The higher education which they thus supply has been mainly carried out under the system of "Specific Subjects"; and there are many School Boards, and some educationists, who maintain, and probably many who honestly believe, that the higher education of the country can be adequately supplied by the cultivation of Specific Subjects alone. Under this system, scholars who have passed the Sixth Standard are kept on in special classes as ex-Sixth scholars, working through the stages of Latin, or Mathematics, or other subjects included in the table of Specific Subjects; and it is a very general belief that an education of this kind may be considered the lineal successor of the old system of the parish schools, under which so many men in the olden time rose to distinction, both in the universities and in life. To the ordinary public, who understand little of the distinction between higher and lower education, but who comprehend very keenly the distinction between higher and lower fees, the attractions of a School Board school, equipped to carry out a "specific subject" system, are very apparent. If they send their sons to the High School, they will have to pay an average fee of from £8 to £10 per annum. If they send them to such schools as the Academies in Edinburgh, Glasgow, or elsewhere, they may have to pay a fee of £12, £15, or even £18 a-year. On the other hand, the Public School has handsome buildings, it is admirably equipped, lighted, and ventilated. The external arrangements are probably more handsome to the eye than those to be found in the best secondary schools; and when

the parent is informed that for a fee of £2, £3, or, in some rare cases, £4 per annum, he may obtain for his sons an education which will fit them for the universities or professional life, it is not to be wondered at that he should prefer the school recommended by arguments of so practical a character. Added to this, in the case of the Board School he feels that he has the advantage of an annual public inspection. The parent can see the reports; he finds that an average of 96 or 98 per cent has been passed in the ordinary subjects of instruction, and that, after passing the Standards, his son can be carried on to receive what is called "a higher education" by means of Specific Subjects. What such a result means, from a purely educational point of view, he does not pause to inquire; he not unnaturally thinks that a public school, supported by a public authority, attested by public tests of efficiency in matters on which he can himself form a judgment, offers him a greater guarantee of excellence than a school managed by private governors, conducted on a system of the details of which he is unable to form an opinion, and certified by examinations which have, as yet, no official character.

Thus the advantages on the side of the genuine secondary school are visionary and uncertain, while the arguments in favour of the public school are obvious and intelligible; and the average parent, who has no special means of forming an opinion as to the differences which distinguish true secondary education from that which is secondary in name only, prefers naturally the advantages which he can see and understand, to those which are unseen and unintelligible.

If this be a fair statement of

the facts, it is clear that there is as yet no apparent appreciation in the public mind of the distinction between secondary and elementary schools, or of the fact that for many years past all educational authorities, both in this country and elsewhere, have been agreed that no system of education can be satisfactory or complete which is not founded upon a careful grading of schools, according to the functions which they have to discharge. In England, the principle that schools should be graded in accordance with the particular character and standard of education which they profess to supply, has been long acknowledged. The enforcement of this principle was the chief object of the report of the celebrated Schools Enquiry Commission; and the main work of the Commissioners appointed under the English Endowed Schools Act of 1869 has been to effect its realisation. It is impossible to take up any book or paper which deals with education on the Continent, without discovering that the educational systems of other civilised countries are founded upon a principle totally different from that which dominates the public mind in Scotland. They are organised upon the principle that a secondary school supplies not only an extension of an elementary school, but differs from it essentially in kind, and must be taught and organised upon essentially different methods. In the language of the Schools Enquiry Commissioners, vol. i., pp. 178, 179, "Instruction, when most suitably ordered, is not one continual piece of which any length cut out at discretion shall yet be a whole." If the education of a boy is intended to be continued until the age of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen, it should be organised from

the first upon different principles from that which is to terminate at eleven or twelve. The celebrated educational ladder of which we have heard so much in Scotland, and which extends from the primary school to the university, is not to be formed simply by adding on to the upper end a few more rungs of the same shape and strength as those which constitute its lower portion. Still less can its advantages be attained by an attempt to perform the gymnastic feat of flying from half-way up the ladder to its top without any rungs at all. In the words of the late Secretary for Scotland, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, spoken in Edinburgh in November last,—

"I need not tell you that there is a real necessity in any sound and complete educational system for good secondary schools. You cannot do without them. Teach what extra subjects you choose in your elementary schools, carry them as far as you like, they will never really fill the place of secondary schools. Compel the university as you will to give training to a large number of youths of comparatively imperfect knowledge, you may impair the efficiency of the university, but you will not adequately fill the gap which should be filled by the secondary schools."

In Scotland alone of all countries, the principle embodied in these wise remarks seems to be imperfectly understood. If they were adequately realised by the public, it is impossible that the present state of matters as regards secondary education in Scotland could be allowed to continue. If the public opinion of the country recognised that Secondary Education was an essentially different thing from Elementary Education, and that without an adequately equipped system of secondary instruction neither the university nor the higher education of the

country can be established upon a sound basis, the means for supplying it would not be wanting. Either public opinion would demand that the resources required for its maintenance should be provided from public sources; or else private enterprise—whether in the shape of private munificence, or of a readiness to pay the price for which alone an article of higher value can be supplied—would fill the blank. But it is not the purpose of the present article to consider the question of “ways and means.” That is a question which is rather political than educational in its character, and has nothing to do with the decision of what is strictly a technical educational question—viz., whether secondary education is or is not an article differing wholly in kind from elementary education, and requiring a totally different set of conditions for its maintenance, development, and success. Putting, therefore, for the present, all questions of finance aside, the question of the moment is to ascertain whether there is any evidence of a plain and practical kind which can be adduced to show not only that the present condition of secondary education in Scotland is unsatisfactory—for upon that point all educationists are agreed—but that the special reason why it is unsatisfactory is that the distinction between secondary and elementary education is not practically observed in our school system, and that the importance of the distinction is not sufficiently recognised by the public. Can it be shown that there is an intellectual development which can be expected, on the whole, to be supplied by well-organised secondary schools, and which cannot be looked for, except in exceptional cases, from the extension or development of

the ordinary education given in our elementary schools?

Before passing to review any facts which may lead to a decision upon this important point, it may be well to clear the way by pointing out that in the views of educational reformers there are two objects constantly held up to the public view, and constantly confused with each other, which are not only entirely distinct, but are to a large extent inconsistent, and even contradictory. These two objects are—(1) the attainment of a higher standard of education; and (2) the wider diffusion of education. It is impossible to explain adequately this distinction without touching on the question of university education and university reform; but as it is not my intention in the present article to enter upon the university question as a whole, I shall only do so in so far as may be necessary to throw light upon the particular point which is now being discussed.

It has long been the familiar boast of Scotland that her schools of every grade have made it their aim to pass on their best scholars, drawn from every rank of life, however humble, to the universities; and it has been the special boast of the universities that they are in touch with the nation as a whole,—that they draw their students from no special rank or class, but open their gates to all who have the talent, the industry, or the ambition, to turn to practical account the opportunities of instruction which they afford. The ringing of the changes on this theme has formed the main staple of educational oratory, in so far as it has been expended on the universities. That the universities are national institutions; that they include students from every rank of life; that in every village

school germs of genius are being fostered which may some day be developed into professional or literary distinction by the university incubator,—these are topics which have been dwelt upon times without number by those who have contrasted the Scotch university system with that of England and other countries. The fact is true, and the praise is just. There are hundreds—thousands—of men who have risen to eminent or important positions, encouraged by our popular universities to turn talents to account which, under a more exclusive system, might have remained unknown or undeveloped.

But there is another side to the picture; and there has been no lack of critics in these latter times to proclaim loudly the deficiencies and shortcomings of our Scotch university system. These critics speak with many mouths, from many points of view, and with various degrees of knowledge or of ignorance. They do not all agree with each other; they are by no means always consistent with themselves. But they have had no difficulty in pointing to certain conspicuous blots upon our Scotch university system, many of which have long been acknowledged by all competent to form an opinion upon the subject; and though the remedies suggested may not always be those most suitable to the case, though the objects aimed at are in some cases mutually destructive to each other, it is most advisable that the whole subject should be freely discussed with the fullest light that can be thrown upon it; that we should consider the causes from which the educational deficiencies of our universities spring, estimate the merits that are to be set against those deficiencies, and if we seek to apply a remedy in one direction, be prepared for the con-

sequences that may follow in another. It is impossible to combine the merits of two conflicting systems; and if we are not prepared to face the adverse results of a proposed change, it is vain to enumerate its advantages.

In the various recent discussions which have taken place upon university reform, two essentially different objects have been mixed up together. The main charge against the universities, brought up over and over again both by the schools and by the public, is that their standard of education is not sufficiently high; that they admit all and sundry to their classes without distinction or inquiry into the character of the previous education they have received; and that the whole standard of university teaching and university work is lowered in consequence. On the other hand, there has been a great and powerful demand for an extension of university teaching. A cry has been raised against permitting the universities to maintain any longer what has been called the "university monopoly." These critics maintain that no special privileges should be accorded to the universities; that university education should be disseminated throughout the country by university lecturers, whether in daily or evening classes, wherever students are to be found ready to avail themselves of such advantages; and that attendance at such courses of lectures, delivered under conditions far less continuous and exacting than those required by the university, should count for university purposes, and be accepted by the universities as equivalent to the attendance given in their own classes. What these reformers desire is to popularise, not to elevate, university instruction. They object to a "mono-

poly": in their desire to escape it, they rush into the arms of a superstition. They imagine that the magic of a name is such, that by prefixing the term "university" to the instruction given to miscellaneous classes in short courses of popular lectures, the whole results of a long continuous education, culminating in three or four years' attendance at the university itself, may be attained. This idea reached its culminating-point of absurdity in a speech recently delivered at a meeting of the General Council of Glasgow University, when a member of Council expressed his indignation that in a report dealing with university extension, the Senate of the University had indicated that it would be undesirable to give university certificates of merit to students who had attended popular courses—some consisting of *ten* lectures each—and so place upon them the same stamp of excellence which is bestowed on students who go through a course of five or six months' continuous work, preparing work carefully every day, and successfully going through their oral and written examinations. And yet these same critics, in the very next breath, will denounce the work done in the university classes as insufficient; they declare the standard of teaching is too low; that no adequate care is taken to see that the students reach that standard; and that the universities grant their certificates on far too easy terms.

It is hard to answer at once a two-edged criticism like this. It is scarcely necessary to point out that these two different lines of reform are wholly distinct, and in many respects entirely inconsistent with one another. It is one thing to desire to see higher education spread as widely as possible from one end of the country to the

other; it is another, and quite different thing, to desire that there should be certain institutions organised under special conditions with a view to securing the highest possible results. It is vain to demand that the universities shall increase the stringency of their requirements, and at the same time offer all the advantages of university education to those who have fulfilled none of these conditions, and have exhibited no standard of proficiency at all.

The need of a stringent, or at least effective, entrance examination has been urged for years past from various quarters, and by almost all our most prominent educationalists; and the late Commission, though they did not consider that the evidence justified them in pronouncing unreservedly in favour of an exclusive entrance examination, recommended a practical equivalent in the shape of a First Examination as a necessary preliminary to all degrees. There are, without doubt, as we shall see, difficulties in the way of instituting an entrance examination that shall at once be really effective in raising the whole standard of university work, and at the same time not impose too sharp and sudden a strain upon the school-system of the country; but these difficulties can and should be faced. The main duty which the university owes to the nation is to maintain the highest possible standard of education. It is for this purpose that it is assisted by public funds, and invested with the privileges which are essential to enable it to perform this duty. But the duty ought to be performed; and no amount of extension of the higher education on what is called a wide and popular basis will make up for a dereliction in what is essentially and peculi-

arly the proper work of the university—namely, to provide systematic and reasoned courses of study in all the branches of higher culture, and to secure that in each the highest results shall be attained which the educational condition of the country permits. The universities should doubtless assist in whatever way they can the spread of education, and especially of higher education, throughout the country; but their aim in laying the foundation broad should be to raise the apex high, and in the arrangements for their own teaching and their own examinations, their first object should be to maintain and gradually raise the standard, and keep well abreast of the educational level of the times.

During the last twenty-five years great progress in this direction has been made inside the universities themselves. Much more remains to be done. During that period, so far as the existing curriculum goes, the whole system of examinations has been created, and placed upon a sound footing. The students and the schools know now what to work for. The examinations command the confidence both of the students and of the public, and the question that remains is mainly, Have we the requisite machinery to secure that the standard attained by our students is of a really high and satisfactory character? The curriculum, doubtless, is too narrow, and will be extended under any system of university reform; but the subjects which are now taught will still remain—and though the subjects to be taught in our schools in future may undergo some modification, the relation between the schools and the universities will be unchanged. Whatever the subjects of study may be in the

future, the universities will not be able to discharge their duty adequately unless the students who enter them have been adequately prepared by the schools. I propose, therefore, in this paper, to throw what light I can upon this fundamental question—namely, the amount and kind of previous preparation which entrant students bring, or ought to bring, to the university; and the sources to which we have to look, in the present educational circumstances of the country, for the supply of that preparation. It is certain that students cannot derive any solid or permanent value from university instruction unless they come up with minds fitted to receive it. With a view, therefore, to assist in the formation of an opinion upon this all-important point of the relation between the schools and the universities, I venture to offer, from my own experience in the University of Glasgow, a few facts bearing upon the following points:—

1. The quality of the supply of entrant students;
2. The schools from which they come;
3. The character of the work done at the various kinds of schools, regarded as a preparation for the university;
4. The effect upon a student's whole career at the university of the kind of training which he has received before entering it; and,
5. The conclusions to which the results arrived at under the previous heads seem to lead in regard to the present needs of the country in the matter of secondary education.

The information which I have to give will, of course, primarily relate to classics, and, strictly speaking, to Latin only; but for

reasons which will be generally admitted, a boy's knowledge of classics, especially of Latin, may be regarded, in the present state of education in this country, as affording the best available test of his training and culture as a whole. That test, of course, applies only to what we may call the human, or the literary and historical, side of culture. Mathematics and the physical sciences stand apart, as belonging to the other or non-human side of culture; and it is perfectly possible for a student to have a special aptitude for, and to be distinguished in, the non-human side of culture, who has little or no capacity for literary development: just as it is notorious that many illustrious literary men have found an unconquerable barrier in mathematics. But languages, literature, history, and philosophy, all hang together as subjects of study and education; and as in Scotland classics, and especially Latin, have been for centuries the main foundation on which the literary culture of the nation has been based, it affords a very fair test of the value of the literary part of a boy's school course. The question whether Latin and the classics should continue to hold their position in our national education, or whether a totally different kind of culture, equally valuable, and resting upon the mathematical and physical sciences, might not be organised, has no connection with the special matter now before us. I will only say, on the one hand, that as yet no satisfactory substitute for the advantages of a literary culture has been organised in a practical and systematic form. The means for effecting such a revolution in our educational system do not as yet exist; and under any

circumstances, whatever direction public opinion may take, it will be a long time before they can be practically developed. In any case, whatever development of scientific education may take place in the future, the necessity for a literary culture will still remain for any man who desires to be perfectly equipped for the work which he will have to do in life, and to acquit himself satisfactorily in those human relations of which it is impossible for a man, whether the main purpose of his life be literary or scientific, to divest himself. I will only add, on the other hand, that I have no sympathy with the superstition which supposes that some magical efficacy is to be derived from making a mere bowing acquaintance with the classical languages; and I should like to see exploded the idea which still prevails to so large an extent amongst the parents of the middle and lower classes in Scotland, that their sons will carry through life some indescribable advantage by having crowned the ordinary school course (to use a common phrase) by taking "a year o' the Latin."

1. The first point mentioned above—namely, the quality of the supply of students which the university is now receiving from the schools, and whether or not that quality has as a whole improved—is a point very hard to decide. Some years ago I believed that the standard of qualification was gradually rising; but I do not now feel clear that that improvement has been maintained as far as the main body of students is concerned. The work done for the Preliminary and Bursary examinations—in which only the best first-year students compete—is distinctly better and more scholarly than it was. The standard attained in

the examinations for the ordinary M.A. degree is rising steadily, if slowly, in quality; but the number of students who come up to the university with insufficient training is still very large, and the proportion seems scarcely to have diminished. The University of Glasgow has established an entrance examination for all students below the age of seventeen, and has thus prevented boys who ought still to be at school, and who cannot pass that examination, from obtaining university privileges; but the main difficulty has always been with students above that age. The best test that I can give in Latin is derived from the numbers of the Junior Latin class. That class consists of those who either fail to pass the simple examination required for entrance to the Middle class, or who prefer to enter the Junior class rather than face the ordeal of the examination. In the past session the Junior Latin class contained 119 students, of whom 81 failed to pass the examination, whilst at least one-half of the remainder would probably have done so had they attempted it. I have before me the results of a similar examination with a similar standard for the year 1874-75, and I find that the proportion of those who failed in the latter year was no greater, scarcely so great, as the proportion of those who have failed in this. In other words, of the total number of students coming up to the university in the year 1886-87, fully as large a proportion were insufficiently prepared in Latin as in the year 1874-75. Now such students, so far as Latin is concerned, ought not to be attending the university at all. The work which they need to do is not university work, but school work; and the university is not fitted, and ought not to be fitted, to give

it to them. It is not merely that they know little Latin, and make perpetual blunders on elementary points of grammar; but their minds have not been systematically trained, either in that or in any other subject. They have not been systematically taught to get up and to master any intellectual subject whatever. They do not understand the principles of language, they cannot take in and assimilate in an intelligent way the explanations which are given to them. They have not been taught to think, or to express themselves clearly, not always even grammatically, in their own language. Not a few even of those who pass the examination for the Middle class labour more or less under the same difficulties. These students may know the main forms of the language moderately well,—they may have learnt the more common parts of the accidence by heart,—but their minds are not trained instruments; they have not been taught to discern and appreciate the fine distinctions upon the perception of which all scholarship depends, and which constitutes the real educational value of classical training; they have little quickness and versatility in applying what they know or learn, unless it be presented to them exactly in the same way as that in which they originally learned it. Hence their progress is necessarily slow, and is perpetually retarded, not merely by ignorance of Latin, but by an ignorance of English and by a want of general knowledge, and in consequence a large proportion of the best teaching of the class passes over their heads altogether.

Now if we look at the age of these students, we do not find that they are mere boys. Out of 119 who constitute the junior class, only 17 are below seventeen years of age; and we may regard seven-

teen as being the natural and normal age for entering the university. With regard, therefore, to the 102 students who are above seventeen years of age, the evil does not consist in the fact that they have entered the university too soon, but that they never carried their school course to a satisfactory point at all. Some of them have not been at school for years, having been engaged in various employments during the interval.

2. Now, what are the schools from which these 119 defectively-trained students come? 50 of the number have never had any other education but that of the ordinary public school; 45 have received their main education at such schools, supplemented with a year or two at a secondary school; 23 only were educated at secondary schools. If we take the schools at which the whole body of students both in the Middle and Junior classes were educated—that is, practically, the whole of the ordinary first-year students—the result is that, of the whole number, only 20 per cent were educated entirely at secondary schools, while 46 per cent were educated entirely at elementary schools; 31 per cent were educated partly at elementary and partly at secondary schools, and 3 per cent privately or away from Scotland.

The most remarkable fact to note

here is, that only 20 per cent of the students in the Junior and Middle classes taken together were educated at secondary schools. A comparison with former years shows that the proportion of such students is declining; for in 1873-74 the proportion of such students was 35 per cent; in 1874-75, it was 34 per cent. It would appear that from that time onwards the percentage of students educated at secondary schools has decreased, until now it amounts to no more than 20 per cent. On the other hand, the proportion of students who have supplemented an elementary school education with a year or more at a higher school has increased. In 1875-76 the proportion of such students was no more than 9 per cent; in the present year it amounts to 31 per cent.

It will be interesting further to compare the total number of students in all the Latin classes taken together—Senior, Middle, and Junior—in two different years. The addition of the Senior class into the calculation makes a marked difference upon the figures, as that class includes most of those well-prepared students who are able on entering to pass the preliminary examination for the three-years' course. A comparison of the years 1875-76 and 1886-87 comes out as follows. Of the total number of students there were—

	1875-76 percentage.	1886-87 percentage.
Educated at secondary schools,	42	30
Educated at elementary schools,	36	42
Educated partly at both, . . .	11	22
Educated privately, &c., . . .	9	5

It will thus be seen that there has been a serious decrease in the number of students who have received a complete education at secondary schools; there has been a distinct increase in the number of those who come from ordinary

public schools, as well as in that of those who have added a year or two of secondary education to an elementary school course.

3. The next point to consider is the character of the work done at the university by stu-

dents coming from these different classes of schools. For this purpose let us take first the various higher examinations, the passing of which implies distinction on the part of the student. The best first-year students enter for the Preliminary Examination, which admits to the three-years' course in Arts. In November 1886, 35 students passed this examination in Latin. Of these, no less than 31 were educated at secondary schools. Previous years exhibit similar figures; and it may be said generally, that almost the whole of those who pass this examination come from secondary schools. The main exceptions come from Garnethill and similar schools, in which a systematic effort is made to organise a regular secondary course. Second, let us take the annual Bursary Competition, success in which is the great object of ambition for first-year students. In November 1885 there were 59 names placed upon the distinguished list. Of these, 49 came from secondary schools, 4 from Garnethill, 2 from other public schools. In November 1886, there were 44 names on this list. Of these, 40 came from secondary schools in Scotland, 2 from similar schools in England, 2 from public schools under School Boards in Scotland. These facts tell their own tale. They show that, except in cases where special provision has been made to add on a systematic course of really higher instruction, the ordinary board-schools cannot prepare students so as to take a distinguished place when they enter the university.

Next, let us examine the various prize-lists in the different classes of the university. I take first the prizes that have been gained in the Latin classes in the three sessions, 1883-84, 1884-85,

and 1885-86. Out of a total of 121 prizes gained in all the Latin classes in those three years, I find that 89 were carried off by students who had been educated for not less than three years at a secondary school: only 30 by students either entirely educated at elementary schools, or who had been for less than three years at a secondary school. In the Greek classes for the same three years there were 143 prizes gained. Of these, 108 were gained by secondary school students (defined as above), only 33 by elementary school students. This test, however, is scarcely sufficient in itself. It is no doubt a fact that, in many cases, students who have had an imperfect previous training at school make good their deficiencies at the university; and it might be expected that in the later years of the university course, especially in the subjects of Literature and Philosophy, the difficulties caused by a lack of classical training at the outset would be overcome, and that the greater zeal and ability of students who have found their way to the university from elementary schools would enable them to come conspicuously to the front. But the facts as a whole show that this is not so. The secondary school students appear to retain their advantage from the beginning of the course to the end, though there is undoubtedly a certain proportion of students who belong to the class described above, and who make such good use of their time at the university that they rise above many of those who outstripped them during their first session. I may explain that the figures here given, though substantially accurate, are not exhaustive, as there is a small number of the prizemen whose school

statistics I have not been able to trace. This defect, however, will not alter the proportion for the numbers given. Thus, of those who gained prizes in the English Literature class during the three years given above, and under the same conditions, twenty-nine prizemen were educated at secondary schools, nineteen at ordinary public schools. In the class of Logic, sixty prizemen were educated at secondary schools, twenty-nine at elementary schools. In the Moral Philosophy class, forty-seven prizemen were educated at secondary schools, twenty-seven at elementary schools. And it should be observed that amongst those classed as coming from elementary schools have been included all those who have supplemented their elementary school education with one or two years at a secondary school. If we take the whole of the five literature classes together, the result is as follows: 333 prizemen in all were educated at secondary schools, as against 138 only at an elementary school; and it is to be noted that even of those who are put down as belonging to elementary schools, a considerable proportion—between one-half and one-third—have supplemented their elementary school education with one or two years at a secondary school. We have thus the very remarkable result that, whereas only from twenty to thirty per cent of our students—less than one-third of the entire number—have obtained the whole of their education at secondary schools, these students carry off at least three times as many prizes in the literary classes as those coming from public or other elementary schools. In other words, their numbers are as one to three, their distinctions are as three to one.

The results of the work done in

the Mathematical and Natural Philosophy classes form a distinct contrast to the figures given above; and it is evident at a glance that the mathematical and arithmetical training in the ordinary public schools of the country is of a higher quality than their literary work. In the Mathematical class, during the three sessions already given, the elementary schools have the superiority: 47 prizes were gained by secondary school students, as against 61 by students from elementary schools. But in the Natural Philosophy class the proportion is reversed: 27 prizes were gained by secondary school students, 24 by elementary. It will be observed here that in neither case do the elementary school students hold their own proportionately for their numbers with the others; and in Natural Philosophy, where higher mental capacity is called into play, the majority of the prizemen come from secondary schools.

Nor are these conclusions true of Glasgow only. Through the kindness of some of the professors in the University of Edinburgh, I have obtained similar statistics with regard to the prizemen in that university also. They are not quite complete, and I have no statistics to show whether the proportion between elementary and secondary school students is or is not the same as that which prevails in Glasgow; but taking all the prizemen for the present year in the classes of Latin, Greek, Logic, and Mathematics, I find that by far the largest number of prizes were gained by students coming from secondary schools, and that students educated at elementary schools did not gain more than 20 per cent, in some cases rising to 30 per cent, of the total number of prizes gained.

All these facts point in the same

direction. They show that a student who has been systematically trained from the commencement with a view to a higher education, has the advantage over other students throughout the whole of his university course. They show that it is only in comparatively rare instances—instances in which, without great natural ability, and without an ambition to correspond, the student would probably never have thought of coming to the university at all—that the deficiencies of early training can be made up for during the years of the university course. They show conclusively that it is to the secondary schools of the country that the universities must look for the supply of their best brain-power; and that if we are to reach a really high level of attainment in the universities, it must be by encouraging, by improving, by calling into existence secondary schools—or let us rather say schools, by whatever name they may be called, in which a really systematic course of secondary education is carried out. Those who consider that it is the main function of the university to reach a high standard of excellence, and that to the country at large the quality of the work done by Honour students is of more importance than the work done by Pass students, must regard the students who have received a high previous training as forming the very life-blood of the university. It is a matter, therefore, of essential importance to the interests of the higher learning of the country, and to the universities themselves, that public attention should be attracted to this fact, that it is to the maintenance, proper equipment, and, if necessary, the improvement of secondary schools, that we must look if we desire to see the higher education of the

country in a prosperous, or even satisfactory condition.

No doubt there are many cases of students of ability, nay, even of genius, coming from the humblest homes in the country, who could never have approached the university at all had they been obliged to enter it through the portal of a secondary school. But such students are the exception, not the rule. Men of such fibre and quality are pretty certain to rise to their natural level under any circumstances, and they know how to take advantage of the very slenderest opportunities for higher education which may have been afforded to them. But in dealing with national education, we must consider not so much the exceptions as the mass; and if we expect the higher education of the country to be maintained at a high level by cases which are necessarily exceptional in their character, the whole public machinery of education will break down. We must provide for the average student the kind and amount of education which experience has shown that the average student requires. We will hail with acclamation those who can rise in spite of the deficiencies of our educational machinery, but we must not make their case a reason for dispensing with that machinery altogether.

Comparisons are frequently drawn between the higher education given at elementary public schools of to-day, with that which used to be given in the old parish schools of Scotland; but the analogy is a misleading one. The old parish schoolmaster was frequently successful in preparing students for the university, partly because he was himself probably a university man, partly perhaps because he devoted to them too large a proportion of his time. The

bulk of the school was often neglected for the sake of four or five scholars of promise, upon whom he expended all the time and attention of a private tutor; and under such a system many students had gone through a really large course of reading before entering the university. But all this is changed now. The headmaster of a public school, and his most able assistants, have to think mainly of the standards and the capitation grant. The work done by a few pupils at the top receives little or no recognition either by the Department or by the School Boards, in payment or in any other way; and the kind of work which is laid down for the study of Latin and Greek under the "Specific Subject" system is so meagre in kind, so completely destitute of any flavour of literary character, that it can hardly be regarded in ordinary cases as affording a preparation for the university at all. On this point some illustrations will be offered further on: meantime, I wish to state emphatically my opinion that no real improvement in the higher education of the country is to be expected from any further development of this system of specific subjects. The table of specific subjects is founded upon the same principle as that of the six standards. For each year of each subject a definite minimum of definite work is prescribed; and the examination is, and must be, conducted, under such a system, not with a view to discover whether the utmost has been done to develop the boy's mind as a whole, not to ascertain whether he has any intelligent interest in the subject, whether he has been made to think freely upon it, whether his taste, or his imagination, or his reasoning powers, or his literary

instincts, have been cultivated, or even appealed to: the object of the examiner must be simply to ascertain whether a particular candidate knows a sufficient number of facts, as tabulated in the Government schedule, to justify him in ranking the boy as a "pass"; or, to put it in other words, to certify that his ignorance is not so great as to justify the Inspector in refusing to allow the grant to be made on his behalf.

Let us take Latin as an example. A boy may have passed all three stages of the specific subject of Latin, and yet be destitute of all training which can be called literary. At the end of the first year he has to know his grammar to the end of the regular verbs. At the end of the second year he must know irregular verbs, and be able to translate simple sentences, of three or four words, into Latin. At the end of the third year he must be able to translate somehow a passage from a book of Cæsar, and to translate somewhat longer sentences into Latin. All these things are good, and they must be learned; but a boy may pass an examination in them all and yet have scarcely commenced his classical education. He has learned some of the more obvious forms of the language—I say more obvious forms, because no grammatical points of any nicety can be expected to be known, not even the distinctions in meaning between the various pronouns, as to which blank ignorance prevails on the part of most of such students. The translation of a Latin book is to be prepared so that the candidate should be able to stumble through it in some sort of way; no difficult questions of syntax can be put or answered: an Inspector recently informed me that a teacher

asked him if he wished to "kill out" specific subjects altogether, because he set a short compound sentence or two to turn into Latin. The candidate is not questioned upon the subject-matter of what he has read; no attention can be paid to the style or suitableness of the English words he uses; he need not show that he has been taught to *think* about his work: if he can avoid more than a fair proportion of grammatical blunders, and if he can turn off a few short sentences of dog-Latin with decent correctness, he has done enough to obtain his pass, and more than enough to justify the Inspector in allowing the grant, though he may not have exhibited proof of possessing the smallest tincture of nice scholarship.

I have before me examples of Latin specific-subject papers from different parts of Scotland. I take at random nine papers presented by one particular school—an undoubtedly good school. Of these, two are marked "pass," two, "doubtful," and five are "failures." The paper includes a few simple questions in *accidence*; a question as to the meaning of a few verbal forms; translation into Latin of some short simple sentences (two of them compound); and a piece of Cæsar to translate. Even the "passes" have such forms as *unæ* for the dative of *unus*, *urbum* for the plural of *urbs*. *Eundum erit* is translated by one, "he will be going." The sentences are for the most part fairly correct, but include such as the following: *Omnibus amatur* ("he is loved by all"); *misit virum qui mihi hanc diceret* ("to tell me this"); *fuit decem pedes altior quam murus*; *scio quid opus est*, &c. The translation of a plain piece from Cæsar is fairly though baldly done,

and with several pardonable mistakes. These are the best. The doubtful papers have worse mistakes. Two have *unus* declined all through the plural, and such Latin as *turus fuit decem pedes altius muro*; *scio quod haberet* ("I understand what he wants"); *lati essent* is translated, "he might have carried," while for *eundum erit* we have the various renderings, "he may be going," or, "he might be eating"; and for composition, *milites parite suo duci* ("soldiers, obey your general"), and *castellum fuit decem pedum altius quam murus*. The "failures" exhibit every variety of blunder in *accidence* and composition: *miseret me hunc virum*; *audiverimus eum dicere hanc*; *fuit decem pedes alti muro*; *missit viros dicere me hic*. The English is often scarcely grammatical. Here is a specimen: "That there were some persons of whose authority prevailed greatly upon the people who being private was able to do more than the magistrates themselves." In other papers the English is altogether unintelligible. On another occasion a "specific subject" student presented the following: "Thus nobly, in the very moment of victory, he breathed his last," was translated (by help of a dictionary), "In momento victoriæ modulum pedis expiravit"!! In another case, *Pisces sunt bonus cibus* passes as a specimen of good Latin. It is needless to multiply examples of this kind: any teacher of experience knows precisely the degree of culture, and of knowledge of Latin and of language, which is marked by work of this stamp. No fault is to be found with the teachers or with the inspectors. The teachers do what they can: the inspectors seem to draw a very fair line, and to un-

derstand what it is possible to expect from a three-years' course given under the conditions which are to be found in an ordinary school.

I could produce instances still more striking than the above of examinations passed by pupil-teachers at the very end of their course, after they have had the benefit of four years' special training at the hands of the head-master of their school. The Latin even of picked pupil-teachers is not unfrequently deplorable, not merely in point of accuracy, but from the total want of thinking and writing power which it exhibits. As I have said before, it is not so much in Latin as in English and in general intelligence that the deficiency lies. This "general intelligence" it is the custom to test by means of an English essay; and if there is any kind of work which might be expected fairly to bring out the intelligence of the student, to test his general knowledge and his power of expressing himself in his own language, it would be an English essay on some of the simple themes that are frequently prescribed by inspectors. But, unfortunately, in this department of work also, the practice of working specially for an examination, and for nothing else, has made itself felt. It is a common practice amongst teachers elaborately to prepare their pupils to write essays upon *impromptu* themes. The object of writing such essays does not appear to be to stimulate the pupils to read anything, to enlarge their knowledge, or even to enable them to condense and epitomise what they already know. The object appears to be to enable them to spin out on the spur of the moment a certain number of trite commonplaces, combined with correct spelling and punctuation,

upon some of the ordinary themes that may be expected to be set down by the inspector on the day of examination. I have been told of pupil-teachers poring for hours in the week over "compositions" of this kind, upon such subjects as "A Snow-storm," "A Day in the Country," "Describe your native Parish," "Write a letter to a friend describing a day's holiday." Well, these are all excellent subjects if put before pupils simply to test their power of stringing sentences together, and of writing and punctuating correctly; but the essence of their value consists in their being wholly unprepared for, and relating to some subject which the candidate must have had in his or her mind, but without ever having written about it. To prepare candidates elaborately, with a view to enable them to write *impromptu* essays, on any chance subject which may be presented to them, would appear to be the *ne plus ultra* of the cramming system; and the kind of thought and writing which such a system must produce may be illustrated by the following papers. Both were produced by pupil-teachers in the fourth year of their course, and both candidates passed successfully the examination of which these papers formed a part. The subject of the following very utilitarian "composition" is "Education":—

"Education is of so much importance nowadays, that a person who neglects it is very foolish. By education we can obtain prominent positions in business, and how often do we find a person being raised above another all because his ability is greater. We are able to understand our mother-tongue, know its history, and are made able to talk with other people quite sensibly. Books can be read by us and we can know their meaning. Great benefit can be obtained by

reading books, because we come across phrases and words which sound most pleasant to the ear, these undoubtedly stick to us, and when we are writing or speaking to friends, these phrases may express our own ideas. Education learns us to speak and write in a manner which can be easily understood. In company, when talking in general, the ignorant man can be singled out from the educated when they begin to speak. The ignorant person will either keep quiet (a wise plan) or make a fool of himself. Education also teaches us manners.

"No man can say he is thoroughly educated, because we are always finding something of which we know little or nothing. We can greatly improve our education by mixing with learned people. It is to be desired after by everybody, because as it is in China so it is here, the passport to wealth and honour."

The subject of the second is "Arithmetic." (It will be noted that it is not less utilitarian in sentiment. The moral of our public educational system may be thus summed up: "Learn nothing, teach nothing, which does not pay.")

"Arithmetic is of great value in education. It enables us to make our calculations in anything. Speculators require arithmetic very much, as it enables them to know how to lay out their money to the best advantage. If we wish to spend our money, we always try to spend it where we think we may gain something by it.

"Then arithmetic is a splendid study for the mind. It exercises the mind in accuracy. It trains one to be speedy in any calculation he may require.

"A man entering into a big trade with a lot of money, and knew nothing of arithmetic, would soon find the want of it. People would be trying to cheat him, and he would at last find that instead of gaining anything he was constantly losing. If that man had known anything about arithmetic, he would have known how to lay out his money so as to gain something by it, and not to lose. If we were without arithmetic nowa-

days, we would soon come to a standstill in our trade."

These, doubtless, are extreme instances; but they illustrate well enough the sort of stuff which has to pass muster for thought and composition under a system which proudly points to "its results," which makes no effort to develop and interest the intelligence, and which stimulates the teacher by appealing mainly to the lowest of all human motives. Many examples could be produced of work done by pupil-teachers at the end of their course in which there is the same dearth of intelligence, the same absolute want of literary culture which these papers show—though in most cases, no doubt, accompanied by a mechanical and wooden accuracy as regards the subject actually prescribed for examination, which I am bound to say was not exhibited in the papers of the particular students whose papers are quoted above. But I call attention to the subject, not for the purpose, on this occasion, of attacking the pupil-teacher system as a whole, much as it deserves to be attacked, but because the instruction afforded to pupil-teachers is very similar in kind to that which is bestowed upon pupils preparing for the specific subjects. There seems to be something barren and actually sterilising in the process to which pupil-teachers are subjected during their four-years' training, from which only the best minds seem able to escape. And it frequently happens, as in the instance of the essay-writer quoted above, that one who has passed through the course with some success exhibits a total absence of real culture, and of the sense of what culture really means—not unfrequently accompanied by most complete confidence (on his own part) that he has obtained it. Such

scholars are taught under conditions very similar to those under which the specific subjects are taught. They are taught in small classes, or even singly, and in isolated schools; they are taught by a master who, however capable, cannot give them the time which is required for their mental training, and who, by hook or by crook, can only hope to put into them the minimum amount of knowledge which is essential for the examination. And so long as the work has to be done under the same conditions as at present, it is not to be expected that the work done in the way of specific subjects can ever become much better. The mere grammatical knowledge which is required for the language subjects is no doubt essential, and the drudgery of getting up the grammar must be gone through; but when a teacher, as in a secondary school, feels himself responsible for the whole training of the pupil's mind from the beginning, he is not satisfied with the teaching of mere grammatical forms. He will ever be teaching his pupils some fresh thing by the

way; he will explain the subjects of which they are reading; he will dive into the pupils' minds for illustrations derived from their own experience, and enable them to go through for themselves the invigorating and interesting process of passing from the known to the unknown, and illustrating what is strange by what is familiar. Such work can be tested by no examination. Its effects are slowly developed year by year. But it is in this systematic and gradual quickening of the intelligence, carried on hand in hand with the enlarging of the stores of knowledge on which the intelligence is helped to play, that true Secondary Education consists. How imperfectly this all-important work is often done; how frequently the teaching of the English subjects fails to attain the objects it should chiefly aim at; and how the teaching of English and other languages (whether classical or modern) should be carried on hand in hand and combined into a single plan of education, I shall attempt to show in another article.

G. G. RAMSAY.

THOMAS.

I.

THE most remarkable thing about this little history is that it is quite true. If I knew how, I would make it into a real story going on from month to month in a magazine. But I could never invent the love-making, and without love a story is nothing. I should never know, for instance, what to make May and the Doctor say to each other. So I had better put down Thomas's story just as it all happened, and leave fiction to cleverer folk.

Some years ago, twenty and more, after my husband died, I lived in what was then a new street near Westbourne Terrace. It consisted of two rows of houses—very ugly houses outside, though inside they were comfortable enough. I had three little girls; the eldest, May, was just five, a pretty little thing with golden hair and blue eyes. I often wish I had had her portrait painted. The others were quite tiny—four, and two and a half. The last was born a week before the news came from India that her father had died of sunstroke.

Opposite to us there was a house to be let. For a long time it was quite empty, bill in the window, dirt on the windows, dust on the steps, dreary and deserted. Suddenly one morning, though the bill was not taken down, the windows were cleaned, the steps swept, and a small cart-load of shabby furniture carried in. Evidently a care-taker had been put in charge, and I was glad of it, for it is never very safe to leave a house absolutely empty.

I used to sit by the window a

good deal and knit. I had so much to think about that I could not settle to anything else. Books were never much in my way, and as for going out I never cared for it much even as a girl. So I used to sit and knit, seeing through the thick screen of plants on the window-sill all that went on in the street. Sometimes I saw the care-taker opposite going in and out, he and his wife and their two little children. He looked very respectable, but broken down and terribly thin; he was evidently far gone in consumption. The woman seemed worried and anxious, as well she might, poor soul; and in her arms there was always a skinny little baby, her third child. They were of the artisan class, and very poor, of course, or they would not have been taking care of an empty house. I used to wonder if they had enough to eat, for they all looked white and thin and half-starved.

The next time I went to the landlord's office I asked about them, and was told that they were respectable Cornish people, but Cornwall was starvation now, and there was nothing for any one to do. They had come to London a few years before, and the man, who was a mechanic, had kept his family well till he broke down in health. He could do nothing now, was an outdoor patient at Brompton Hospital, and had only the allowance from his club, and the few shillings his wife sometimes earned by going out to work.

There was a large leg of mutton for the children's dinner the next

day. I cut off half-a-dozen good slices, put them between two hot dishes with some vegetable, and sent them to the Cornish folk. They were very grateful, the servant said, when she returned, and the dishes were brought back by the little boy, with "Father's much obliged, and it did him a world of good." One day a box of flowers came from the country, so I made up a nosegay and sent it across to the poor wasted-looking care-taker. This brought the woman, with tears in her eyes, to thank me.

"My husband he do like to smell a flower, ma'am," she said. "It's many a day now since he has seen them growing in the ground." Then I asked her if I might go and see him sometimes, or perhaps he would like a paper and some books now and then? The woman's face brightened. "He would be pleased, ma'am, indeed," she said. "It's long since any one went to talk to him, and I often think it's dull for him. I doubt if I have him much longer," she added, simply; "and it's likely you can feel for me, ma'am."

So I went over to see Mr Lobb. He was sitting by the fire, warming his long thin hands.

"I am glad to see you, ma'am," he said, with the almost perfect manner one sometimes finds among working people who have not lived much in towns. "I would have come over to thank you for your kindness, but feared you might think it a liberty. I spend most of my time trying to keep warm by a bit of fire."

He was very simple and kindly. He knew that he was going to die, and faced it like a man. He spoke of it without fear or affection. "It worries me to think of the wife and children," he said. "A man should not marry as I

did, with nothing put by. I subscribed to a club, of course, and it's kept us from starving, and it'll bury me, but that's all. I ought to have saved before I married, and so ought every man. One is always so sure one is going to live when one feels strong. Well, God is good, and He'll take care of them," he added with a sigh, and a month later in that simple faith he died.

Then it became a question of what was to be done with the widow and children. The woman was delicate; there was the skinny baby, a little girl of six called Gracie, and Thomas,—they always called him by his full old-fashioned name,—who was ten, or barely ten.

"I would like to stay in London; there's more going on, and I'd be more likely to get something," the poor woman said, when a proposal was made to send her back to her native place. "They be very poor in Cornwall where I come from; it would be no good going back; father and mother are dead, and there was only one other of us, my brother Joe, and he went off to Melbourne long ago."

"Couldn't you send to him?" I asked; "he might do something for you."

"I have sent, ma'am," she answered; "but I don't know if he's got the letter. We never kept much count of his address, for he never had the same one long together. I don't expect he'd be able to do much; he was never much of a hand at helping himself, let alone others."

So we got together a little money and bought her a mangle. She went to live in two rooms close by, and just kept soul and body together for herself and children by mangling and occasionally going out to work.

Suddenly one day my housemaid went off without a moment's notice to her mother who was ill, and poor Mrs Lobb was unable to come and help us on account of her baby. "I can't bear to refuse," the poor thing said, "but the little baby is that bad with bronchitis, I doubt if I keep it through the winter."

Then it was that Thomas first came into our lives. I had hardly noticed him before, except as a little dark-haired boy too small for his age. The morning after Jane went, I was told he wanted to see me. I remember the interview as well as if it were yesterday. I was in the dining-room when he knocked. "Come in," I said, and in came Thomas. He stepped just inside and pulled his front hair. Evidently he had been instructed that that was the correct way of making a bow.

"Please, mum," he said shyly, "mother says as how you have no housemaid, so I came to ask if you would like me to help a bit."

"You, Thomas!"

"Please, mum, I does for mother, sweeps and scrubs and dusts and washes up the things. Mother said I was to tell you I could clean knives and boots beautiful." He looked down as he said the last words, as though he felt ashamed at praising himself, and nothing but necessity would have driven him to do it.

"Why, you have quite a list of accomplishments, Thomas," I answered, and laughed, but he was evidently very anxious.

"Or I could take care of the children—the young ladies, I mean"—he said, correcting himself; "then perhaps nurse could help." He was quite a manager, and had evidently thought out how matters could be arranged so as to make the best of things. "I

am used to children. I have always taken care of ours," he added gravely, and the "ours" showed that he did not put himself on a level with his sister; "and I have pushed a perambulator often for Mrs Hicks, the grocer's wife, since her husband has been laid up, and her in the shop." I thought how funny he would look pushing my two babies along with one hand, and with the other holding little May, as she toddled beside him, and wondered what my most kind but proper mother-in-law would say if she met them. My mother-in-law always kept me well in hand, and does still, though I am getting to be an old woman. There is one thing I simply dread her finding out,—but that will appear by-and-by.

"Well, no, Thomas, I don't think we can make you head-nurse," I said. "But you can come in the morning and clean the knives and boots. You are quite sure 'you can do them beautiful.'"

"Yes, quite sure, mum," he answered, looking up with his great dark eyes.

So Thomas came every day, and was the comfort of my life. He was very quiet and attentive. When he carried in the coals he always looked round to see if there were letters to post or anything he could do; he always saw when my plants wanted watering or the leaves wanted washing. Even cook, who was difficult to please, said he "was a downright blessing." The only vexing thing was that whenever he had a chance he would creep up to the nursery and play with the children. He adored May, and used to carry her up-stairs when she came in from her walk. She was delighted to let him do it, putting her arms round his neck, and looking up at him with her

clear blue eyes. He was so careful with the children that in the afternoon nurse sometimes left him on guard while she was down-stairs.

"Thomas," I said one day, "what is that sticking out of your pocket?" He turned very red and pulled his hair.

"Please, mum, it's a pipe."

"A pipe! Where did you get it?"

"Bought it, mum."

"But you are not going to smoke, I hope?" He tried hard not to laugh, but the idea of smoking was too much for him.

"Please, mum, I bought it to teach miss May how to blow bubbles," he said, with as grand an air as if he had bought it to teach her Arabic.

Another week, and Jane returned. Thomas got a place at a paper-shop, and carried out papers every morning; but on Saturday afternoons he generally paid cook a visit, and went up to see the children. One day I discovered that he had a voice. Going past the nursery door, I heard May say—

"Yes, do sing it again, please, Thomas," and then a weak little voice began—

"A little seed is in the ground,

A little tiny seed;

When it grows up what will it be,

A flower or a weed?"

I opened the door. "Why, Thomas," I said, "I didn't know you could sing."

"Please, mum, mother taught me," he said; "she sings beautiful, and so do little Gracie."

Then that time came in which May fell ill. There was hardly a hope of her recovery. And through all those sad days none grieved more than Thomas. Every morning, as soon as cook came down, she heard a tap at the kitchen window, and there stood Thomas at

the bottom of the area steps, pale and anxious. She used to open the window, and before she could speak the eager voice would say—

"How is miss May?—is she any worse?—has she slept?" And on that terrible night when we thought she was dying, Thomas sat at the end of the kitchen by the side-table white and silent, waiting with burning eyes and a breathless misery that almost seemed to suffocate him. Late that night Jane went down and reported, "The doctor says she is a little better." Thomas sprang to his feet for one moment, then sat down again, and resting his face on his arm on the table sobbed bitterly at last.

When May was better, Thomas was taken up to see her. He stopped for a moment outside her door as if to gather strength, and felt his side-pocket anxiously: there was something there that bulged, but I pretended not to see it. He drew a long breath as he entered her room.

"Are you better, miss May?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you, Thomas, dear," she said.

"You've been very bad," and he shook his head mournfully.

"Poor Thomas!" she sighed, just as if she knew all that he had suffered.

"I don't know what we should have done if you hadn't got better, miss May."

"Do you know any more songs?" she asked. He shook his head: he had had no heart for songs.

"I kept your garden in order," he said; "the primroses are coming up, and there's three snowdrops out."

"I am so glad. What's that in your pocket, sticking out?"

"It's the mice," he answered, smiling for the first time. "I've had 'em this fortnight ready against

you was better, miss May," and then with a sigh of satisfaction he brought them out.

A little later in the spring brought us the last of Thomas. May was well. The gardener had just been to see about doing up the garden. I was sitting in the dining-room making up my books with the weekly expenses, wondering how it was that something extra always swelled them. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said, and in came Thomas of course.

"Please, mum, I'm come to say good-bye," he said, pulling his front hair as usual.

"Good-bye! why, where are you going?"

"Going to Australia, mum."

I was quite astonished.

"Has your uncle sent for you?"

"No, mum; but there's a gentleman who's been coming on and off to our shop a good deal, and he's captain of a ship. I always wanted to go about a bit, and he's offered to take me free for my work, and bring me back or drop me in Melbourne, which I like. I think it's a good thing, mum," he added, in his old-fashioned way. "I don't see that I can come to much good at a paper-shop."

"No, Thomas, perhaps not."

"And I wants to get on and help mother," he said, lifting his face and looking at me proudly. "Perhaps I might come across uncle out at Melbourne; and anyhow I'll know more, and have seen more, when I have been there and back, than I do now. The gentleman that's taking me, too, says the sea will make me strong and set me off growing. I shan't be any good if I'm not strong."

"Perhaps you are right."

"It's hard work leaving mother," he said with a little gasp. "But she's keen on my going, because

she thinks I might meet uncle, but I don't like leaving of her, and I don't like leaving the two little 'uns." The tears came into his clear eyes, but he struggled manfully to keep them back; and then he added, "And I don't like leaving miss May. I couldn't ha' gone if she hadn't been better."

"And when do you start?"

"To-morrow, mum; it's very sudden-like, but they say chances always is. I came to say good-bye. May I go up to the young ladies?" I took him up to the nursery myself. He looked at the children with the face of one who had suddenly grown older and knew much, and was going to know more. He explained all about his journey to them, and why he was going, just as if they had been old enough to understand, and then he gravely and sorrowfully shook hands with them all three and with nurse.

"I don't want you to go," May said. "I want you to stay here. When will you come back?"

"I don't know when, but I'll come, miss May; never fear but I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardener will look after it a bit now." They followed him, the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters.

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the railing on to the stairs beneath, touching him as it fell.

"It's good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you." He picked it up and looked at it,

a little old shoe, with a hole nearly through at the toe.

"Please, mum, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked up at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it. Miss May, I'm going to keep it. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, mum," he said, and pulled his hair once more, "I want to say Thank you for all your kindness to us. You's allays been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"And you have been a good boy, Thomas," I answered gratefully, "and I know that you'll be one still."

"I'll try, for mother's sake, and yours, and miss May's," he said, and strode sturdily towards the street door.

"You must shake hands with me too, Thomas," I said, and gave him a sovereign. He took the gold in silence, turning it over in surprise, as if to be sure that it was real. He looked such a baby while he did so that I wondered if the captain of the ship had taken a fancy to his pale face and sad eyes, or what hard work he thought those small hands could do. Poor little Thomas, going alone to the other side of the world, leaving all

he cared for here, my heart went out to him. Did not his mother bear him with the same pains that I had borne my children? Had she not once looked at him with the strange wonder that I had looked at my first little one? And now her heart would ache whenever a wind swept by, and she thought of the little lad at sea, trying to get strong in order to take care of her by-and-by. I thought of how he had sat and sobbed the night he heard that May was better, of how I had seen his father lying dead with the surprised smile on his face, as though he had seen the heavenly city—what would he say now, I wondered, if he could see his little son starting alone out into the world?

"Good-bye, dear little lad," I said. "May you grow strong, and be a brave and good man," and I stooped and kissed him. Thomas said not a word; but I knew that he was crying, as he strode towards the door.

Mrs Lobb got on pretty well after her boy went. But sorrow overtook her again: the poor skinny little baby died. Life could never have been a joy to it. Surely it was a blessing in disguise when death took it?

II.

Eighteen years had gone by. The Lobbs had passed altogether out of my life. Thomas had never come back. I heard that he had found his uncle in Melbourne, and had gone with him to Graham's Town, in South Africa. From there the uncle had sent for Mrs Lobb and Gracie, and that was the last I knew of them, or ever expected to know.

I had given up the house in

which we had lived so long in England, and settled at Lutry, near Lausanne, where living and education were cheaper than in England. There the years slipped away peacefully enough till the three girls were grown up—till May was a woman of three-and-twenty. She was a pretty girl, just as she had been a pretty child, and at three-and-twenty looked eighteen,—a tall slim girl, with golden hair and

blue eyes, and a merry happy laugh it did one good to hear. I used to wonder sometimes if she would ever marry. But we did not know a soul in Lutry, and indeed, from a marrying point of view, there was not a soul to know. We were going back to England, now that even Nina, the youngest girl, was grown up, to settle down in a pretty house at Hampstead. There I thought the girls would see a little more of the world, and their lives would shape themselves into the course they were meant to run.

Then my sister Elizabeth, who is unmarried, and alone and delicate, went to winter at Rome, and invited May to go with her. I could not refuse to let her go; but we felt parting, for we had never been separated. Still it could not be helped. So May went off with her aunt, who came all the way to Lutry to fetch her, and I with the two other girls returned to England.

We had plenty to do at Hampstead, getting the house in order and settling down; and we spent a happy winter, even though May was not with us. We used to delight in her letters from Rome, and long for the spring that would see her with us.

My sister was an excellent correspondent, and she used to write to me every week, telling us of all their gaieties and of the admiration May won—even of all her little flirtations. I think Elizabeth was proud of her. Gradually into both their letters there crept frequent mention of a young English doctor, of whom they appeared to see a great deal. He was handsome, and very popular. He had been to tea, he had seen them home from a party, he had got up a picnic, and so on. At last I began, mother-like, to wonder if he

was falling in love with May or she with him, to feel anxious as to what sort of a man he was, and whether he was capable of playing fast and loose with my child's innocent heart that had never known a lover.

As time went on, May's letters contained more and more about him. "Dr Millet asked so much about you, dear mother. I told him everything I could about you. He said he felt as if he loved you." "Dr Millet says he shall be in England soon; but we hope he won't go before we do,—we should miss him so." And at last, in Elizabeth's letter, there was something definite. "I am certain Dr Millet is in love with May, and I am almost certain the dear child has lost her heart to him. It makes me very anxious, you not being here. At the same time, I don't know why things should not be allowed to take their natural course, for he is very charming, and is getting an excellent practice round him." So I waited anxiously, feeling that there was nothing to be done but to wait. The next letter worried me a little. "His manner is very distant," Elizabeth said. "In spite of his evident liking for her, he seems to be trying to hold off. Sometimes I can't make him out. Perhaps he does not want to marry, or thinks he has no chance." And after that came a climax,—I think it was in the very next letter. "Dr Millet has put some one in charge of his practice and has gone away. He did not come to see us before he went, and he made no mention of going last time he was here. I do not know where he has gone, nor how long he will be away. Our dear May tries to look as if she did not care; but I fear she is secretly grieving."

The letter fell from my hands. It worried me terribly. To think

of May loving a man who had perhaps deserted her,—it was not to be borne. I knew what a sorrow of that sort does to a young life—the desolation, nay, perhaps the lifelong misery, it brings. And yet, if the man was a scoundrel, I could not believe that so pure a thing as May's love could cling to him.

The next morning brought a letter from May herself that showed only too plainly how things were. "Aunt Elizabeth is very, very kind to me," she said. "I would not leave her for the world; but I am so tired of Rome and of all the people in it. I want to see you again, dear mother. I don't think I am very well, and I am not happy, darling. I long to go to you and to feel your dear arms round me again."

Alice and Nina had gone into town early. I was alone with that poor little letter, feeling all the pain, all the sorrow, that had suddenly come into my child's life,—it needed no words to tell me. I sat stupefied, trying to decide what it would be best to do. Elizabeth was too delicate to come back to England before the March winds were over. Perhaps I could take one of the other girls to her and bring May back. I felt as if she wanted her mother's heart to comfort her and give her strength.

I got up and put a log on the fire, for we had not yet reconciled ourselves to the English fashion of burning coal, then walked about the room, looking vacantly at the polished floor and all the pretty new things about the room. It was a lovely morning: the sun was shining down on the trim lawn and neat garden, the snowdrops were coming up in the corner-bed. I thought of May, and of how pretty she would look in the summer-time pottering about

among the flowers, if she were only bright and well. She had so often longed for an English garden. Then looking down the road, I noticed a tall man a long way off. He was coming towards the house. As he came nearer I could see that he looked like a gentleman. He was tall and dark; he appeared to be about thirty years old, perhaps younger, and he was certainly handsome. He stopped before the gate and for a moment hesitated; then he opened it and entered. I watched him coming along the gravel walk by the lawn; I saw him disappear under the porch, and heard the bell ring. In some odd way he seemed to be familiar to me. The servant entered with a card. Before I took it, I knew perfectly that it was Dr Millet's, and that a crisis was at hand,—that in an hour's time May's future would be no mystery. The next moment he entered. I could not remember where I had seen him before, but he was not strange to me. He had a good face, clever and thoughtful; he looked like a simple-hearted honest gentleman. There was something sad about the face, too, as if he had suffered much, or understood suffering.

"Mrs Standing?" and he came forward with a curiously eager smile, as if in some way he knew me.

"Yes," I answered, looking at him again. Even his voice was half familiar, yet I could not remember where I had heard it before.

"You do not know me," he went on. "I have just arrived from Rome. I know your daughter and sister there, and I thought you would forgive me for coming—I could not help it." The last words were said to himself, and seemed to have escaped him.

"I have heard of you," I said. "Won't you sit down? I am glad to see you." For he stood looking at me in an eager way, which I accounted for easily, but still it embarrassed me. "Did they ask you, or was it your own kindness that prompted you to come and tell me about them?" I asked, trying to put him at ease, for now that I had seen him I was satisfied. Something in the tone of his voice, in the expression of his face, told me that he was not the man to win a girl's heart and throw it away; and there was about him that which made me feel that the woman he loved would have little cause to fear anything that was in him. A great deal to find out perhaps all in a few moments, and from looking at a man's face; but there are some people whom just to see is enough, and about whom our instincts are unfailing.

"They did not ask me to come," he answered, in a low voice. "They did not even know that I was coming, though it was for this interview that I left Rome and hurried to England. I came trusting to your kindness to make my visit less difficult than it might be." He seemed overtaken by a great awkwardness, but I did not know what to say, and was silent. He went on suddenly, as if with a gasp, "I wanted to see you very much, I have so much to say, though I am a stranger, or you think me one; and—and I am afraid to begin. Your answer means so much to me." Then he loved the child! But there was something behind his words—some obstacle, I was certain of that—some past to confess, something that made him doubtful of the future.

"Why are you afraid?" I asked; but for a moment or two he made no answer. I waited, looking at him, wondering again where before

I had looked into those grave, almost sad eyes.

"Do you remember Thomas?" he asked abruptly — "Thomas Lobb?"

I nearly jumped off my chair. But no, it could not be!

"Yes—but——"

"I am Thomas," he said, simply.

"I used to clean your knives and boots, and you bought my mother a mangle. I never forgot your kindness. I have often longed to see you and thank you."

"But where have you been all these years?" I asked, still gasping with astonishment.

"To many places. I was in England for a long time, at an hospital; but you were abroad, and though I tried I could not find your address. Besides I was afraid. I had better say it at once," he went on desperately; "but I did not want to see your daughter again. I have been in love with her all my life. She was a goddess to me,—a queen. I never even dreamed of hoping. I met her again all in a moment one night at Rome. I was thinking of her and looked up, and she was there. She did not know me, she does not now; but I knew her—I did directly—though she was only five when I saw her last."

He hurried over the words quickly, as if he wished me to know the gist of what he had come to say as quickly as possible.

"Where is your mother?" I asked, thinking of the poor soul with the Cornish accent, carrying the skinny little baby in her arms, and of his father, as I saw him first, a dying man, warming his long thin hands by the fire in the empty house.

"My mother does not keep a mangle now," he said, with a short laugh. I think I should have known him before if he had laughed. "She is rich, and lives near

my sister, who is married to a diamond-merchant in South Africa. It sounds terribly prosperous, does it not?"

"But tell me about yourself," I said. "How is it that you went away Thomas Lobb and come back Dr Millet of Rome? It is too puzzling altogether."

"I found my rich uncle," he answered. "I remember telling you that my mother thought I might, and I did. One always finds a rich uncle in a story; but I found mine at Melbourne. He had married and lost both wife and child, and was just going off to the diamond-fields in South Africa. He took me in hand first, and was very good to me in his rough way. His ambition was to make me a gentleman; but that was Nature's business, perhaps. She has failed," he said, with a smile. "However, he put me to school while he went off to the diamond-fields, and in a few years came back with his fortune to fetch me. He was one of those men who are bound to make fortunes and to lose them from sheer carelessness, though he died too soon to lose his last one. He brought me to England and looked after me while I was at the hospital."

"But how did you get to Rome?" I asked, for he had stopped as if he could not go on without encouragement.

"He took me there, or perhaps I took him, for we went together, partly because he wanted to see Europe and partly because he said he wanted to see if I really could talk any language but my own, after all the schooling for which he had paid. At Rome there was a chance for another doctor, and there ultimately I settled down. Uncle Joe went back to Graham's Town and died." He stopped for a moment. "I

wish I had been with him," he said in a low voice; "but I was not."

"Was he good to your mother?"

"He was good to everyone, in a rough way sometimes that one reproached one's self later on for not better understanding. He was very good to my mother and to Gracie, whom he also had educated. He became very great on education in his latter years, and used to say that money was thrown away on you unless you knew how to spend it."

"How did you come to be called Millet?" I asked, putting off as long as possible the great business of his coming. I was so staggered, so taken aback, at his proving to be Thomas. Moreover there was only one thing for me to do, and not for ever be ashamed of myself, and I knew it. Yet I could not bring myself to do it heartily.

"He left me some money, and wished me to take his name, which was very like the rich uncle in the story," he answered, with the fleeting smile that was part of the fascination of his face. "I have not spent any of it yet. My practice has been sufficient. I kept it in case——" He stopped, but still I went on looking at him, as though I had been fascinated, thinking of the days when he had carried up coals, and taught May to blow bubbles. I could not help it, it was snobby of me if you like, but in my heart there was some pride. I knew that he had come to ask me if he might try to win May for his wife. May, my pretty one, my queen, whom I should have thought too good for a king—he the boy who had blacked our shoes, whose mother had kept a mangle! He seemed to read my thoughts like a letter.

"Yes," he said; "I am the boy who used to clean the knives and

boots, and afterwards carried out newspapers every morning."

"It doesn't matter in these days what any one has been," I said, hesitatingly, ashamed that he should have divined my thoughts so well.

"If she ever cares for me—it is too much to think of, too great a happiness—but if she does," he went on in a low voice, "perhaps she will be proud of it, as I am. It was honest work," he said, in a stubborn voice, "and pleasant too," he added gaily. "If I had made my own position, I should be a proud man, for being a doctor is of course a better thing than carrying out papers; but as it is, all the credit goes to the rich uncle, and is none of mine." I was silent, trying to remember who the well-known man was who had been a shoe-black, and who it was had sold oranges, and yet became a great man. But it is generally difficult to remember things at the right moment.

"You were always a good boy," I said, thinking of the thin little face of long ago, and forgetting the man before me.

"I am glad of that," he answered. "Do you remember my poor mother?" he went on, seeming as if he were determined I should realise all the past. "She kept a mangle and went out charing. She does not like me to remember it now, and Gracie quarrels with me if I mention it." And he laughed the short quick laugh of a man who has a sense of humour but does not always betray it. "Do you remember the day I wished you all good-bye? how, when I was going off to sea, a poor little boy without a penny save the present you had given me, you kissed me, just as if I had been your own son? It has been my wild dream that some day I should be really your son,—won't you let it come true?"

he asked eagerly, and leaning forward he tried to see my face better. But I could not wring an answer from myself.

"Does she know?" I asked.

"Does she know anything about this?—that I am Thomas? No, nothing. That I love her? I think Yes. I would not speak to her until I had seen you, and told you, and perhaps——"

"That was like you, Thomas," I said. The old name came naturally to my lips. "You were always good."

"Was I?" he exclaimed. "I don't think so—but I will be, if she will only have me, if you and she will only put up with me. I love her with all my heart. See what I have in my pocket. I brought it to show you." He pulled out a little shoe with a hole in the toe. "Do you remember how she dropped it on my head?" he asked. I nodded, but could not speak, for I was killing the last little silly bit of pride left in my heart. The man before me was a gentleman, ten times more truly one than many born to be rich and idle. How could I be so foolish as to hesitate to give my child to a good and honourable man whom I knew she loved? I have always hated myself for my conduct that day. I think perhaps if it had been any other person's shoes he had blacked, I should not have minded. If he had wanted to marry the daughter of my dearest friend, I should have assisted joyfully. It was only because it was May, whom I should have thought too good for the king of all the earth.

Then I looked at the shoe that was still in his hand, and thought of how she had clung to the banisters, calling out Good-bye; of his upturned face—the little anxious face—and the grave voice, saying "I'll come back, miss May." Now

he had come. He was sitting there opposite to me, asking me to give him leave to ask her to be his wife.

"Is it all right?" he asked, in a voice that showed he could not bear my silence any longer. "If you say No, I will go away, and never see her again. I could not bear to win her without your consent—only speak. You are not hesitating because we were so poor, because there was a time when we were starving, because——"

"No, no!" I interrupted, hating myself, and feeling my heart go out to him. I could not say more—there was something choking me. The tears were coming into my eyes.

"Then speak just one word. Is it all right?" I gave a little nod, for words had failed me. He got up, and walked about the room, a great joy written on his face, and flashing from his eyes. "You trust me, you will really trust me?" he said, stopping before me.

"Yes, dear," I answered, "I will trust you." It seemed as if he could not hear the words calmly. He strode across the room, then came back and stood before me again.

"I shall never be good enough for her—never," he said, with a joyous laugh,—“never at my best; and perhaps she won't look at me. I am terribly afraid of that. Do you think there is any chance for me?"

"I don't know," I answered, for I was not going to betray my child's secret.

"Something deep down in my heart tells me that there is," he said, simply. "Try to frighten myself as I will, I feel that she is the meaning of life to me. Let me go!" he exclaimed, suddenly—"I want to be alone, and walk the streets until the train starts. I

cannot stay in a room any longer. I shall be in Rome the day after to-morrow, and will telegraph." He took my hands in both his, and looked at me tenderly. "I remember the day you came to see us first," he said; "my father was sitting over the fire: and how glad we used to be when the roast-mutton came. You always sent enough for us all," he laughed. "God bless you, dear mother!" he added; and lifting my hands, kissed them both. "Wish me good luck, when I ask my darling if she loves me."

"I do—I will, with all my heart!" I answered.

The telegram came two days later:—

"From your son Thomas and your daughter May.—Our best love to you all. We are very happy."

And they are very happy still, and will be all their lives. He lives in England now, and his name is well known. May and I are very proud of him. The other girls are both married too. One married the son of a bishop; but I fear it is not a very happy marriage. Nina, the youngest, is a soldier's wife, as I was, and quakes whenever France is arrogant, or Germany buys a new big gun, and thinks there will be war to-morrow morning. He is a good fellow, but he is not like Thomas. My mother-in-law is still alive; and she is the one person in the family who does not know our romance. She is a stern old lady, proud of her descent from the Crauford-Greys; and she keeps me in order still, though I have married daughters of my own. The amusing part of it is, that she is very proud of Thomas, and says it is odd that the colonies should have produced so perfect a gentleman. It was only the other day that she sent him most of her late husband's books; for she said he was the only man in the family who would really appreciate them.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SESSION.

THE beginning of the month of May witnessed the helplessness of a popular assembly which has lost the power of self-restraint, and abandoned respect for its own dignity. As soon as the House of Commons had reassembled after its brief recess at Easter, the same dreary work of obstruction recommenced, and it was obvious that the intentions and tactics of the Gladstone-Parnell faction were unchanged. The best hope which the country has from the intolerable condition into which the Opposition leaders have dragged the representative body, is in the thorough exposure of their tactics, and the evidence daily brought before the public eye of their deliberate intention to discredit Parliamentary government, so long as the reins of power are in the hands of their political opponents. It is necessary, therefore, to bear patiently the evils inflicted upon us by the enemies of our constitution, until the country comes to the conclusion that they are unbearable, and the constituencies awake to a sense of the disgrace of the situation. No one can deny that patience, and that to a remarkable degree, has been displayed by the Conservative leaders in the House of Commons, and that conciliation and courtesy have been stretched to their utmost limits in their dealing with their unscrupulous adversaries. The Government, indeed, had a plain course before them, difficult though that course had been rendered by the conduct of those to whom they might, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, have justly looked for support. The Queen's authority had been

set at defiance in Ireland; the law had been wantonly broken again and again; and an unlawful authority had established itself in place of that of her Majesty.

To put an end to such a state of things was and is the first duty of her Majesty's Government, and to effect this purpose they have introduced the Bill which has for so long a time been discussed, to the exclusion of all other business. Ministers have gallantly persevered with their measure, which had reached the stage of Committee after the Easter recess, and upon which they desired to concentrate the attention and energy of Parliament. Unhappily, however, further delay was interposed from an unexpected quarter. Certain charges had been made by the 'Times' against members of the Irish "Nationalist" party, and one of these persons having, in his place in Parliament, declared those charges to be false as far as they regarded himself, the 'Times' returned to the assault with renewed vigour, accused the "hon. member" of having, knowingly or unknowingly, stated that which was untrue, and brought forward facts and dates in support of its assertion. Thereupon Sir Charles Lewis, without consulting the leaders of his party, and in defiance of the expostulations of the "whips," stepped down jauntily into the arena, and proceeded to move that the publication of the article in the 'Times' which charged a member of Parliament with falsehood, was a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons.

There is nothing more mysterious in the existence of a Parlia-

ment than its "privilege": no one exactly knows where it begins or where it ends, and the very words "breach of privilege" carry with them to outsiders a terror which is all the more dreadful from the mystery in which it is enshrouded. It is far from our intention to endeavour to fathom the secret, or to weary our readers with a dissertation upon a question in which it is possible that they may not be greatly interested. Suffice it to say that one thing is above all others abundantly clear, namely, that in all the accusations which have ever been brought against newspapers or individuals for infringement of the privileges of Parliament, such indictments have invariably proceeded either from the aggrieved party himself, or from his immediate friends and political associates. It was, therefore, an entire novelty in Parliamentary practice that a Tory member should rise to complain that a breach of privilege had been committed against a Parnellite.

The interference of Sir Charles Lewis had the natural result of enabling those who prefer the authority of the National League to that of the Queen to waste the greater part of the week in discussing the question which Sir Charles had forced upon the attention of the House. It did something more. Government having come to the conclusion that the article in the 'Times' should not be treated as a breach of the privileges of the House, the Parnellites were enabled to pose as a party anxious to vindicate those privileges, and to meet the charges which were supposed to constitute such a breach. Moreover, when the Government offered that a prosecution should be directed against the 'Times,' to be conducted nominally by the Attorney-General,

but actually and really by counsel to be chosen by those who had been charged, the Gladstone-Parnell allies were able to move an amendment for a select committee of inquiry which they knew could not be carried against the Government, and, having done this, to shout aloud in joyful chorus the new cry with which Sir Charles Lewis had furnished them—namely, that they had courted and supported inquiry into the allegations against them, and that this inquiry had been refused by the supporters of the Government. Of course those who have closely followed the sequence of events know that for several weeks the charges made in the 'Times' have been before the public, and that an innocent man who is accused of crime in a newspaper need not sit down for one day without entering an action against his defamer. They know, moreover, that a committee of the House of Commons is a most unfit tribunal to examine charges advanced against its own members, and especially so when party divisions have been taken upon questions immediately connected with those charges, and evident bias has already been shown, on one side and on the other, in the somewhat acrimonious debates which have preceded those divisions. They know also that a British jury could award costs and penalties which would be entirely beyond the power and outside the province of a committee of the House of Commons. But the general public cannot be supposed to have scrutinised with a critical eye the events which have recently occurred, and it is the general public whom the Gladstonian-Parnellites hope to confuse and mislead by the new cry which they have been enabled to raise.

The British people, however, are not so blind or so easily cajoled as

the occupants of the Opposition front bench could wish: they will not believe in the sudden anxiety for inquiry on the part of men who have never evinced that anxiety during the weeks in which full and ample inquiry depended entirely upon themselves. Neither will the British people readily admit that it may or can be necessary to debate, word by word, the clauses of a Bill introduced by her Majesty's Ministers, upon their responsibility, for the repression of crime, and, according to the evidence of Lord Selborne (the Lord Chancellor of Mr Gladstone's late Government), decidedly less stringent and severe than the similar Bill which was introduced and passed into an Act by the very men who are now protesting, debating, and thwarting, by every means in their power, the measure for the restoration of the Queen's authority in Ireland.

Lord Selborne's speech at Winchester upon the 9th May was perhaps the most emphatic condemnation of the unpatriotic conduct of his late colleagues which has been administered by any of those Liberal Unionists who have so nobly shown their preference of country to party in the recent crisis. He scattered to the winds the miserable sophistry of Lord Rosebery, who had declared at Glasgow that the contest about to be waged in the country was between "conciliation" and "coercion."

"There was no such question now," said Lord Selborne, "more than there was in any former time, if by coercion was meant arming the Government with powers to enforce the law. Not only was that necessary for the good of all those for whose benefit the law existed; without it no measures of conciliation whatever had ever borne or ever would bear good fruit. And the "coercion," so called, which was

thus put in opposition to "conciliation," was not coercion of the loyal subjects, was no infringement of their rights, but the coercion of those who, by illegal methods, endeavoured to establish tyranny, to supersede the law, and coerce private liberties in Ireland."

It cannot be too strongly urged or too deeply impressed upon the public mind, that it is Mr Gladstone and his mongrel following who are the real coercionists in the true sense in which Lord Selborne uses the word. It is they who, against every principle of liberty and every axiom of freedom, are striving to secure the triumph of that hateful system which, calling itself the "National" League, imposes upon the Irish "nation" coercion in its most hideous form, and binds its yoke with blood-stained cords round the necks of the unhappy peasants to whom meanwhile, in false and treacherous accents, it whispers the empty platitudes of a spurious patriotism. Lord Selborne, Lord Hartington, Mr Chamberlain, and Mr Bright are no coercionists, but they are alive to the necessity of vindicating the supremacy of the law in every part of her Majesty's dominions, and they recognise the fact that the enforcement of those just laws, which exist for the coercion of bad men and disloyal subjects, is absolutely necessary for the safety and well-being of the State.

It is well to note the contrast between the calm, statesmanlike, and well-reasoned speech of Lord Selborne to which we have just alluded, and the light and flip-pant tone in which Lord Rosebery has recently treated the same subject. It is easy for Lord Rosebery to make a clever speech, and we are all proud of the ability which has brought him to the

front rank of British statesmen. We had, however, hoped better things from him (especially after the experience acquired in his recent foreign and colonial tour) than the servile submission to Mr Gladstone under which he seems to have fallen; and his last utterances upon Irish politics will not have raised his reputation either on the north or south of the Tweed. In his speech at Glasgow, Lord Rosebery informed us that he had "an almost unlimited belief in Mr Gladstone's capacity," and proceeded to accuse the Government of having "brought forward" the Irish question "in a most distressing and offensive manner, in an unjust, causeless, and wanton Coercion Bill." Of course, if the Bill to which Lord Rosebery applies the claptrap term of "coercion" is really "unjust, causeless, and wanton," the manner of its introduction may be fittingly described in the terms which he thinks right to employ. But upon what possible grounds which could be accepted by reasonable men can the epithets thus employed be defended and justified as really applicable to the measure in question? Does Lord Rosebery deny the existence of an authority in Ireland which is obeyed rather than that of the Queen in certain parts of that country, to which alone it is proposed to apply the provisions of the Crimes Bill? Does he refuse to believe that men have been murdered, beaten, shot in the legs, and molested in a cruel and utterly unlawful manner, for no other reason than that they have refused to obey, or have been suspected of refusing to obey, the orders of that unlawful authority? Does he approve of such outrages, of the cutting off women's hair, pouring tar upon their heads, and similar infamous proceedings, the

sole crime of the victims having been that they had been seen speaking to policemen? Is there nothing "unjust" or "wanton" in these doings? and if Lord Rosebery were Prime Minister to-morrow, would he deem it his duty either to sit still and do nothing, or to counteract such evils by placing power in the hands of the organisation on whose behalf, if not in obedience to whose very orders, these lawless and disgraceful acts are perpetrated? We think too well of our fellow-countryman to believe it possible that such would be the case; and we are confident that, freed from the spell which the fatal influence of Mr Gladstone seems to have cast upon him, Lord Rosebery, if the responsibility rested upon him, would take bold and prompt measures to grapple with the demon of lawlessness which holds Ireland in its clutches.

But if we believe this, we grieve all the more to witness the manner in which Lord Rosebery throws himself, heart and soul, into the Gladstonian ranks, adopts their catchword "coercion," ridicules the Liberal Unionists, and proclaims his continued adherence to "Home Rule." He insists, indeed, that it was upon "the principle of Home Rule" that Mr Gladstone's Government was defeated, and is so open to any arrangement or concession which may reunite the scattered fragments of the Liberal party, that he declares in the most emphatic language that he and his colleagues "have no rooted love or plan." But if this be the case, and Lord Rosebery candidly admits the defeat which he and his friends have sustained upon the principle for which they contended, should not common fair-play—not to say common honesty—induce them to

allow their opponents to try their alternative scheme for the good government of Ireland? At the beginning of this session, or rather before the session had commenced, Mr Gladstone was loud in his declaration of opinion that the Government should be pressed to declare the whole of their Irish policy, and to produce those "remedial" measures which they were stated to have promised. It must be patent to every unprejudiced observer that, in order that this might be done, the state of Ireland must be tranquil, and the business of Parliament must be transacted in a normal manner. But the first condition did not suit the Irish section of the Gladstonian following, and the second was not palatable to any section of the Separatists, smarting from their defeat at the general election. It would never have done to allow Ireland to be tranquil under a Tory Government, and therefore it was necessary to create a state of things which should drive that Government to apply to Parliament for additional powers to repress crime, and thus give a pretext for the needed cry of "coercion" which might enable the Gladstonian-Parnellites to delude and excite the country. Lord Rosebery surely must see that, in acknowledging his party to have been defeated in the country upon the principle of Home Rule, he practically acknowledges at the same time that the country desired that fair-play should be given to the policy of those who had defeated that principle, and had consequently become responsible for the government of the country. We say distinctly that such fair-play has not been given, and that Lord Rosebery is uncandid and unfair in his description of the position of affairs. A constitutionally di-

rected Opposition might have protested against the Crimes Bill as that which they believed would have been rendered unnecessary by the adoption of their own policy, but would never have delayed or obstructed its progress when it had been declared by the Government to be necessary for the preservation of life and property. But, having joined with those who, by their persistent obstruction and unconstitutional action, had prevented the declaration and development of the whole Government policy, Lord Rosebery turns round and asks in supercilious tone—"What is the policy of the Government which proposes to compete with ours and eclipse us? It is founded on discontent and misery and crime. It is meant to burke that discontent, to veil that misery, to try and repress for a moment that crime." What a melancholy perversion of intellectual power by party bias is that which can induce a man of Lord Rosebery's position and abilities thus to describe the "policy" of his opponents! Discontent, misery, and crime are indeed three evils which honest men of every political creed must deplore and regret, but the question is not to be put in the manner in which Lord Rosebery elects to put it. The problem to be solved is rather whether discontent is caused by bad laws or by the evil counsels of those to whom just laws are abhorrent, whether misery has not been in too many instances created and intensified by the same false guides, and whether either misery or discontent can be removed by allowing that immunity to crime which would be followed by the successful opposition of Lord Rosebery and his colleagues to the demands of the Government.

It is no doubt a legitimate outcome of a representative system

that an appeal should be made to the electorate whenever an essential difference of opinion prevails between two great political parties, or when large constitutional changes have been proposed by the Government of the day. But it is equally part and parcel of such a system that, when the opinion of the electorate has been pronounced, it should be recognised and accepted alike by victors and vanquished, and that the machine of Government should be allowed to work as before. This, however, is not the Gladstonian theory, nor is it the lesson which Lord Rosebery teaches his fellow-countrymen. On the contrary, his efforts appear to be entirely directed to deride and to condemn the measures of the Government, and to misrepresent their conduct and the actual position of political affairs. We find him again reverting to the absurd and unsustainable charge of a coalition between "the Tory leaders" and the Parnellites in 1885, founded solely upon the fact that the Gladstone Government of that date, having succeeded in wearying and disgusting all parties, Tories and Parnellites were found in the same lobby upon that occasion, when a not unwelcome minority allowed Mr Gladstone to resign, in the full belief that no one would be found bold enough to take office in his place. That minority has been a god-send to the Gladstonians ever since it was registered in the votes of the House of Commons, but the story is somewhat stale now—as stale and unprofitable as the unworthy hints as to Lord Carnarvon's views about Home Rule, of which Mr Gladstone made use during the elections, but with which Lord Rosebery did not condescend to supplement his statement concerning the "coalition." We regret to observe,

however, that he did not scruple to make use of the unfair argument with respect to the attempt of Lord Salisbury's Government to govern Ireland by the ordinary law. When the Parliament of Great Britain had consented to establish household suffrage in Ireland, there was some ground for hoping that this extension of popular rights would have induced Irishmen to believe in the goodwill towards them entertained by their Scotch and English fellow-subjects, and that an increased desire would have been evinced to obey the law, and to maintain the Queen's authority. It seemed therefore worth the experiment to try whether this was the case; and even had it not been so, the time at which Mr Gladstone resigned in 1885 rendered it impossible for the new Government to have passed the renewal of the Crimes Bill through Parliament, in the teeth of the opposition which would certainly have been offered by the Parnellites and their ultra-Radical allies. But to try to govern by the ordinary law at a time when all politicians worthy of the name were supposed to be in favour of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, was a totally different thing to attempting the same thing after the extraordinary change of front executed by a large political party who, having proposed measures which directly threatened that Union, had excited Irish feeling, and encouraged an agitation which the ordinary law had proved unable to check. It is Lord Rosebery's own friends who are really responsible for the inability of any Government to govern Ireland, or to preserve peace and order without exceptional powers.

But if Lord Rosebery's recent speeches have been open to censure, we readily admit that his

sin is light and venial compared with that of his great Parliamentary leader. Differing as we do from Mr Gladstone upon points of vital and essential importance in political controversy, we have always endeavoured to speak of him with the respect due to his age and position in the State. But respect is impossible, and reticence difficult, when we read speeches characterised by the matchless effrontery and unblushing insolence which have pervaded some of his recent utterances. We do not remember to have read any speech, delivered by any British statesman or politician worthy of the name, which has reflected more discredit upon the speaker than that with which Mr Gladstone, on the 11th May, at once regaled and electrified a Nonconformist audience which had gathered together at the residence of "the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of the City Temple." If any one present at this strange luncheon-party had been able to remember the first years of Mr Gladstone's public life, when he posed as the hope of the young Tories and High - Church Party, and when the orthodoxy of his Churchmanship was even less doubtful than the vigour of his Toryism, such a person must have experienced a strange sensation as he listened to the emphatic declaration of the speaker that he had come to that place in order to do that which, eight or ten years ago, he had been able to do — namely, "in meeting a large body of Nonconformists, and in contact with the powerful Nonconformist element which permeates English society, to draw strength, consolation, and refreshment." We do not, however, in the smallest degree, grudge to Mr Gladstone the invigorating delight of a bath in

that Nonconformity which he finds so congenial to his soul. That for which we blame him, and for which we are satisfied that he will be blamed by every right-thinking Briton, is the untruthful and misleading view of the present position of public affairs which he proceeded to place before his credulous audience. The leader of an Opposition which has pertinaciously and avowedly striven to render legislation by a Unionist Government impossible, and a section of which at least has steadily set itself to discredit our Parliamentary system, has the unexampled temerity to complain that "the free voice of the House of Commons has been reduced to silence." By what adjective, then, rather than "free," are we to describe that wearisome, blatant, offensively obstructive "voice" which has persistently occupied and disgusted the sensible and patriotic portion of the House of Commons, and lowered that assembly in the eyes of the nation ever since the meeting of Parliament in January? Has not the incessant chatter of Mr Gladstone's friends been "free" to the extent of extravagant licence, and is it not an utter and palpable misstatement of fact, of which Mr Gladstone has been guilty, in asserting the contrary?

Judging by the context of his speech, the complaint which he really intends to make is, that "independent members" have been unable to introduce their pet subjects on account of the absorption of the time of the House of Commons by the Government. But to whom must the blame of that absorption of time be attributed? Undoubtedly to the action, or rather to the speech, of the "independent members" themselves, who, under Mr Gladstone's own

guidance and leadership, have indulged in unrestrained loquacity, and lengthened every debate to an enormous and indefinite extent. "*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*" Who can tolerate such a complaint coming from Mr Gladstone, who, in the course of this very speech, practically avows his complicity in obstruction, and his responsibility for the abuse of the liberty of the House of Commons which must of necessity lead, in the final result, either to the abridgment of that liberty or the downfall of Parliamentary government? For what does the leader of the Opposition tell us? After alluding to the length of the debates upon the Crimes Bill, he goes on to say:—

"I will supply you with a method of shortening the discussion. Let the Government do two things. I do not say withdraw the Bill; let them keep their unnecessary and therefore wanton Coercion Bill against crime if they will, but first say frankly, 'We will make it a Bill against crime, and crime only, and not against combination and exclusive dealing.' Let them go further, and say, 'We will make it what every other Coercion Bill has been, for one, or two, or three years, or for a limited time. Let it last so long as there is an exceptional state of things.' Then, if they do that, *I will answer that the debates upon it will be short enough.*"

That is to say, that Mr Gladstone (owning in the same breath the existence of "an exceptional state of things") tells us in so many words that if the Government will obey his commands, he has the power to shorten the debates, and is ready to undertake that "they shall be shortened." This, of course, is a confession that, having the power to shorten, he is responsible for the prolongation of the debates, and for the disgraceful

waste of the public time under which we have recently suffered. The confession was scarcely needed, for Mr Gladstone has not concealed his approval of the tactics of his unscrupulous allies, without which approval it is difficult to believe that even the Gladstonian Liberals on this side of the Channel would have made themselves parties to the degradation of our Parliamentary system which those tactics involve, and which, ere long, will have to be put down with a strong hand. The spirited speech of Lord Salisbury at the Merchant Taylor's Hall on the 20th May shows us that the Government are alive to the exigencies of the moment, and in whatever action they may take to relieve Parliament from the tyranny of Mr Gladstone and his allies, they may be assured of the support of the public opinion of Great Britain.

But it is worth while to examine the conditions upon which Mr Gladstone may be graciously willing to allow a further trial to Parliamentary Government, and permit the House of Commons to transact its business. In the first place, Government is to restrict its Bill to "crime," and to omit from its provisions any restraint upon "combination and exclusive dealing." What is the "combination" which Government desires to prevent, and which Mr Gladstone seeks to protect? It is combination to hinder men from paying their just debts, even when they are willing to do so—combination to prevent men whose sole desire is to obey the law and discharge the ordinary duties of citizenship, from any such peaceful and harmless action; combination to debar honest and loyal men from buying and selling, if they have dared to hold aloof from the unlawful "combination" which calls itself the "National League";

combination to prevent the sick from obtaining relief, the dying from receiving consolation, the dead from being decently buried, if offence has been given to the self-constituted tribunal which assumes to govern Ireland in defiance of the Queen's authority. This is the sort of combination which Government, in the interest of law and order—nay, of civilisation itself—seeks to overcome; and this is what Mr Gladstone defends and supports. Nonconformity is indeed “a powerful element which permeates English society”; but the better part of Nonconformity throughout the whole country will revolt against the demand made upon it to muster its forces in defence of that latitude to crime—that toleration of illegal practices, that concession to an organisation opposed alike to religion and to humanity—which Mr Gladstone makes on behalf of his new Parnellite allies, for whose support he has paid so heavy a price. And what is the other condition upon which this magnanimous statesman will stay the avalanche of words in which our constitution is being day by day overwhelmed? The Crimes Bill is to be enacted for only a limited time—say one, two, or three years. We hope the Government will listen to no such deceitful proposal. What is its purport and intention? That, at the expiration of the period which may be chosen, another session may be wasted in talk, if it should be deemed necessary to renew the Act. On the other hand, should the present Bill be passed without limit, it will be all the more effectual for the attainment of the objects for which it has been introduced; and when tranquillity once more prevails in Ireland, no one will suffer from its

provisions, and it will fall out of sight and its very existence be forgotten.

Mr Gladstone's proposals, then, are clearly inadmissible, and are only valuable as a public confession of his own responsibility for the evils under which we are suffering at the present moment. The truth is as clear as daylight to any one who can and will regard the present position of affairs with an impartial eye. It is an absolute impossibility to transact any business in an assembly of 670 members, if every one of those members is to possess and to exercise an unlimited power of speech. In theory that power may be possessed by all, but if it is attempted to put it into practice, it must inevitably be checked. Now the House of Commons has always been most tolerant of bores and chatterers: it submits to listen to its self-sufficient and loquacious Laboucheres, its empty-headed Conybeares, and other politicians of little weight or account, with a patience which is beyond praise, and a toleration which sometimes astonishes those who regard its proceedings from outside. But the chatter of these irresponsible nonentities has, up to recent times, been thoroughly understood to be merely the vapid outpourings of men to whom notoriety, however attained, is as the breath of their nostrils, and has never grown into such an abuse as to render necessary any alteration of Parliamentary procedure or infringement of individual liberty of speech. Lately, however, and more especially during the present session, the frivolous chatter of such small fry as those we have mentioned has swollen into a systematic nuisance, the small fry have increased in number, have settled in

their own minds that they are really fish of size and of importance, and have received the support and countenance of those who might have been expected to look with displeasure upon the breach of parliamentary etiquette involved in their absorption of time which the general sense of the House would desire to see occupied by its more useful and experienced members.

Unfortunately, at the present moment, the Opposition is led by an "old Parliamentary hand," for whom parliamentary traditions have no value if they clash with the course which seems most likely at the moment to forward his own interests and those of his adherents. Here is a Bill upon which her Majesty's Government set great value, and the principle of which is supported by a very large majority of the House of Commons. The fair and constitutional course for an Opposition to take would be to divide (as, indeed, was done after a protracted discussion) upon the second reading, to take divisions in committee upon substantial points of difference, and, if necessary, to enter a final protest by a decision upon the third reading. But because, forsooth, Mr Gladstone finds it necessary to cement his new political alliance with the Parnellites by denouncing as "coercive" a measure similar to those which he has himself passed in former years, although of less stringency in several respects, the opposition to this measure is to be conducted in a spirit and after a fashion which, if habitually adopted, would render it impossible to pass any measure without a suspension of the ordinary rights and privileges of members of the House of Commons. Never were so many amendments—most of them verbal and

trivial—moved to any Bill before the House. The same arguments have been reiterated *usque ad nauseam*, irrelevant matter has been introduced, Mr Gladstone himself has been called to order by the chairman of committees twice in one night (May 13th), and everything has been done to tempt the Government into some action to curtail the debates and stay this waste of time, in the hope that thus another cry might be given to the faction which has so nearly worn out the patience of the public. It may be that the leaders of the Gladstonian section of the unholy alliance which constitutes the Opposition may recognise the unpopularity of their proceedings in sufficient time to prevent the necessity of such action. They may persuade the Parnellite section that, however desirable it may be, from their point of view, to damage the Government, discredit the House of Commons, and render legislation impossible, these advantages may be purchased at too high a price, if the result be to excite the public mind to a degree which would render their success at the next general election even less probable than it is at the present moment. On these grounds they may possibly prevail upon their allies to be somewhat less factious in their opposition, to moderate the prolixity of their speeches, and submit to the inevitable passing of the Crimes Bill into law. The country, however, will not forget what has already happened, nor will the machinery of Parliament readily work as well and easily as heretofore, after the strain put upon it by the unconstitutional action of Mr Gladstone and his allies.

Time and space forbid our dealing more fully with the speech

which Mr Gladstone delivered to his Nonconformist admirers; but we observe with regret that in his allusion to "the important question of Disestablishment," he was unable to restrain his anti-Unionist sympathies, or to forbear from another attack upon the integrity of the Empire. Once more declaring that the question of Disestablishment ought to be decided, in Scotland, according to the wishes of the Scotch, and, in Wales, according to the wishes of the Welsh people, he went on to ask, "What is the use of our saying that, as long as *England returns to the House of Commons a majority sufficiently strong to prevent discussion on any subject whatever, except such as the Government of the day, by the help of the dissentient Liberals, choose to place before it. This is a hard case.*" Mr Gladstone's ideas upon the subject of parliamentary and representative government appear to be confused and contradictory. If there is to be a United Kingdom and a National Parliament, it appears preposterous to question and cavil at the component parts of the majority which, after an appeal to the country, sways that Parliament and supports the Government of its choice. Mr Gladstone's anti-English predilections are painfully evident, and have arisen and increased in strength in proportion to the decline of his influence and prestige among English constituencies. Should the growing strength of the Constitutional and Unionist party in Scotland result in the return at the next election of a majority opposed to the Separatist followers of Mr Gladstone, we are quite prepared to see a melancholy diminution in the affection which that eminent statesman entertains for "dear old

Scotland," and to have pointed out to us in glowing terms the "hard case" of Ireland and "poor little Wales" being tyrannised over by a majority composed of Scotch and English members. According to the doctrine now laid down, the value to be attached to a majority depends upon its inclination or disinclination towards Mr Gladstone's own views and opinions. If the majority of English members happened to be Gladstonian, whilst Scotland and Wales had returned a large Unionist majority, does anybody suppose that we should have heard such denunciations of the preponderating power of England? The truth is that such talk in the mouth of any other man would be condemned as childish nonsense; and it is utterly unworthy of Mr Gladstone, unless and until he openly declares himself in favour of a divided kingdom, the abolition of the Imperial Parliament, and the establishment of separate assemblies for each nationality (why not for each county?) in the united—or dis-united—countries.

Mr Gladstone's object, however, in the delivery of this particular speech, must not be forgotten, though it cannot excuse his line of argument. His one thought at the moment was to induce Nonconformity to range itself as one man under his banners; hence he came as near as he dared come to the open advocacy of Disestablishment, and hence he more than hinted that in those parts of the kingdom where Nonconformists are in the majority, he would allow the advocates of Disestablishment to have their way. Certainly he made somewhat large demands upon the credulity of his hearers when, in the repetition of those misrepresentations of Irish history of

which he never wearies, he magnified the clemency and forbearance in the past of Irish Catholics towards the Protestants, absolutely ignored the massacre of 1641, and ridiculed the idea of the persecution of Protestants by a Catholic Irish Parliament. Nonconformists, however, are people who can read and think for themselves, and those who have carefully studied Irish history will smile at the gloss which Mr Gladstone throws over the deeds of those whom it is his cue to favour to-day, and, if they have anything of the spirit of their forefathers, will protest against that shameful disparagement of England, and exaltation of the Irish, in which Mr Gladstone so recklessly indulges, in utter defiance alike of patriotic feeling and of historical accuracy. Equally disgraceful is the manner in which Mr Gladstone refers to the recent action of the Canadian Parliament, in passing a resolution in favour of Home Rule being granted to Ireland. Everybody knows that resolutions of this kind, whether passed in Canada or America, must be taken with a large discount, by reason of the value of the Irish vote in American and Canadian elections. It was, however, an impertinent and improper action on the part of the Canadian Parliament, and one which was taken in opposition to the opinion of Canada's best and ablest statesmen. Had it been so taken in condemnation of any measure of Mr Gladstone's, we can conceive the eloquent burst of indignation with which he would have denounced it, and the scathing terms in which he would have read the Canadian Parliament a lesson upon the impropriety of its interference with the legislature of the United Kingdom. Under existing circumstances, however, he quotes this

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interference with exultation, and uses it as another argument to show that the Unionists can only count upon England, and that in doing so they are ignoring the opinion of every other part of the empire.

When, in addition to the points in this remarkable speech to which we have called attention, we consider the strange misrepresentations in which Mr Gladstone indulged with respect to the recent controversies, in and out of Parliament, respecting the connection between "Parnellism and crime," and the still more extraordinary manner in which he attempted to explain away his former utterances with regard to "crime dogging the footsteps of the Land League," and Mr Parnell's party "marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the empire," we cannot help coming to the conclusion that in this exhibition at Dr Parker's, Mr Gladstone has really surpassed himself in his efforts to mislead public opinion, and must have enormously lowered the opinion entertained of him by his old supporters. For indeed, many of these have only left him gradually and with great reluctance; they have long cherished the highest admiration of his talents and character, and have scarcely trusted their own judgment when they found themselves unable to agree with and follow his views upon particular questions. But their alienation, though gradual, has been sure. Common consistency—or, if consistency be a thing of the past, common honesty—has been unable to keep pace with the turnings and twistings of Mr Gladstone's teachings; and some of those who have trusted him the most, and have brought themselves to believe that, at all events in

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every fresh political departure, he had acted conscientiously and persuaded himself that he was right, find themselves utterly unable to hug themselves any longer in this belief, and turn away with averted looks and sorrowful eyes from the leader who has trampled under foot, one by one, all those principles of unselfish patriotism which elevate the nature of a man and ennoble the career of a statesman.

Mr Gladstone's latest adherent is the man whom he has perhaps used worse than any other of his followers. There is something touching in the Christian forgiveness with which Sir George Trevelyan once more sits humbly at the feet of the leader who showed a spirit so entirely the reverse and opposite when the Border Burghs' election was in question. Indeed the relentless persecution (for it was nothing less) with which Mr Gladstone and his clique visited every Liberal Unionist at the last general election must be well remembered, and brought to mind when we come to-day to gauge the sincerity of those Gladstonian orators who are proclaiming far and wide the cruel and unnatural conduct of the "Liberal Unionists" in "getting their back to the wall," and "organising" with the view of preserving their own existence. This is a proceeding which, in his present state of mind, Sir George Trevelyan utterly condemns, and, having crept back "into the fold" under the cover of the "Crimes Bill," he lectures his recent companions in misfortune in a somewhat pharisaical strain, and endeavours to show that on their side lies all the blame for the schism in the Liberal party. There are those who would say that Sir George Trevelyan, who has shown himself, after all, to be but "a

reed shaken with the wind," has hardly the right to condemn, after this unsparing fashion, the men with whom he acted up to a recent period, and the party from whom he received a generous and hearty support when his old leader was stabbing him in the back at the general election. But no one disputes that Sir George Trevelyan is an honest man; and although he has unhappily come once more under the glamour of Mr Gladstone, it is worth while to scrutinise the arguments by which he defends this last eccentricity of a weak but well-meaning nature. One palpable vein is perceptible throughout the whole of that speech at the "Eighty Club" on the 16th May, in which Sir George gives to the world the carefully prepared justification of his desertion of Lord Hartington and the Unionists. "Party first—principles afterwards," is the idea paramount in the Trevelyan mind. "The Liberal party must be held together"—to accomplish this object should be the main end and object of a Liberal; and this should have dominated every other feeling in other breasts, as it has in the breast of Sir George Trevelyan.

By the light of this overpowering idea, Sir George's speech is easy of comprehension. He was in favour of the Union. Many Gladstonians have all along avowed the same feeling, utterly ignoring the fact that Mr Gladstone himself, recklessly perverting and exaggerating the history of the time, has never ceased, since his adoption of the Home Rule platform, to vilify the passing of the Union and its authors in such a manner as would be ridiculous if he really believed that Union to be for the benefit of the two islands. But Sir George Trevelyan was so truly

in favour of the Union, and so much opposed to Mr Gladstone's assault upon it, that he suffered political death for the sake of his opinions upon this question. And when he pointedly minimises the extent of his differences with Mr Gladstone at the time of the Hawick election, in order to show that he is still practically unchanged in opinion, he appears to overlook the fact that in so doing he is affording proof of that which is so resolutely denied by his new allies,—namely, the unreasoning, utter, and complete obedience and humble submission which was required by Mr Gladstone in order to avert his opposition, personal and unrelenting, to all those who refused it. Sir George Trevelyan fought and fell as a Unionist, and for the cause of the Union, threatened by Mr Gladstone's proposed legislation. That cause is the same in the summer of 1887 as it was in the summer of 1886. But, says Sir George, "Mr Gladstone's bills are—or at least the text of the bills is—dead." He quotes from a Liberal address lately sent to him, and says it exactly defines the political situation. "These bills are not now before the country, and are never likely again to be introduced into the House of Commons in their original form." This may or may not be so; but it cannot be denied that the principle of these bills—*i.e.*, the establishment of a separate Parliament in Ireland—is alive, and is the one principle which holds the Gladstonian-Parnellites together. That principle must be abandoned and repudiated by those who assume to lead the Liberal party, before patriotic Liberals can feel the Union safe enough to dispense with a "Unionist party," or can con-

sider the "unity" of any mere political party as their first object. The cause of the Union is just as much a great and a national cause as when Sir George Trevelyan thought so last year. Yet to-day he calmly declares that "of all the parties in the House of Commons, the "Liberal Unionists, as long as they insist on being a separate party, *are on the least stable ground*," and proceeds to condemn them for "keeping up a separate organisation." It is obvious that the justice or injustice of Sir George's criticism depends entirely upon whether the maintenance of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland is of sufficient importance to override and outweigh any party considerations. Sir George thought so last year—this year he thinks differently; and without accusing him of a preference of party to patriotism, we own that we think he is placing party upon a higher pedestal than it deserves to occupy, and is thereby lowering the standard by which public men who love their country should guide their political conduct.

When Sir George Trevelyan proceeds to tell the Liberal Unionists what their "true policy" should have been, and how wrong they are to support a Conservative Government, he again falls into the confusion of ideas natural to a thick-and-thin "party man." Those whom he condemns do not support the present Government because it is "Conservative," but because it is "Unionist"; and the introduction of a "scheme for the settlement of Ireland," upon which we are told the Liberal Unionists should have insisted, has for the present been rendered impossible, not by the action of the Government, but by the factious conduct of

the Gladstonian-Parnellites. One of the conditions upon which Sir George Trevelyan tells us that he was prepared to have supported the Home-Rule Bill was that "the Central Government kept a sufficient hold on law and order." That is the very thing which the "Central"—i.e., the "British"—Government is determined to do, and which it is bound to do before any such scheme as Sir George alludes to can be produced with a hope of beneficial results. But how are they encountered by such backsliding Unionists as Sir George Trevelyan? The Bill by means of which they seek to "keep a sufficient hold on law," by vindicating its supremacy, is denounced as "coercion"; and the very man who boasts of having made this "condition," now protests against the said Bill, because he says it "is framed for the suppression of the National League,"—that is, for the suppression of the body which has prevented, and is still striving to prevent, the "Central Government" from having that "sufficient hold on law and order" which he himself esteems it a necessity that they should possess.

When we remember the position which Sir George Trevelyan has held, and the knowledge which he must have acquired of the difficulty of governing Ireland, we confess that we feel deep regret on reading his misdescription of the Crimes Bill, his upholding of the "National League," and his open avowal that one of his main reasons for joining in the opposition to the Bill is his unwillingness to trust its powers to his political opponents. To a speech tinged with so bitter a party spirit, it was a fitting conclusion that Sir George should speak of the determination of his

friends "to treat the Irish representatives *with courtesy and common decency*." No one upon the Unionist side would wish to accord different treatment to the representatives of Irish constituencies. But the treatment should be reciprocal; and no one can have attended the House of Commons' debates during the present session without feeling that Sir George Trevelyan might with advantage have recommended to his own clients to take a share in that determination which is so highly creditable to those who have formed it, and which, we trust, they will extend to those Unionists and members of the Government who have certainly had cause to complain of somewhat different treatment. It is melancholy to observe how party feeling seems to have warped Sir George Trevelyan's judgment, and deprived him of all claim to that impartiality which he has assumed in his late speeches. His exhibition at the "Eighty Club" (which has since evinced its unfitness to be classed as a "Liberal" society, by driving from it all those who would not agree to bow their necks before Mr Gladstone and Home Rule) was surpassed in folly and extravagance by his speech at Manchester on May 19th, in which, referring to the action of the Government, he went so far as to say that "the parliamentary atmosphere now positively reeks with injustice," and spoke of it being necessary that the Liberal Unionists should exact, as the price of their support, "*that Conservatives should treat Liberals with decent civility*." This is pretty good, when we consider the language which has been aimed at the Conservatives and the Government by Gladstonians "below the gangway," the insulting words and demeanour, and the

unparliamentary jeers and gestures which have been employed, and the extraordinary patience by which they have been endured by those who now constitute the majority of the House of Commons.

It is almost cruel to dwell longer upon Sir George Trevelyan, who must still be writhing under the complete and merciless exposure of his inconsistency which has been inflicted upon him by Lord Randolph Churchill, and which places him in a pitiable light indeed before the public eye. It is impossible, however, to omit to call attention to the commencement of this Manchester speech, in which the repentant sinner again halts and wavers between his country and his party, even after he has yielded to the mandate of the latter and deserted the cause of the former. He shows, indeed, a sad want of power to appreciate the importance of the issues involved in the contest, when he speaks of himself as one who, "having felt bound to oppose the majority of his own party on the question of two famous Bills,"—"*now that the battle is over, and the contest is transferred into other fields, refuses to keep open old wounds, and to take part in an organised opposition to a party with which he agrees on nineteen questions out of twenty, because a twelvemonth ago he disagreed with them in their treatment of what was then the question of the day.*" Was ever such nonsense written by a sensible man? If the question of Home Rule was not a great and overshadowing question, far away above and beyond ordinary political matters, Sir George Trevelyan ought not to have, and never would have, separated himself from his party. But having conscientiously done so, how can he pretend that the

same question is not "the question of the day"? The Gladstonians and Parnellites have at least been consistently energetic in their endeavours to make it so; and in the "Eighty Club" schism to which we have just alluded, they have insisted that "it is the duty of the Liberal party to maintain and enforce the policy of Home Rule." With what decent pretence can Sir George justify his statement that "the battle is over"? The Gladstonians have not accepted the verdict of the country, but, on the contrary, are doing their utmost to obtain its reversal; and it is their action which has "kept open" and widened "old wounds." The "organised opposition" was begun on their side; and the Liberal Unionists, in following the example, are only fighting for their own existence. It would have been well for Sir George Trevelyan if he could have remained silent during that exclusion from Parliament which we all hope will be but temporary, for his reputation for statesmanship has suffered irretrievable damage from his recent utterances. Nor can his present mental condition be entirely comfortable, for he tells us that he "heartily endorses Lord Hartington's conditions" with respect to Irish legislation, to all appearance entirely forgetting that compliance or agreement with these same conditions was denounced by Mr Gladstone at Carlisle as an invitation to him to "walk into the gutter," and urged as a reason why the Unionist member for Carlisle should be rejected.

It is idle, however, further to follow the vacillation and inconsistency of Sir George Trevelyan, who, no later than the 13th of March last, emphatically told the

people of Liskeard that "it is the decided duty of the Liberal Unionists to strengthen the hands of the Government in dealing with disorder in Ireland." We can only regret that the giver of such sound advice should have afforded another instance of the power of party prejudice to weaken patriotic inspirations and deprive the country of good and valuable services. But there is little hope of good service to his country from a man who, at such a crisis as the present, tells us that "*the reunion of the Liberal party at this moment is the one object of his life*;" and we can only hope that the lapse of time may yet show him that there are higher and nobler objects which should guide the career of a statesman and a patriot. Fortunately for the country, the issue before us is becoming better and better understood, in spite of Gladstonian misrepresentation and Parnellite effrontery. It is a noteworthy

fact that in Radical and Nonconformist Cornwall, the majority of 2000 for the Gladstonian in the St Austell division in 1885 should have fallen to 200 in 1887,—for although the Unionist candidate had the advantage of being a Cornish man, not only were the Liberal Unionists completely unorganised, but the Radical candidate had a Wesleyan connection which told largely in his favour. But the light is beginning to shine in Cornwall as well as in other parts of the country; and as the conduct and policy of Mr Gladstone and his Parnellite allies become more and more conspicuously identified before the eyes of the constituencies, we confidently believe that the followers of the ex-Premier will gradually fall away, that the cause of the Union will be felt to be the cause of patriotism, and that a great and lasting triumph will crown the efforts of the Constitutional party.

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